

Copyright© Greta Ross

A different odyssey

The raft's skin is a cradle of ancestors
buried deep in the cells of children
cut quick from home in hurried
whispers and bundled with the hope that spills
like a child's storybook sunset painted
red on a sea of siren islands.

Tourists say the Aegean is green
yet those who are drowning know it's black,
and she who has rocked herself to sleep
sucking stones in the huddled dark
curses the sun's sparkle for merrying
the many drifting upturned rafts.

A new history is framed in sand
by shoes and vests as pictograms
for dissertations on human souls
and the Siren of Canosa's final call
to star-eyed sailors racked with hope
of home long lost in a sea of words.

Copyright© Greta Ross