



IT IS LATE SUMMER

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I am sitting on a cement verandah
on the second floor of an old house
with a red roof and a black
wrought iron fence to keep me from falling.
There are white and pink flowers
in green wooden boxes
and next to me
a miniature orange tree
dangling bright sour fruit.

I am sitting on a cement verandah
and the air is soft purple with lateness,
late in the day in late summer,
and a few brown birds fly
in swooping circles among the houses
while larger white birds wheel toward dusk
over the receding sea.
Sailless boats bob on gentle waves
that seem reluctant to touch the shore.

I am sitting in an old house
on the safe side of a black iron railing
in a country you have heard of
and I am alone,
waiting perhaps for someone to call me to dinner,
waiting perhaps to eat alone in the cafe.
I will not go inside just yet.
Past the overhanging red tiles
I can see someone's washing
drying in the late day breeze,
squares and points of color
blowing towards the sea.