

7. The stream bears light

(The Nasrid palace at the Alhambra)

Boxed within the battlements,
 crenellated,
lie squares of tranquillity,
 concatenated,
surrounded by arched, pillared spaces
 cantilevered
between the light and the dark.

The wisdom of the logic in it:
Finding a place between yes
and no, inside and outside, to step
out of the boxes of categories.

A garden, where trees reach
high, hide shrubbery
in shadows, and benches in an
arcade, to sit and ponder all.

A pool, glaucous green,
reflects the sky, adds space
multiplies light, divides
the firmament.

A fountain collects the glare,
the white of the day, cups and presses
the light into the focus of its liquid lenses,
flows into a narrow stream, to bear the light.

To carry enlightenment inside,
it passes through the in-between, reflects
and glitters pillars, suffuses into dark,
treasured in alcoves, carved braille

of Arabic, the Moors mastery of water,
ducted down from the sierra
to suckle delicate gardens, feed
the streams that bear the light.