

The Secret Quay poems

Poems of the Selection

translated from the Greek by *David Connolly*

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.

Prayer

Tomorrow no matter what we have to pray
Lest the mud smothers the flowers
Lest in the back that smiles
that old knife is stuck.

Tomorrow no matter what we have to pray
before our house empties completely
and we let our goodnight
(so to speak good night)
like a howl
be heard.

Tomorrow no matter what we have to pray.
For today Good night to you, Mr Dexter,
our pitiful spectator.

The Load

No one looks at us journeying
for in the plain
Crazy horses
are trampling the lilies
No one looks at us journeying.
And yet
high up in sky
many birds
fly as though laughing
both at the horses
and the lilies.

For
Yes, we're journeying
Together with that bagel bought by a bird
and poisoned
Together with that photo of the child who climbed a ladder
and was killed.

Yes it's with these that we're journeying
In case
tomorrow or the next day at most
the plain gives
water to the sky
and we're resurrected.