

Translator: Paschalis Nikolaou

This Body

This body

pins on the bed

a lone star:

one's summer

This body

pushes into the wolf's

mouth

the scalpel that once was

a hand

This body

spits on the ground

then opens its diary

–the funeral of your desires

is scheduled, says here,

at noon tomorrow.

Eye Sockets

When some joy

reaches behind the eye sockets

it's strangled right away

by Frangoyannou

-her headdress makes for a fine rope-
that dark, old bitch. She's Hecate.

Behind the eye sockets

a dragon devours two children

then a woman who's been sick forever

works them on her spindle

There is so much silence now

it's a time when even rhymes cower

they tremble, because

in front of my house

since yesterday

a corpse lies, bloodied:

and he's my brother.