

The Painter Alejandro Rivera-Leal
for San Miguel Allende

Our languorous honeymoon blushed and bloomed, kindling covenants warm
Opposite halves rejoined at last, I gazed upon your sinuous sandy form
Twixt rosy mountained front range and pounded, shining shells
Bustles a garden-topped, birdbright colonial town, San Miguel
Where smouldering campesinos, chocolate-eyed mine-trodden men,
Were united by Allende and Hidalgo in eighteen hundred ten
The silver city shone with Spanish blood, inheriting its beauty,
The rebel's reward calls artists and bards and monied sugar-white gringos
*Doscientos años de libertad*¹ chimes hourly in patchwork market stalls,
Each edifice an ingredient cornered by Alejandro Rivera-Leal
He stuccoed canvas anneals all faiths with miraculous secular mortar
Surrealed grafitti masticates the Catholic frescoed border
Our comedy he thinly costumes, the streets basilicad with habits
Shining lamplit bath-tubbed Virgins, communing with
Strong doorways sag along stone halls of bathing cherubic children,

Boulder, Colorado
April, 1999

¹Two hundred years of liberty