

*Elsewhere Barcelona – The Sails Within*

There I am walking down La Rambla towards the beach. It's morning between 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. Hardly anyone around. The street charades haven't started yet. Mercat de la Boqueria is still ripe with new food. There is still room to enjoy a run before the sound of tourists signals the day has officially begun. I'm just a soul, hardly a body, being pulled in the direction of the ocean. Somewhere there, beyond the children sailing out to sea, the elderly with their social hour and the rest of Barcelona still waking up, is where I gaze into deep water. It's deep because something is down there, mirroring the depth of my soul that feels like it lost something in the water. I'm certain whatever it is must be here in the ocean. A soul always needs what it wants, and it wants something that was left behind, in deep water. I left it here in Barcelona.

I remember now. I went to the water in the first place to throw away and rid my guilt of a love lost. It was a love that was never meant to be, but for a short while. However the problem never rid itself or dissolved in the sand. What I threw away never went away. It just sank deeper into the ocean in my soul. And whenever I think of Barcelona, I feel a pull in my soul to the beach, to the water, but I try to ignore myself that says go back and find what I left behind: love or something like it.



I don't know what I'd do with a memory of solemn feeling. I cannot find the man I met anywhere. Maybe his soul is out in the world like mine wandering Barcelona or some other place. Maybe he found his resolve, and I need to find mine. But the thought of how a gift to me ended abruptly tugs, pulls and writhes at rest and at thought at night. How can I ignore anymore?



I cannot find you at the place where I first met you.  
I cannot find you in the wine I drank all day with you.  
I was dehydrated from the serendipity  
Of spending the day in a city I'd never met  
With someone I'd never known.  
I could not relinquish my thirst for more  
Of this happening by some plan of divinity.  
We take so much for granted to create a love story.

I cannot find you speaking Catalan.  
I cannot find a rhyme to make this sound right  
Nor a reason why our departure from each other was such  
That it seemed we'd meet again.  
But we never did.

All I know is...

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If what is to be undone is solely mine,  
Then I go back to the place I left behind  
In hopes that the resolve I want to find  
Has not vanished with the passing of time.

So that's where I go. I could anywhere. Cities are full of that. But there's some place elsewhere to find him, to find love or something else entirely. Elsewhere Barcelona.