

Leaving Siros
Bieke Stengos

As the ferry leaves
to the playful melody
of its closing gate
it pushes her heart
up to her throat,
while it careens to complete
an artful circle
from the tiny harbour
to the open sea.

When the vessel settles,
it drives deep sorrow
into pockets
that will be emptied later,
when the smells
of coffee and gasoline
bring back the cost
of all she has lost.