

4. Siesta

Plane trees in their fatigues
embrace across the square,
where the dust has settled,
and the sun is still as well.

A drunk rummages around
between the shadows, too short,
and stumbles, on nothing,
in the absence, the deaf of the street.

A dog twitches in his sleep.
Across the fields reverberate
a whistle of the heat
and the racket of a cricket.

Under the roof of a pine,
there is shadow for a rest,
to stare at the reddening grapes
in the white of the day.