

## THE KYRIA'S TUESDAY VIGIL

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*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.