

ADRIANNE KALFOPOULOU

## My Daughter's Eyes

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My daughter's eyes have all of Greece,  
all of Turkey in their limpid darkness  
lightening out of burnt shades of brown.  
Wet and jeweled like Asian candy  
they scatter a color so rich I see Bursa,  
the *Anatoli*, deep Aegean velvets that lap  
the jagged shorelines of so much discord, so much  
fevered history. Her eyes resurrect ancient possibilities  
alive the moment she will insist on truce,  
the measured beauty of Platonic balance.  
“Why can't you smile at dad?” she asks, “why  
can't you and he be friends?” She is trying  
to cross an unknown Bosphorus  
to reach Agia Sophia's gorgeous spires.  
But the saints are buried under plaster, their eyes  
gouged out – her everlasting *why*  
swims the turgid moment. I am her other-  
cultured American mother, her short-tempered efficiency,  
her father is his father's orphaned, barefoot escape,  
a Smyrnian memory, the songs she sings  
whose words stay foreign and full of intent —  
her longing could almost bridge the amber depths,  
her eyes ask for the world whole, and I  
can only translate so much.