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Insufficient Fortification

His Patagonians are gone.
Stranded over here, I venture to
shape Kavadias into Swedish.
Another restless harbour and I

grasp the tiny line: we have it
(understandably) still spacious
inside. Burning
hot can be too much Tabasco
on a pizza, freezing cold a dry
—so exotic—winter in the south
wind.

A wordy world.

Never a failure. A heated
debate, an “excellent” work.
And all this while
nationality and ethnicity merge
on a Greek dictionary's page
224.

Standing on this medieval
bastion, *racism entrenched
by tradition*
translate *that*
to the hordes of
prospective immigrants
freezing-to-death-burning-like-moths...

I lack words. I cannot
hit the tone for the
mediocrity of feeling, the intensity
of suffering.