

A Closed Bookshop in Paphos

I sought a bookshop and lived a nightmare.
One room empty, the other brazenly
Posturing as a hair salon I dare
Not view for fear of weeping helplessly.
Ten years and more I have come here knowing
That I would find poetry for the soul.
Young poets, translated from the Greek, sing
A tender song of love's relentless toll.
History, too, I'd find recounting times
From my youth, confirming that I was sane
When all around me blindly hid their crimes.
On these shelves words I found as balm for pain.
 The tears that now abundantly must flow
 Are for bookshops whose death our own will sow.

Poetry by Brian Thorne
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