

VEGA DE VALCARCE
a science fiction

I see a cricket play the violin
on my space trip.
In a cross-patterned valley,
olives, apples, and pears,
poked from the trees,
fall into wicker baskets.
When the tune lowers into blue
I become sad. Autumn, near
and far, gathers behind the ring
of mountains, waiting for
the violet moons
of October to appear.

It seems impossible to cross
the same river twelve times
yet I do and find a friend
each crossing. As I take my
evening meal a teen on a horse
passes, followed by a buddy
dressed as a Knight Templar.

The spirit of the place moves my
soul and I'm filled with gratitude
that such a world could appear
before me on this, my space trip.