

TRAVEL

KATHERINE SONIAT

The alley fills with moonlight, the Parthenon.

I lean out the third-floor window to hear a man yell
and kick at the garbage.

This could be why Sappho headed uphill to Kato Symi
for cool streams at midnight.

Could she imagine from a distance lives waged in the city?

On the chapel roof there's a screech, then three shapes shift
into a cat and her kittens playing in the half-light. In turn,

they leap to claim, then slip from, the golden onion dome,

as up the vines crawls a tom, in his mouth a fish swiped
from the market stall on the corner. He shakes it to get
a better grip, then jumps for the next terrace.

For years Sappho toyed with the heart, sometimes at night,
always near the water.

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