

Athens, June 28

...and his fortunes are not a matter of indifference to the gods.

- Plato, *The Apology*

Looking down from the Hotel Minoa
I see a man loosened by years.
He pushes a cart full of home with scarred arms
towards an intersection ahead
where tomorrow the hoi polloi will lose its mind.
Looking down it seems this man is early.

Tomorrow, pieces of granite from metro station stairs
will be ripped from their brothers.
They will be carried and heaved into shop windows,
separated from purpose or order,
helplessly tossed through dutiful lives.
Tomorrow they strike and riot in the name of
solidarity ending their dialogue with the wise.

Today, we walked to the National Garden,
passing a woman combing her hair with needle
length nails, confirming her beauty in the side
mirror of a slumped down, three-tired taxi.
Today, a whore stopped me in my tracks
as my eyes stuck in the lanes of her childish arms
and in the retired gulches of her face.
My mind halted in her possibilities until her man
came up with tied off arm to remind me
that the free preview period had ended
today.

“Reminds me of back home,” my buddy says.
“This is like the Tenderloin. Like Frisco.”
At home I have seen this same ancient sadness,
seen the souls run by that ruthless river.
But Home, Frisco is the end of Westwardho,
the broken climax of grit and risk,
so much faded glitter at the end of a geographical dream.
“Somehow,” I say, “heroin seems more historically appropriate, at home.”
Reminds me that it is time for us to go.