

Isolomanes

We flew over the islands
above the sea's long seige
the ancient flecked aegean
to our final deaths

while soldiers flew
in bursts of jet we
watched the props wide-eyed
for traitors in the whir

and bumped and ground
through attica's air
as if in the entrails
of a winged and aged amazon
whose right-arm strength
could launch such tremors in the air

behind the islands looked
like breasts abandoned
casually after a love affair
below this ancient rifled city
bereft of all but vengeance
and ex-dictators moustachioed
so alive in their villas by the sea

— *J.A. Wainwright*