Poetry Series

dimitrios galanis - poems -



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dimitrios galanis(19.8.1945)

Studies: classical literature[homeric, ancient greek, latin], ancient history, classical archaeology.

Languages: [homeric dialect, ancient greek, latin]greek, english, deutch, français, portugues[brasileiro].



[sappho's] Mika

?our new friend minded her own best interests, Mika, and pulled you near her side, but, although now out of this friendship you went astray foolishly to Penthelideans, I'm not going to leave you there putting aside my interest for you, the well behaviouring girl, all the more the one singing whichever melody so sweetly that not even the best songstress of us can sing, not even the mellifluous nightingales in the dewy woods.



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13.10.2017, ???????, ?.?.??????



'?y Dream'

?! my Dream, you visit me oft during the blacked night, when also Sleep, your twin brother sweet god, at last arrives. You could surely hold in a distance the sufferings of my affliction, so that they lose their power. There is then hope for me not to fall upon their afflictions there too. Nothing from blissful gods ?f Olympos do I expect in daytime to obtain, as it could not be so easy to mortals their deceiving games to avoid.

So let it be granted to me the favour: by passing your gates to meet those whom my heart always desires.



Rush

Stride across the desert of your hesitant dreams. Be not afraid of submerging in its dunes, if you want to arrive to the green oasis where fresh runs the giving sourse life. You say that two enchanting eyes twinkle there. You yearn their sparking were endearment's signs.

Why then to delay! Take the road dancing and let the surrounding throng laugh at even if it only is to accost their glance's glow, if it is in their mirror to see heaven's gate open in front of a psyche craving.

Stand before them as a humble pilgrim, let lips tremble, be not afraid of heartbeat on the edge of doubt for consensus nod final, hope to fly embraced in flowers' shores.

You hear your heart's throb in chord's tone?
You feel the tenderness of its warmth?
Take it as a clue
that over there burns indeed your life's torch.
Throw yourself into the thrill.
Courage's steeds cannot wait long.
The harvest of emotions needs its weather
and time does not tread backwards.
Rush

?? ???????µ? ???? ???? [B.Middleton: Walk With Me]

???? µ?? ???, ?? ????????µ? ??? ????. ??? ??? ?? ??? ???? µ?????, ?? ???????? µ?? ????? ????? µ???, ???? µ???????? ??? ?????? ??? µ??µ? ??? ??? ???????µ? ?? ???µ? ?????? ????, ???? ????????? ?????, ?????? ?? ??? ??µ????! ???? ???? ??' ?????? ????? ??? ??? ????? ???????µ? ??? ????µ' ?µ???? µ?? ?? µ???????. ??! ?? ?? ??????pu? ???? ????! ??? ???? ?? '??µ? ???... O ?????????? ???µ? ?????? ?? ???µ? ?????? ????? ?? ??? µ??????o ??? ???????? ?? β????. ???? ??? ? ?????? ???????, ??? ?? ???????µ? ???? ???? ??? ????? ??? ????µ' ?????? ?? µ???.

?????? ???? [One Day We Wake By B.Middletton]

??? ??? ?????? ??' ??? ??????? µ?????.

??? µ??? ?????? ??? ??' ??? ?? ???

???µ????? µ?? ??' ?? ???????? ??? ????.

β??β? ????, ???? μ??μ?? ?? ????,

??????? ???????? µ??? ????? ????????.

M???? ??? ???????? ??? jeful I Invent Despair By Barry Middleton]

M???? µ?? ???????? ??? ????????; ???? ??? ????? ?? µ??µ?? ??? ??? µ???? ?? ??µ???.

?? ????? ????? ?????????? ??? ?? ?????? ??? ??? µ???.

?? ???' ? ??????? ??? ??B?µ?? µ?? ????????? ?????? ???? ???? ?????? ????? ?' ???????;

??????ß???? [Sparkling Love By Valsa George]

????? ??? µ? ??????? ???? ??????? ?????????? ???? ??µ??? ?? ???µµ??????? ??? ?? ???????□ μ?? ?? β????? 'μ???????? ??? μ???? ?? ??? '???? ????µ??? ?' ??µ???? ???? ????????? ?? ???????? ?? ?????????? ???µ?. ????? µ?? ???????? µ???????? ??? ?????? ?????, µ?? ??? ??????? ????? ??????, ??????? ????? ??? ????? ???????. ??? ????? ??????? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? B?????? ??? ??????? µ??, ??????????? µ??? ??? ?? µ?? µ???µ??? ??µ?????. ????? ??????? ??? ????µ?? µ??, emHunter.com µ????????? ?? ????µ???? ???????? ???? ?' ???? ???? ??µß?. ??? ?????? ?? ??????? µ?? ?? ????????? ?? ????? µ?? μ? ?? ???????? ??? ?????, ????? ????µ??? ????????. ????? µ? ?????? ??? ????? ???, ?' ??????? ??? ????ß???? ?? ????? ?? ???? ??? µ????? µ??, ???µ??????? ?? ??????????, ???????? ?? ???? ???? ??µ??.

On The Clouds

The thrones we used to erect high up on the clouds for the sake of our old mild gods stayed for long empty, unoccupied. Our epoch's divine idols live now between us. Upon those thrones new daemons are installed by the usurping Apostles of outraged madness and mad rage.



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A????????? ???µ??



Denial's Desert

In your denial's desert orphaned anymore the memories are frozen. How will flowers sprout again in a deserted frozen landscape?



?????????? ??? Barry Middleton]

???? ??' ?? ??????? ?' ???????? ?? µ??????? ???µ??? ??' ??? ????? ??? ?????. ???? ?? ????????µ? ???? ????? ??? ??µ??? ?? ???????? µ? ?? ???µ??? ????? ???? ?????? ?? $???\mu$?? ?'??????????? ?? ????? μ ? ?? ???? μ ??? μ ???? μ ??? ?? ????. ?? ???µ????µ? ??' ?????µ??? µ?? ??µ??? ?? ???µ? ??? ???? ?????µ??' ??'?? ?????. ?? µ?????µ? ?????????? ??? ?????? ?? ?? B????µ? ?' ????????? ?????????? μ ?? ?' ???????? ???? β ??? μ ??. ?? ???????µ???? ???' ??' ??? ????? ??? ??? ?????? ????µ???? µ?? ?? ?????. ?µ??? ?? 'µ???? ???' ???? µ???,

???µ?????? [Memorabilia By B. Middleton]

 μ ??... ???? ?? ?? μ ???? ???? ?? ??????? ????? μ ? μ ?.

[Billingual] ??? ??? ?????? [In ?he Greece ?f ?ld, By Darius Adam]

????? ?????????µ? ???? ??????? ????. ????? ????? ???? ???? ?? ??? ???? ????. ???µ??? ?? µ???? µ?? ?' ?????? ??? µ??? ??????? ??? ??? µ??' ?????? ?????µ???? ????µ? ??????µ? ?????. ?? ??????? ??? µ?? ??????? ??? ?????? ?????, ???, ??? ???? ? µ????, ? ???µ???? ????, ??? ??? ?????????? ??? ???? ??? ????µ???. μ ????? ??????? ??? ???? μ ??? ??? ?????? ?? μ ??????. ??? ??????? ???????? ?? μ ?? ??? ?????? ?? μ ??? ??? μ ? ????? ?? ???? μ ??? ???? μ ? μ ??????.

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In the Greece of old

Secretly we met on the Aegean shore,
For a mortal was she, a god was I.
Our twilight tryst would colour legend's lore
As in a bed of irises we prepared to lie.
My thighs of marble quelled her fluttering limbs
As our expanding passion knew no bounds.
Breathing scented air we heard pagan hymns,
Paralleled by love's subsiding sounds.
Reclining later, we saw a statue nearby
Pointing her finger at me, asking why
I, of all divinities, the Olympian god Zeus,
Had picked her garden to seduce.
Furious, I smashed her accusing arm

And then the other as well, for good measure.

Seconds later I had done her irreparable harm,

Vandalizing an aesthetic treasure.

And so a god and a mortal loved in Greece of old:

Of how he breathlessly enveloped her, nothing more is told.

But in Paris today that broken statue still charms,

Tourists yet envisioning Venus de Milo's arms

At Mycenae

Here at the circles of Death, at the beehive cones, the royal mansions, the dialog's markets started the first steps towards a future where you shape your own fate.
The twin lions kept it in safe.
For centuries the boulders standing up begirded the outcropping of their nest.
Through the bronze they unified homoglossic regions and abundand became their court's wealth.
When it came to live the sunset of the realm looked for gold in foreign teritories rival.
Hungry for greed the power's madness bleeded from the vengance of the betrayed prudence and thus faded out and fell ruined on the ground.

Weak enough against the iron force
descending from the north.
Underestimated rust's metal
and fell easy victims of the new furnace.
The blood of the ruins was transfused
to flow in the veins of the next miracle.
Beyond myth's boundaries
from these crystalgrey stones sprang
and first on the ruins' dowhill further ran
the alternating current of history's blood.

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Apollo Marsyas

Moved was Apollo in fact in predicting eased the human woes by the barbaric tones, alleviated the laments by the levantine timbres, obliterated the sobbings by the lydofrygian tonalities. Barely had Marsyas laid lips upon his fife when its sound tamed even the savage beasts. Mountains ceased to frown, rushing winds calmed down, turbulent waves lost their fury. Bound with the spell hurried in hush to hear the plaintive eastern mode, reed's pathos tuned in sympathy to mortal sufferings.

- His lyra had not endowed the race of hellenes with music scales for soothing bleeding hearts, lyric scales with powers redemptive like these of this wind instrument.

Its solacing effect was worth a recompense.

He, himself, would now grant coming generations this allophone consolation's trope.

?e, himself, would cut off this thread of eastern whiff, immortal to accompany his people's excruciating lives. Through horrible death would eternal be Levantine's frankness tonal.

-Let anybody his intensions misunderstand, let his benevolent reputation be at stake. Since his worshippers respect victims unjust, he would submit to be the abuser for their sake. Pretending anger against 'East's audacity', sentenced Marsyas: be flayed on the spot. Worked as intended the magnanimous devine sin: *
At last even in Delphis itself *
the pathetically whistling flute was heard.
Sedative, remedy its sound to sorrows mortal, for the miserable life resonating balm.

. . . .

- *{ Art's addoptions and innovations had its victims too }
- *586 b.d. were held the first flute competition in Delphoi

A?????? ???????

???????????? [Change To Yesterday By Barry Middleton]

?????? ??????? [Portrait Of A Lady By Tom Billsborough]

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??? T?? ????? [Upon The Shore By Tom Billsborough]



??ß? [Tenure By Jeremy Horsford]

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M?? ??? ????? [Don't Go Far Off By P.Nerunta]

??? ??? ???? µ?????, ???? ??? µ??? µ??, ?????... ????? -??? ???? ?? ?? ?? -µ?? µ??? ???' ???? µ????? ??? ?? ??????, ?? ?? ?????? ????µ?, ???? ?? ????? ????? ????µ???, ???µ????, ????µ???.

????? T?? E???? [I Have Felt Love By Mihaela Pirjol

?????? ??? ????? ??µ?????? µ? ?? ??µ? µ?? ?? ?????, ????? µ?? ß???????? ???? ??????? µ?? ?? ?????. ?????? ??? ????? ?????, ????? ????? ??? ?????? µ?? ?' ?????? ????????? ??? ?? ??µ?. ?? ??? ???? ??? ??????? ??????? ?? ???? B?????, ?? ?????, ?? ????? ?????µ?, ??????? µ????????? ??? µ?? ??????????. ?????? ??? ????? ???????????????? ?? ????? µ?? ??? μ? β????? ??????μ??? μ????, ????????? ??? ??????? ?' ??? ????? ???????????p???? ??????µ???. ?????? ??? ????? ???? ???????µ??? ??? ?????????µ? ?? ????????? ?? ????? µ??, ?? ?????????????? ?? ???????? ??? ??µµ????, ??? ??µ???? ?? ???????? ???? ???????????? ??? ??? ????µ?.

Sosipaters Ptolemies

Sosipaters, Saviors, Eupaters, Benefactors, Filopatrides, a whole plethora the Ptolemies, the self-appointed power suitors, around the arenas and markets of promotion mourning for the calamitous downhill: ' Inapt charioteers did not find escape avenues and let the state's chariot precipitate in slippery paths.' -Will they let people bleed in this swamp, in the abyss of the evil's mud? Marching, their promise, upwards triumphal, and as Ptolemies used always to do soon in the parade on the triumph boulevards the crowd will be honorary invited to sprinkle them with laurels honouring the Ptolemies being again in charge of the reins upon the chariot of wassail

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???? ?? ?????µ????, ??? ???????? ????????? µ????????, ???? ?????? ??? ??? ?????? ??? ???ß???? ??????? ??? ???????? ??? ??µ?????: ??? B???????? ??? ?µ??? ??? ???????? ?' ???????? ??????µ??? ??????????. " -?' ??????? ????? ?? β??????? μ???μ???? ? ???? ??? B????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????; ?????? ?' ???????? ????µß??? ?? ???? ????? ????? ?? ????? ??? ?????µ???? ?? ????????? µ??????? ???? ???????? ??? ????µß?? μ? ?? ?????? ??μ????? ????????μ??? ?? ???? ?????? µ? ?????? ??? ?? ??????? ???? ??? ???? ?? ???? ??? ??µ? ??? ???????!

