

No Farewell
Bieke Stengos

Once upon a life
I sailed from Kiparissia
its craggy mountaintops
like thorns
in my bleeding heart
the waves of the sea
beckoning me
with their incessant slaps
against the prow
of my little boat

Sixteen I was
a girl still
but yet a woman
under the hot
greedy hands
of Michaelis
a cousin twice removed
on my mother's side
who taught me
where love pulses
in the heat of my belly

A girl I was
and he a man
whose eager breath
awakened flames
in my soft wet flesh
whose wanting mouth
opened gaping wounds
upon my pulsing throat
until my mother found us
and ordered me
to go and live
the dry life of repentance
in far away America

From Kiparissia I sailed
with tears as salt
as the moving sea
and Michaelis
receding on the shore
His red kerchief
in my flailing hand
was torn by the wind
and landed
upon the dark waters
where it stayed and swayed
refusing to bid
a last adieu