

Looking Glass poems
Poems of the Selection

translated from the Greek by *David Connolly*

THE NON-EXISTENCE OF MITROS LITZAS

– I'd like you to say...

Sir, who prevents us from offering, in gilded cups, our desire's
ashes to the city's sketch; on every
cup paraphrasing the terrified poems of the innumerable poet

As

The gathering of refined kites
satisfactorily endured the warning sign
of an elevator

As

The glory of an ephemeral wig

As

The promises of the poets.

Perhaps like this
the atmosphere and I
promote the impasse
of a hope's lost
plans
as far as the limits of an umbilical nobility.

HOLLOW

Set on this rock with its snakes is a letter.

At times – no one knows how – the rock trickles water

The snakes drown

The letter remains.

SUN-CONCEALED

Omen

False harpsichords
And yet two eyes
sew black sails.
When night's umbrella
Unfolds
Its attendants gesture with their swords
It is not an umbrella it is a muzzle
Not a cock but a hook that torments
on kneeling.
Cordax and Crow.

BEASTLINESS

The rat that lowers the words
and then madly throws down the ladders
The rat that using its claws
surrounds the stone
is Agave who is pregnant.