

The Blood of Dreams
Poems of the Selection

translated from the Greek by *David Connolly*

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

ENDYMION

In the room
Filled with gloom
this clay grew dark too

Opposite
The shore buried the fish before too soon

And
affixed and alone
sadly I am Endymion.

THE EYES

First
he plunged
his eyes
into joy's blood

– The myth has now changed
Antinoos
Antinoos is the king

Then
he raised up
his eyes
And these
became two birds
that flew
to meet her.

POSTSCRIPT OR (NEW YEAR'S) EVE

New Year's Eve
and tomorrow morning one more hare will die in the hunt
New Year's Eve
and the fever melts the cold's clock
New Year's Eve
and in my memory's guts
– so you'll know
all of a sudden –
the blade is thrust deep
by the murderer
my own
old and new year.