

## **GREEK NEIGHBOUR**

She arrives breathless  
black wool molds her round shape  
severe grey hair drawn back  
lined face etched with a smile  
a shaft of sun  
between mountain clouds.

As she reaches up to cup my face  
I see warmly creased palms  
a wedding ring bites  
into a plump finger.

Her kisses melt  
into the all embracing Greek gesture  
of admiration and benediction,  
our home is blessed.

I am firmly folded  
into the sweet-smelling  
landscape of her body.

**By Margaret Eddershaw**