The Plaza in San Martin

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Think of a pear-shaped old man slowly
crossing the square
counting the bricks
from church to cantina,
his chin on his chest.

Think of a black haired girl
curved over her baskets
breasts brushing the straws
just as you placed her
round curve of nape, back, buttocks, thighs, knees.

Think of parrots in wicker cells
screaming flashes of color
that bleed through the air
and flutter to the clay bricks.

And remember the heat waves
rolling across the square
in circles from the dry stone fountain
in the plaza's center
over bricks, over bowed heads
over cathedral bells' roll.