

A glass of water and flat white coffee,
Sitting down at Salamanca's cafe here;
The trees all green and lining the way,
The old sandstone buildings stretch along as light loses day.

The flash white Porsche sitting right outside,
Typifies the style of the people who abide;
The cobble stone pavements contrasting the look,
Like an old open book which pages mistook.

A minute or two to think about the mood,
As the people here look at the menu for food;
The atmosphere building at the surrounding of it all,
With Mount Wellington witting just out of sight, though tall.

The lights go on, on the second row of trees,
As well as the lights shining down on me;
The last sunlight now fading through grey stay to set,
The nightfall approaching for the right life to get.

The umbrellas over the tables closed down for the night,
And still the lights fading so softly and right;
The contrast between the trees and the wall,
Must be noticed as different, but subtly blend well.

The waiter brings more water as I finish my poem,
To pay now the bill and like the rest to go home;
My lift soon here to get back there,
The rhythm of Salamanca now left to the air.

Signed,

To the tune of music