

Disjecta Membra

My country is five chopped jowls
and hardwood splintered eighteen ways.
At each sighting, I shape a new Osiris,
I climb aboard a bateau mouche.

It is not enough you'll say to know
how to sail a boat upstream, through the bobbing
remains of a place you love. This is true.

KYRIAKOS HARALAMBIDIS
(Translated by Martin McKinsey)