

December 2012

Apiasve opou Nacoo*

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Recommended Citation

Costanzo, Michael (2012) "Apiasve opou Nacoo*," *Verbum*: Vol. 10 : Iss. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum/vol10/iss1/9>

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Apiasve opou Nacoo*

Αριάδνε φρομ Νάξος

The old myth boasts of abandonment
Of the one who'd provided affection
And a way out from a certain maze
Where life was conquered by hungry death.

But I saw her leaping with light steps
On the green hills of Halki
collecting fragrant herbs aplenty.
She winked when offering
A taste of fine Kitron Naxou,
Meticulously prepared for me
My necessary cup of caffeine,
And smiled like a sunbeam
To my camera eye from her loom.
Near the shrine of Panaya Drossiani
Hid on the slopes of a mountain
She leapt with grace -
Elios watched from the blue sky -
To pick leaves of choice salvia.

Alas, I parted for distant shores
And she, Ariadne of Naxos, a memory
Of ancient times
A mirage of a recent past.

(Naxos, Greece)



Michael Costanzo