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Betrayal

Once, thorns pierced his heel. ?n their affliction stumbles, daily.



?? ??????? ??? ??? ??? ???? [Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep By Mary Elizabeth Frye]



??µ??? ?? ??????? [Lost ?n Thoughts By Nosheen Irfan]



?? ????? ??? [?our Eyes By Nosheen Irfan]



???????? [An Epiphany By Daniel Brick]

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?? ????? ??? µ????? ???????? ????? ???? ?ß?????.
??? ????? ?? ??????µ?? ???? µ?? ???ß???µ?
??? ?? ????? µ??? µ? ?? ?????????.
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μ' ????? ??????? ?? ???? β??????? ?????.
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μ?? ???? ??????? μ?? ??????
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???? ???µ??? µ??? ??? Somme;
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???µ? ?? ???? ? ????µ?? ??? ?? ???ß??;
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Narcissos

Erred alone in mountain wilderness.

He did not deigned any accompany by his side.

Upon the calm waters his eyes used to see only his own facial shape standing ecstatic opposite the young walker passing alone by at the banks of lakes, rivers or standing waters.

He was plunged in the error the eye uses to when it lacks comparison's measurements and straying in his maniac loneliness, blinded to the world outside his wilderness, he did not even find time to regret for his 'crime' not to traverse the world's roads and markets where you enjoy the loving eye of your encounters.



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???????? ??? μ ?? [The Winding Road By Nosheen Irfan

???? ???? ?? ??????? ???µ?, ????? ??? ?????????, μ????μ??? β?????' ?????? ???? ?????? ?? μ???? ?? ?????? ???? ??' a??µ??? µ?????????? ?????????. ??? ?? ' B?? ?????; ??? ??????; ????µ??? ??? ????? ???? µ?? ??????? ??? ??????. ????????? ????? ??? ?? ?????? ???? ??? ????????? B????????? ?????? ????? ?? ??????' ????, ?????? ?? ????µ??????, ?µµ?? ??????, ????????? ?? ???µµ????????, ????????. ?? ?? B???? ??? ??????? ??? ???? ???µ? ?? ?????? ???????? ?? ???µ? µ?? ???µ????. ?????? ???? ??????? ?? ????? ???µ???. ? ???????? ???µ?? ????? ??? ???? ??? ?? µ??????? ????? ??????? ß?µ???.

Into The Adventure Of The Fiery Sighs

Bright scarlet Eros
from his own excitement
fearing the flowing blood memory
changed colours
not to scatter the terror
of any upcoming rubrical flood.
Robed in yellow
pretended the bashful's paleness
to cover the flaming hybris
by the fraudulent conversion.
Wellcomed so as purified
let himself fall
into the adventure of the fiery sighs.



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????????? ???? { ? January Day, By Nosheen Irfan }



?????µ????? ???????? [?vening Nostalgia, By Nosheen Irfan]



M? ?? ??????? [?t Nightfall, By Nosheen Irfan]



Friend's Memory

often in midsummer's time we used to take the downhill, as soon as possible to reach its grace's dew.

The stones dragged by the eagerly pace could not follow our hasty descend.

In our first view - from above - it seemed cyangreen huge reptil to skim its whiteness down there where it was creeping, the far deep gorge to cross.

Elsewhere with momentum, unrestrained beast, there and there tamed monster, in nonchalance.

Since our puberty and always the two of us together

?n our hands -the first years- primitive fisherman's paraphernalia, technology's modern equipment, tools, baits - later on.
The battle was given from the riverside, the rocks amid, traversing not dangerous passes, hand in hand daring the uncertain ones.
A real struggle to bring the trout to the rocky or sandy bank.
We had the midday's break for a garlic, tomato, cheese by the Bridge, at Valea, at the Cataract by the Mill and then again rushed to our joy's sport.

Its stories caused laughing much to the gatherings.
You had the gift to see casualties and successes
from their hilarious point of view.
A failure, clumsiness, mishap was painted with jocundity's nuance.
Your kindness wanted to spread the joy, the laugh.

Such memories forged our strong friendly relatioship, and as long as I remain alone with them in life, I will be regretting our river for not having the need of anyone to creep immortal itself, beast lone, in the bed ?f its eternity without sensitive heart's contacts.

From now on, everytime I will see it, for this only, my friend, exactly the reason

I will gloat:

What's the award to creep in its bed in eternity? The graces of our mortal memories it will never taste.

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* [To the memory of my friend George Giotakis]

????µ??? ????????? [A Christmas Eve, By Fabrizio Frosini]

?? ????? ???? ???????? ?? ???????????. ?? ?µ?? ? ???????? ????????...?????..! ??? µ??????? ?????? ????µ? ?? ??µß??; ?????? ?µ???? ?????? ??? µ? ??????? ???????? ?????? ??? ????µ???. ???µ? ??????, ????? ???????? µ? ??? ????µ??? µ?? ???? ??? ????: '?? ??????? ??????????? ??????? ?? µ?????.' ?? ??????? µ????????, ???????? ?????, ???????µ???: '??????????????????? ????? ?? ??????????? ?? ????????.' ???? ?? ??????µβ??? ??? ????? ??????, ?? µ????? ?????, ????? ?? ??????µ?????. ?? ? ???????? ?? µ' ??????? ??? ?µ??????. ???? ???ß??. ????? µ?? ??????? ?? ???, ?ß???? ?? ?? ???????: '??????????? ?? ?µ????????? ??? ...' ????? ??? ??? ??????' ????µ? µ?' ??????? ???????. ????????, ??????? ?? ???????????? ???? ??? µ? ?? ??????? µ??? ??? ??? ??????? µ?? ? ???µ?? ??????? µ?? ??? ????.

K? ????? ????? ????? { ?nd Of Another Day, By Nosheen Irfan }



??????? [Solitude, By Nosheen Irfan]



T? ???????? ???????? [?he Sight Of Fallen Cypress.By Nosheen Irfan]

? ????? [The Storm, By Nosheen Irfan]

??? ??????? ??? ?????? [?he ?ight ?s ?live By Nosheen Irfan]

O????????' ? ????? ???? ????µ??? ?? ?????. ?' ??? µ??????? ??? ??µ????? ??? ? ??????. ???? ??????? µ?? ????, ???????µ?, ???? ????? ????????µ' ???????? ???? ?? ???? ????? ?? ????µ??' ???µ? ??? ?? ?????????µ? ????? ?? ??????????? ????? ?? ???? ??????? µ? ??? ????????? ??? ?????????? ??? ??? ??????, ??? ?' ??????? ???????? ?? '??µ? µ?? ??? ??? ??? ?? ?? ??????? µ?? ???????? ?????? ???????? ?? ?????? ????????? ??? ??????????? ???? ????????? ???? ??? ??????? ?' ??????? ???? ????.

?? ????? ??? ????? [Silent New Year By B.Middleton]

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[Silent New Year by Barry Middleton]

???? ????? µ?? ??? ???? ????? ?? ????? ????µ??? ??????????? ?µ???????? ?? ????µ? ???. ???? ?? B??????µ? ???? B?B??? ?? ???µ? ????' ? ?????? ??? ?? ?????µ??? ????? ????µ??? ß??ß?. ?? µ???? ??? ?µ?? ???ß??ß????? ??? µ????? ??? ?????? ???? ?????? ?? µ???µ?, ????? ?????????? ???? ??? µ???????. ?? ??? ???? ??? ??? B?????? ?? ????? ???, ?? ?????? ??? ??? ????? ???' ?????µ??? ???????. ??, ???, ?? ???? ??? ?????? ???' ?????, ???? ???? ?????? ???? ??? ??????. ?? ??????? ?? ????????? ?o ????o, μ? ??? ?????? ??? ?? ??????? ??????? β????. μ?? ??? ??????? ??? ????????????? μ?? ?? ????? ?? µ?? ?????µ????? ??? ??????.

??????? ???????? [Final Plea By B.Middleton]



?????? [Shield By Barry Middleton]

??????? ??µ?µ???? ???' ??' ?????????, μ??????? ??' ?????? ?????μ????. ??? ?? ????????? ???' ??????????, ???? ?? '???? ?????? µ??? ??????. ??????? ?? ???????? ???' ??? ????? ??????? ??' ??? ???????? ????, ??? µ?????? ??????' ???????, ??? ?????? ?? ????µ??????? ??? ?????µ????. ??????? ???ß????? ??? ?????? ???? ?????, ??? ????? B?B??? ???????. ??????? ????? µ?? ?? ??????, ?? ?????? ????? µ?????. ???? ??? ??????? µ? ??? ?????µ???? ?????, ?? ???? ?????????? ???? ??? ????µ??? ?????????, μ?? ????????? ?? ???????????? ??????.



????? ??????? [No Escape By B.Middleton]



' ??? ???? ???? '[The City Of Ideas By Barry Middleton]

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On The Acropol Of Asine

In spite of centuries many, passed, it still stands here over the large gulf they dominated and sailed from for the long to Troia journey.

On its walls their sobs they hung

and stretched the screen of their fate's bitterness those Asineans who in vain anticipated the ones not destined to see back the fatherland.

No matter if the ravaging milleniums did not mention the castle.

Its defuncts never renounced it.

They gazed its proud standstill amidst the eons from the opposite mild slopes of the hills.

Their utensils and artifacts

accompanied them in eternity

and kept its life's language alive,

marvellous clay vases, everyday's beautiful figures,

hymns to women's beauty their necklaces and eartags,

swords and helmets, their bravery's seals.

Fortunatelly it's the deads who keep world's values

and between their cinders

smoldering is always the torch

of the glorious passed over centuries.

There is, so, no need to allow chagrin

blur the imposant stones in the darkness of its veil.

Do not we see around them the cheering throng,

the slender beauties

with the gleaming dresses

and the glistening eyes

going up 'n' down the stonesteps

balancing upon the head the hydrias.

On the beads of their delicate neck

the sunshines, see, sparkle.

The snaky cobblepaths hardly cover

in their corners and shadows

the lifegame of its teenagers,

the eloquent conspiring eye's nod,

the discreetly impatient smile.

On sitstones outside their gates the elders

on their knees play the joy of the young offsprings

amid the clamour ascending the uphill

from the white pebbles of the shore

where spread are East's merchandise which Phineceans merchants tout. No need, then, to look for lonely shadows in places we do not feel deserted, when buzzing is the bumblebee between us, visitors, a whole society alive in our memory as it parades on the boulevard of eternity!
[I.'and Asine imposing over deep gulf' {Hom.II, ?,560} ??. G.Seferis: The king of Asine]

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??????? ??????? [Truth Whispers By Barry Middleton



??? ???µ???? [Winter Becoming Spring- For Fabrizio- By Daniel Brick

??????? [Exhaustion By Barry Middleton]



?????????????????? [Cognizant Corporeality By K.Kurt]



??? ?? ????? ?? μ ?? [Naked As Rain By Barry Middleton]

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Eriphyle

A raid against Theba's wealthy usurped throne stumbling was in seer Amfiarao's reservations sober.

No suitable the conditions for starting the campaign, insisted.

-What do seers know about conditions, enraged the argive king.

-Conditions is a matter of plans to forward by golden means, defended king's groom Polynikes, the claimer of sceptre.

"Your sister Eriphyle, my king, the reasonable wife of Amfiarao, with our ancestral heirloom, the devine necklace, on her neck will ensure her husband's positive forcast, devine augure."

But six out of the seven eminent participants fell on battle's field under the conditions suitable predicted by the bribe's verdict. And when, years after, the seven's sons decided a second raid, to ensure positive the inclination and judgment of Erifyle's scale one had to offer her the other devine ancestral heirloom, Athena's veil. For coquetry's pretended sake the two wealth's accessoires two propelled wars, desastrous for all poor weaks summoned up. In the first, even her husband prematurely sent she to Hades lap. In the second with death diced she even the lives of her sons. Fair to have stayed necklace and veil bribe's stigma on angiographs.

Coquetries of wealthy notables go as back as myths' ages and still we allow their lusty hands on sceptres carry necklaces, veils, assault, seize greed's thrones, exploit in their interest earth's pores beyond commoner's measures, mortal endurance, biotic necessities. Mandatory audit not to require! Whence golden veils, necklaces? This here and that there and those adjacent or in snake's holes, wherever in earth's surface, or 'ubicumque orbis terrarum manent abscondita'.

? ???? [?he Soul By B.Middleton]

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Raindrops

She counts them, when can catch up, one by one.

She marks off: transparent, blurry ones...

Impetuous, hesitant...observes their behaviour.

Admires colours: greenish, caramel...

Elliptical, sphaerical...assorts their shape.

She imagines watermarks: ?ydras, aquatic different...

Appeals, messages...the hits on the window glass.

She feels like opening it to let them in, so that not to crash their faces on the invisible obstacle like undesirable visitors, to wellcome them at her living room and let her armchairs fulfill their own destination neglected for so, so long!

Oh, she likes raining so much.

She is crazy about raindrops.

She expects them.

She likes them changing her idol behind the glass,

the transparent mirror.

They make it seem moving into their watery world.

She likes that new active idol of hers.

It's time she does not bear, day in - day out,

her own idol, the known one, all the same, worn out.

Oh, she hankers after them.

She 's fond of them, of the chance to live

into their own world,

into a moving world.

??????

...

5.5.14

Scorning Horizon's Orderliness

Under Levantine'slights
and fatherland's colours
our laughter was agitating the hush
?f our inactive flaccidness
scorning horizon's orderliness.
At the inaugurations of our sin's idols
we erected on the public fora
our laughing sounded laudatory.

