

THE MAD GIRL OF KHANIA

Each day she stands in the sun at the quay
With her hair in her mouth
And that gleam in her eye.
Silently shrieking, her body alive,
She frantically waves to the ships that arrive
Or depart for the far away ports.
There is always some port
For those slow moving monsters
But, fragile and flailing,
The mad girl of Khania goes nowhere.

MOTORCADE

"He that gazes upon the sun
Shall at last be blind."

Creeping, as if reluctant to arrive,
Moving, careful, safely, to stay alive,
Bearing one whose time has run,
Headlights blazing, blindly, in the sun.

TULIPS

Cut flowers die
Without much dignity.
These petals
Red and pretty once
No longer shine
Their tactile invitation.
Instead they hang
At awkward angles —
Like chickens
With their necks cut through
Each head held dangling
By a thread of flesh.