

HANIA

They've tidied up the waterfront,
The pick-up joints and dirt-cheap rooms
Unsuited to the tourist trade,
Replaced the colourful old whores
With topless, white-skinned northern girls
Who lie all day beneath the sun,
Or stroll along the wall and climb
The lighthouse with no light inside.

HERAKLION

Infuriated with the place,
The unromantic, filthy streets,
The carefree, inefficient folk
Who chatter while he tries to write,
A long-faced poet from far south,
Awake at night with itch and heat,
Concludes with every heartfelt scratch
That even Theseus would fail
To find his poem in such a world,
His darkly massive minotaur
That roars more loudly in his head
And drips with blood upon the sheets.