

Poetry Series

Elias Foukis
- poems -

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Elias Foukis(20.08.1969)

Writes poetry since 1988. In April of 2007 was published in Athens by Publisher TO RODAKIO poetic volume "THE TESTAMENT OF A LESSER GOD". The book was translated into English, French, Italian, in Czech, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian and Norwegian. Now is writing the second volume of poetry and a novel. Works and lives in Athens.

Beauty

At that moment when Aphrodite
conquered the fourth Sky as well
the highest circles of Society
decided that she could now be
proclaimed Illustrious Woman.

That is the great
moment had come for the Advertisement
her body to be stuck to the background
of Omnipotence
or for the passions of Nature to violently
trampled on
if she were
to conquer even the Ninth Heaven.

Or simply to be a contributor
to the Sun's circling from Dawn to Sunset
to be executed not only
without any intervention of night
but also during the time period
when the Giants of money had a taste for it.

And without yet returning to her Man
Aphrodite observed that
the seas had begun to bury the blue in the earth
and the first dust had begun to fall
on the laurel wreath of victory
as the island of Cyprus
filled up with reporters and managers
and with the vilest people in the World.

The moment Hephaestus learned of all that
he locked himself in his house
because he too would be losing
his beautiful wife
now she had appeared before
the eyes of the World...

Translation by

PHILIP RAMP

Elias Foukis

Don Quixote

Since the urge came over me
I would like to show a film.

I will take the part of the world
and have the world
play the part of me.

But until the world
learns to play the role of Don Quixote
I will have at my disposal sufficient time...
for practically a second human History
during which...
the involvement with Glory will surpass
the seriousness of the extension of empires.

And all that of course without the horses
and consequently...
without the exasperation
that the largest part of Glory
the World would come to appreciate on horseback.

The World has taken them
so they can play the role of Don Quixote together
and I see them in the enclosed mountains of La Mancha
the poor horses being beaten
who having the experience
of Don Quixote riding on their backs
provided a sufficient reason
for the naive souls of the Middle Ages to hope
that finally they had found the reason and the technique
of the Ancient Legends
for making their way to Troy.

And subsequently

I cannot fall quite so low
as to play the role of the World.

It`s just I`m in a rush with this opportunity I`ve been given
by this position far
from the preparations for the tempests of that period
whereby I might be a true Don Quixote
who levels a heavy charge
against the Spanish Monarchy
for its impersonal compact with all the World
influenced by Fantasy
immediately after the notification
of my own plans
for the creation of a second Human History.

But that one like all the others
proved to be a phantom
which the Spanish might have shared with the World
if only their souls
would have been weighted down by the Line
'those hopeless returns to La Mancha.'

But they have never returned
because no one is waiting for them
and the greatest scandal is that
no one ever had the hope
there might be somewhere to go
from Spain and the World.

And this seems so bitter and tragic to me
that my reason consumed by so many tasks
will now occupy itself
with the crude similarity between the Eras...
because they blame me for any chance ambiguity
in the philosophical essence of History
and that this has occurred because I
have made off with the authenticity of the Eras.

Well for your information
the exact opposite is what actually happened.

The Eras themselves were like lighted candles
at the terminus of murky imperial Fate
during that time when along with the last recollections
they were deprived of reason
and they waited on a wind to keep them in life.

Just as it should have, it happened
and the Winds came to abandon that world
but I who was a bit more than merely a World
never took care to be a Wind.

I merely found myself opposite them like a storm
threatening the Idols
of their egocentric feelings
which fled with the cynical dexterity of Abel
from the debased terrain of the Earth
the moment when Humankind
entered without even itself knowing it
the dogmatic Paintings of the White Saints.

I have never been face to face
with all those strange figures
which provoke such displeasure in me
but if I should come face to face
I have the despairing impression
that holding out the Cross to thwart an assault
by the supposedly Satanic Don Quixote
in order not to defy the sentiments of the World
that I so loved...
that they will then force me to decisively withdraw
which would always be the end of tragedy
in agreement with the naive World.

While I would say
despite the fact I am certain that
that no one will hear me
that this is the Beginning of Tragedy.

