

Ionia

Smyrna was burned ferociously

they slaughtered and they maimed

they ' ve taken **Ionia**

but our roots remain.

She still waits silently

to crack a gentle smile

to touch the hand that made her

and spit out the bile.

Affable like a pleasant nymph

will dance with flair and grace

having received in her arms

the true Hellenic race.

Nereids and demigods

will beautify her shores

a new beginning, a new turn

the spirits will rise and soar.

Come out of oblivion

and look in every source

do not forget, my dear Greek

what is yours, is yours.

constantine zygouris