Whenprotesting warning voices were smiting the air, our laugh was wearing its mocking mask.

Now that the land is swept
by purificatory storms
breaking into pieces those idols
we were worshipping,
now that the anti-pagan voices
predicting the hell of idolatry pullulated,
now, now
that the seed of joy started falling in scarity,

let us educate it beyond any scorn of any orderliness to learn first burst out self-sarcastic so that tomorrow be able to blossom on our lips as a hope's laughter, while we will be rearranging our ?ld narrow horizons.

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On Maenalo, Sunday 20.3.2016

The course was for the highest of the three summits, 'the blissful stones...
the self-built - freedom's - bastions' *
of independence and resistance. *

Gentle, the northern trail gives you the convenience not to be afraid neither of "fury nor of rage divine".** Without bells, bleating and barking anymore, there was not to be heard any Pan's yell. ***

Smooth, the crispy sound from the leftover snow's crystals which fracture the steps, beside the footprints of hares, foxes and wild boars.
Light -as through obstacles- the fall of the iced candles that tear away from the spruce firs. Its sounds a pleasant company.

To not get quickly tired from the ascent on the steep slope, you stand every now 'nd then to reciprocate the smile to solitary blooms or clusters of irises, anemones and crocuses that, without any awe near the still persistently white neighbour, hurried up to wear their blooming dress.

To the appeal of its fragrance, the insects were already present. You do not need bend down. Slits in rocks tall, left or right, host many of them, accessible to your nostrils to enjoy it too.

Suddenly you hear the chirping of partridges on the summits and you prepare yourself for any fortuitous sonorous encounter. ?ou do not rush in.

Within a while you are yourself there too.

You flip your look all around.
Further and further it goes
and you wonder about distances and their horizons.
There, high up, you sense the hamble feeling that,
rammed into familiar, trivial, short-sighted concerns,
you had not counted rightly sizes in life,
always in relation to their perspectives.

.

*Words of Th.Kolokotronis[leader of revolution against Turks] for his bastions there before the liberation of Tripolis in the war of independence.

- during the resistance against nazis partisans were sheltered there too [between them my father in-law]
- ** the meaning of the word Maenalo[=fure, rage divine].
- *** the main home place in Arcadia for Pan was Maenalo

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E?? ??µ????? [A Smile ??? Kelly Kurt]

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dimitrios galanis

PoemHunter.com

????? μ ?? ???? μ ????? [Enigmatic Autonomy By Kelly Kurt]



??????? ????µ??? [Apathy Epidemic By Kelly Kurt]

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??? ?????, ??? ????? [A Love Poem In Extremis By D. Brick]

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Descent At The Necro-Oracle Of Acheron

?aving not provided h?ney-milk, wine, barley-flour for entering's libations we reached to the ancient sanctuary on an August's flaming high noon. The ruins upon the stony outcropping were gazing Acheron - in earshot.*

The willows on both banks worshipping its flow.

On a corner of the yard, mislaid, still there, in flinders a hand mill for the hallucinogens lupins offered for four weeks to the pilgrims. Without their effect we should not see deads' souls fluttering "as dreams in the air" **

By 'formidable awe 'we were not seized.

"The half-ruined walls, wide wide, you suppose free the... souls to circulate in their void inside upper part, come into view through openings unseen, be shown by projected metallic huge hooks hanging from winches and pulleys to hover, imagine, as "souls normal".***

There still, the strait downstream pore, towards the waterman's ferry in the darkness gloom of the waterproof chanel lest out of leakage cancelled be any ferriage and lost be the tolls charged!

Taking advantage of the exemplary Odysseus' myth, utilizing technologie and harnessing botany it seems that for whole centuries the oracle granted to the ill-starred mortals the expectancy of a bearable life.

Worthy the lustral procedure and time spent, we noticed, and set out on our own Descent to the clear, refreshing waters of Acheron.

??????? [G.Valsa: King Fisher]



? ??????? [George Valsa: Poet]

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On Our Pomegranate's Flowers

On our pomegranate's flowers, between the buzzings of bees, pink dreams we hung up, there to be apprendiced by birds untill the Autumn come.

And the bells of its flowers bugled expectation's message with the wind's whizzers, the buzzers and chirps to our neighbourhood's yards. We took the cheery message as victorious forcast and dyed in pink even winter's woes to make colours fit in couples.

Our yard's prudent pomegranate
will stretch our aspirations in the sunshine,
their waverings under its warmth be basked, dried,
into its transparency be purged,
high up into the clouds
their dark faces be vaporized.
It will endow them feathers from the birds
over land and sea
their visions' webs to let spread
bearing the silky hopes of their labour.

With their sweat in Autumn's vintages they will irigate miracles in this immortal land of unfading pomegranate in the shadow of its yellow lap under the whispers of its branchlets predicting redemptive dances around the pedestal of our feathery Nike.

Into Another Path

Our hearts bled in rambling over temptation's thorns, in sopping into currents of longings absonant into seductive, enchanting colours and fragrance. Inebriated, we find it hard to take up into another path.



Kite: ?he Proud Flag Of Your Skill

There pegged the eyes on the paper keel backwards running to get it at the air hand-over-hand loosening the line to pull the kite aloft, back again, pulling in on the line a bit of tension to provide and that disobedient thing in stubborn denial to be kept airborne, to twist the wheel, oscillate in hammock's and seesaw's rhythm until finally once again to land in shame on the soil.

"Check the bridles lest it does not equilibrate, put, cut some paper, ribbon to form a better tail, add, remove some strips of this or that material for better weighting, buoyancy. In case of sufficient wind, they all then synchronized will lift it off."

.

And you to stay doubtful, to wonder what were the intentions of the advise!

Again on the tryout, to see it gaining altitude, hovering unsteady, ready to flutter steady for your joy's sake, but again to twist, to turn, to dive, or just keep the breath of its fly.

"Wind the string up properly, wrap the line around the spool in the tension to stay up, pull on the line hard..

Leave, leave it, it tossed away, you don't see..."

And around the little chapel on the hill of St. Elia where customary we used to meet on Monday the Green all sort of voices were sounded, heard: admonishment, exhortations, hurrahs, strictures, , rebukes, scolds, shouts and yells.

But when lucky to see your kite gaining the decisive altitude dangling in smooth flight's rule not being in danger by any wind's blow, harsh or weak, to have definitely avoid the disgraceful landing, your hands' multicoloured hope be at last at its zenith, untiring for hours on the hill, you were navigating high up in the air the proud flag of your skill.

?????? [Transl. Of My: Sisyphus]

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Sisyphus

I do bless the epic Muse to have honoured me, and have revered my labour by her refference. I would shudder, had she on my life in Hades said nothing. No one could imagine that I'm living here thousand lifes, as many as the times the giant rock rolls down plus those I push it up on the stumbling slopes. Stones have become these hands out of my heart's stubborness and irate wrath. Steel my armrests, hydraulic lifts, springs propellent my leg muscles, stony pillows the cheeks, the huge rock upon to rest.

I do not need any succour,
not even of any Persephone or Pluto,
no need even of any favour for a different punishment.
I dignify the penalty of the very murky life.
I shiver lest the rock stand stable on the summit.
I fear to wither -in that case- motionless up there.
Soul's breath spouts from my labour's sweat.
Mute joy every arduous ascent.

I hope not to stay with vaquum hands.
Out of my flesh throes come my fate's delights.
Smiling I descent the breathing space of the slope.
My senses feel there the dark grace's benison.
And if I miss the light of the stars and that of the sun, it's enough for me to see the mortals of the earth's mud, beyond the crazy desperate life's denial or slavish decency of timidity mortal, endure their own pains under their rays' warmth.

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?? ????µ?? ??? [Your Eyes By Theodore Mosley]

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Flames

? do often remember those flames crazing in playful cracking laugh, to whistle, fizzle and quarrel, in threatening talks with each other, complot arround there at the fireplace, being our company on wintry chilly evenings late back then when still innocent small children we were. Fiery rushing jets persistantly aggressive, glutton tongues, chatty Vampires ablaze by our blowing chased left and right carrying the blaze, attacking on brushwoods first, burning off crackling dry branchlets, twigs, to go on against seared logs in voracious whirls, in leaping, lapping and licking vehemence.

Ooh! How did we like flames!

Shed light on cold faces, made warm little icy hands when they rushed to set fire on woodbuilt castles and turned gates and battlements into debris aflame and ash. Scarlet, yellow, green, cyan-blue distended, billowd, swelled, manacing at any time a sudden outbreak. Galaxies glittering were their sparks expanded in bursts, wonder to eyes of lads. On the walls real giants the affrighting shadows, scarecrow moving accross corners, roof and floor, figures fleshless seek and hide playing on our backs. Ears of hares standing up, tails of weasels to and fro, mouths of dogs and wolves gapping ready to bite, projected hunting scenes to walls by our fingers intertwined.

How, how fancy to our eyes seemed those flames!

But seeing them languished, effaced, wiped out, declined, extinguished no more flaring up, ember, cinder the wood, melting in ashes grey, in despair and silence was drawn th' inference

that for all things in the world sometime it is time where there comes an end to miracles gleaming.... in joy fair.

??????????????? [F.Frosini: Parallel Dimensions]

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Time's Hydrindexes ?n Movement Territorial

Vast sea's tireless, uneasy waves riding upon their own coughed up salty foam sweep the surface in competitive stained strips.

In hues of cyan-blue marine iridescent shiver restless gleams, while the gently blowing breeze gives the pulse and rhythm.

Wings of helices - as underneath- in twiddling perpetual, time's hydrindexes on movement up 'n down territorial.



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In Peril Is The Spring

In peril is the Spring.

In between the arrows omenslayers shot

smiting and tearing persistently the air

swallows have not still dared fly,

so that you doubt whether Spring is to come.

As far as the wildflowers announcing it already present,

forget them, they assure, under the craze of climate anomaly.

In real peril, as you see, Cassandras Spring predict.

It is going to loose its turn

in the circle of seasonal rotation.

But, do not worry for the contretemps,

about summer nothing yet said.

?????? [I Was Wrong By K.Kurt]

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??ß?????? [Daedalus In Labirynth By Daniel Brick]

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The Wounded Statues

The wounded statues of Athena's city anticipate spring's healing herbs to cure anger's hurts. Unprotestingly they accepted anger's bullets, bricks, marbles, paints... They should pay off the losses caused to innocents by a winter so prolonged. Why stay imperiously on their pedestals? Reason to be suspected of in conspiracies enfolding. They stood there callously, when frozen people confronted winter's severe attack! To show that things run on the right track? Ah, they would not allow statues to favour the opponent's side even if only insisting on their own nonchalance. Faced by demonstrators in gleeful acclamation they must take sides with them or else be laughed by them to scorn, be in scarecrows transformed.

The consequences of their indifference should be paid for. It is unacceptable people to stare at them astound; it means treachery and disorientation. Eyes have to shed bitter tears when confronting winter's savage assault, this is no time for artistic indulgence. Waiting neutral for the Spring to come won't allay heavy winter's suffering. Statues have to participate in popular struggle. Art's primal duty is people's expectation to serve and statues must to the wintry plight respond! Oh, Yes. Would they let the statues aloof?

???????? ???????? [Daedalus Reveals His Secret By Daniel Brick]]

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[?? ????µ????? ???]

? ??????????? ??? ??ß???? ß???????? ??????? B??????? ??? ?µ??? ?? µ' ????????? ?? ??? ?????? ???? ???µ???: ?? µ??? ??????? ???????? ???? ?????µ???? ?????????, ??? ?? ????????? ??? ???? ??? ?µ???? ??? ?' ???? ?????. ? ???????? µ?? ???? ? µ???? ???? µ????! ??? ???' ????? ???????, ?? ????µ??? ??? ?µ???? ????????????, ????????? ????? ???. ??µ??????? µ?? ??? ???? ???. ??? ????????? ??? ????µ? ??? ?????. ????? ?????????? ?? ??µ? ? ???? ???, ??? ??????? ????????, ??? ??????? ??? ??????? µ??????, ??? ???? ???? ???????

777 ???? ??? ????????? ??? ?? ???? ????????. ?????? ? µ???? ??? ?????? ß???????? ?????, ??? ???????? ? ??????????, ???? ??????? ??? µ? ??????? ??? ??????? ???. ???????? µ?????? p????? ?????????? ??? ?? ??????µ?? ??????? ??µ??... "???,?????????µ??, ???? B??????? ?? ????????, B??????????." ?????µ? ??? ?? B??µµ? ??? ?' ???????. ?????ß? ?? ????? µ?? ?? ???ß?. " ??? ?? ?? ???????, ?????? µ?? ?????, ?????? µ?? ??? ?µ??ß?." ?? ??????? µ?? ?????? ?? ????? ??????? ???? ????µ???, ?????µ??? ??. ? ????? ??????? ???????, ????????? ??????? ??? ???????. "???????, B??????? ??µ?? ??? ??????? µ?????. ?? ?????µ? ??? ????? µ??."

[???????]

?? ????? ???? ??? ????? ???' ??? ??? ????? ??? ?? ????????? ???? ??????? ??? ?????? µ?? ??' ?? ??ß?????? ?? ??? ????ß? ??? ??? ????µ??? '???. ????µ? ????????? ??' ???? ???? µ?????? ???? ??????? ??????? ??? ?? ??? ????????' ? ?????. ???? ???????? ??? ??????, ??????????µ? µ?? ?? ?????. ??????? ?????β?????? β???? ???? ??? ????? ???????. ?? µ???? µ?? ??????µ??? ???? ???? ???µ? ?????. ???? ???, ??? ???? B????? ??? ???? µ?? ???? ?? ??????? ?? ???? µ??.????? ??????.