Later comes the colonisation of the Divine Dialectic
which will choke the sensibility of the Earth in corruption
for those people who continue to be mortal
and despite the fact I gave La Mancha the right
to govern things in the Abyss
in what concerns this despair
of...non resurrection.

But this pitiless tragicalness
will not prevent this deluded world
from constantly praising the Saints.

And indeed I could say that
despite the fact this Quixotian madness
remains the only manifesto
concerning human insurrections
the fact that this manifesto has been discredited
makes me say that
it is the Era of Saints.

And now immersed in this full Mediterranean moon
where from all points something
is blowing which reminds me that although
I have fallen into the grip of deep age
reckoning on the writing of my memories

I feel like crying without even wanting myself
to surrender to Christian Charity
and I will not be able to be prodigal
in the use of Sarcasm
so I can let it be understood
that my work will be excoriated

especially when it is judged
by the naive people of Spain and the World.

Translation by

PHILIP RAMP

Elias Foukis

El Pobre En El Juzgado

Los observadores prevén que
al menos una vez en la vida
se me ha de hacer Justicia.

¿Qué cara tendrá mi Justicia?
¿Cuántos años tendrá?
Su monedero... ¿estará lleno o vacío?

Estoy seguro
de que las palabras para mi defensa
serán prestadas de lenguas desaparecidas
porque por ahora
no hay un vocabulario inteligible
que pueda protegerme.

Así que como ven
mi justicia será muy antigua.

Los especialistas que se la topen como un cadáver
en el camino de su ascenso profesional
se asustarán al verla.

Pueden ver solo el cráneo
lleno de inscripciones de la vida perdida
donde se dice abiertamente y sin engaños
que junto a los hombres ha fracasado el Sol
en brillar con aquella luz
que no mereció ser otorada a los mortales...
aquel Caos Peregrino de grandes escenas
que quién sabe qué sabiduría de Dioses tangibles
regalarían a las formas del Mundo.

Pero lo demás
el tórax... la articulación... las vértebras
desde que supieron la oscura noticia
de que los Dioses de la Justicia nunca han sido tangibles
desesperando de la vanidad del Mundo
mantenían en funcionamiento
el cuerpo del Infierno... en los precipicios.

En cuanto a las esperanzas...
los Sueños...
las Sensibilidades...
las demás virtudes griegas
probablemente...
con un desesperado vagar solitario
estén todas entre nosotros.

Pero a los abogados no se ocupan demasiado
de las Virtudes griegas
y las Verdades del Alma...

Ellos quieren testimonios materiales...
concretos...
tangibles...
mientras que yo esta vez
parezco muy pobre...
aunque mi Justicia sea
como la llamará mis defensa...
...Eterna.

Traduccion

RAFAEL HERRERA

Elias Foukis

Gli Epigoni

In memoria di Caino e Abele

Beato te Abele... beato te.
La vita ti fu data senza resistenze
e senza vergogna recaste al mondo
la figlia spuria chiamata Felicità
Guai a te Caino... Guai a te.
Una gran Desolazione il Mondo per te
lo percorri giorno e notte incorreggibile
e la Sventura ti segue come un cagnolino fedele.

Beato te Abele... beato te.
Urla l'Ecumene del tuo gaudio
ed esaltato dai piaceri del Paradiso
il sangue ti si impregna di istinti bestiali.
Guai a te Caino... guai a te.
Con le tue pene si poteva scrivere una Bibbia
ma il Dio remoto non ti ha fornito oracoli
perché le tue sciagure gli parvero risate.

Beato te Abele... beato te.
Puoi anelare a compiere crimini
«Caffè sull'Acropoli... Seconda casa sulla Luna
e Legame sentimentale con la Madonna».
Guai a te Caino... Guai a te.
Hai nutrito alcune ambizioni a mo' di mansueti agnelli di Dio
sacrificati ai piedi del vecchio Satana...
offerta alla gloria della sua Storia.

Beato te Abele... beato te.
Ti sei messo l'Arte Suprema nel cuore
e rifulgi di Gioia come una vetrina del Paradiso
a Epidauro, al Louvre, alla Scala di Milano.
Guai a te Caino... Guai a te.
A volte quando il Despotato del Destino dorme
diverti la miseria della tua sensibilità

con certe vili compagnie di giro.

