

# Spain

*by* Bill Yarrow

Where scenery is property and time is a straight edge; where the clouds are billowed and still; where one sees a tinfoil ocean and perspective to the east; where the static waves begin to move; where an immobile sky rustles and kneels.

Our eyes looking still are the sights of the guns in our minds.

It's as if I'm watching a diorama of the world. The palms move. The waves move. My eyes do not move: they are brick white, eternal; billowed stiff, immobile. The waves move. The palms move. The world moves.

Bang: the ocean, turquoise to the left of us with great patches of ink and a thin whistle of foam along the shore; the horizon, a receding line from the top of the mountain along the cove to the city, circumscribed by a second range, purple and leading out to sea; an adjacent line of clouds sits in judgment over the beach.

Bang: the sun catches in the driftwood as it dries, a hundred times in the shattering wave; the buff ocean looks green; noon colors of the noon sun; against coarse white caps, the impression of great schools of fish leaping and charging the shore; a straight line below the sky, blank like a green or blue or yellow screen.

Bang: on the screen of the sky plays the drama of the wind, the epic of the waves, the story of pebbles and sand. In whip against skin, wet and baking, the scent of salt, shells and clams, conches, dead crabs, mussels among seaweed, dried sticks, pink stones, sunlit shallows in a fist of land, the whisper and spitting of water on dry sand.

The sea goes to clouds: the horizon, beauty's razor blade. Look out!

The vanishing point—emerald blood; angry bees in a cache of jewels;  
it reaches a heaven, billowed, still. The salute of sun and wind, sand  
and sea: death deeds death to the descendants of the dead; the  
waterproof eye at the waterlogged edge.

All theft in proportion to the gold.

