

Azorean Saudade

Michael Garcia Spring

for Vamberto Freitas with Adelaide

while looking across the scramble of lava rock
and beyond it the sea stack in explosive surf
you hold a blue hydrangea
and lift it toward no one I can see

waves explode against the sea stack
I call out to you
you lift the flower toward no one I can see
Vamberto, she is no longer here

I call out to you
as I walk across the dock's creaking planks
Vamberto, she is no longer here
among the gurgling engines of fishing boats

I approach you on the creaking planks
you tell me I am wrong
among the gurgling engines of fishing boats
she is here, she will always be on this island

Yes, Vamberto, I am wrong
we are looking across the scramble of lava rock
she is here, she will always be on this island
where you stand, holding a blue hydrangea