μ? ??? ??? ??? ???? ???????. ?? ??? ??????? ? ??? ???????. ???? ?????????. ?????µ? ?????????.. ???? ???? ????????? ??? ???????? ???? µ? ?????. ??????? ?? ??????, ?????????? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? µ??. ?????????? ? ????µ??ß? µ?? ?? ?????, ??? ????????, ? ????? µ??. ??? ???????? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ??? ' ????ß?? ??? µ????? ?? ????. ??µ? ? ???µ?, ????? ? ????, ???ß??? ? ????? ??? µ???, ????? ?? ???? ???µ? ??? µ???? µ?? ??? ????? ?? ??? µ??!

??? ????? ?? ??? µ??!

????? ?????? ??????... [It's Been So Long... By Mihaela Pirjol]

???? ?????, ????? ????? ?? ?? ??... ??ß?µ?? ??? ??? ??????? ?? µ???? ??? ?! ?????? ?? ?????? ??? ?? µ???? ??? ????? µ?? ?? '?? µ??? µ??.

?????, ????? ?????, ????? µ???,
?? µ????? ??? ??????,
?? ???µ?µ??' ???????, ??? µ????? ?' ??????µ?...
??? ????? ???? ???????µ?? ?? ??????,
µ??? µ? ?? ????????...
??? ???? ??? ??µ???????...
??? ????, ???? ???????...
??? ????, ????, ???????...

??? ????? ??? ?? ???? [Honeycomb Love By Mihaela Pirjol]

? ?????? µ?? ??? ???' ????? ????? ????? ??? ????? µ?? ???????, ?? ??? ???, ?? ??????? ??? ?ß????? ????. ??? ????????? µ?? ????? ??????, ????? µ??. ???????? ????, ????, ????, ???????? µ??, ?? ????, ????? µ??, ?? ????... ??? µ??????? ???' ? ?????? µ??, ??? µ??????? ?? ????µ????? ??' ???? ????, ?' ???????????? ??? ?? ?????????. ????? ??? µ??? ??? ??? ?? ????? ??????. ? µ?????? ??????µ??? ??? ?????µ???? µ?? ??????? ??? µ??? μ? ??? ????? ??? ?? ??????, ?? µ?? ????????? ???µ?????, ???, ?' ???? ???µ?, ???? µ?? ?? µ??????, ????????, ????????? ?????µ???????? ??? ????? µ?? ?????µ???? ?????? ???µ?.

A Race Vehicle

A worthy poem is a race vehicle eminent grace glistening.
Like samurai 'n damascean sword shining, tears the centuries while lovers of excellence stare it through the eons running beautous and illoustrious, beaming at this majestic parade, enjoy it and enchanted applaud.



????? A??????? [Sesquipedalia Verba Fab. Frosini]

???? ????µ?? ?? ?????? ??? ?? ???? µ?? ???' ??' ?? ??B??? ??? ???????, ??? ???µ? ?????? ?????, ???? - ?????? ??' ??' ?? µ???? ???μ' ?????? ??? ???????. "?? ???????? ??? ????? ???. ????? ???????? ?????????' ??????. ????? ?µ???? ??? µ???????? ?????? ????' ?????? ?? ????ß?????'' ?????µ?? ?? B???? ??µ?????µ?, ???????? ??? ???? µ?? - ??????... ??? ??????µ???? µ?? ???? - ????????? ???? ??? ??????. ?? µ' ??????? ???????? ?????? ????? ???? µ????? ??? ?????? ???.

Campaign

Don't flaunt faceless anger in open air. Wellcome your private tears for neighbour's pain. May have a happy end at an undertaken... campaign.



Wherever Of Earth // Ubicumque Terrarum Orbis

Even to the world's ends sweetly sounded to my ears its tongue in names of things and notions. My eyes stared the miracle of its lines wondering at architecture's colemns and chisel's artifacts. Sorrows, festivals, feasts, games, contests of its custom and practices reminded you. With its callipers I saw the world to draw present and future schemes. Wherever of earth found, Hellada I met. I loved voyages distant. Even if that bitterness flares up that old untravelled dander of mine with our Things' indecencies patience is now shown, hoping sometime to start again our hands to handle the instruments euclidean.

??????????? [Realizing By Fabrizio Frosini]

?? '??? ? ??????; ??, ??????? µ??, ???. ?? ?????' ?µ???. ??? ???????? ??? ?? ???????! ???? µ??, ????? ????????, ???? ?? µ?? ?????? µ?? ?????? ???????. ? ???' ??' ?? ???????? ????µ?? ??? ????µ?????? ??????? ??? ?????µ??, ???' ????, ? ??? μ?? ?????μ??? ???? ???? ???????? ??????.. ????? ?????? μ ?? ???????? ???? μ ? ?' ???? μ ?? ?? ???... ???? " ????µ?? ??? ????. ???' ? ??? ? ???????; " ?? µ???????, ?? ??????? µ????? ?? '??? ? ???. ?????? ?? ???????? μ ? ?????? ??? ????? ?? ???? μ ???? μ ? ?? ????? ???.

???????? ?? ???????? [Solar Game By Mihaela Pirjol]

"?! ?????? µ?? ??????, µ?? ???ß????... ????, ??? ???' ??' ???????! "

? ????? [?he Lighthouse By Mihaela Pirjol]

? ????? ?? ??? ??? ???ß??ß????, ????????... "???????? ?????, ??? ???ßß??? ?????! "

??? ?????? ? ????? [?he Silence Of Love By Mihaela Pirjol]

?? ???? ??' ???? ??? ???? ?? ????????, ?? ??????????? µ?? ?? ????????? ?? ?' ????? ??µ??? ???? µ?????? ??? ???' ???????, β????? ???????, ????????μ? ?????????, ????? ?????? ??? ????????? ???? ??????µ?? ?????????? ?? ?????. ??? ???? µ?? ?? '?????? µ??? ???? ?? B???? ??? B??? ??? ?? ???????, ???µ??? ???? B????? ?? ????. ?? µ???????? ?????? ????????? ?? ???? ????, ??????? ??? ??ß???? ????? µ?? ??? ????, μ' ?????????? ?? ???????? ?????? ???? ??µ? ??? ?? ????????. ???? ?? ????, ?? ???µ??? ?' ?????? ?? ß??µµ? ??? μ?? ?' ??????, ?? ????? ?? ?μ?????????.

????? [Desire By Mihaela Pirjol]

?' ?, ?' ???? ??? ??????? ??? ????? ?????? ???. ???? ????????? ??? ??????? ????????. ?? ?????µ? ?????????? ?? ????? ??? ??? µ??????? ??? ???????, ?? ??µ?µ???' ???? ??? ?? ??? µ?? ?? ????µ?. ???? ??? ????????? µ????? ??? ???????? µ????? ??? ??µ???' ???? ???? µ?? ??????? ???µ?? ????. ???????? ?????? ? ??µ???????? ??? µ???µ????. ???' ???µ??? ?? ??? ????? ?? ??????? ????. ?????? ? µ???? ??? ???????? ??' ?? ??????? ?? ??? ????, ??? ? ?????? ????µ?????? ?? ???? µ? ???? ???? µ????. ???? ?? ?? ??????µ? ??? ???? µ?? ??? ???????, ??? ????????µ?; ??? ????? ? ????? ?????? ?' ??????? ????? ???????? ?????????? ??? ??? ????, ?µ??????? ?? ?????????? ???? ??? ????, ?? ????? ?? ????? ???? ?????.

?????? ???? [Seasons In Paphos - By Mihaela Pirjol]

?????? ? ??? ??????µ? ??????, ?? ????? ???????µ??? µ?? ?? ?????. ?????, ?????, ????? ????. ?? ?µ??? µ?????? ?? ???????µ? ?? ????? ??? ????µ?, ?? µ????? ?????????? ??????µ??? ???? ?????? ??? ????? µ?? ??? ??????. ?? ???? µ???? ????? ?? ß????. ?????? ????? ?? ??????? ??? ?????? ??????? µ????????? ?????? ??? ????? µ? ????? ?????. ????????? ??? ???? µ' ???µ??? ??????, ???? ??? µ??? ?? ??? µ????? ? B???? ?????? ??? ????µ? µ? ?? ??????, ?? µ?? ??????? ?? ??µ????? ??? ??????? ?????, ??? ????? ? ?????? ????????, ?? ???? ?????????? ?????? ????????. ??????? ????????, ???? ??????? µ?? ????? ?? µ?? ?????????. ???? ????ß??? ???????? ??µ??µ??' ??? ?????. ?? ???????? ????????? ?? ??? ???? µ?? ??? ???????? ???? ??????????. ?? ???ß?? ???? ???µ?????, ?????µ????? ???????? ???????. μ' ??? ?????μ??? ??? μ???? ?????. ????????µ??? ??? µ????? µ?? ??? ??????? ????ß???, ??? µ?????µ??? B???, ??? ?????µ??? ?????µ???

???? ??????? ???????????? ?? ???????? ?? µ??! ?? ????? ????µ?! ????ß???? ?????????, ??µ???? ??? ??????? ????, ?????-????? ???µ? ??? ???µ???? μ?? ?????????? μ? ????μ???? ??? ??????? ???. ??? ??? ?B??? ?? ????????? ????? ?? ????????? ??? ???? ??? ?????????, ??? ?? ????????? ??? ???? ????????? ???? ???? ??????? ??? ???????, ???? ?????B??µ? B??????? ?? ????????µ? ??? ???????? ??????? ???????? ?? ?????µ?... ?????? ???? ??? μ ??' ???' ??? ?? μ ?? ?? μ ????, ????, ????? μ B???? μ ? ?? μ ????? ??? ? μ ????? -??? μ ???. ?? ???? ???? ???? ????? µ?? µ? ??? ???? ???? ??? ??, ?? ???????µ? µ? ?? ????µ? µ?? ?????µ??? ??µ???' ?????????.

????µ?????? ????????? Mid-Day Reflections At Paphos Castle - By Mihaela Pirjol

????, ????????? µ?? ??' ?? ??????? ????????? ??????? ??? ??????? ??? ??????? ?????, ??????? ????? ????? µ?????????, ???? µ????? ??? ???? ??????, ??? ????? ??????. ??? µ?????????? ??? ?????? ?µ??????? ?????? ???? ????, ?µ?????? ?? B???? µ?? ???? ???? ??? ???????? ????. ???' ??' ?? µ??????? ??? ???µβ?????? ????? ???. ??? ??????µ? ??? ??µ???? ??' ?' ?????? ????? ??? ???µ???? ???????? ??? ??????, ???µ???, ????????, ????????? ??????? ??????µ? ?? ?????????µ? ??' ?? ???? µ?? ?? ???µ?; ????? ?? ???? ?? ??µ????? ??? ????? ??? μ? ?? ??μ????? ?? μ??????.

?? ???? ??? ??????? [At Sea You Beach Bar, By M.Pirjol]

?? ?? µ??? ?' ??????????... ?????? - ??? ??????. ??µ??? ??, ???? ?????; ? ????? ???? ??? ??? µ??????; ????????? " ????????. ??????? µ????? ?, ?? ?????? ?? ????." ?? ???? ?? β??????? ??? ???????? ???? ????µ??? ???, ????????? ????? ???????. ?? ???? ???? ? ????? ?????µ? ????????? ??? ??? ??? ??? ?????????? ???. ????? ??? β???? ?? ??????? ?????? "?? ??????? ??' ??? ?????u?". ??? ???????, ??µ????????, ????????? µ??? ??? " ???????µ??? ????! ??... ???????... ?????????..; "

??? ?????? ????? ???? ???μ?????? ?????, μ? μ??μ?? ?? ??????? μ???? ??? μ???? ???, ??? ? ?????

??? ???? ????? ???? [You Go My Love...You Go... By M.Pirjol]

???? ????? µ??.., ????... ?? ??? ?? ???µ??? ?? ?? ????µ??? ???? ????? ?????, ?????????? ?? µ???? ??? ???? ??? ??????, ??? ?????? ??? ?? B?µ???. ?? ??µ????? ??? ??? ???????, ??? ???? ???? ?' ??????? ??? ?? ????. ? ??????? µ??, ?? ?????????µ? ??? ??????????, ?? ?????? µ' ???????? ????????. ???? ????? µ??.., ????... ?? ???????? ????? ??? ??? ????? ??? ?????? µ?? ??? ?' ??????. ??? ???? ????? µ??... ??? ????...

????? [New Vistas By Mihaela Pirjol]

H ?????? μ ??- μ ?? ???? ??? ????? μ ??. ?? µ?? ?????????? ???. ? ?????? µ?? - - ???µ??? ???. ?' ??????? ????? μ ??? μ ?????????????? ?? ??? μ ?? ???????? μ ?. ? ?????? ?????????! ?? ????? µ?? ??? ???, ???? ?????. ???????? ???? ????? μ ??? ??? μ ' ? β ? β ??? β ? μ ???? μ ?. ???µ??? ???? ??ß???????? ???. ???? ?? µ??? ????????? ???? ??? ?????. ???????µ?? ??' ??????? ??? ??????? ?? ????????? µ?' ?????????? ????. ??????? ??? ??????? ???µ???' ???µ? ??? ??????? ??? ?????. ???????? ?? ?????????? ???? µ?? ????? ????? μ? ??? ???? ??? ???? ??????, ??? µ?? ???????? ????????, ?' ?????? ?? ???? ???µ? ???????? ??? ??? ?? β???. ?????? ????????γµ??, ??????? ????????? µ?????? ?? ???????? ???? ???????? ??? ???????????? ? ????? ? ??????? ????????????????????????????????. ????? ?? B????µ?? ?????µB??? ??? ?µ????? ???, μ??? β?β??? ?? ??μ?????, ????- ??μ?? ??????. ???? ?' ????????, ß????, ?? ???' ???µ?. ?????????? ?? ???µ? ??? ???? µ?? ??????? ???????.

