

ΑΓΟΡΑ ΕΛΕΑΝΟΣ

They went missing in the hills over Athens.
At least, that was the suspicion –
foreign experiments by a foreign military
whispers, quite bright, ionising the atmosphere.

RADAR STATIONS BURN ACROSS THE NATION

And we sat drinking at the Seychelles bar and restaurant,
picking migrant death from our teeth,
while anarchists and lost aristocrats
– the very last of them –
dreamed of entropy,
in parallel.

TRACES SCATTERED ALL ACROSS ELEANOS MARKET

The search continued,
and we kept turning up.
So, we finished our drinks and headed for the hills,
hoping for sanctuary and reason,
the conspiratorial truth
Disintegration.

We still believed the universe was unravelling,
towards some endless end, where everything would go missing.
Fearful that it was us that held the power
That we made them disappear.