
DONNA J. GELAGOTIS LEE

COVE IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

—*Lesvos*

Everyone who hears of it wants to find it, but
in the village, we want to keep it secret. Around the curve,
they start to look—tourists from different countries. At
the bottom, the lucky are tempted to take off their clothes, lie
exposed in the sun, on rocky ledges where the sea sprays.
I find them one day and slide down the steep
path. I don't know if I can get back up alone.
But I walk to the water, remove my shoes, walk
farther and farther out until I become submerged and
the cove drifts away and the bodies become part of rock and shore.
And I float on a raft of water farther
than I'd ever dreamed. Fishing boats pass and village
fishermen ask if I want to get in—they'll take me
back to shore. But no, I stay afloat.
When I sense my body reaching land, I stroke
the water and slide up onto the beach. I emerge
naked as if there were no one to see me in a land
of gods and goddesses. I find
an olive, a fig, and wild chestnuts. I drink from a mountain
stream that reaches into a field. I
want to stay wild, but a voice I recognize drifts
over the breeze. A voice from the world I knew.
If I look out to sea, the sun is wavering
behind two islands, the darkness riding in.
I reach up onto a ledge high above the cove,
the sea moving away, nothing but water.