



From sunlit Rhodes, she made her way,
With beauty time could not betray.
Gold on her wrists, a sparkle near
Her laughter loud, her presence clear.
She rolled each leaf with loving pride,
Cigarette lit, a smile wide.
At cards, she played with fearless grace,
A glint of mischief on her face.
Now still she sleeps, but not alone
She lives in us, in flesh and bone.
In cabbage rolls and stories told,
In rings she wore and hands we hold.



