

FISHERMAN'S SON

(Aghia Marina)

Together we watched
the fisherman and his son
prepare the nets,
sea-water glinting sulphur
and emerald close to the quay,
oilskins slick with lamplight,
the white caique with the scarlet stripe
aquiver, impatient, dancing.

We followed the flare
of the fishing light,
a distant apparition, setting
nets in the bay for palamides.
Only then did we notice
the boy left behind on the quay,
hiding stones in his eyes.