

THE KYRIA'S TUESDAY VIGIL

Karen Subach

Kyria Bellisi, bent, horn-handed,
Encroaches, black-clothed, for our sheets.
Eyes our hands: No Gold Bands—
And sighs, sly-browed. What to say? Discreet
Kyria's Greek is Pelopponesian;
Ours, BBC—we can offer her tea.
Mint, she insists. Her forebears, Ephesian.
Won't sit, sips quickly, limps off to the sea,
Orthopedically: her dominion
Where to summon Poseidon unstiffens; charms.
It's what she comes for, bent-winged and pinioned
In aloes, keening toward him. She alarms
Us, unclothed roan squat Kyria out there
Teal-sheeted with him. Bright foam. White wild hair.