



Image from Grand Voyage Italy.

Daniel Daly

Tourists

Then we came to the village of M,
a bowl plunged in a pressing of sand.
We passed the square first, a noisy stage
where idle men lounged, arguing over cards.

Above, on the lip of the bowl,
we circled and circled and circled,
turning over pages of lost history,
the emptied homes, the leave taking,
nudging bashed pots and chicken bones,
the stumbling march over the desert.

The quiet.
Until they would not be ignored,
disappointments bubbling up from below,
card players knocking back sweet apple teas,
yanking up baggy pants, calling their farewells
as they headed home for their evening meal.

We gazed as from the balcony of a theatre,
the matinee lights gradually dimming

on wrinkled cushions, on seats still warm
that once blazed in fires of the desert moon.
Then we left the village of M. on time,
but stepping on the gas.

Daniel Daly's work has appeared in *Poetry*, *Poetry East*, *Tar River Review*,
Commonweal, *The New York Times*, and elsewhere. He has published two collections;
Off the Road won the Tennessee Chapbook Prize in 2012.