## THE KYRIA'S TUESDAY VIGIL

## Karen Subach

Kyria Bellisi, bent, horn-handed, Encroaches, black-clothed, for our sheets. Eyes our hands: No Gold Bands— And sighs, sly-browed. What to say? Discreet Kyria's Greek is Pelopponesian; Ours, BBC—we can offer her tea. *Mint*, she insists. Her forebears, Ephesian. Won't sit, sips quickly, limps off to the sea, Orthopedically: her dominion Where to summon Poseidon unstiffens; charms. It's what she comes for, bent-winged and pinioned In aloes, keening toward him. She alarms Us, unclothed roan squat Kyria out there Teal-sheeted with him. Bright foam. White wild hair.