

Sunday on Naxos

My prayers are said outside,
under that infinite blue
among the glory of oleanders
cooled by an ancient carob tree.

Inside the church, tenor notes
define mass is ending, amen, amen.
A few men and Sunday dressed women
saunter out to dazzle of white.

I make my way down through narrow
alleys of this twelfth century town;
almost knowing I've taken a wrong turn.
Here retraced footsteps are a pleasure

Archways passionate with mystery
balconies balanced on worm-ridden supports,
patches of rusted iron, whitewash, marble.

I glimpse the lobelia blue sea. Dust
swirls, grit gets under my toes
yet content envelopes me.

I come out into omniscient midday sun
where fishermen mend wine red nets
this island of Apollo and Dionysus.

*by Maureen Rose
20th June, 1995*