

## Boatman

Each evening I see him  
riding the dark bulk with a small light  
that keeps night from falling.

Strange music rocks his cradle,  
dithyrambs in the dark coalesce chaos  
on the rise and fall of relentless breath.

Held by cryptic coil,  
he trawls a glittering moon  
and is drawn by degrees

along a slow river of return.  
Until dawn severs earth from sky,  
and he sails for Selinita

with the silver dead.  
Thyroid eyed treasures  
for the tables of the living.

## Sunday Worship Gnospì

Early swim  
with hummed hymns  
from small boats  
bringing silver back  
to Selinita.

## Halikoura

Mosaic artist  
quiet is your confidence.

Each lap or livid wave  
each summer footprint or fall of rain  
your patterns change.

In the evening Helios  
paints for you.

In the day travelling light  
dances for you.

In the night a river moon  
plays for you.

This man meditates on you  
to the languid music

of a still morning  
and hears IT

calling, calling, calling.

To Στέκι

The old man with an age lashed face  
sits with his treacle coffee,  
a packet of Karelia  
and a tiny bouquet of wild flowers.  
Two French women talk  
in their delicious tongue  
and Claudia speaks  
of the harsh Berlin winter.

Outside, the green sea  
challenges our shore

Sieving on Delfinia

I know about stars.  
They're far away  
have nocturnal habits  
and hide from the day,

and when I lie  
hair rasping a pillow of sand  
fingers sieving cool grains,  
shrinking clumps in each hand,

I can watch them for hours.  
Those that drop from black cliffs  
falling into forever.  
Those that glide over our organic blip

and those that sit, still,  
years above the sky.

Fingers sieving cool sand  
the insatiable wet of the world close by.

### In The Stone Garden Agios Dimitrios

The wi fi password is Kazantzakis  
Where Giorgos tells me of his field of stones  
Near Itylo so says uncle Stakis  
Who showed him all the land he owned.  
He tells me of the Diaskuri  
Castor, Pollux and Helen of Troy  
Bemoaning that locals don't tell these stories,  
Mythological birthrights they should employ.  
To woo the tourists and bring them flocking  
To spend their German euro notes  
And repay the debts of war and banking  
By listening to Giorgo's anecdotes.

### From a Window in Frigano

From here the sea is blue, the coast, black rock  
and the steps terra-cotta roofs.

The sea's iron hand pushes back land  
and grain by grain, mountains fall to sand  
for turret castles with crumbling walls.

The curve of the coast is always the same.

From this frame sea is black, the coast's black rocks  
beaten by white flames from wind borne teeth.  
Orange terra-cotta steps shine wet.

Sea rushes land with grey hands,  
grain by grain mountains fall beneath walls of man  
whose halted empires, crawl with swaggering crabs.

The curve of the coast is always the same.

From this frame hot summer eyes step down  
orange rind roofs to pocket rocks  
filled with star white salt strained by sun.

Saint Nicholas rests on the curve that curls

to flat stones and the cave road to Tenaro  
where hermits watch earth bones crumble.

The curve of the coast is always the same,

though I know, grain by grain by grain mountains tumble.

Sitting on Santava Beach

Sand slopes to seaweed  
dried like straw on the shoreline.

Small waves lap.

Aphid boats creep between lands  
distant slivers of light and dark.

Small waves lap.

Beyond three fingers is open sea  
where boats cut arrow tracks from Africa.

Big waves lap.

Storms rush the harbour of Alexandria  
and the broken gates of Tripoli.

Washing, washing.

Beyond our third finger,  
islands hop to Turkey

where Damascan fruit rots  
on minor quays.

Strange boats sit low  
cargo salted by sea.

The deaf sea.  
The blind sea.  
The amoral sea.

Washing, washing.....  
.....fruits of war wash ashore

Fruits of war  
wash ashore.

Ex Pat Stoupa

The worked man  
who seeded six kids to the lying age  
shares my table by the sea.

Eyes full of sun and waves  
he sees his kids falling free  
from their virgin to experience  
mother.

Sun hangs on his single sleeper  
with dead kin and terrorists.

Across the bay a corona  
rolls down Koroni's finger  
and flailing on orange waves,  
ex's,  
immigrants,  
kids crushed by rent  
and summary executions  
of those hell bent  
on killing 'Us'.

'Lee Rigby.'

Multi-nationals play in sand  
castles cast late shadows on  
heroes, Brexit, grandkids  
ALL  
swaddled in the furl of George.

Eyes flicker waves of ire,  
husk sun sinks, dousing fire.  
Affable dusk abides  
rising over distant tides