



## Three Poems

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*Periklis Antoniou Photo*

### Hoping

Cheap social relating.  
 The attack of the screen.  
 The sour taste of the unfulfilling.  
 You seek it again and again  
 A deceitful antidote to the only certainty....

When the shape of death is  
 a breath, a touch, a kiss and an embrace  
 an inward turn will not be a waste.

A turn to forgotten islands  
 and lonely coasts  
 that embrace the unexpected.  
 There where the light of the screen cannot intrude  
 and lust cannot be fooled.

On the screen it writes:  
 "You are part of death. An inward turn might be the remaining hope"

4/4/2020



### Yearning for Freedom

During routine's intervals  
my mind wanders  
at mountain sides  
and rivers' banks.

It finds the shades of plane trees  
and springs of clear fresh water.

It bends over and drinks  
without satiation.

Nature has no satiation.

At the cracks of the present  
my mind wanders  
through ruddy streets and rugged paths  
worth passing for the travelers of the unknown,  
hostages to the beauty that lies behind the next corner.  
Nature hides and waits.

At the pause of duty  
my mind devises journeys, crossings,  
transient destinations.  
Nature is full of waypoints.

Ephemeral offers  
to the yearning for freedom.

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### Expectations

17 years old.  
He picks up the rock and approaches.  
I back up against the wall.  
Getting closer he takes off the mask.  
A face of anger and despair. Beautiful!!  
I take off the mask.  
A face of fear and defeat. Ugly!!  
He stops. Hesitates.  
He drops the rock.  
Deep breath.  
He tears up.  
I tear up:  
"Thank you! I am 60.  
Don't you forgive me. Forget me.



Run to save yourself and the others”

For a moment it seemed possible.

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