

Translator: Paschalis Nikolaou

Telamon's July

Cicadas, climbing up pinecones –

They don't sing by themselves

though I see no children near

playing or laughing

In among the many tree-trunks:

a human form

that raises

its sword

turns to us

and this speech we hear:

I'm Ajax

in a crude performance, now ending

my words are few

And the time I got left

-all bowed, alone-

is that July, of Telamon.

The Lab

They called, from the lab

about that case

some things I left there

Once again, the problem was

—so they said—

the manner my fingertips have been touching

anemones

Write this: a dark desire lies on the table

the guard mustn't see this

Write this also: a gaze so full of light

and the carcass of shadow is set afire

Strange Birds

My images

like strange birds

night and day, they fly

around my eyes

My images

they're like distant voices

whispering about that small lark of mine

lost in the black pit

My images

they are night's nails

clawing at, entering me

how they pierce my mind