

## Sundays

Lovely old fingers,  
white like beach coral,  
played the piano  
set on a rug from Erzurum.  
In the living-room  
objects lingered on in muddy deltas,  
still smelled of the silken East.

Eternity slipped on like a dress. . .

In the dining-room  
welded in wax,  
on Spring Sundays,  
with the garden doors wide open,  
we ate artichokes, boiled hake,  
olive oil, parsley  
to balmy reds  
that ebbed down  
the sides of crystal.

From the third floor windows  
the garden glittered like a ballroom,  
dahlias were its wall flowers,  
snails rode swells of spaded earth.  
Up there, faraway countries stalked  
the quietude of picnic baskets,  
of petticoats,  
the gold-slice pages of heavy books.

Voices from all oceans came to rest  
in the lee of this province,  
their tombs in angled shadows  
under the Gascon sun.  
But why, born of sailors,  
did she never sail  
beyond the fringing waves?  
A small sapphire brooch  
pinned to her collar  
like a whisper  
now lies silent in a safe  
where memory clings to eternity.