

DONNA J. GELAGOTIS LEE

Consumed

At the bakery, I wear *married*
to a *Greek* like a sign across
my breast, the words I speak
misunderstood, yet the sign
defining each line of speech.
When the baker's wife places
the loaf, wrapped in paper,
in my hand, she adds a polite
yá sas. And into the street
I go with the olive trees
to shade my walk, their old arms
and twisted roots, their plump
fruit no one wants anymore.
The women in black may find
my manner slightly out of place.
Even my fuchsia dress may make me
obvious. Yet they smile
and nod *káli méra* as they pass,
keeping the loaves firm
against their breasts.
When I break open
the *horiátiko*, still warm,
I savour the taste, my tongue
lodged in the crusty pieces I tear
and slather with olive oil,

this flesh filling my mouth,
the aroma overcoming me,
as oil drips down my chin,
off my lips, my sin evident.