

## Breast Unit

By Konstantina Georganta

It's time frozen and the persistent struggle to maintain a normality, which does not reveal the change that may come. It's the mixed feelings and excessive fears together with moments of absolute peace. It's information repeated and the endless monologues from those around us listing our flaws. It's the quieting words, the rage, the silence.

Bolivar. Do you know what "bolivar" means my child?

What does it mean Madame Parthena?

If you go "bolivar," you go to the seashore my child.

and just like that

we walked out into the open

and the world around us

water and salt

and serenity

a seashore inviting you

to gaze at it

Bolivar. I feel calm.

4<sup>th</sup> floor.

Your body on the first line  
it fights and is fought back.

The resistance will be to the end.

This war is for now and  
for now.

At some other time  
we might have surrendered  
but now a duty calls  
that's absurd  
a message not to let go.

Our silences meet.

We sleep all together under the sea.

We like it here.

Our harvest will be for all  
we will sleep lightly  
and in the morning a new breeze  
and once more full steam ahead.

Bolivar.

The memory of our home made of soil comes alive  
the garden, the yards,  
a whole world that is no more  
it flickers each morning and at sunset  
and the goodbyes,  
heavy sighs,  
mute war-cries  
come from far way  
a horrid war

between friendly troops.  
They have camped within and among us  
they push us away, they run but we  
only with our eyes  
our ears hear the rumble  
god the pain!  
the shame!  
to get lost in this blur!  
the city is far far away  
and the water here modest  
dripping slowly into our bodies.

We surface.  
Two black rocks hinder our path  
but I have my hammer, I will get away.  
Further, further away, bolivar.  
We will surrender ourselves upon a wave  
like our body  
like our voice  
a breath that is still alive  
and echoes in this ward.  
Colorful lights all around  
they besiege us  
they police us  
they play with our serenity  
they want us to end  
but our feet are still hard on the ground  
they have clutched on to this soil  
a mud that sinks  
and a temperate rose-garden.

The soil is a complete disaster.  
At times it weeps and at times it laughs  
yes, it laughs and beckons  
it speaks softly and often it says nothing  
yet it flows, always flows and takes us away  
further and further away  
as we stay enraptured more and more  
the black rock is a gate and a stop  
our steps are cold  
and unexpectedly heavy –

the door opens  
a mob enters  
it looks at us  
we are not afraid  
their routine presence takes us elsewhere  
it ends our monotonous days;  
each beginning and each end are one  
everything starts and ends  
at one and the same moment.

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