

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