

THE LOTTERY SELLERS

They will be gone by now, the blind lottery sellers of Athens, swept from the streets in time for the Olympics. Even the Greek businessmen sipping coffee in the streetside cafes find these old men selling paper tickets to be embarrassing, a reminder of the Middle Ages or worse: they are the blind of Sophocles, their voices twisted and keening. "Buy some luck," they cry, swaying under yokes of hanging tickets.

Everyone knows the age of luck is over. We have entered the age of muscle ...
A waiter carries a Chilean sea-bass to the table ...
The lottery sellers will be taken to the country.
This won't be anything new. They will play chess. Some will play fiddles.
The time for luck will come around again.

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