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## *Quien no ha visto...*

Adrienne Binni  
*Denison University*

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*"Quien no ha visto Sevilla,  
No ha visto maravilla."*

Mosaic majesty, stretching up  
to touch cotton ball clouds, too thin  
to restrain the summer sun, floating  
in *un cielo azul*.

Every site is a story, the smiles  
and laughter legendary.

Dark, beautiful women in polka dot dresses  
ride horses behind *machista* men  
in wide brim hats and scarlet scarves.  
Barefoot children fly kites  
by a river flowing silent to the sea.

I walk your streets each day, watching  
and listening, my eyes wide  
with wonder at the orange trees  
in winter, bursting with life.

The smell of the fragile *azahar*  
permeates the blossoming spring.

You are a peninsular paradise pushed  
beyond the Pyrenees. Some have forgotten you  
and your strength, while others  
hold your beauty and determination  
in the highest realms of adoration.

The Europeans call you crude and lazy,  
behind the times and worthless.

Mustached men who sing *piropos*  
from side street bars before daily *siestas*  
join with revered ancient celebrations  
to create this image. I lived within your  
boundaries and broke through  
that barrier of naiveté.

Now I know the truth.

The legends of Don Juan and Don Quixote  
are emblazoned on my heart  
for an eternity.  
*Sevilla. Te amo.*

-Adrienne Binni '95