



Diasporic
Literature
2011



DIASPORIC LITERATURE -

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Trespass Not!

Five mothers in black wail Courtroom overflows with outrage
Five mothers in black cradle photos Villagers congregate in
corridors, conspire Five mothers in black weep Media crews
perch on window sills Continue reading →

The Pine Tree

Laden with snow dumps, undisciplined branches, entangled with
sparkling electricity wires, overhang the balcony, camouflage the
distant seascape, plead to be pruned. Earthquake cracked
exterior, overwhelmed by its alpine girth, thirsts for a coat of
paint. Continue reading →

Revolving Door

Open Shut In Out Revolving door welcomes optimism.
Mini-skirted struts, loud-mouthed business suits mingle with
pessimism. Continue reading →

Sandwich

Jet lagged, ordered toasted cheese sandwich After impatient wait
servile English asked Toast Bread? No. A toasted cheese
sandwich please! Eyes drooping, finally served withered lettuce,
ham and cheese wedged between two slices toasted bread
Continue reading →

Salon

Morning cacophony escorts friends through diesel fumes, on
trolleys in overload, over sleazy footpaths ready to implode ,
under bitter orange trees to her door where coffees brews Tortes
and pastries await Continue reading →

Card Games

Speculative companions crunch village snow to kafenion join in
amiable chatter, coffee cup clatter deft hands shuffle cards,
winnings slow Continue reading →

Shattered Dinner Plate

Georgia, bring wine, mezethes. Tonight we gather with hovering
swallows, flitting wrens, grieving grasses, valedictory vines,
voice less valley, courageous conifers, for the blackened vigil.
Continue reading →

Until Next Time!

Dawn mist rouses him, flings open iced shutters embraces chilled
air. He drives to town past cemetery gate. Continue reading →

Chronos Suite

Valley twilight silence shattered by Church bell. Father asks why.
Sons, spades in hand, at cemetery gate that screeches in protest.
Continue reading →

Anecdotes after reading Ritsos

They sit at the table on the balcony, stripping virgin vine stems of
leaves, buds and stringy bits. Their voices, with the rustling of
the sprouting pine needles, echo in the breeze across the platia
- until the final stem is stripped. Then the aromas of the boiling
saucepan - aniseed, garlic, spring onion, olive oil dressing - that
blends with the breeze. Continue reading →

Saltwater in the Ink: Voices from the Australian Seas

Lucy Sussex gives public voice to the private thoughts,
experiences and observations of selected nineteenth-century
seafarers to the Australian colony. These seafarers kept a record
of their voyage either as letters to loved ones left behind in
England or in journal entries. The white glossy cover of Saltwater
in the Ink, composed of a chair covered in red patterned fabric,
a red quill, a laced decorated fan, pewter cup and barrel, is
aesthetically appealing and invites exploration. Continue reading
→

Let Them Burn!

Let them burn! Let them burn! Let them pay! Let them pay! Grey
suited stooped man carries red rose Stadiou Street Wednesday
5 th May ordered to work, union syndicates claim Marfin Egnatia
Bank a burnt out shell molotov cocktails thrown Continue
reading →
