

POLITICAL POEM

If it looks like a poppy, it is a poppy.  
*Nikos Tselepidis*

Prices are up  
twenty per cent for the week  
and the Greeks are  
singing together for Easter.

A band of the blind  
is playing "Roll Out the Barrels"  
and moving like bats by radar  
around Syntagma Square  
while friends with locked cannisters  
are collecting coins  
to pay for the coming  
season of the Attic sun.

Babis who went last week  
with a Greek doctor  
"and we didn't sleep all the night"  
is now going with a German  
tourist for money.  
I am irregular he says  
like Cavafy but I don't know why  
I can't do it except for money.

From a sidewalk cafe  
a Greek, watching a Greek  
woman pass, tells her critically  
You walk like the political situation.

On all the busy  
corners of Athens, police  
whistles are shrilling  
like the first cicadas.  
Now in spite of censorship  
Greeks by the sea  
or sitting on stones  
are flexing their muscles  
and dreaming of a new Marathon.