

hundreds of years old yes and those handsome floors all in white and
turbans like kings asking you to sit down in their little bit of a shop
and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas glancing eyes a lattice
hid for her lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops half open at night
and the castanets and the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the
watchman going about serene with his lamp and O that awful deep-
down torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the
glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes and all
the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and the
rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gib-
raltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put
the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a
red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought
well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask
again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain
flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to
me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going
like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

Trieste-Zürich-Paris, 1914-1921