

The Goatherd and His Father

*There goes Matoulis, gazing at his flock,
As the east wind brushes one lock,
Against his face a tear,
For his beloved father is no longer near.*

Matoulis:

I look after my goats but really it is the goats that must look after me,
Here under this pine tree where roots split rocks and a cane stands erect,
My father left this earth just four days past, whistling until his last breath,
A great sickness took him, one that takes all when they've passed each test,
It was expected to come, just as one expects the sun to rise and sun to set,
But I struggle to sing, Pan would not understand, for it's not laziness
Notes don't leave my throat, but instead I choke on something else,
Lady grief is it you, not even a she-goat stays as long by my side,
The stench, three generations of odor, has kept the others at a distance,
But we always had one another, while the goats frolicked with persistence.

A terrible storm shifts into the sky, my herd babbling about with uncertainty,
Daphnis could sing of the grey and white light mixing with clouds of curves,
A frightening beauty nature is, cold yet profound, I call out to them with my cane,
In we go, we will all sleep together but alone.