Beato te Abele... beato te.
Esalti ogni giorno i tuoi piaceri
facendo orge ai banchetti di Satana
con leccornie provenienti dal fondo degli Oceani.
Guai a te Caino... Guai a te.
Sconfiggi la fame con le erbe della Madre Terra
e con la tua celebre Felicità tragica
gradevole alla premura degli Dèi.

Beato te Abele... beato te.
Sei fiero dei tuoi Patrimoni Patriarcali
nei profondi recessi dell'Ade
sigillati con il colore rosso del crimine
Guai a te Caino... Guai a te...
La tua giovinezza si dissangua nelle Piazze,
tentando di prendere qualcosa dal Mondo... e ti son state date
soltanto i tragici ricordi dell'Umanità.

Beato te Abele... beato te.
Sazio e spensierato al vertice del Peccato
in fila lacchè e puttane sgomitano
pietendo il tuo affetto e il tuo amore.
Guai a te Caino... Guai a te...
Vai in giro come un cane sudato
gli occhi lucidi cercano un po' di amore
ma nessuno desidera il tuo cuore vuoto.

Beato te Abele... beato te.
Ammazzi il pomeriggio con gli aneddoti di Socrate
prima di cominciare le Orge insieme a Satana
in Saloni protetti da un mistero impenetrabile.
Guai a te Caino... Guai a te...
Sprofondato nella tua condanna perpetua
partorisci idee per la salvezza del Mondo
e la retsina economica ti falcidia i polmoni.

Beato te Abele... beato te.
Sdraiato al sole su luminosi terrazzi
scrivi l'Epos eterno delle tentazioni
godendoti Venere e pasticche di ecstasi.
Guai a te Caino... Guai a te...
Nel sudiciume delle Città ti trascini prigioniero
riempi di cocaina le vene del destino
per accendere il fuoco della Rivoluzione.

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Beato te Caino... beato te.
Hai lasciato sola l'Ecumene intera
perché con tutti i Dèmoni contro di te
sei riuscito a restare fedele alla Terra...
Guai a te Abele... guai a te.
Lo sai molto bene... ti aspettano i Tribunali
e costruisci astronavi
per nasconderti su altri Pianeti.

Beato te Caino... beato te.
Nella disperazione tragica lasciati dagli Dèi
sei in attesa di un fiero epilogo
confidando nella giustizia dell'Eternità.
Guai a te Abele... guai a te.
Nel Testamento non dimenticarti di Satana
che ti ha aperto un sepolcro d'oro
sormontato dallo scherno dell'Umanità.

10-12 dicembre 2011

Traduzione
MAURIZIO DE ROSA

Elias Foukis

Il Povero In Tribunale

Gli osservatori prevedono che
almeno una volta nella vita
io avrò Ragione.

Quale persona avrà la mia Ragione!
Quanti anni avrà!
Il portafoglio... ce l'avrà vuoto o pieno?

Sono sicuro
che le parole per la mia difesa
saranno imprestate dalle lingue scomparse
perché per adesso
non esiste alcun vocabolario comprensibile
capace di difendermi.

Come vedete dunque
la mia ragione sarà molto antica.

Gli scienziati che vi si imbattono come in un cadavere
lungo il percorso della loro carriera professionale
trasaliranno vedendola.

Forse ne vedranno soltanto il teschio
coperto di epigrafi della vita perduta
ove si spiega con chiarezza e senza illusioni
che oltre agli uomini neanche il Sole è riuscito
a splendere con quella luce
che non valeva la pena concedere ai mortali...
quel Caos Inesplicabile di imponenti rappresentazioni
che chissà quale sapienza di Dèi concreti
intendevano donare alle forme del Mondo.

Il resto per esempio
il torace... l'articolazione... le vertebre
da quando hanno saputo la brutta notizia
che gli Dèi della Ragione non sono mai stati concreti
delusi dalla vanità del Mondo
tenevano in funzione
il corpo dell'Inferno... sugli abissi.

Per quanto riguarda le speranze... i Sogni... la Permalosità...
e altre virtù dei greci
è probabile...
con una peregrinazione disperatamente solitaria
che siano tutte dentro di noi.

