

2.5 Fish (1994)

In the systole of the
lapping Cretan sea,
beneath the dark remembered rock,
I found you, my old gold
fish – my jewelled
ichthymorphic avatar.

Knowest thou me again? didst
even wait for me,
glistening in the grotty
chambers of the shore,
my Samian mystery –
still, abiding double
of this vagrant mariner?

Benign and watery deity
that witnessed my foreshadowed self,
custodian of the eternal spring,
willst now stand surety for me
against the day that I'm reborn?

Mykonos – October 1994.