

*Sycophant*

Their fingers (*etym.*) slyly pointed out  
The lifters of fresh figs from private orchards.

At the rack-and-pinion railway's foot  
This skinny, ancient man threads through  
September Kalavrita's hot crowd,  
His little cart piled high with figs  
To cry: *Sika freska! Sika freska!*  
Our fingers point to where the fresh figs are.

## *Obol*

Standing out in all weathers,  
Gloves stuffed in an epaulette,  
Silver buttons gleaming on the grey coat,  
A peaked cap for doffing.  
Obsequious as the job demanded  
But with higher ambitions.

(This being, as it turned out, the year  
Of Joyce's *Chamber Music*.  
He would later rise to a firm's car  
Which took him daily to the warehouse  
In the Dock Road to drink deference  
Of a kind he had meted out  
At the glass doors of the Bon Marché.)

The grandfather I never knew,  
Who fell dead in church,  
Whom my father helped to carry back  
Up the twisting stairs to await the doctor,  
Recording, in his diary, how a silver coin  
Rolled from his trousers to the floor.