

Good Word

(Evangelos Hondroudakis)

*In what has seemed countless lifetimes of searching –
lifetimes that all feel like mine.
Searching relentlessly to every corner of the cosmos
to be set upon and to stumble battle weary,
at times sitting with my head in my hands,
pushing back tears of exhaustion that stream down my face
while trying to recall hope, or anything that bares its resemblance,*

*The grime of labours darkening my complexion,
abandoned, detached and isolated,
save for the nourishment in a stranger's smile
and with great difficulty at times
trying to recall why I ever set upon this path.*

*With no icon to hold to my bosom, to afford me comfort,
to remind me of my mission
and no map to help chart passage for this traveler,
a warrior whose reflection I struggle to recognize.*

*And all the long while the faint recollection of my home, of sweet sanctuary,
and the dream of my return when I am finished.
But I am so far and long from that place
that the memory of its way is a smudge.*

*And like the ambassador weary,
but securing passage beyond the final gate,
to commend communiqué,
good word intact, seal unbroken,
to its rightful recipient
Into those safe hands,
the hands, I lift up my eyes to see
are those of an angel, my love,
the love that welcomes me home.
For now I know all too well,
to travel the road not taken, I will never again be lost or alone.*

EVANGELOS

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