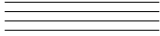


L E T T E R T O L A R E N



S T A N L E Y M O S S

You wrote I appeared in your dream last night in Granada.
Some dreamers have the gift to dream
the fate of others before it happens.
Any good or bad news?
The towns in Andalusia were filled
with such dreaming women dressed in black.
Women mourned for five years,
so most were dressed in black.
Some held part of the collar of their dress
in their mouths, veiling their face.
In the arms of your lover you dreamed of me.
Two's company, three's a crowd;
I know dreams bring unwelcome friends,
strangers, enemies to bed,
and Mom and Pop are always there.

Outside your window, a gypsy girl
was chased by the wind and naked St. Christopher
who wanted to lift her dress and finger her blue rose.
She ran to the house of the English consul
who gave her warm milk and gin.
The Granada gardens are full of remembering
olive and flowering trees that weep sometimes
for the moonlight Taj Mahal gardens
with their night-blooming flowers and sleepless bees
serving queens who fill their hives with laughter
at human folly before they are betimes murdered.
You sleep where blind musicians played
in the bedrooms of lovers.

Nightingales police the fields of paradise
on Sabbath nights while flamenco dancers sit and drink
Anís de Chinchón, listening to jazz.
Your dream made me unforget
I spent seven days and nights
on my first honeymoon in Granada
in March 1953, the month Stalin died,
but that is another story.