

May 25, Estella

Sean Denmark

*My office is outside
because I'm claustrophobic.
I laughed. Having walked
through Pamplona,
I'd stopped at an albergue
on a hill jutting up
outside the city.
Her desk sat under
the eaves in
a shaded courtyard.
It is funny, she said,
but also a problem
when you want to go
to the supermarket,
to a party, to take the,
a pause as she searched
her English, lift?
I said, I thought you were
joking. That is a problem.
But now I know,
so it is not a problem.
Before I did not know.
The priest would tell me
not to come to Mass
when there were
fresh flowers because,
with all the people*

*& the smell of
the flowers, I
would be, a pause,
gone. She made,
with her hand,
the sign for falling down,
fainting flat upon
the ground, before
stamping my credential.*

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