

on weeds in Grikou Bay, spiked  
cucumbers lie under stones.

\* \*

Still

she is here, where

is she lovely?

When she steps from foam

no Zephyrs blow; harsh rock,

scrub brush replace an image of

Love. Then Wisdom?

and War. But the blue sky

shines and the islands

In the clear dark sea.

Athena

does what she can.

\* \*

Women,

Shout on this island—

#### EXCERPT FROM THE POEM “ANY TIME NOW”

*Oh the tomb, delicate sea shell, H.D. said  
the temple or the tomb, but there are  
the waves holding the moon, the flicker*

that holds light, the space  
between columns where shape  
dances, bright fog sings—

the ride undersea, the leap  
spraying the world pink, the sun  
swings on the sea

I won't sit still

\* \*

Drink it?  
Any time now the world will turn,  
and the popcorn,  
late in the bowl—

Morning, is it  
a mortal flare? Laughing ourselves awake

we stare, tanager, columbine, holding sunlight  
in our teeth

#### EXCERPT FROM THE POEM "MILK SONG"

venus venom    the long loss

is it the great beauty she hears the lullaby  
the wide song the lap

the lost sweet curve of milk the  
rubber squeek the melody drains

into dark she throws it back the mouthful  
the mistake

the dying the almost dead

through the last tiny finger the milky  
the tiny living

milky song