

## Irene's Dream

They were giants, they were royal, they were peasants, they were poor  
They were struggling, they had nothing, they had strength and wealth galore  
They were backed against a corner so they took the only door  
And they traded all their glory for a hope beyond their shore  
And they huddled in Hell's Kitchen, and they only had each other  
In a land of steel and mortar each arrival was a brother  
And soon sisters came, and cousins and when possible, their mother  
They embraced and danced the Sousta till the morning

Leaving Emborio's high pastures for a cold and alien place  
And upon arrival all they had was cousins to embrace  
Not a penny, not a job, but they all had a saving grace  
Gnomagora would link all with a Nisyrian proud face  
They'd hold hands and dance the Sousta til the morning

In a dark depression's tenement, a world so hard and bleak  
They would huddle in their customs and save pennies week to week  
They would christen all their newborns in their ways so proud and Greek  
And to celebrate their lives their favorite gathering place they'd seek  
In their Leski they would dance until their morning

Born Chrissotimos, Scandalios, Zaxariades, Yiannakou,  
or Rossettois, Plousiades, Sarris, Georges, Antoniou  
Through all tragedies and trauma in their hearts they always knew  
All they needed was their oikouyenia to pull through  
Sending money, clothes and photos to those loved and left behind  
In the streets their Yankee offspring though evolving new, would find  
That the dreams of far off Nisyros would never leave their mind  
As they married and they danced until the morning