

We hear them barking in the night . All night.
 You say they are not having a party.
 In the day we pass the villas where they are chained,
 Or running free along the walls.
 A little white one waits for us every night.
 She barks and barks.
 Then three wild dogs set about your heels as we walk
 Down the last stretch home.
 Two are huge , but the smaller one looks meanest .
 Two large dogs behind a wall see them off ,
 And we almost run back to the hotel.
 The only dogs we see in the day lie comfortable , asleep
 Outside tavernas where the smell of
 grilled chicken overpower.
 What cats we do see, look afraid and
 almost wilted in the heat.
 Beware of the Dog is on every other gate , and I tell you
 There is no crime on the island.
 Wonder why ??

The Dogs of Corfu

Here we sit , and are happy.
 Here, where the old lady goes through the bin,
 Where the old man sits next to us
 With the worry beads.
 Where the thin grey cat eyes up your doughnut
 With sudden magnolia eyes.
 Where the cafe waitress with caramel skin
 And cookie dough arms smiles across.
 Where the elegant blonde lady walks her poodle.
 Also elegant and happy.
 Where the two Greek dancers (brothers)
 Kick their heels and slap their thighs
 And make the world more joyful.
 Where the lemon tree shudders in the heat
 Where the fig tree sighs like a gentle breeze
 In the shade
 And has the best of it.
 Where the Jewish boy's sunglasses reflect the world
 In the huge saucer mirrors..

Under the Old Tree, Corfu Town

Where a tray of melons is delivered,
 Each bigger than the world..
 Where you and I say –
 With then is the moment..
 This is the moment to remember
 Like a ripe kumquat
 And this is the place to return to
 Under this benevolent tree
 That ask for nothing from us ..
 This is the place to return to, I say,
 When all is over, all is ended.
 Just the scent of bougainvillea and gardenia
 And you will find me my love ..
 Under this good hearted tree and in no pain.
 Rested and all is well.
 You will find me.
 You will find me.
 You will find me.

The Poolside Babes

Are keen. Lean. Lean and mean, sometimes.
 All think they are queen.
 Out on the sunbeds at 9 o'clock , then dipping
 Like oily fish in and out of the pool.
 The water shimmers, they shimmer, no – glimmer..
 And tremble like locusts in the heat .
 Sunshine becomes them , they become sunshine.
 The robust Americans , I marvel at them;
 The loose limbs, the flowing hair.
 The German girls are more correct , less
 Trips to the bar, and they have a method in the pool.
 A set routine.
 The French girls are in wild bikinis, drink cocktails,
 Chatter loud as crickets and throw themselves
 Like lunging angels at the water.
 The Swedes are casual, tall and perfect ,
 Steering into the blue waters like longboats.
 The Russian girls do not enter the water
 But sit on the edge,
 Keeping close eye on the elderly man they are with,
 His pacemaker, his wallet.

The British girls are oiled with a frenzy
 Bfy bored husbands,
 (Well, it's something to do)
 And they must fetch the beer and the paper
 for him.
 They all read 50 shades of grey ..
 And he nods off
 Dreaming of dusky maidens who wobble
 Enticingly.
 Me ??
 I sit by the pool,
 Near the dozing hammocks in my bandages
 And cannot enter this oh so private heaven.
 Sometimes they splash me
 On the way to the bar –
 Margaritas - a specialty of Spyros.
 And for this smattering of life,
 I am grateful.



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Origami Poetry Project™

CORFU TOWN

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