

EDWARD SMALLFIELD

After Luis Cernuda

A house of breath.
 A spider
 writes
 a wealth
 as August melts.
 Nights
in Al-Andalus laced with the scent of a white
 memory, an open blossom. Death
 is something you rarely mention.
Better your own words: *arch, wait.*
In your country it is never late.
 There's no future in that question.
Un extranjero, an exile
 whose shadow passes here a while.