Gli avvocati tuttavia non si preoccupano molto
delle Virtù dei greci
e delle Verità dell'Anima...

Essi pretendono testimonianze materiali... fattuali... concrete...
mentre io anche questa volta
ho un aspetto miserabile...
benché la mia Ragione sia
come la chiamerebbero i difensori...
... Eterna.

Elias Foukis

Il Teatro Tragico

Di tutti gli insuccessi artistici
che non hanno a che fare
né con le leggi...
né con le Muse...
vogliate notare il principale...

Protegete le teste
che vi ha chiuso il lamento della Grecia
dentro le maschere.

La parte che vi siete incaricati di recitare
non colpisce nessuno.

Essa è colpita con veemenza
dall'ambizione invincibile della Dialettica
di invadere l'Uomo
con seconde opinioni
dentro una seconda testa
per interpretare secondo le sue preferenze
quanto accade nello spazio del Mondo.

A prescindere da quanto accadeva nelle vostre menti
che erano sottomesse
proprio come il territorio degli Imperi
la protesta dell'anima
non era udita da nessuno
perché la logica...
era stata del tutto esclusa.

Era stata del tutto esclusa...
e qui la colpa è della Grecia che ha assegnato a Dioniso...
appezzamenti di Terra e di anima...
per i suoi giochi lievi e sciocchi

e le parti Celesti che non erano state toccate
dalle mani della Tragedia
furono invitate sulla scena
per recitare sotto-canti di divertimento.

Sui gradini...
sembrava che fosse territoriale la coscienza del Mondo
e così scrosciaron applausi
e gli Incubi che persino la notte ritenne pericoloso
includere nelle sue tenebre
compresero di aver ottenuto il diritto
a camminare indisturbati insieme con la Felicità
nella corrente dei Giorni.

Se a volte vi siete sbagliati
e avete trasferito il Personaggio dalla maschera alla mente
a causa di questa autenticità collettiva
sarete oggetto di pesanti colpi artistici.

Ah, qui sì...
avete trovato l'Olimpo alla sua Ora!

Proprio quando gli hanno acceso
alcune fiamme di superstizione
e chissà quale altra lunga strada
addosserà di nuovo alla Grecia! ...

E al ritorno... i condottieri esausti
quando si troveranno alla Mercè dei mari

e nessun braccio si allungherà
dall'Olimpo a tirarli su dalla Terra
scomunicheranno la Tragedia considerandola disumana e malvagia.

Così d'istinto...
cadeste nei sentimenti sotterranei della Terra
che avvertivano
che presto sarebbero stati a faccia a faccia con l'Incubo.

O per essere più Umanisti per il Mondo
una specie di Nebbia insuperabile
capace di bloccare da qui in poi le Ambizioni
come un lenzuolo nero
con il lutto di Persefone.

Ecco perché teme di farsi carico di noi
questo sedicente Umanesimo
che biancovestito attraverserà Atene
per nascondere il Momento sfortunato
che torna paralizzato al Mondo
per ottenere il diritto a essere Storia.

Ecco perché se volete attori che
la vostra presenza provvisoria sulla Terra
non ispiri equivoci
sull'abbigliamento dell'Umanità con le candide vesti dell'Umanesimo
meglio che vi convinciate che questo Mondo
ha un corpo sottile... e tutt'altro che flessuoso
rispetto a quella veste
in modo tale che quando il Futuro scoprirà
l'insuccesso della Filosofia
e la vanità delle cose
forse verrà turbata la coscienza del Mondo
dall'errore rivelatosi tanto meschino
e che ha circondato il suo cuore ampio
lasciando fuori la Tragedia.

E soprattutto adesso che gli Orizzonti Greci sono limpidi

sospetta che da Oriente
sopraggiungerà con foga superando furbescamente le Simplegadi
la stessa tenebra e lo stesso ciclone
che abatteranno le Ambizioni del Mondo
con la parola d'ordine eterna ed eretica...
"Guardatevi dall'Arte Brutta e da Atene";.

Traduzione

MAURIZIO DE ROSA

Elias Foukis

Immortality

If we two

loved each other for one whole day
the next morning
we would awaken with the thought
that employing the same dynamism
we would be able to love all year round...