?????? ?????µ? [La Luna Plena By Mihaela Pirjol]

??, ???µ???? µ?? ??? ?µ?????. ?????? ??? ?? ????? ??? ??????? ??? ????? ??? ???? ???? ?????. ????????, ??????µ? ?????...???? ?????... ?? ????????? ????????? ??? ???? ???????? ??? ??????? ??????? ???; ????????? ??? µ??? µ?? ?? µ????? µ?? ? ??! ??????, ??????... ????????? ???µ????? µ?? ????? ??????µ???! ?? ????µ? ??? ??µ??? ?????? ??? ?????. ?? ?? ????µ??? ????? ?????, ????? ?? ????B???? ???????? ???????? µ????. ???? µ??????...µ?, ??! ???? ???????,

???? [Oblivion By Mihaela Pirjol]



??µ? [Coma By F.Frosini]

.....

- [. « I shall remember while the light lasts
- . And in the darkness I shall not forget $\ensuremath{\text{*}}$
- . ['Non-Catholic' Cemetery, Rome: headstone 2515]

The Lies I Loved

?he lies I loved split and blured my life's unison. I trusted their assurance, Olymp's summits accessible were, ? didn't reckon distances, inclinations, accounterments and spurted alone to the heights.

False the feathery tackling of hopes, moulted soon. Human's plagues surrounded me and stayed the solace in my fall's wounds, as did their truth's traumas I sympathised.

My eyes having shared sorrow's bitter tears liberated were from their own blur. Fearing myself's division
I sent my farerwell to the deserts of Narcissus and dropped anchor in the fields of sympathy where the horizon shines redemptory.

Heroism

The only heroism I envy is that of the rooster.

Ready to die for his female folk.



Winged Words

Dark labirynth your snaky paths of sentiments. How to orient exit's great stride towards the world of measures and weights, world you never were fond of so to have ready access, coordinates! You hang your hope's courage on winged words, free scattered on the market of impressions by all sorts of candidates for an enchanting sceptre. With their feathery offerings, you dream effortlessly climbing up to happiness lofts you are longing for. You wander to your daedalic delusions aimlessly spinning around your blind meanders, complicated by the feathery tentacles your hopeless boldness armed your fantasy. But it's the winged soul which gives feathers to freedom from passions not the empty promises, winged words.

?? ?????

???????' ?? ??????? ?? ?????

??? ??????? ???????? ?? ??????.

A???? ????????? ?? ???ß???o?? ??µ?.



Wheat's Fate

Farmers commiserate over wheat's fate

when it raises head above mid range.

Victim predict it of impetuous airs.



????? [D.Galanis: Shadows]

Κ?μ?? ????? ?? ?????? ?????,?? μ???μ??? ????? ??? ???,??? ????? ????????? ?? ???.



Shadows

Shadows

Do not trust morning's shadows. In midday they lose their echos, and nights laugh at proud egos.



????? ??µ??; [George Valsa: Who Am I]

?? ????? ??µ??????µ? ? ???????? ?????; ??' ??? ??µ??? ??? ??????? ??? µ???? ??? ?????? ???? ? ??????' ???? ??? ???? B?????? ?' ????? ?? ???? µ?? B???????. ?????? ?????µ? ??????? μ?? ??? ????? μ?? μ??????? ?? ????? ?? ??????? ??? ????? ???????? µ???: [?????? ?????µ?? ?? ß???? ????? ?????, μ?????? ?? ???μ????? ?? ???? ? ????? ? ????? ;] ????????! ??????µ??? ?? ??µ???µ?. ?? ????, ?? ?? ??????? ?????? ?? ??????. ???? ??????????, ???? µ?????????. ???????? ????, ??? ??? ?????? µ???. ???? ???µ? ??? ??µ?? ?-? ????, μ? ??? ??????????μ??? ??????? ??? ????? μ?? ??? ??µ' ???? ?????; ?? ??????? µ' ??????ß? ??' ?? ??? ???? ?? ? ???? ?????. ????? ?????, ???? ????????-? ?????? ??????µ????-? µ? ??? ?????? µ?? ??????ß???? ??? ?? ????????, ?? ????? ??? ??????? ????? ?' ?????? ?? ???? ?? µ?????? ?? ??µ??? ???? ???? ??' ??? ????????? ??? µ????. ?? ???? ?? ?????? ??? ????? µ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?ß???????-? ??? ??? ???µ???? ???µ??? ????µ??????? ?? '???? ???? ??????? ??' ?? ????? µ?? ?? µ? ?????; ?' ?? ?? ???µ? ??? ???µ???? ???? ???? B???? ? ???? µ?? ß?????? ???' ? ??????! ????? ????? ?????? ??? ??µ' ? ????? u?????? ??? ???? ?? ???????, ???? ??? ????????, ??? µ????? µ??????, ???? ?? µ? ?? ??? ?????. ?? ???? ??????? ???? ??????? ?? 'µ??, ??????? ?? ??????? β???? ???? ??????

??????? ????? ???' ????? ????? µ??? ??? µ?????? µ?? ?? ??µ??????; ??? ??? ?????? ??????? ??? ??µ?? ?? µ? µ????? ?? ?' ??????? ???? ??? ?? ???? ??? ?? ???????? ???? ?????β?? ?????? ?? ??????. ??? ???????-???? ?? '???? ?? µ??????? μ? ??? ???????? ?? ??????, ?? ?????? ?? ????? ??? µ?? ???? ?????? ????? μ ? γ 2, γ 3, γ 4, γ 5, γ 5, γ 6, γ 7, μ ? ??? ????????? μ ?? ??? ???????? μ ???. ?? ??????, ????????? ??? µ?????? μ? ???? ????????? ??μβ??μ??? μ?? ??? ???? β?????? ?? ??????? ???μμ?. ?????????? ??????? ?? 'µ???? ??? ?????? ?' ????????? μ ? ??? ??????? μ ?? μ ????. ????????? µ?? ??' ??? ??????? ?? 'µ???? ?? '???? ??? ???? µ?? ??' ??? ???????? µ??. ?' ???? ?? ???? µ???? ?????µ??? ????? ??? ?? µ? ß?????? ?? ?????! ?????????? ????? µ?????;

Uncertain Timeless Senses

Let's cover the distance between the horizons of our feelings and meet there where downcast eyes cross, eyes wounded by the bitter hope's burden. Come and hear silence's agony which gaged the words enclosed in opposing laying trenches trembling lest seen be the penury of tackling for life's ascent. Let's admit that time is mutated, it does not anymore run the way known, let's accept that future is quenched from the map of safe cloudless navigation and is granted to maps of uncertain timeless senses.

?????? ??????? [Th. Mosley Sea Of Love]

??????? ??????? [Th. Mosley Sea Of Love]

??' ?? ????? ??? ??????? ??? ???????µ??? ??? ????????? ???? ??????? ???. ????µ?????? ???? ??????? B??? ??? µ????? ??? μ ? ??? ????? ??? ?????? μ ?? ??? ????????? ????? ???????. ??????????? ??? ???????? ???? ??? µ????? ??? ????ß????? ????? ?????µ??? ??? ???????? ??? ???????? ?? ????? ??? µ???? ??? ??????? µ?????. ????????µ??? ???? ???????? ??? ???????. ? ??????? ????µ??? ???????? µ?????. ??? ????? ? ??????? ?????? ?? µ???? ???

As On Unhydrous Dry Land

?? her charismatic nature, shimmering-although a little bit stony- beauty ?nly great matters, important things were to fit. These reckoned she in due course to deal with.

Moved not by temporary worthless options in micro dilemmas did not involve. Frivolous, evanescent love affairs unacceptable. Ready to shun relations, contacts ephemeral, everyday's occupations lest she would deviate middle-way from the targets of her expectations grandiose.

Now that the years are felt as burden on her shoulders hurt her the consciousness of abstinence, apprehends the futility of deferments and quite oft turns back her memory to those little short-living life's condiments not ever even as probe deigned.

As all of a sudden she finds out that a life offering a plethora of pleasures was lived in idleness, plein of vacuum. Had she to remember her youth's delights would rejoice to owe a favour to the events offered to be experienced, lived.

Punishment martyrdom her last awareness: ?o feel oppressed that, when young, the senseless, she was crossing life thirsty as on anhydrous dry land.

Scrip Of Reasonable Thinking

In life's theater which passions stage suspended everywhere the lies are starring with all masquarade's counterfeits upon the masque of Trueness they wear lest it nude insult mores bonos used to dry wefts of unspecified senses in front of flaming hearths consolations sparkling.

Ecstatic the onlookers from its Enlightment flood the public fora to spread the limelight of its fiery tongue to crowds absent.

And you who did not deigned to attend its on scene Epiphany dare to ask the question whether it was its naked idol or any counterfeitmasque of it instead.

Your audacity is struck by the thunderbolts of those 'who know' brandishing on hand the guarantee of having it heard and seen typed on theticket of the performance.

What a pity, soliloquize, not to give performances the Common Sense too, so that you had your own scrip of reasonable thinking!

Herodes Atticus

Sophisticated being orator in his "Atticas Noctes" illuminated with rhetoric's presents many, even earth's personas mighty. His father's hoard fabulous, wealth to last for centuries to come. Odeons, stadiums, theaters, his generosity's everlasting monuments.

In his luxury mansions
plethora the artifacts.

Everywhere naked chisel's youths
white and negroes,
his legal or adopted sons
teenaged immigrants to Elysian Fields.

Their beauty's liked presence
stoned in gardens' paths.

Wordy tongues
their immigration to him attributed.
Incompatible lovers while living
statuesque posthumously idols
intrusive Erinnyes to placate.
Passion's perverted, they said, impudence.

"Ungrateful, suspicious fellow citizens. The benefactions to their state forget. Slanders invent, aspersions."

In his dotage closed himself in Marathon's mansion, obsessed by heart pain out of their...immigration. Neither wealth nor rhetoric's convince were able to cure his cause of oppress.

Unneeded anymore he renounced them.

And faded...faded without the assistance of their help.
?he crime?

Reminder

Today dusk's colours scarlet dyed the memory of an old bitter hush of mine and I felt still bleeding that bloody mute sunset of my youth's innocence.



?n Excitment's Fervour

At an autumn's cold evening

as the wave was popping into shore

I got the impression it was sweeping away

the leaves of memory's tissues

where in summer we had written

love promises ?n excitment's fervour.



At Dusk's Threshing Floors

At dusk's threshing floors

we used elusive dreams to winnow.

Whiffer winds swept them

to be lost far away.



???? ???????? ?' ??????

???? ???????? ?' ??????? ?????? ???????µ' ???????. ?? '?????? p?????.



In The Human Essence

Greed's belongings, possessions in bits and pieces of crashed arrogance escaped fugitives never back to come, wealth rushly spent into the air t? waft. Left stubble on open plain harsh wind's defenceless prey?

It does not worth it over to cry.
Wish them farewell and let them fly.
No matter to world's billions of humans
what you are thinking of them or even yourself.
It only effects those whom your affinity concerns,
everyone and everything that you during life surround,
even the immigrant bird in your yard heavily snowbound,
the hungry dog, the crippled cat, your mercy's supplicants.

Leaves cast by wind soar but fall at the end, to become, withered, wizened, earth soil's part.

You have not to loose heart deprived of things esteemed so much.

Very feathery leaves are they, as are we.

Be to the trees and flowers of your yard generous in your new Spring it is to come. Carefully dig the soil around, water them, prune, share the delight in their flourishing bloom enjoy the fragrance, wait the fruit. Your heart's caring will make you feel at last, hearing the flattering trill and content rustling at your yard, that you take pleasure in what you sorely lacked when plunged in wealth's arrogant abundance: In the ?uman ?ssence.

???? ????? ?? μ ?????? { F.Frosini: The Chinese Gardens}

???? ????? ??? ??µ?????? ??. ??' ??? ??µ?? ??? ?????? ?????. ?????, ???, ? ???????? µ??, µ? '??? ????? ??? ??????? µ????? ?? ?????? ???? ?' ?????????. ????? ? ?????, ?????, ??????? ??????, ?? ??????? µ?? ?? µ????????. ??ß??, ??????. ?????µ? ??ß??µ?? ????ß????. ????????? µ? ???????? ???µ??µ??. ??? ???? ????µ? ?? ??? ?? ??????? ??????. ???????? ?ß??????? ????? ??? ???µ? ?? ????????? ???' ??' ??? ????? µ?? ???????, ?? ????? ?????µ???. ???? ????? ??? ??µ??????.

??? ??????? { Know Where To Go By Pamela Sinicrope}

????? ??????? µ????? ??? ????.

