

Says my landlord

A windy day says my landlord

Somewhere a bell is ringing.

A blessing --

As they say in Greece --

From one of the 365 churches on

Ios. For days the wind

Has been seditious, roughhousing

With the distressed waves, whose white knuckles

Protest and sink back. They swell and roll, these waves,

And curve back on themselves, on each other

While cousins arrive from the distance, peaking far,

Silver heads rising, because they can,

Because they too want to create tides

And roaring chaos at the shore.

In the seaside restaurant the canopy

Bobs and flips. The stolid Greek flag

Offers frantic waves of welcome

To the world from a world

That speaks with its own alphabet.

The dogs are undismayed

By the fuss. They chase

A dream of freedom along the stone

Boardwalk, then forget, wander off

From the pack. But not the largest, a penned mutt

Prisoner of an almost invisible fence. He

Howls. He is the voice of the wind

And then the bell stops, (it's work-
Day drama done.) It is almost time
For the sun to steal the final curtain
as it bows low to the dusk. Night
will be starry and calm.