

Kostas Anagnopoulos

Escorted by the Sun

The cloud took the cure. What does it matter, you ask. Well let me tell you about the silver lining. Your brain is ceramic so you can't see. The pane, too, is full of depressions, making the branches look gold. Builders feature it. I reach back and feel your stubble in my palm. The kitchen will flood, you'll see. Our time together will have passed. More people will be born. We'll be plugging away at the office. Our shaky footing will need helping hands. But no one comes forward, reaches out. The entire neighborhood is sound asleep. Everything shakes, radiates.

Tonight

The eclipse is blushing
It knows what's in store for it tonight
Darkness is well-stocked with pink
Pink marble, pink skin, pink pig
The cosmos in the rain
Droplets manage to get inside
Despite our great electric buttresses
And here's mother with a message on a string
Only an aside to top off your well-rounded view
Of a maternal relationship coming to an end
The premier flywheel for the mechanism of the universe
Mumbling in the middle of all this black activity
To recap, the back entrances are exits
The child looks up
The mother looks down
She points to the moon
For the rest of the evening the child walks
On the mother's skirt, a magic carpet
He feels squeezed between the feature and the specialty
His dream is to be locked in a pencil case all night
He doesn't register detail yet
And I have begun to lie

Pink Tub

Grandmother was a child and an animal. She listened to the priest who was part gypsy, part goat, atop the plastic tub knocked over by speedy kittens who had just given birth to kittens of their own. That was grandmother. Cars would kill all those kittens one day. I brought milk to begin the feeding. She has never

been to sea. The tub serves as a boat, holds clothespins. She washes in it. A pink thing of global proportions gone unnoticed, now back in the spotlight, transparent yet more present than a mountain, scuffed on its underside.



Tyler Hicks/The New York Times

After winds knocked down the tent that served as a schoolroom in Bagh, the students and teachers huddled for classes outdoors. On good days, life in the area hit by the Oct. 8 earthquake is just bearable. Heavy snowfalls in the last month have hampered the relief operation and tested survivors of the quake, which killed 73,338 people.