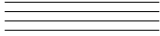


J A C A R A N D A S I N A L B A N Y



A L A N W I L L I A M S O N

*One must take it lightly, with light heart and light hands. . . . Those who
are not like that are punished by life and God.
– Der Rosenkavalier*

Stay away a few weeks and you'll miss them –
The thin, lighter-than-sky blue it takes a moment
to see is really emerging
between the arid stucco,
between the pebble-shaped leaves . . .

When I walked these streets,
I thought only someone else
could give my life back solidity.
Was my impatience guilt
at how much I'd ruthlessly left behind?
Evanescent blossoms – and then the *anger*
at her for not being the one I could stay with,
at myself, the rest of the time, for being alone.

How it all returns, with the maddening thin blue . . .

Grateful only, now,
if these little emptinesses
helped me find the large emptiness, and anchor there.