

A Postcard from Thessaloniki

by

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Mother dear, I wish
you could see the sea: so endless, so stationary,
but I swear: ever-moving.
A big grey Arrow is fixed on the pier and points
deep into the bowels of the city.
People call it a ship, but I know better;
it is stainless steel memory, afloat.
The city breathes in memory and sea and expands
with every breath of algal bloom and squeaky teak.
Mother, I wish you could see the buildings;
so different from home, not warm and earthy,
but white and lined up like ice cubes in a tray;
they lead from the heart of the city to the horizon.
Now I know why they call her the Bride
of the Thermaic Gulf; her white skirts unfold
in perfect pleats. Are these apartment blocks
the undergarments of a goddess?
Who really knows? If you come, we will
walk along the seamless lines,
down to where the half-moon is suspended over the waves;
at nights it shimmers on the water like a long-lost Eden
and seems so close that you can almost touch it.

Poet's Note

My parents gave me the opportunity for an education in Greece, supporting me in my attempts to improve myself. We have not seen each other in a while and I wanted to dedicate this poem to them, showing them how much I miss them, how beautiful a place I live in, and how different it is from Yerevan.