

## ON TAOS PLAZA

We're here to see some friends and get  
a dose of culture—chamber music, art  
(in painting, jewelry, architecture). Yet  
the most important sphere may be the heart.

Two couples, old, one member lame, one ill,  
we mark at least the fact that we're alive  
at eighty, thereabouts, while love is still  
in summertime. And vigor may revive

where we are happiest, among blue spruce  
and cottonwoods, and in the famous light  
and quintessential air—a lucky truce  
of latitude, aridity, and height.

We'll take a slow turn round the square and let  
day ripen. Dinner next; and we're not through,  
for music waits—piano, string quartet.  
Clouds in conceptions illustrate the blue,

and Taos Mountain shimmers in late haze  
of turquoise, Maya's necessary veil.  
To fortune, then, long love, new health, we raise  
a toast—along the Old Age River trail.