Farmhouse on the Algarve

Jeffrey Greene
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.