

Almost went back to Ibiza

by Allan Lake

Balearic Islands only a short flight or
ferry ride from Barcelona and I am here
to walk along The Ramblas, to visit Gaudi
and, if time permits, Miro. In Ibiza I'd visit
Kirby and Jane and Mary and Dieter, despite
them, like Gaudi and Miro, being dead.

The kids I taught way back are now
middle-aged and sensibly fled that much-
altered island. Who is there? What is there,
besides the locals who wonder what in hell
happened to their island world?

Mass tourism, that bonanza if a bar/hotel
is your business. Wrecked foreign marauders
need morning coffee and ensaimada to aid
recovery after drugs and sweat, lost euros,
lost shoes, lost innocence. But perhaps

I could blind myself to all that and,
after paying the toll, stroll up to medieval
old town where once upon a time a young
woman first took my arm, then my heart.

No, no need to jeopardise treasured
impressions of that other Ibiza which
can still exist for me unless memory
is updated with worse. So I shall
remain in Barcelona
and Miro, it is.