

THE SEA

By Christian Anieke
(An experience of Greece)

As I sit watching the sea
Its water beating ageless drums
And I sit listening to rumbling tunes
Bared flesh of different shapes and contours floating
Voices of children tearing through the drum beats
Half- naked lovers entangled in an Olympian race
And wet winds caressing my corrugated face
And feet aching from long walks and standing
And my ears numb from the cries of cicadas
I realize I'm in Greece!

Behind the rumbling water is the hill
An elephantine figure with swearing tusks
But it does not join the sea's endless roaring
Rather it sits, a terrifying monstrosity, watching the booming sea.

A speed boat soon joins the loud chorus
Racing to an endless space.

Held between many hedgerows of houses is Constantine Church
It's all but swallowed up in the drinking orgy and swearings everywhere
It's all but lost in the throng of gazing houses
It's all but swallowed up but for the round pinnacle
Drawing God and angels down to the mundane spectacles below
And holding human breath and gaze even as the drums grumble on.