

ADRIANNE KALFOPOULOU

First Audition

In the hazed windows – tomorrow’s market wares.
Plastic containers stacked on one store shelf.
No takers this time of night, and I’m thinking she is unaware
Of this, on stage in another hemisphere, reciting lines, herself
Iphigenia. And like Agamemnon listening to her plea,
The sages will decide, judge the worth of her words, and grief.
She is giving of her heart, fighting Calchas’ decree
While I, the mother, walk the streets without relief;
Despite the hour, the drunks, a man chewing on a rusk
With something close to lust, I can’t stop thinking of her part —
What fate brought the man to this, some betrayed trust?
I pass parked vans, tomorrow’s meat in a lit shop, dark
Chopping blocks, clean behind the glass, see the skinned lamb last,
Imagine butchers making cuts, how the blood with run, how fast.