???????????? { W.Wordsworth: It Was An April Morning: Fresh And Clear}

?? ????? ?????µ??? µ? ??? ??µ? ??? '????? µ? ???????? ????????? ?? ? ???? ??? ????? ??? '?? ????ß??' ? ???µ???? ?????? µ?????? ?? ???? ??????. ???? ???µ? ?? ??????? ?? ????, ???????, ????? ??' ??? ?? ??????? ?????? ??????? ?' ??o?? ???????. ????µ??????µ??? ?' ???????? µ? ß???? ?' ???ß??? ?? ?????? ??? ?????, ??? ?? ??????? ???? ???µ??? ??? µ?????, ???? ????? ???????? ?????' ???µ?, ?µ????? ??? ?? ? ??? ??? ?? '?? ??????? ??? ???µ????? µ??? ??? ??? ??? ?????????. ?? ?? ????? ?????? ?? ??? ??? ????? ?! ?????µ? ??µ??, ?' ???? ?? ?????µ???? ????????? ???' ??? B????? ????. ?? ???µ? ????? ???? ??? ??µ????? ??????. ?????? ???, ???? ?? ?????? ?????????. ?? ???? ?? ???? ??? ?????? µ?? ?????? ????? ????? ?????. ??????, ??????, ????? ?? ???????????, ?????? ??? ??????? ??? ?? '?????, ????????? ??? ??? ????? ????? ??µ? ?? '??? ?? ???????? ??? B????, ? ??µ???, μ? ???μ?μ???? ??????? ????' ?????????; ??? ???? ?????, µ?????, ??? ??? ??µ?????,

????? ???µ?????? [Kelly Kurt: Face Value]



Dolphins' Splurge

Tearing their way towards the boat, surfacing in parallel, plunging as in invisible harness, alongside, round, under the bowsprit, glittering on top, fading at sides, streamlined and gleaming, abstractions of speed, energy, power, leaping out, plunging water into spiralling and vanishing, swift shadows alike, sailing into the air in another great loop, them after drawing the sea, shaking it off in mid-air, plunging forwards again, tearing frothing bow-waves with their beaks, diving down, falling behind, criss-crossing, flung themselves out up in insane abandon in mid-air shaking, muscular the convulsion, as though resolved to abandon sea for ever. But gravity alas, dragged them forward and down again into their bubbling liquid world. Noise of rending and searing. Each leap into the air called forth a chorus of gasps each plunge a sigh. Laugh on the comment at sigh last:

In the thousands of years to come humans will not them allow lead evolution's claimed harness up.

No fear therefore to become our dauphins.*

.....

Transformed into poem a description of Patrick Leigh Fermor, to be found in paddy's-world-transcript-of John Julius Norwich *verse invented thanks to comment of Barry Middleton

??????? { F.Frosini: ?magine}

???????? ????

????????' ???? ? ????? ??? ??µ????? µ??? ?????µ??? ?????, ß?????? ?????, ??????? ????µ??? ?????.

???????? ????

A Locoura Do Caos { D.Galanis: The Madness Of Chaos}

A loucura do caos comanda o fluir do sangue inocente a se derramar pelos caminhos da humanidade. Seu ódio vermelho obstrui a entrada nos pomares da liberdade onde residem os sorrisos do coração. As Lágrimas não bastam para limpar a imundície da negação. Dê a espada salvadora ao amor, para curar a desmedida loucura da audácia maníaca.



????? ?? ??µ? { Fabrizio Frosini: Blood Rain }

??????, ???????, ?????????? ???????? ?? ???? ?????µ? ??? ??ß??? ??? ??????µ?????? ?? ??ß????? ???????. ????? ß??µµ???, ????? μ ????? β ?? μ ???, ?????? μ ??' ????????. ??? ?? ????µ? ?? ??????? ?????; ????? ???????? ???' ???µ? ?? ??' ???? ?????? µ?????. ??? ???? ???? ??? ?? ????µ?, ????? ????? ??????????? ?? \$????? ??? ??????????. ????? ?? β??????? ????? ????? ?????. -?β?????' ?μ??, ????? ??????, β???? ?? ??μ? ?? ???????? ??????? ?? ?????? ???µ? ?' ????? ????.

Bruised, Crushed Memories

With bruised, crushed memories you cluttered the dusk's clouds up and they painted in scarlet the ridges around, those you gazed long ago in your life's path. Missed the green and yellow, lost the balance of colours, traumatic you feel the lack. Had you early made clear the bill what was it to be blamed for the bad break, not to have enjoyed the fascination you reckoned to, the sightseeing standing on the peaks, it would not be today rusty the scarlet to let the innosent horizon bleed.

Oo! Not wise to regret for that or any other 'that', because you do not really know what would be today's colours of the dusk, had you succeeded in stepping over all these summits up?

The Madness Of Chaos -? ????? ??? ?????

The madness of chaos commands innocent blood flow on humanity's path. Its red hatred obstructs the entrance into the freedom's orchards where the stadiums for smiles benign. Tears are not enough t? scour out the obstacles in filthy mood of nihilism. Give sword benevolent to love, to cure audacity's rage maniac.



A Downpour On Olymp

They took early the message:

His known nod.*

And concentrated the clouds high up on Olymp

brooding over menacing shadows their assault.

Frowned too Ossa's peaks.

Started darkening the sky.

Shadows flooded pastures, ravines,

covered prairies, gorges, glens, dingles.

The whole area all around in heavy mist.

Smites Boreas the mountaineer Iull.

Ready the royal vehicle to carry the pyr.

Neighing the devine steeds.

The great charioteer parades over clouds in rage.

Lightnings, thunderbolts upon ridges expels.

From its roots up the mega mountain quakes.

Mature the downfall.

The first raindrops in bursting attack.

Bush, tree leaves clug.

Shepherds, herds, wild beasts,

Nymphs, Muses, Sileni

the omens discern:

"? niche, nook to protect, alcove, cave."

Rushing the downpour

drums on the ground in dance wild.

Brooks, runlets, torrents and rills run,

flow in haste the slopes deep.

Defeated obstacles on land wide wide,

capsized cockles swirling in plight.

To His Mercy an appeal?

They laugh!

"In necessity's loop bound are gods too."

Speed, feathers on feet to save.

......

^{*}Homer II.A 528 He[Zeus] bent his ponderous black brows down..

? ???µ????? [Invictus: W. E. Henley]

μ???? ??' ???? ?' ???? ?? ?????? β???? ????????? ??????? ?? ?? ???????? ???? ??? ??? ???µ???? µ?? ????. ???? ??? ????? ??? ?????????? ?????? ???' ?? ??? ?????????? ??? ????? μ ?????? ?????? μ ??? μ ???, ???? ???? ??????. ?? ??? ???? ??? ??? ?????? ??? ???? ??????? ???? ????? ???? ? ???? ?????µ??? ?????? ?? ?????. ??µ' ??? ??? µ????? µ?? ? ???????, ??µ' ??? ??? ????? µ?? ? ??????.



??? ???? ?????? [?.Jawad: A Work Of Art]



Frosty Times-Frosty Words

In back-hand frosty times words freeze too. They can not the fervour find conditions chilly need. Iced and dubious station in th555roat, in mouth, hesitate from dent's fence to escape. Quavering on lips a shame to them. Fear they do not recognize conditions, suspect lest your conceptions lead them in doubting divisions. If this feeling is your mind's perception, wonder whether words are your heart's voice. But if your feeling is your heartbeat, take them as your mind's choice. Wayward, frosty times upset the balance of scale, dissolve mind's and heart's symphony.

Patience. Seasonal ice sometime melts.

Midday's Shadows

Under dawn's, crepuscule's lights restless our shadows stretched to extend to the boundless glazing sea, to climb up the slopes of barren land. At midday they used to wane, our measures to fit, minds were not swelled by feathery charms. But leisure times came and wasted middays in light-hearted naps, dreaming flights on plumage. Painful the nostalgia of missed and lost midday's shadows, alas!



Insolence-??????? [bilingual]

An insolent tongue will face a time harsh in any harvest to come as tears can not be easily picked up.

.....



Purification To The Words' Brothels

Who is going to commiserate with our words! With its flagpole after them lusts the lie of power's wantonness. Its quiver's arrows? Words' equations, simulations untenable, exiles in the desert of silence, fancy fashionable clothing camouflage to beguile and mislead gullibles, for each case blurry masks. And if words stubbornly resist to succumb and protest in their ton familiar, reptile the vilification for baptism them drags in the muddy waters of rain acid. How could faithful followers' lips read hymns in another trope, in other tone, how could victims escape from frame-up amid weirdspeaking phantoms of pretense?

Without the virginity of the words
how to restore your vision's plans?
Against their double ambiguous countenance
their shimmering and dazzling masks,
you can not array unfashionable contrivance
or loudspeakers already fornicated trust!
May it be a pity but
without uncorrupted, untouched in virginity words
you can not crafty ?r innocent intents discern.

Lo! Nobis opus sanctum id est:

Purification to the words' brothels.

?????????????????? [F.Frosini: Nocturnal Snowing]

"?? ????? ?0 ???????? ????? ????? ??? ?????? u?? ?????, ?? ?? ????? ?? ??u????". ???????????. μ ?? ? ???????? ??? μ ? ?? ???????? ?????? μ ???? ????????. ???? ??µ??? ???????, ?µ????µ??? ?????µ??? ??????µ???! ?? ??????? ??? ???? ???µ?, ??? ??ß?? ????? ? ??? ?µ??????? ?????, ???????? ?? ???µ??? ????, ?? µ??????? ???? ???? ??? ?? ????????? ??????? ?? ???????? ???, ??? ?????????? ?? µ?????, ????? ??? ????????? ??? µ??µ?? ?? µ????. ??, ????? ?? µ??µ?? ??? ??????????! ????? ? ????? ??? ????µ??????, ???? ß?ß?????: "???? ????? ?' ????? µ?? ????µ?! ??? ???????? ?? ????µ? ??? ?? µ???? ???, ??? ???????, ????? µ?? µ?????? ????????, ???? ?... ????????µ? ???????? ??? ????? ????????? - ???µ????? ??? ?????????? ??? ???u???. ????? ?????? ???? ??? ????. ???? ??? ????. ???' ???µ? ???? ????????? ??? ??? ?µµ???. ????? ? ????? ??? ????????? µ????? µ?? ??? ?????, ???? B??????? B????? ?? ????? ???? ??µ??????? ??????. ??' ??????? ?????, ????? ??? ????, ????? µ??? ?? µ???, ????? ?? ????? ??? ??????? ???????? u???????? ????????? ?? ???????? ?????????? ??? ??????B?? ?? ???????? µ???? ??? ??? ???? ??? µ???? ??? µ??? ?? B?????? ?? µ???? ??? ??? µ???? ???. ??????? ?????? ???????

??? ??? ????? [R.Frost: Fire And Ice]



?? ?????? [Kelly Kurt: ?f Then]

?? ????µ? ???' ??' ?? ????? [k.Kurt: Just Standing In The Rain]

T? μ?????, ?? ?????, ?? ??μ? μ?? ??? μ ????? μ ?, μ ????? μ ???. ??? ??µ???? ? ????? ?????µ??, ??????? ??? ??? ??? ??? B???? ?? ?????? ??????. ????? ??? ??? B???µ??? ?????????. ?? ??????????? ???? ?? µ?????µµ? ?????, ??? µ????? ?? ?????? ?? ????, ? ????? ??? ?µ???? ??? µ???? ????????, ? ???? ? ???????µ???? ??? ??µ?????? ??? ????? ??? ????? ?? ???????? µ?? ?? µ?????? ß?????. ??µ???' ????????, ????? ???? ???, ??? ??µ? µ? ??? ????????. ?????? ??????? ???????? ???? ??? ????? µ????? ?? ????µ? ???' ??' ?? ß????.

????µ??? ?? [: ?.A.Poe: Annabel Lee]

????? µ?? ???? ?? ???? ???? ????? ????? ?' ??? β??????? ??? ??????? ???? ??? '?? ?? '??µ? ???????? ??. ?? ?????' ? ???? ???? ??µµ?? ??? ???? ???? ?µ? ?' ???????? ?? ????? ???. ????? ??? ????? ?? ???? ?' ???? ?? β??????? ??? ?????? ????. ??? ?? ? ????? µ?? ???????? ?? ???????? ????? ?? ?µ??? µ???. ???? '??? ? ????? ???, ?????? ????? ????, ?' ???? ?? β??????? ??? ??????? ???? ??? ????µ???? µ?? ???????? ??. ?? ????? ??? B???????? ??? ?? ??µ??????? ??? µ????? µ?? ??? ?????? ?? ??? ???????? ?? μ??μ? μ??? ?' ???? ?? β??????? ??? ??????. ???! ???? '??? ? ????? [???? ???? ?? ?????? ?' ???? ?? β??????? ??? ?????? ???? 1 ??? ???????' ? ???µ?? ??? ?? ????? ????? ??????? ??? ??? ?????? µ?? ?????????? ????, ??? '??? ?????? ?? ??? µ?? ???? ??? ?????. ?? ???? ?? ??????? ???? ????? ????, ??? ????µ????? ???????? ??, ??? ????µ????? ???????? ?? ??? ????µ????? ???????? ??. ??? ???????? -???????? µ??-??? ???? µ??, ????? ??? ???? µ??

??? ????? { W. Whittmann: A Glimpse}

M?? μ????, ??? ?????? μ?? ??? ???????

μ?? ??? '?? γ????? ??????, ?????????? ?? '???? ?? μ???

