

Anemone and Vertigo

Poems of the Selection

translated from the Greek by *David Connolly*

THE SNOW

The one spoke of notes
The other of a closed box
And yet another said "how unbearable the dark is!"

They robbed him as he sat
In case the poems came out
In case he found the anemone.

He'd long been preparing his eyes
for a sky filled with snow
Then he'd leave
the work at that station
Then he'd fill his hands with
life white as white
his own white snow.

They robbed him as he sat
his mouth bound
by always the same rhyme
Here the crime
and there the poem.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

*How your eyes are gaping
old hotel*

*Room by room
The sun blinking
opens and closes
your wounds
And the water
still
and heavy
makes you float.*

*Drowned longings Tassos Eurydice Kiki
Dead voyages Anthi Yannis Diomedes*

*In the mud lies the key
The slot is rotting
Without blood is the bed*

*– Just look, says the bird from the other song
How its eyes are gaping
How the living photograph themselves with the dead.*

THE MAGIC SCALE

A magic scale defines me
The matches light in the dust
My eyes light with the matches.

The matches go out
My eyes go out
The dust remains.

A magic scale defines me
Beyond the photos the anemone flowers
Nothing flowers beyond the anemone

What remains is nothing
The anemone withered once more.