

# ON RITSOS'S DIARY OF EXILE, BOOK ONE

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Wind strikes or winds around boulders,  
assumes new shapes & the guard smokes  
for warmth & paces lengths of razor wire.  
Boots were once warm like feet & laced up  
within. Pockets emptied of buttons.  
Faceless decks of cards. Flock of geese  
alight in a field when the guard strikes  
a match, begs the moon to take off  
her shoes & sleep in a lampless window.  
I want to give objects unforgivable alter  
egos. Sky stitched to refugee stars in war-  
torn dreamscapes. The craven goatherd  
leans his cane against an almond tree,  
dreaming two black ravens shared an egg.