

Returning to the Resort

The last time it was not raining.
No snarling dog crouched behind
a broken table stacked with broken chairs.
The pool was clear of clouds
and as we read the telegram from home
three dolphins leaped
as pelicans dove into the sun's throat.

Now we look back along the beach
to ourselves looking out the windows
of the hotel bar in town.
We are walking there beneath our eyes
tripping over bits of wood
and wondering
if it will rain.

From here I will never see
the hotel with the gardens
and the bridge. It bathes its feet
every morning in the sea
and washes them clean of salt
in the afternoon hours of rain.

The man is saying
that our room is ready
in all the rain, the air grows green
with leaves of days
and from among them
we must choose.

—*Theresa Moritz*