

The Look of Love

*For thou art come into a
quiet haven, after the storm*
Euripides

Like some empyrean force of nature
She enters the scene—any scene:
Out the swinging doors of Customs,
Into the garden party through genuflecting palms,
Up from the waves, still wet with briny foam,
Off the blistery rain-lashed avenue she strides
Into the taverna, shaking Cyprian honey hair
A racehorse set among the sheep
When she catches your eyes she
Smiles, and bold Helios sets flame
To the azure sea *The woman you see in
Your dreams, as you doze in a cavern's shade*
Aphrodite indeed—that look of
Love is for you, my friend, proud
Chosen one, and from this moment
You are blessed
Her glance more melting than sleep or death
Would that lyric Alkman could see you now
And hear her “Agapi mou, how
I missed you”—sealed with a kiss.

Lines in italics are from the Greek
poet Alkman (7th century B.C.)

Agapi mou is Greek for *my love*