

## **BETTING WITH THE DARKNESS**

Poems of the Selection

translated from the Greek by *David Connolly*

### **MAY DAY**

*Fields in Mourning*

Amid the fields in mourning reaping every joy  
This poppy here reminds me of  
the old woman daubing herself with makeup  
so she might delight in love  
but who now is blushing red.

### **METAMORPHOSES**

Missing

Someone missing  
is  
for the darkness  
a delightful promise  
Something like a caress  
for the hyena  
that it hides within  
and comes out every evening.

## Hope

On this blade  
a tear rolls  
a man cuts himself  
a poem drips.

This poem has no rhyme  
Yet  
now and then it emerges  
and plays with the bloody surges.  
This poem has no rhyme  
has only one hope  
its own brand new blade.

With this it stoops low and makes the skin bleed on the paper.  
With this it leaps up and slashes the face of darkness point blank.