

## 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.

## **The Binding**

(Yesterday)  
At the frontier  
the moon  
was an introvert  
and pinned a bee.

(Today)  
On the quay  
they'll understand nothing.  
A cargo of raisins will set sail anew.

(And yet)  
The adverts were somehow strange.  
Once again the tray was empty  
Once again the fish covered in specks.

## **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.

## 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 Contest

In a street in the old neighbourhood  
There where  
Christmas Easter and a wedding  
were played out on a makeshift platform  
There  
children's blood has been flowing since morning  
without yet having dried  
From there  
emerged  
untouched metal  
silence  
to blow the whistle  
for the celebration's end.

In a street in the old neighbourhood  
There where  
the dust  
– this too a voice of silence –  
knows how to spread itself  
only  
the flower's imprint  
has resisted  
and the half-moon shining on it.

In a street in the old neighbourhood  
on a makeshift platform  
in the blood of the dust and the silence  
again the wretched die will soon be cast  
But your imprint will remain ever untouched.

## **The birds of memory**

Always the same  
every night.  
My hands  
can't bear  
to hold  
the darkness.

Which is why  
every morning  
I awaken  
my memory's  
tiny goldfinch  
And I show it  
a house  
full of song  
– There I tell it  
is where  
the light lives

## **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.

## **The Woodcutter**

The moment you encountered her chopping pines

At once inside you a stone rose up and danced.

And yet

the woodcutter gave you gifts of nothing again

Two frozen dreams

And headless two more.