

Night Poetry



One of the seven most overwhelming natural beauties in this country, wrote Annelies van der Zee on Portugal Portal. So, on the go following the recommendation, which I happened to find somewhere.

What you should not miss is the walk to the cliff on the other side of the Seixe.

Appearance

Through a sea of colorful flowers reaching the West coast at Odeceixe. Where the river flows into the Atlantic Ocean. A natural border between the Algarve and Alentejo. In May 2019 I was here briefly on a cool spring day. When a strong ocean wind blew across the beach in gusts and whirled sandstorms. Along a battery of empty beach chairs lined up in battle order. The proof of too much optimism, aimlessness and in vain waiting for bathers.

In my dream standing atop it, on that prized cliff, gazing in rapture at the spectacular estuary. Breeding ground for wave surfers from all over the world. They are patiently waiting on their *skimboards* to ride that one mega wave. And as soon as it all works out, stranding at the end like young seals in the surf.



Peek

It blasts loudly from the portable radio at *Ao Largo*, the neighbors of *Bohemian Antique Guesthouse*. Run by four enterprising women, hardworking in the open kitchen. Busy baking cakes and preparing lunches for the hungry tourist crowd, occupying all the terrace tables outside. So sitting inside at a *bica* with a chocolate *bolo*, because unfortunately the *Pastéis de Nata* are sold out. Oops, just off my *apropos*, oh yeah, about what popped out again.

A nervous nagging tone, well tastes differ, pushy and not conducive to a relaxed coffee drink. Maybe it suits the hectic in the kitchen. Not Odeceixe, in my opinion a cozy and authentic village. In high season half quieter than well-known overcrowded beaches in the Algarve. Up the stairs to the *miradouro* at the top of the village for a view that stretches for miles. Taking a breath halfway through to admire *Igreja Matriz de Odeceixe*.

Decorated by gray bands which seems rather unusual for a church building. Patrimonial heritage with the Sunday name: *Nossa Senhora da Piedade*, the patroness of this town. A three-quarter circle around the church leads to a rather neglected-looking cemetery. Where inscriptions on weathered capstones bear witness of not very long ago. From people who are buried here in the dried out granular rock.



Vista

Scattered is a desolate collection of half-digested, discolored artificial flowers and overturned vases. Shards swaying around at final resting places as the company of the deceased. Gone into oblivion with their formerly dear relatives. Further up after this *Memento Mori*. *Remember to die* in Latin. Although not for a while, because hopefully our time is far from there.

Nevertheless, a step higher, just temporarily. While the morning coolness exchanges itself for rising temperatures. Once at the top the reward is sweet, thanks to a gentle cooling breeze. A sweet pat that caresses the roof of the village. A gift just as unexpected as the 360° viewing pleasure from a shady bench under the windmill.

A breathtaking panorama over the surrounding area and the valley through which the Seixe meanders. The namesake of this resort full of beach fun. Yellowish light glows dimly behind half-closed shutters against the looming darkness. A soft salty sea breeze glides over the shore, as a stroll ends in long shadows like creeping creatures from the underworld. At dusk, the complexion of the ocean takes on the color of molten copper.



Resonance

Heavy clouds seem to engulf everything within their reach. Until a blue-black sky displaces the twilight. Deafening carpentry sounds from the roof of a house under construction. Sometimes drowned out by sixties hits, which make the windows vibrate. Suddenly the noise stops, after the volume of the radio is turned back. A bearable sweet singing voice chases the evening silence from the deserted street.

If I were a miller at a mill wheel grinding, would you miss your color box, and your soft shoe shining? From: If I Were A Carpenter, Tim Hardin.

Half awakened by the ode to this folk artist, singer and poet. Found lifeless in 1980 at the age of 39, after a heroin overdose. The last remnant of light fades peacefully, along with that wistful echo of our childhood years. No dissonant sounds with which the day began. Averse to morning nervous music, delighted with night poetry.