You will find me. You will find me. You will find me. Rested and all is well. Under this good hearted tree and in no pain. .. 9vol ym 9m brif lliw uoy bnA Just the scent of bougainvillea and gardenia When all is over, all is ended. This is the place to return to, I say, That ask for nothing from us .. Under this benevolent tree And this is the place to return to rike a ripe kumduat This is the moment to remember THIS then is the moment.. Where you and I say -Each bigger than the world.. Where a tray of melons is delivered,

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

Under the Old Tree, Corfu Town

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

The Dogs of Corfu

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM Every Origami Micro-chapbook

may be printed, for free, from the website.

origamipoems@gmail.com

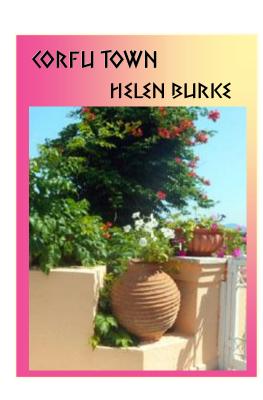
Cover: Corfu Patio by Phil

™ Edicina Ausoa fuelly

⟨ORFLI TOWN
HELEN BLIRKE © 2015



Donations **G**reatly **A**ppreciated



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.

distince becomes them, they become sunsin

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.