**GOING HOME**

Come, Kapetan, we’ve a fair wind for Ikaria,

a sound boat and a good crew — you know them well,

friends of your youth, good companions all.

Give me your hand and step aboard; the night

is coming on, we’ve a star or two to steer by,

come sit here by the helm and take your ease.

South-east to clear the roads then round to the north —

how many times have we made this course

on good days and bad, all these long years?

Dear friend, just think of it, so many journeys,

such treasure of memory stored in our bones!

How fortunate we have been in our wanderings

over the broad sea, the fruitful, fragrant earth —

and what have we learned? That all voyages

have a beginning and an end. Just so.

They will be lighting the lamps in Ágios Kirykos,

setting the tables, gathering to the tavernas,

an eye to the harbour entrance, the incoming craft —

a fine welcome they’ll have for you, home at last

to a berth under the Atheras, under the olives.

Friend, we are at your service, give the command!

*i.m. Manos Kazakopoulos*