γ?? γ??μ??????? γ???? ?? γ????, γ?????? γ? γ??????? γ?

μ?? μ???? γ??? μ' γ???? γ? γ???? γ? γ?????? γ? γ??????

γ?? γ???? μ?? γ? γ??β? γ?? γ??γ??, γ????,

γ? γ?? γ????, β?????...

γ? γ?? μ?? γ???, μ?? γ? γ???, γ?????? γ? 'μ???? γ? γ???,

γ??? γ?????



???µ?? [Fabrizio Frosini: Tenderness]

???? ??? ?????? - ?????? ????, ?????' ??? ????... ?? ??? ??? µ??µ?? ?' ??????? ß????? ?? B??? ??? ??????? ??????. ?????????? ???? ??? ??????, ?????? ????µ?, ?????, ??? µ???? ??????, ???' ??? ????????? ???????. ???? ????, ?, ?? ??? ?? '???, ? ?????? ??? ??, ??? ??? - ??????µ???, μ?? ??? ??????? ???μ??? ??? μ?????! ????????µ? ? ??????? ?? ??????? ????? ??? ?????, ????, μ? ?' ???μ? ??? ??? ????? ?? ??????? ???? ??? ??? ?? ???????. ??? ?????.

At Lucky To Grasp

Voicless the lips,
motionless the hands,
vibrating the surprise's chords,
eyes ecstatic
shuttling
signal flare shots,
beaming
the heavenly thrill.
Keep those imperishable mind's deposits untouched.
They may levitate into the aether that blew and passed
but return in nostalgic breeze again and again back,
vivid in your mind's eyes
remembering them still astound
in the rapture of those moments passed,
in those sweet fleshless wounds by the arrows of Love.

Rejoicing over memory's journey to the past,
to the sparking moments
with the gleam of promising love,
to moments intact by insolence of betraying facts,
regard happy the life's journey as far as it lasts.

Your ticket: the eyes' reciprocal convenants upon the bliss of those devine sparkles. Feel happy at their emotions' hoard, wealth of your feeling's glow as long as your life lasts at lucky to grasp.

???????, ?????????? [F.Frosini]

.....



???' ??' ?? ??????? ??? ?? ????? [F.Frosini: Beyond]

????? ?? ??µ? ???' ??' ?? ????????, ?? ??µ? ???' ??' ?? ?????... ?? µ' ?????? ???? ????' ? ?????; ????? ?????? ?? ß?????? ???µ?? ?? ???????? µ??? ???? ???? µ????µ???? µ?????; ????? ?? ????????????? ???????, ?? ????????µ???? ?' ?????? ???????, ?' ?????? ??????, ?? ???????? ??????? µ?? ??? ???????, ?????? ??????????, ?????? ?????' ???µ??????? ?? ß???? ??? ????? ??? '???? ?????' ? ???? ???? ???? ?? ?µ??? µ??? ???µ??? ????; ?? µ' ?????? ???? ?? ????? ??? ?? µ?????µ? ?? ß???µ? ??? ???µ???, ????????, ?? µ?????µ? ???? µ????? ?? β?????μ? ???? μ??????.

Athena - Teiresias

Absolutely naked, to the splashings of Hippospring surrendered high up on Helikon in the very flaming summer's midday the goddess did not noticed the accursed approaching the distance secure for voyerism not intimidated by the shining divine halo.

The young girls oft ascending the mountain there up herding their flocks whose mortal beauty had herself admired much lined she up in her memory devout.

'The imprudent insulter', her utterance surprised and as a blitz came out her lips the verdict:

"Henceforth let his pace be led only by the crutch."



Happiness

Happiness true is the aroma of the sweat you shed helping sufferers surpass their woes.



To The Heaven Process

Not confident Eros of his look of deep purple out of his own excitment, scared of calling to mind running blood's memories changed his colour not to astound, not to be thought approaching red fiery flood. Disguised the untrusted purple into yellow wanness t? cover the igneus thrill under accessible excuse and thus to rely on the advantage of a bashful lover. Positive the reaction to the purified provoking scarlet. Delighted, moved on the critical step:

Let himself fall into the lap of the awaiting pretext, into the adventure of the flaming to the heaven process.



Your Smile

Trust your smile.
It can be strong
as a thunderbolt
and even more:
It does not set on fire
a simmering angry soul.



Dawn

Dawn does not need your appeal to burst into light.



?? ????? [Kelly Kurt: Opening Volley]

Eμ????????????????????, μ????, μ??????? ?μ??????????, ?µ?????? ???????µ? μ? ??? ?????????? ?? ????????. ?????????? ???????? ??????? µ?? ?????B????, ???????? ????µ????? ?? ??µµ???????. ????? ???? ??????µ??? ??? ????? ????????? ?? ???????? ??????? µ?????. ?????????? ????? ??? ???? ???? µ?????? ????ß?????? ?? ?????. ?????????? ?? '?? ???? ??µ? ???? ??' ????, ???????µ??' ?????µ??? ????µ???. ???????? ?? ????? ??? ???????, µ? ?? ????? ??? ??? ????? ??? µ???????? ?? '?? ??????????.

N? ??????, ?? ???????, ?? ???????



The Poem

On the anvil of wording you forge the poem. And as the smith delivers the pickax only deftly wrought to dig the soil you don't cease chiseling it except ready for Judgement's hand.

Someone oneday will use it as a tool to dig within himself to find the spark that lit its flame.



The Flower

Had she lived to be an adult no one knows for sure whether she would be happy enough had she painful life's burdens to endure. ??, yes, any compassion's word sounds trivial when it refers to the Flower beloved.

And indeed was she a flower blooming in our heart.
ONCE LOVED FOR EVER LOVED
"The smiling Graces all surround "*
Everyone enjoyed
being her relative, known, friend or beloved one.

You do not forget a flower's pleasant scent,
You keep in mind its form, its shape, its fragrance,
You breathe still the aroma its presence spreads,
You feel permanent the happiness it always sparkles,
You remember its beauty sorrows staved off and far.
You call oft to mind its sepals' and petals' elegance.
Moving its sensitiveness in conditions hard.
It satisfies you for life to have it seen:
"in placid beauty and sublime content" *

A flower, when suddenly picked up, does not know what would happen had it lived to be tarnished, withered, shrivelled up. It only flourishes to spread happiness to the world around. Is that why the argive priestess wished to her sons, Kleobis and Biton, to have the blessedness best and they left life behind as being flowers in blossom picked up?

??! dears,
Lori,
The Flower in its blossom and charm
wreathed with eternal laurel stands by and with us
as long as we on this small earth pass,
for not a long while, alas, alas.
Not easily bearable: flowers flourish shorter than that.

Sub, enim, Specie Aeternitatis: Brevitas - Charitas!
[But under the prism of Eternity: Shortness-Love?]
"Very like leaves are we, cast on the ground by wind", *
which is

' neither to be diverted not withstood '* Unique thus Consolation at firmly to grasp:

-Flowers do not cry

for their wafting into the air we breathe beloved fragrance.

-The Flower of our heart, was,

is, and will stay the Flower to us most beloved.

.....

^{*}Whelthy's An Hymn to...

^{*}W.Wordsworth A fact...

^{*}Hom. II 6,146

^{*}W.Wordsworth A fact...

??? ?????? [Sofia Kioroglou: The Dreams Of Our Youth]

??? ???????? ??????? ???? ?? µ??µ?? ???????? ?? ß???; ?????? µ??µ?? ??? ??????? ??? ??? µ?? ?? ???????? ??? ??? ???? ??? ?????? ????? ??????? ????????? ??? β???? ??? ?????? ??? ??????. ???? ????????? µ??µ?? ??????. ?????µ? ??? ???? µ?? ?? ß???? ???µµ????µ??? ?? ????? ?????????? ??? ?? ??? ??????? ??? ?????? ???µ???, ??? ???? µ?? ???µ??? ??????????? ???? ??????. ???????? ?? ?? ??µ????, ?? ?? ??????. ?? ?? ????????? ?????, ?????!

???????????????? [S.Kioroglou Christmas On Hydra]

???? ????? ??????????? ?????? ??????, ?? ??????? ?????? ??????, ??? ?? ??? ?' ????????µ? ???? ?? µ??µ??????? ??????? μ ? ??? ??????? ?? '??? ?? ??? ??? ????, ?? µ? ??? ?????' ? ??????? µ???? ? ?????µ??? ??? ???????µ?? ??? ??????? ?????? ?????µ???? ??????, ??? ????? ?' ??????? ???? ???????? ???µ??????? B????? ??? ?? ??? ??? ????µ??? ?????? ?? ??????µ? ?' ???????? ?????µ???? ?????µ?? ??????? ??? µ???? ??? ?????????.

?? ??????, ?? ???????, ?? ???????



Drooped, Wilted And Dried

I'm scared of the so called Valleys of Tears. Aren't there in the valley's mires, swamps? I would not like my tears there tolerant ground to find roots to throw and stay active, out of Nature's pity efficacious. I'll lead my steps high up to a mountain's peak. It's there where I'll leave them down t? be shed, on the steep slopes down to roll, free to slide, without the pity's obstacles to hurt me more, into gorges, ravines, unnoticed there to vanish. Too many the remorses I felt, no need to be and laught at. There by my memory kept, to remind me, every time I raise eyes to the mountains up, never again to abandon my yard's flowerbed neglected, uncared to be drooped, wilted and dried at the end, the end, the end, the end!



????µ??µ??? ???? [J.Horsford: ? Shattered Soul]



???????? ?? ??????? ????? [Daffontils ??? W.Wordsworth]

?? ??????? µ?????? ?????????µ??, ??????? ???' ??? ??µ????, ß????, ???? ?????? B???? ??? ?µ????, ??????' ????????? ?????, ?? ??µ?? ?????, ?? ??????? ????, ???????? ??? ?' ??????? ?? ??µ????, ????????' ? ???µµ? ??? ???????? ?' ???????? ?????? ?????????. ??? ???? ???????? ?? ???? μ ? μ ???? ? μ ???? ?? ??µ? ????? ???? ?? ???????, µ? ????? ??????? ?? u? ????? ?' ???? ??? ????? ????????; ?' ???????, ?? 'B???? ??? ??? ??????? ???? μ? ?? ?????? μ? ???????' ? ???, μ? ????, ????? ???? ????? ????? ?' ????????, ???? ??????????, ?????µ???? ??? µ??????. ?? ???' ???? ??? ??µ??' ? ?????? µ?? ????

? ????? ??? [My Air ??? Jeremy Horsford]



?? ????? ?? ??????? [?elly Kurt: I Can Promise Only This]



????? ???????? [kelly Kurt: I Forgot To Breathe]



?? ????? ??? ????ß? [the Caged Bird By M.Agelou]

???????? ?? ??????? ????? ??' ???u?? ??? ?????? ??? ??????? ???????? ??? ?? ???µ? ???????. ??? ????????? ??? β?????? ???? ???????????? ??? ????? ?????? ???? ??? ??????? ?? µ??? ??????. ?? ?? ????? ??? B??????? ??? ?????µ??? ????ß? ?????? µ????? μ??' ?? ??? μ????? ??? ??μ?? ??? ?? ???. ???????µ???? ??? ?? ?????????, ?? ????? ??µ??? ?? ???µ? µ????' ??????? ??? ?????????. ?? ????? ??? ????ß? ????????? μ? ??? ??β?? ?? ???μ???? ??? ????µ??' ?????? ??? ?? '???? µ???µ???. ? µ?????? ????????? ??? ???? ?? ।।?????? ????? ?? ????? ??? ????ß? ?? ???????? ?????????. ?? ??????? ????? ??????? µ??? ????? ????, ???????? ??? ??????? ? µ???? ???????. ? ???? ??? ???????? ??????? ??????. ??????µ???? ??? ?? ????????, ?? ????? ??µ??? ?? ???µ? µ????' ??????? ??? ?????????. ?? ????? ??? ????ß? ????????? μ? ??? ??β?? ?? ???μ???? ??? ????µ??' ?????? ??? ?? '???? µ???µ???. ? µ?????? ??? ????????? ??? ???? ?? µ?????? ????? ?? ????? ??? ????ß? ?? ???????? ?????????.

?? ??µ????? ??? [Your Laughter, P.Neruda]

???? µ?? µ????? ?? ??µ?, ?? ?? ???, ??????? µ?? ??? ????, µ? μ? μ?? ??????? ?? ??μ????? ???. ?? ???????? ??? ????? ??? ???????, ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? µ?? ?? ???? ???, ?? ??????? ????? ???µ???? ??µ? ??? ????????' ????? ???. ? ?????? µ?? ?????? ?? ???????? ????? μ? ??????μ??? ?? μ????, μ?? ?? ??????? ?? β?????? ??? ????, ?? µ?? ???????, ??? ???? ????? ??. ????? ???????? ???B????? ?µ??? ?? B???, ???? ??????? ??? ?????? ??? µ??? ??? ???. ????? µ??, ???? ??? ????????? ???? ????? ?? ????? ???, ?? ?? ???? ??????? ??????? ?? ??µ? µ?? ??? ?????????? ??? ???µ??, ????, ????? ?? ??µ?????? ??? ??? ????? µ?? ?? ????? ??????? ??????? ?????. ????????? ??' ????????? ?? ????? ??? ?????? ?? ??????? ?????µ??? ??? ?????????? ??? ??? ??? ???????, ??? ?????. ???? ?? ????? ??? ???????? ??? ????µ???, ?? ??????? ????????, ?? ??????????? ??? ???????? µ?? ??? ?' ??????. ???? ?? ?????, ?? µ???, ??? ???????, ???? ????? ?????? ???????? ??? ??????, ???? ?? ????? ?' ?????? ????? ??? ?' ?????.

