

Birth home in Fuente Vaqueros

Pietro Grieco ©2010

The entrance of the house was guarded
By two blue orange trees with their ancient
Oriental scent expanded in Spain by the Moors
That same fragrance he carried embroidered
Over his eyelashes. Behind white walls from
A picture on the living room wall he sees
The piano longing for his fingers, his songs, his laughs

From the cradle he watched suns
Dangling from a luminous green dark tree
From it descended the drunken aroma
Nourishing him as his mother's milk
If that atmosphere touches your lips
If you can breathe that poetical air
You can discover between the verses
Orange blossoms *azahares* impregnating
The poems of Federico García Lorca.

Water remains in the well of the patio
With its pulley-wheel and the bucket

To extract from the bottom of his
Granada's earth the fire and inspiration
On those wings still now fly and live
The breath Federico García Lorca.

If one day you visit this two store house
Be sure to steal a chunk of music
And some verses
I know by experience
Picking an orange from his patio
His soul is still warm in my pocket.