

Twilight – Castelammarre Del Golfo, Sicily

This is the time of the circling of the pigeons
The settling of small boats in the harbour
First lights appear
Light on the water shines
Light in the sky fades

The cubist buildings forming the arena begin to merge
And assume their role of two dimensional background
The subtle ochre, putty earth tones with a single washed out pink
Impress by day
Now coalesce
To a jagged outline topped with aerial filaments

The two arched bridges joining parts of the bluff
Hold frozen silhouettes of dusk-struck visitors capturing the scene
The endless parade of small cars and mopeds along the cul-de-sac harbour front
Serves as updated promenade
To the castle square that ends the promontory
And back, and back, and back
None dissuaded by those returning

This is the time when the yachts sit on silver
With masts in pink
Gently clinking
Like contented Alpine cows
The sun has downed
Now supplanted by white globes
On cocktail platforms

With a whisper
The magic fade into night
Is complete

Keir Francis