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Farmhouse on the Algarve

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FARMHOUSE ON THE ALGARVE

Memory ferries us there over red water,
past low lit cities afloat and one ghostly stretch
of airport to the dirt road. The road leads
through the open vineyards, which are red.

The farmhouse is where we rush to a halt,
our presence like white walls in the dark,
the rooms swept out. There's the kindness
with which we rinse each other's shoulders with water

we draw from the cistern. What water remains
we pour out under the marigolds and pepper plants
and the rest under the almond tree since presence too
is poured out a little at a time to become,

in part, what we attend. That's why in memory we stay.
That's why we lie down so easily with those we loved.