Knossós

This is a land where you can talk with ghosts;

here white washed trees spook the night-roads’ endless bends,

sprites on a star-shimmered sea seem to disappear the mountains’

olive groves that stagger from the earth like the army of phantoms,

the crumpled old men, who guard the shade of cafe hours,

their eyes watch each Cretan girl strut past,

just as in those palace frescoes,

where painted faces look to the future.

Look into the old men's fallen faces,

as they conjure this rubble into a palace

labyrinth at the centre of the world;

read in their lines an ancient past,

speak with these ghosts to relive the legends,

and know that once they were gods.