

Parque Juarez

By Gaiyle J. Connolly

It is magic:
children romp
kids play games
parents chat
runners dart
folks keep trim
with Zumba,
all this
in an atmosphere
of sun and shade and gurgling fountains.

In one corner
artists sell works;
others scatter
to interpret landscape.
I turn in surprise
to hear a woman's voice.
She sits on a low stone wall
among palm and yucca fronds;
all alone she sweetly sings
a mournful song.

Juarez magic is not lost
on young lovers
who glue themselves together
in embraces
unacceptable for cafes
or the front stoops of home.

These lovely, lively scenes
I photograph
with the camera of recall.