

The Monastery: Aegina

Nektarios was a sweet old guy.
In those dusty shoes (in that glass case)
He tramped the island giving alms,
Advice, dowries to ugly girls --
But no saint. He could milk a goat
Or brew or gather wild honey
Or make good jam from roses.
And now, looking his ikon in the eye,
You see him wink and think it funny
That a limping monk could get so far
Among the pine trees and the palms,
Bequeath his fellow monks his coat
And leave them panting in the race
Like donkeys following a car.

The Idiot In The Bus: Aegina

With the back door agape and the horn drooling,
He clumbered the slow-motion road in the heat's wake,
Tossed his limbs inside the bus, shut his eyes, died.
But the jibes revived him. He clapped hands in glee,
Sat up, gained a seat, grinned at the classic crowd.
And the miles within his head quietly conspired
With the sun, with the rocks as he tried to speak.
He was bound and gagged in the cave of sense,
The robber's cave where the lights blow out,
Where the air grows wings and the tongue fur.
He beat his wings on the walls of our sight.

Athens By Night

The sad gluttons who once feared
Brambles on the baked rocks,
Hunger and the amorous wasp,
Now in fury and tight pants
Slap cards against the sidewalk,
Or pinch the mustached girls.
The sheep they kept also love secrets:
Their eyes blink from gourmet platters
As bazoukis sob for unlikely hills,