

## MARIA PROITSAKI

### 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.