

beneath the modern city, the Land shows through.  
the streets are not smooth.  
in gaps,  
'twixt neat stone tiles,  
the Earth rebels.

Olive Trees,  
in graceful, gnarled spirals,  
dust shy corners  
with soft silver  
and purple shade.

everywhere,  
Nature resists.

blades of tall Grass twine,  
hopeful, unassuming,  
around street signs and temples,  
all ruins alike.

parthenon,  
though made by mortal hands,  
holds bones of the deep Wild  
that once ruled rocky Greece.

towering above the city,  
lashed by sharp Wind and cold Rain,  
the Marble still glows.

luminous in aspect,  
the bright white has faded  
sliding slow as the Sunset  
into dark, dusky gold.

those columns, scarred and lovely,  
swell gently,  
revealing  
from the veins of Penteli,  
subtle life stirs within.

acropolis,  
looming solid and large,  
draws all eyes to the Skies,  
ringed in walls of carried Stones.

overhead,  
Thunderclouds,  
mountains splitting with storm,  
and streams of sweet Sunlight,  
warm and light as a kiss.

once,  
in this place,  
the gods were in everything.

thrilling,  
charging the Aether,  
their divine,  
vibrant whispers  
pervading the air.

the Land breathes,  
sighs beneath the skin It wears.  
It knows restraint is temporary.  
It waits.

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