

Corinth

by Christina Strigas

Is it okay to be
rude for no reason?
The reason I love you is
not the right one

that comes to mind. I spread love of words
dressed in imaginary
half-ass wings, on a little Greek girl fragile,
watch me breathe in and out Greek—
Crying in ancient Corinth

where centuries pass without trace
where my parents were born
in a small Greek village in the mountains
named: Stimaga—
where my roots are.

A city
of survival or travel,
Jason settled there with Medea,
where Pegasus became a symbol,
the myth of Arion,
how love of monuments' more graceful
than building walls of torment—
While awake—while asleep,
I am perfectly free of evilness,

the restless dream of sleep paralysis,
falling wings deglorifying,
the past is buried now
where my father finished high school
where my mother finished elementary

but even reason
has a way of changing,
turning to outright wild lies;
this is where you were rude to me
laughed at my homemade history lessons

Go down to the village, wake up the family
or sleep in,
and shout out
the morning for coffee—I can't hear you now.

I'm on the tip of the village
where I first met my grandmother *Yiyia Xristina*,

These walls await a new language you can never learn.