

Voureios Epirus

The wind bristles before the thunder.
The River Ooz a ribbon of green
barely seen in the mist.
Fortina, your childhood friend
asks me to lie down
on the russet couch,
cream lace on the arms,
a thicker lace for curtains.
Windows face the Pindus Mountains.

The thunderstorms come.
I feel them come.
My eyes wide with stories of you,
your special donkey
decorated with wildflowers,
the week- long wedding feasts,
a hard life in a wild land,
your father away for years in America.

A few miles from this house,
is the Albanian border,
the white church where you prayed.
Fortina puts a cool cloth on my forehead
gives me sweets - loukoumi and koulourakia
I look around incense, icons, the cross.

She says she went to school with you,
talks of days before the war - happy times.
Then no more singing
Child against child
Silence

Your father came back
when you were twelve.

You left this alpine valley,
your beloved grandmother forever.

I imagine your childhood,
the white church,
picnics with your donkey,
the gray stone house,
the hardship – the joy.

Maine Coast

By the bay's edge

I listen to the sea's hush
gull cries wind chimes

lobster men trawl in the distance
a black cormorant flies low

I drift with ebb and flow of tides

the sun sets in sprawling hues of purple
a full moon rises in silver twilight

on the sea a pathway of stars

Wilderness Prayer

Morning light
awakens
the high Sierra
illumines
lakes and peaks
eagles plummet
blue gentians rest
in alpine meadows

I sleep
with the rising moon
wake
in dawn mists
leave
without a trace