

What is built sometimes lasts  
Through time and fire  
Patiently it stands

What was to be built  
Is sometimes set aside  
A beautiful, unrealized design

A European castle, of dark blocks of stone  
A fountain of fortune surrounded by bushes  
Sketched men in awe

A villa of cement for a famous aristocrat  
Pieces of wood for the finishing touches  
Bad-taste colors on the walls

Walk around the old docks  
How modern they are now  
Seas have changed to the worse

A majestic fortress upon the highest hill  
Strong walls running down the hill like rivers  
Amazed I look from a distance

A high-profile guest takes a pose  
A humble servant bows humbly in gratitude  
Where the Agora was

A hot bath in the old Hammam  
A bath in the greatest comfort Ottomans offered  
Only for men

Buildings, houses, stores, was there ever free land  
Above them all stands the Minaret of a once-Church  
Did it survive the times? I wonder...

Boats with masts waiting for their next sail  
A calm sea, ideal for a walk in the port  
People walk out of the picture, disappear...

A cemetery, some scattered tombs here and there  
The great house of a school is now there  
From the tombs knowledge has risen

Pillars of smoke holding up the sky  
Lest it falls on their heads too  
Change is the only option left

Same church, different surroundings  
Remnants lie on burnt soil

The worst is yet to come

A beautiful place now, a dull place then  
Neatly placed tiles melted into cement  
People walking, never lived to see

A haunted house near a holy church  
Inhabited by people whose spirits were driven to despair  
Grows old and heavy with ghosts

[Response to  
Θεσσαλονίκη 100+  
Exhibition]