

Helen's Hedge

Ramble along the gentle uphill lane.

After turning around the mild curve,

You will see Helen's hedge.

Saunter up,

And the mellow scent of the fragrant olive flowers will embrace you.

Tread into the garden, close your eyes, and hearken to Helen

Lilting in a rich alto

The archaic songs of a language unknown to you

Made long before you were born.

When the syrupy aroma reaches the back of your skull

And fills all your brain with a hypnotic sleep,

Open your eyelids.

The first thing you see

Will eternally dwell in your heart;

Helen's pupils.