

## Christmas in Spain

Daytime, hot with oranges  
And the blue lip of the sea  
Silking in and out  
On a grey beach  
Where fishermen forever  
Mend  
Nets.  
The little boats  
With Seeing Eye prows  
Too small, too small for the sea.  
Drawn up  
At rest  
Dumpy, on shore  
Waiting.  
Children, sweeping like migrant gulls  
Ancients, in shawls  
Gathering  
Driftwood.  
And the eternal *estranjeros* in their  
Gay American clothes  
Herding their well-fed households  
Down to the shore to  
Swim.  
And over all the Spanish moon  
Seen, daytimes  
Clear as midnight,  
Another eye in the  
Sky.  
“I am the one who  
Watches.”  
Pale as the calla lilies,  
Noon that goes on forever  
This is the day of Christmas  
Too blue, too bright, too sunlit  
Too haunted by Spanish  
Moonlight.  
The gate has a garland of beggars  
To watch as the toys come  
Tumbling.

Turn, lest the eyes of Marcella  
Hurt you beyond all  
Bearing.

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