

City

I roamed the great city, walked in the streets that my ancestors walked
So many the roads that shaped the modern man, so few the ones that still remain
I run into the glorious arch, I conversed with its engravings and its immortals
 They stood as the landmark of a once established dominion
 But spoke of the great sorrow for their vanquished comrades
 And of a future that would consume the past
It was only natural that I paid respect and stated my condolences
I had already seen their palace, and its dungeons could now see the light
 There was a sealed door; the key was nowhere among the finds
 Could there be a princess or a slave inside?
 The pantheon of their memory was where I went next
 A perfect, round circle of so many faces Janus envies it
A Christian church, a musk for Muslims, a shrine of Art, a palace for Kings
 Experiencing the comforts of emptiness, its bare architecture
 Its indisputable grandeur
I walked by the remnants of its walls, broken down only by the all-prevailing time
 Back in the era when enemies threatened and conquered bodies
 The city's sole security when it was sought after like a treasure by conquerors
 Who chose to quench their thirst not in its magnificence
 I followed the line the ruined wall made, and I ascended,
 and the distance between me and the city was diminished
At the acropolis, the past is always alive, its gates open to visitors, willing to learn
 From the watchtower, the buildings are like carved stones
 The city structure the inspiration of a child and the organization of an adult
 And when the sun sets, its lights are on
 And there's nothing natural about it

[Response after the visit to
Thessaloniki's
Centre of History]