

Days of 2007

By

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Before she fell asleep every Friday night,
she made her grandmother tease her hair,
and rub her arms enough to make them tingle.

Biriba nights would roll into
long weekends, homework on the side.
When grandma looked the other way,
she would steal sips of ouzo with pomegranate juice,
and then admit the crime, bursting into laughter.

Somehow, her hair smelled like smoke,
even though grandma always smoked outside.
Grandpa would come home late, jump off
the tractor and let her fly on his shoulders.
That narrow terrace was our smoky airport.

The evening then would be a hot plate of
trachanas, and the race would begin.
First one to gulp it down won the TV remote.
Her small mouth would always win,
while the elders sipped at it, laughing.

She would wave to her parents from the window.
Those weekends lasted long,
but they were never enough.

Poet's Note

“Days of 2007” is a poem about rejoicing in a memory even if it is tainted, long gone, and cherished. In particular it is inspired by Cavafy’s “Days of...” poems and it constitutes an attempt to produce a memory not as a fragment but as a lived reality.