Leucothea in Le Havre

Kind Leucothea greets me
Gliding ‘cross the convex æther
The Greek giver of advice flew north
To give me council in Le Havre
Where Francophiles are foreign
And the prices near extortion

Soon a wedding will commence
So do not lecture me on drinks
My funds dry up in the Casino named “Earth”
Gueule de Bois be maimed and damned
No tourists bear witness to Turin’s Shroud
Et pas anglais makes van Buren proud

Indecisive, how can I ramble forward when
This many futures overlap,
Meshing into tasteless mush;
I like the café here along the harbor, where
Complementary laziness makes mine benevolent
Seagull Leucothea left Grecian lands now barren
In no sci-fi story do we actually want to be Terran

Leucothea in Le Havre

The breezes waft my maritime home my way:
Calafia, the land of matriarchs and missions
With each passing year you are a weirder fiction
Whose reality wars with mine as Athens punches Sparta
Your ancient land no longer exists,
kind Leucothea,
In time my land will magnetize the selfie snobs too.

www.origamipoems.com

OPP microchaps may be printed from the website.

Cover: Collage by Jan K

Origami Poems Project ™

Leucothea in Le Havre
Felix Purat © 2020

origamipoemsproject.submittable.com

The OPP is a 501(c)3 Non-Profit
Donations welcome!
PayPal, AmazonSmile, etc.

- La Favorite Café, Le Havre, 2017