

You

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Today I saw you again. You seemed to float past the shops in a black djellaba heading towards the Place. In your hand you carried a rectangular straw market bag. You did not wear a headscarf and your long curly hair moved with you as you walked in new leather sandals on the tiled street. It was Sunday. There were some tourists exiting the corner market. !Que linda! one of the women said, pointing at your feet. I sat outside his shop waiting for water to boil for tea.

There was light rain and fog rolling in from the ocean. You were in a light shawl strolling towards the port. I saw you pull your cellphone from your pants pocket. The seagulls clustered over the ramparts next to the outdoor fish grills behind you. A Berber trio dressed in white djellabas with grey stripes were singing and playing at the sunset café. When they finished their song one of the men upturned his bendir and went from table to table collecting coins. You shook your head as you strode past. Your red hennaed hair flamed against the drab grey sky over the medina and everyone turned to look as your hair dazzled past.

From the collection *Mekhtoub, Lyrics & Invocations*

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