

Cape Sounion: three visits

*“Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep [...]”*

i.

its always an endpoint for things, this ruin.
a skeleton carved out of moon-marble, mute
as the footsteps of two thousand years.

i left while night fell dark as wine on the stone,
and the Aegean muttered the names of people
and the places where poems have stopped.

ii.

in April i fell through sepia photographs of Greece,
trying to carve my name into marble or waves
fluted like column drums. i walked until i saw ghosts

in the dust my feet kicked up, but i still couldn't
find the sea, or hear the things it wanted to tell me.

iii.

again i dreamt of stones,
and the shapes people put them in,
and the way those shapes are taken apart.

again i dreamt i was a wave,
and i collected people and their whispers,
and two thousand years of things thrown into the Aegean.

again i dreamt of words,
and the places where people put their silences.
dashed down were stone and song. i sang and carried on.