Passing Salt Flats in San Fernando, Spain

Linda Chown

Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/gvr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/gvr/vol5/iss1/10

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Grand Valley Review by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.
Plain text representation:

Passing Salt Flats in San Fernando, Spain

LINDA CHOWN

Strange to be reminded of Japanese men, of watercolor films tidy as a plane's eye's view: squares, vaguely green and brown patches and wiry men padding, barefooted in loose pants and wide-brimmed hats over the salt field's flat. They are hoeing salt from the land's pockets the full tide has filled here on the edge of Europe.

Regal this like a coronation in its form and I remember more of the Japanese woman drawing water, the monk's purposefully shaved head and towns of dark wood and mats of straw, towns whose paper walls open into light like a quiet maze of rivers.

But, here, now, the bus races like a fool through history past the mud flats and whitewashed shacks, bouncing and heaving on the narrow road, its glass eyes glittering greedy to arrive while just outside the sun is high and the world suddenly old and silent. A chorus of men digging their toes into earth and the salt seems to quiver in the wind with all the beauty that can be on the road of San Fernando.