

Thursday, May 24, 2015



We spent early mornings pool side, going out at mid-day. Our routine was to find a terrace on the square, order the little cafe au lait coffees with sugar cubes and watch the people of Marrakech walk by....a goat following a man like a dog, a cigarette salesman. Everyone wore robes...we watched as every color passed by with red dusty clouds at their feet. There were bikes, carts and cars. Horns and muezzin calls.

We went into the Souks with a tough haggling approach. And that day--I was proud. Two cedar & orange wood domino sets for the price he called for one, 2 leather bags, and a solid block of perfume in sandelwood or amber. The smells of Marrakech. Bryan bought a pair of the cool leather shoes--in an orange, size 11. Two men chased all over the souks for about an hour looking for big enough shoes in a red/brown or orange color. We smiled and nodded alot as we talked, drank steaming tea and haggled over the prices. In the end, everyone seemed satisfied...even if we did start at less than half the price they named. Saw women haggling for bread, for household supplies. I can't imagine doing that everyday for everything...it would be exhausting. I learned to let "la, la, la" roll off my tongue (no, no, no) without the least bit of remorse.

We spent the evenings in the square (Djemaa El Fna--"Meeting place at the end of the world" or "Place of the Dead") or watching the mania from above in one of the many cafe terraces. Gas lights, orange juice sellers, fire breathers, snake charmers, belly dancers, henna ladies. There were acrobats, story tellers, tooth pullers, fortune tellers, water sellers, steam from street food vendors, gas light smells and that sweet jasmine and sand smell. The crowd seemed to swirl in chaotic madness.

