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FROM WILD GREENS (2002)

A White Horse

For intervals there is the island, *Kea*,
a blue you could drink
and my friend Steve's words, that the game
gets serious, the stakes higher, as we dare to live
as we gather our living.

A woman on *Kea* strips the laundry lines of wash,
her muscled arms burnt from sun,
she thinks of nothing but the work, the wash,
the day's heat scarring her flesh.

Does he understand this fire?
The one who struggles with the idea of my child,
the difficulty of loving me with her.
There is the story of the grandfather
who sold off parts of his land to save
his young wife who died anyway.

In so much island dust and brown
a white horse stands in the night, luminous, loosely roped.
The vision is with me when we return
and my daughter waits for me.

There is the kitchen full of toys, the need
to pay, cook, wash, gather her demands.
She measures my presence, has no idea
of the distance I have come.