

The power of imagination

for Eirini

You were a dreamer
having the power to imagine...

In your tender years
before the accursed disease
you were dancing vivaciously
and dreamed of a life in the village
setting up a loom, tending the garden
tending the animals.

Like an exotic flower
your mind was flourishing
in the desert of your body
bathing in the light of the sun
in the light of the moon
absorbing the essence of life.

MS ravaged your very young
and beautiful body
but could not enslave your intellect
your mind soared seeking the meaning of life.
You devoted yourself to the arts,
painting, sculpting, writing poetry, composing songs.
You devoted yourself to study
exploring knowledge
contemplating the eternal question:
Who am I? Where do I come from?
What is my world?

“Did you know that the Neanderthals
did not become extinct?” You asked recently.
In your study of Archaeology
you had discovered we humans
are descendants of both
Neanderthals and Homo sapiens.

So like a true philosopher
you set conversations on high ideas
above your own pain

above your own suffering
above the mundane.

My dearest Eirini,
my bright star
in the short years of your life.
Your brave spirit
will shed light for ever on your memory.

Yota Krili