

## **Persephone's Arithmetic**

Poems of the Selection

translated from the Greek by *David Connolly*

### **THE PUBLIC HOLIDAY**

Everything is closed today.

The trees' branches  
rustle in a child's hands  
that never knew gifts.

Everything is closed today.

Behind the dream  
A pharmacy  
with white windows  
red thoughts  
and crossed planks  
stoops, wants to talk to me.

## **PERSEPHONE'S ARITHMETIC**

It was long said that he knew well  
Persephone's arithmetic.

No. He didn't count  
The swimmer who drowned  
The excursion that burned.  
He counted  
The choice of the sea  
The death of the choice.

He counted  
He wrote  
He didn't write  
He nourished  
He reversed  
A full moon  
Dead.

## **THE PERFORMANCE**

With dead dreams  
I'll go out to play again.  
I'll find something to wear

Whatever was left from the moon.

With my images  
I'll go out to play again.  
I'll find something in order to dance

Whatever was left of the darkness.

## FOR NEW YEAR'S DECORATED SHIP

We seek to endure  
The chillness in the theatre  
The theatre of chillness

Perhaps our time is false  
Perhaps the garden is closed

All who see us  
return home  
They allay their fear  
slowly pronouncing  
their names

- Yorgos
- Maria
- Eleusis

And yet  
And yet  
No one  
No one remembers them.