

## Eternal Granada

*is the world a poem  
we're all composing*

Leonard you said mystery lives Lorca lives  
In New York City  
In the way magic is alive God is alive  
in Montreal

but on the night you passed  
sightseers on el Paseo de los Tristes  
swear they saw uncanny figures, kindred shades,  
one chanting the other strumming a flamenco guitar

their lyrics and strings striking light  
in the white-stone place  
the gypsies call  
the barrio of morning

--B.W. Powe