

The Tray with the Specks

Poems of the Selection

translated from the Greek by *David Connolly*

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.

IN THE PHOSPHORIC MILLS

Those there.
Those there brought no messages.
They surrounded our town's buildings
with thin / electrified wire.

ALONE
they exempted
the phosphoric mills
under which passed
– a vomiting youth –

the River Acheron.

THE CASHING OF MYTH

The Mermaid's words concerning the king
were not broken wings
or plastic vessels that melted from improper use.
They were coins
that were cashed
by Jocasta
Maelstrom of discourse
Without light.

THE (CHILDREN'S) PLAYGROUND

In the Children's Playground
the children's dolls play
the same game always
And the sun
– the blood-red mill –
silently grinds
the apples of death.

THE DESCENT

When at times his eyes rose up from the abysses resurrected
You could see inside them could see
Slaughtered lambs
Old dates
And you said
In the butcher's shop of desire
You said
– I'm called Tiresias
You're called Pasiphae.

NOTES ON THE STILLNESS OF SNAKES

Just as it was growing dark
He realized that he no longer had arms.

Two knives carved the apples
As though translating Oedipus
As though translating Oedipus
for a little murdered light.

THE ANNIVERSARY

We walk between that familiar void
and little piles of garbage
That's why our hands plunge secretly into dreams' pockets
That's why the fish's lips are shut
That's why our thoughts ever ask us:
How do they embalm butterflies?

