

Denial

Με τι καρδιά, με τι πνοή,
τι πόθους και τι πάθος,
πήραμε τη ζωή μας · λάθος! George Seferis

I stand on a balcony in a city
waking, sheets from a building opposite
are airing, also a blanket, and
shoes too drying on a ledge, I can tell
because their tongues are up, and they look
newly washed, I notice this because
I am not there.
I see mynas and pigeons
winged between the buildings
free – what do birds do in a city
being bombed
as flares burn the air, do they
manage to migrate? I think it happens
too fast for even them, no announcement
to evacuate, they have no instinct for what is not weather.
A myna lands on my balcony and lets out a *squwaaa*
to say she didn't expect me,
oh myna, oh blankets and drying shoes,
our geography is lucky!