?? ??? ?????? ?? µ???? µ?? ??? ?? ??????, ???? ???????? ?? B?µ??? µ??, ???? ?????????? ?? B?µ??? µ??, ??????? µ?? ??µ?, ?????, ???? ?? ?? ??µ????? ??? ???? ?? ???????.

?????? ??? ????µ?; [Lost Time By Tim Wilds]

A? ?? ??????? - Si Tù Me Olvidas - P. Neruda

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*????????, ? [? ???????]=???????

?????? ??? ??????, Carpe Diem

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Carpe Diem

Leuconoe

do not put the questions and look out to find when it is to come my or yours end of life that which Gods have given us.

It is impossible to find out.

So do not try even to tell it through the babylonian zodiacs. It is better to endure whatever is to come, the many winters or this only one if it is the last Jupiter has prescribed us, the one just now turbulenting the thyrrenean sea. Be wise, prepare the mixture of wine, dwindle the great hopes to be analogous to the short time in front pick up each day [like picking flowers up] and do not trust the day to come after.



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The Drums

He loved the drums since childhood. He carried them in mind with him used to put them to give the signal once for aggressive advance, once for tactical retreat, subterfuge. He had connected them with violent conflicts, hand-on severe attack, suffocating siege, sinking causing naval battle, defeat's and victory's clamor, yell. He used even to amble in their pacing rate, mostly as marshal or admiral champion, sometimes as chased protagonist, when he had got rid of shield, spear, bow, paddle, not to be burden in his flight, regress. He preferred the role of a triumpher but alternately amid the clatter of their clang he played the role of the defeated sufferer, to imagine, to live, to get experience in humiliating them. In joyful ordinary music feasts he thought they betrayed their primary part, that of the war's art under the beat of drums. Young teenager when in need to handle the arrows of his heart, he wanted them to accompany its shot's whistle. As assailing drummer, used to see in front of him victims of the charm of their clangs.

Adult already, upsets him their clack.
He can not control their pulse,
werewolves do not obey him anymore.
Rattling in anarchic stomp disturb his own step,
echo in his ears like the wild voice of Pan
panicing humans and cattle
on the rough Arcadian gorgeous paths.
How can he carry them recusant,
order them to give others, to opposites,
the motto of the stampede,
that he figured his power in hand!

He resents heavily not to be him, whom he believed to be, the conductor of the orchestra who defines rhythm and pulse, as when imaginative young.

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dimitrios galanis

PoemHunter.com

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^{*[???]???????? =?????}µ???? ?????.??? ????,

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She Hates Her Laughter [The Little Refugeegirl]

The ikon of that little face always present asleep or awake. The one hand stretched out to grasp, the other beating, kicking waters back. How could the poor weaked creatures keep themselves on the foam up!

Had she the strength to clasp him to her!
Slap on the mouth the wave,
saltiness swallowed for breath
gives her a turn. Flinches,
in a whirlwind immersed...
Hh! she does not remember any more
what else there and after happened at all.

Scene bitter in her memory etched, turbulent sea, to fight waters against, the agony on the gaze, the suppliance in his crying voice. They did not manage to save him too. Drowned, they said, found him at the bottom, ...dead.

Oh! She still hears the bullets and bombs falling rain in the neighborhood. Her ear heard on the flight's road that many known and friends went lost, these and these she as well knew schoolmates too and not a few.

Shudders the mind, trembles the heart, alone the bitter tears often roll down. She feels a knot clogging the throat. Sob strange comes often out as breath. In the foamed waves does not forget that cursed moment, does not, and twists the poor button once to the right once to the left.....

She hates her laughter, she cuts it in the middle of the process, she hides it, ashamed, afraid obstinately closes lips, lest in the world be heard, a tear yes, preferred to be shared, yes! He does not know, does not believe, imagine can not, whether her lips will ever again laugh, whether reopen free wings in the sky up. How she can not bear anyone thinking of her a Lucky one, when she would have free lips to laugh, if only in her place were that, that child and all the other lost ones!

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????? - Alone By Edgar Alan Poe

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The Youthfull Boldness

Physical the movements, without any precautions to set her tall skinny body nude. Fanning cast brown hair in statuesque shoulders. The tight sharp breast protrusions flickered slightly as she hastened to hide her proud puberty amid the night's wrinkled sea where the moon, time ago sank, was struggling vainly to keep itself still. The twin all-white buttocks were found soon by the dived moon's glow and set themselves immediately in a worthily for grace compete with. Stunned the two lucky of the unexpected scene, which was unfolding in front of them as an on the coast and waters ?phrodite's Epiphany, enjoyed the magie spread by the youthfull boldness. Sweet, marvelous, windy presence of Eros itself ready to admit.

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- ???? ??? ??? β?????? ?? ??????µ? ??µ???,
- ???? ??? ???????? ?? ?????µ???,
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*???????? = ?? ???????? ?????? ????, ???µ.

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?? ?????? [L.Hughes Dreams]

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?????????? [L.Hughes The Negroes]



M?????? [M??µ?? ????µ???]

??????µ??? ???? ?????????? ??? ?' ?????. ?? ???????? ??? ???????? ???????µ????, ??????pµ??? * ??? ?????? ?????, ????????? ????, ?????????? ??? ??????. ?? ? µ??µ? ?????????.

??µ??' ???? ???????, ?????* ????????? µ? ????? ?' ?????? ???????? ?? ??????? ???µ?, ??? µ????? ??? ?????? ???????.* ????????? ????? ?? ??????? ?? µ???????, * β??β? ??? μ???, ?????? μ???μ? ?? ??????? ??????. ????? ??? ?????? ??? B?????µ?? ?? ????µ' ????????? ???????* ??????????? ??µ???? ?????? ????????? ??µ???. ??? ???? ???? ??? ????? ?? ????????? ?? ?????????? ??? µ??µ?? ??? ??µ?.* ????? ??? ?ß??? µ?? ??????? ?' ????? ??????? ß??????? ??ß???* ???? ??????? ?? ?????? ????β????.* ??? ???? ??????? ???? ?? ?????? ??? * ????? ?? µ???µ??? ?????? ß???????, ??????? ??? µ????????* ???ß???? ??? ?????? ??? ??? ?? 8??µµ?: ??µ?µ? ??? µ??????? ?? ??µ?! $*??????\mu? = ??\mu????$ $*?\mu????????? = ???????????????[???'\u2017??]??????????$??? ???????? ????? ??? *??? µ????? ??? ?????? = ??? ?????. ??? ???????

*???????? = ??? ?? ???????=???????, ??????µ???, ???????? *??B??? -????B???? = ?? ??B??????µ?? ????? ??? ? ??? ? B??????? ????B????

 μ ??? μ ??? ??? ???? ??? μ ????;]

????????? [R.Tagore Dungeon]



??? ????? ?? ?????? ?????? [By R.Frost]

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??? ???µ?? ???????? ?µ???? ??? [the Road Not Taken By R.Frost]

?' ??? ??????? ????? ???????? ? ???µ?? ??? ???. ??????? ????? ??? ???? ??? '????' ? µ???? ???? ??? ??µ?????? ???? '????ß? µ?????. ?????' ???? ???? µ?? ??? ???????, ?? ?? ?? ???????? ????? ?????? ?? ???? ?????? ?????? ??? ????? ???, ???? ??? ?????? ????? ??µ?? ???? ????µ????. ??, ????? ??? ???? ??? µ?' ???? ????! ?? ???????? ??? ???? ???µ?? ?' ?????? ?' ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ??? ??? μ ????? μ ' ??? μ ?? ?????? μ ?: ??? ???? ?? ???? ????? ????? ???? ?????? ??? ??? ????? ?? ?????? ???ß?? ?? ?????? ??? '????? ??? µ?? ?????? ???? ????.

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Mycènes [Points De Mémoire]

Agenouillée dans sa dignité la forteresse.
Les grandes pierres qui élevaient la fierté très haut,
Abaissées, ruines
cyclopéens soi-disant, calamités de vieilles années,
couleur d'argent oxydé sous le soleil,
dans la mémoire des épopées, couleur d' or puissant.

Yeux de l' Hadès sombre, aveugle *
regardant avec envie les oliviers centenaires
florissant encore, surclassant le sort des mortels.*
Sourcil calligraphique de pierre, faucille solitaire, *
silencieux et seul surveille en permanence la mer brillante.
Sans la tête du rugissement
les lions jumeaux du linteau *
sceaux bouchons
des siècles primaires brillants.

Les rochers de la porte!
encore ici, pour renforcer le prix de la mémoire. *
Plein de nos hubris
béantes les pierres tombales royales *
dans les jardins circulaires de la mort. *
Sur la même citerne se réfléchit votre reflet *
à côté des reflets royales sanglants,
thyestéens et celles après la guerre troyenne, *
lit les questions dans ses propres yeux:

C' est le sang le prix de la grandeur?

[D.K.Galanis traduits]

L' Outre D' ?ole

Quand leur terre apparaissait et ses feux ils aperçurent doux Sommeil les yeux d' Ulysse saisit.

Seul tenant le gouvernail afin d' arriver promptement, très fatigué, il les laissa ses victimes tomber.

Encore peu de temps pour qu'ils arrivent au port.

Deux ans, la voile en difficulté, dans Kikones, Cyclope, Lotofagues, dix précédentes, les combats dans Troie obstinément durs et enfin ils sont ici, à Ithaque chérie,

eux,
les mains malheureuses vides,
Lui,
avec le butin troyen précieux beau grand
et voila ici, l'outre de peau d' un bœuf, le don d'Eole,
apparemment remplie d' argent et d' or.
Pour cela solidement serrée par un cordon d'argent!
Quelle injustice!
N'ont-ils pas couru les mêmes routes que lui?
Vite, qu' ils voient au moins - avant qu'il ne se réveille,
combien d' argent et combien d' or on y a renfermé.
Et voilà, ça y était...

Les tempêtes, les ouragans jaillirent, balayèrent les curiosités, les jalousies, et les prirent loin de leur île mère, loin, où l'arrogance triviale d'hubris périlleuse les plongèrent dans utopies fatales dangereuses.

D.K.Galanis traduit nafplio 30/11/2015

*Odyssee k 1-49

Mycenae [Memory Dots]

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Kneeling to its dignity the fortress.

The great stones, once lifting the pride high up, in ruins stay humiliated down, cyclopean supposedly, calamities of old years, in decay's silver under the shining sun, golden in memory's epics, in their mighty luck.

Eyes of Hades darkly black, blind *
gazing with envy the olive groves
flourishing still, superior of the mortal's fate. *
Calligraphic eyebrow stone lonely sickle *
silent and alone watches permanently the glazing sea.
Without the head of Roar
the gemini Lintel's lions, *
stoppers seals
of primal brilliant centuries.

The boulders of the Gate!
There, strengthening the price of the memory. *
Plein of our hybris
gaping the stone royal shrouds *
in the Death's circular gardens. *
Upon the same cistern waters your idol *
beside bloody royal idols,
central figures of the great myths, *
reads the questions in his own eyes:
Blood the price of greatness!

The Bag Of Aeolus

Their land and its smokes they had seen just and Sleep suave the eyes of Ulysses wrapped. Alone in the rudder to reach it the possible soon, exausted, he left them his victims fall. In a short while they would catch patria's port. Two years, sailing in trouble, in Kikones, Cyclops, Lotofagues, ten previous, fighting in Troy stubbornly hard and finally here they are, to Ithaca back, they the hands woe gaps He with the precious beautifull great trojan loot and that here the oxhide bag, the gift of Aeolus, apparently full of silver and gold. ?hereat sturdily tightened has it silver-cordon! What injustice! Have they not run the same routes he run? Quickly, to see at least, before he wakes up,

Unleashed windstorms, hurricanes swept curiosities, jealousies up, took them from their motherisland away far where perilous trivial hybris' arrogance plunged them in between outopical lands.

how much his silver and how much his gold are.

And that, that was it...

My Own Walls

Walls of unconscious hypocrisy proved to be the means I used in my life's actions, krafts and skills. I was sure for my kind intentions and had never hoped to be mistaken, misunderstood. What a pity, there wasn't anyone eager to get into the 'cosmos' of those means and their intentions! Remorse obsess me hard. I complain much that I was not ever given the chance to explain meanings, intentions, means and rest ones. Finally, I found, the misfortune, myself encaged in the enclave of My Own Walls, and have bitterly to regret, that I did not abhor in time to the shape of the appearance into which I left the essence of my being to be transformed at someone I do not recognize as myself. Ashamed now to see all that deserving to be laughed at, I ditect the worst: I had shaped out a second unnatural self which seemed like having captured my real self and does not still leave it free to become itself. It does not allow me take off that mask, I discover I wear, and leave the authentic person openly shown to be. An urgent gathering of new build-elements daunts me, while the elements used once now seem strange to me. And that will be, I predict, the damnation to suffer henceforth: To see a parody unfolding in front of my new eyes: myself, my presumed me, as a Stranger, an Alien, walking in front and instead, I fear, of my own id and known opposite comers eager to recognize that Alien Stranger and to ignore Me, the one recognized as my id by Me and not the one projected ouside My Own Walls as Me. Deserving, I confess, in retrospect, the human nature's vengeance.