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## A Dream of Spain

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you've yet to see, that those things which impassion and move  
and quench are not about you? You're leaving, child, to search  
for them? Move on then, old man, and linger not even to write,  
for you are cursed of ever-moving, never-moving life.

## *A Dream of Spain*

Up early, out of a dream  
of tall perplexing women.  
Warm on the Terrace, with sun  
staining the clumsy town.  
Spanish, in children's voices,  
and olive trees and sea  
fasten the day down  
and tell me where I am.

A cock crows my alarm.  
Turkeys cluck in the rubble.  
The children, drowsed and warm,  
trail to the breakfast table,  
to grapes and figs in season.  
The dream dies down,  
and I wonder in the sun  
what to make of the morning.

*EDNA BAILEY*