Stale Wind

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in the sky. And slowly, heavily, the light reappears, overtakesthe shadow, devours the darkness.

Denny squints. He follows his brother's lead. "Wor—
or—orld with—out—end."

"Amen."


"Okay," his brother says. "Now we'll do it together."

"Okay, Orley." Denny smiles.

"And remember Mr. Henley dead when you do it."

"Sure, Orley."

"Dead."

"Dead."

Is now and ever shall
Is now and
The day is warm and
The day
Is

Stale Wind

by Christos Saccopoulos

Architecture, Grad.

I

On the white walls of my cell
With a thousand colors of sorrow and joy
The mosaics of memory bridge
The minutes from zero to nothing

I have aged:
The old seek comfort
In polychromatic mosaics

The young strive in the fog
With hope by their side
To fit colors with patterns

(The dead know no comfort
The dead have no hope;
A tessera here, a tessera there
in others' mosaics their memory lives)
II

I wrapped my pride in newspapers
And without thought at her feet I tossed it
That morning of May that anemones
Were born from the mist and the sun
She said "thank you" politely

As the package she thrust in the hold
Along with the other ballast
That keeps her afloat in the tempest

With a new virginity then
Up she hoisted her jibs invitingly
And with other winds behind her
South she sailed for lands of new springs

    Once by my bedside a red lightbulb
    Poured rays of wild serenity
    That erased with tender shivers
    The shadows from the beloved breasts.

III

Blow after blow on the suffering anvil
With fire and drops of sweat
My chains alone I shaped

On the evening of the wind-ridden September
Alone I sowed the seed of acanthus
On the stony hillsides of my native land

My shaking hand alone carried the masonry
That cloud-high raised round me these walls
The biheaded axe's edge of hope cannot demolish

    In jail they issued me a toothbrush and a comb:
    Toothless skeletons with tumbled hair
    Constitute an insult to public decency.