

Poetry

I Think He Was a Teen

by Ilias Tsagas

On the wooden floor, coiled with handcuffs and leg irons on
like an embryo — dead.

But no, slaves were shackled standing.

Judging from the size of the cuffs

his wrists must have been thin.

Behind the glass

at the Maritime Museum in Greenwich

the leg irons remain locked

holding the soul of this lad.

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