

When Greeks talk

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It sounds like an argument. They prick  
Up their ears. They pause to ponder. They laugh  
And all the while the little things of life  
And the big things dance on their tongues  
Reflect in their eyes, are the fickle breeze  
across their hands and arms and shoulders  
As they talk.

They say will you pick up some bread and  
They argue. Look at this bankrupt government, and  
They shrug. I love you and they pause, listen,  
Question, laugh. They debate. Not a fight  
But a negotiation, a love disagreement,  
Soccer fans rooting for different players  
On the same team. Taking nothing  
For granted, celebrating the joy  
of meeting, of sitting  
At a table over raki and watermelon,  
Finding important things to say to each other.

For Eirini and Theo (Kalimaki, Crete)