

Circling Lefkes

Robin Knight

Into the burnt hills I pump
my flesh, my blood.

Into the sage, rewarding
crushing feet with scent.

Into Cycladic rocks,
sun sponges absorbing time.

Unhewn steps to the ridge, to the distant
line of deceased windmills.

Meltemi gusts in over the mountain
and nuzzles their bleached bones.

She finds them unrousable, drops for one stricken
moment, then casts herself down, into the Aegean.