Returning to the Resort

The last time it was not raining.  
No snarling dog crouched behind 
a broken table stacked with broken chairs.  
The pool was clear of clouds  
and as we read the telegram from home 
three dolphins leaped 
as pelicans dove into the sun’s throat.  

Now we look back along the beach  
to ourselves looking out the windows  
of the hotel bar in town.  
We are walking there beneath our eyes  
tripping over bits of wood  
and wondering  
if it will rain.  

From here I will never see  
the hotel with the gardens  
and the bridge. It bathes its feet  
every morning in the sea  
and washes them clean of salt  
in the afternoon hours of rain.  

The man is saying  
that our room is ready  
in all the rain, the air grows green  
with leaves of days  
and from among them  
we must choose.  

—Theresa Moritz