Since we two
would love the whole year round
like a clear horizon would hover
before us the idea
that in contrast to the paleness
of the light of eyes
our love would be always brighter and brighter
for the entire century.

And if we two
could manage such a miracle
light and guileless as all speeds are
we would race along in the thought
that we might well love
for all the Centuries.

This final thought, however,
would be quite burdensome..
and severely punished
the Gods of Olympus with supreme charge
" For giving humanity the secret
of Happiness"
and under the weight of her blind
may die.

Translation by
PHILIP RAMP

Elias Foukis

Imortalidade

Se nós os dois
nos amássemos durante um dia
na manhã seguinte
acordaríamos a pensar
que com a mesma energia
poderíamos amar-nos durante um ano.

E amando-nos nós
durante um ano
como um nítido horizonte flutuaria
perante nós a ideia
de que contrariamente ao desvanecimento
da luz dos olhos
nos amaríamos cada vez com mais fulgor
durante um século.

E se nós os dois
conseguíssemos tal milagre
ligeiros e despreocupados como todas as jornadas
apressar-nos-íamos a pensar
que poderíamos amar-nos
por todos os séculos.

Mas esta última ideia
seria já gravosa...
Gravidade onnipotente
que ao fazer-nos levantar
nos mataria.

Tradução de
AMADEU BAPTISTA

Elias Foukis

Jeune Grek Solitaire

Si c'est la Volonté
du Dieu de la Terre
sans que j'aie besoin d'inclure l'éloge à Zeus
moi aujourd'hui...
je marcherai toute la journée sur la Terre.
Et surtout
dès que je verrai ma distance de sécurité
vis-à-vis de la mort...
loué soit Apollon
je ne serai pas gêné
par le démon de l'Autodestruction.

Si ce n'est pas la Volonté
du Dieu du Ciel
dans mes rêves
qui assiègent l'essence de l'Existence
comme l'est Sisyphe
par le cauchemar du travail en vain
on ne fera pas cadeau d'un seul mètre de ciel...
et vous savez où finiront
les Rêves d'un Monde meilleur
et d'une Grèce Belle et Bonne?
Inaperçus ils seront peu à peu
mangés par la rouille
sous la poussière de l'oubli.

Si c'est la Volonté
du Dieu de la Mer
mes propres Fantômes sont armés
d'un poids sur la conscience et d'un pardon
ils auront l'occasion rare
de laver les péchés vivants de Troie
qui sont devenus l'Olympe le plus dangereux
avec leur désir cynique
d'être une Grèce éternelle face au Monde.

Si ce n'est pas la Volonté
du Dieu du Feu
moi qui connais mieux le lien fatal
entre Grèce et Incendies
je perdrai
l'ultime occasion
de faire la charité
et les Villes continueront
de brûler tranquillement.

Et même... si ce n'est pas la Volonté
du Dieu de l'Amour
après cette rééducation terrifiante
qu'ont subie les sentiments humains
je ne serai plus aimé de personne.

Mais le pire c'est que cette tragédie
ne s'en tiendra pas là...
Ce Dieu de l'Amour
L'Olympe lui a fait une grande publicité...
Un peu plus qu'aux Idoles habituelles
et différemment
pillard de tous les désirs
et avec toutes les chances d'éternité.

Tous les voyageurs qui s'en vont
témoigneront qu'en tous lieux
ils n'ont pas vu le moindre amour imaginaire
qui aurait suffi à convaincre
le monde si facile à tromper
qu'il méritait le Sommet.

Peu d'humains s'aimaient en ce Monde.

Et ce peu-là
s'aimaient autant que le permettait la pensée
qu'on ne peut jamais monter jusqu'au Grand Ciel
car là-haut... s'est déroulée vraiment

une Histoire humaine
mais telle que seuls l'ont vécue les Dieux...

Et pour nous en tenir à cette vie qui dure
plus ou moins autant qu'une Saison
nous de toutes façons mon cher Apollon
nous n'avions aucun dilemme...
et aucun mystère...
car nous n'avons manifesté aucun désir
d'être des Dieux.

La problème était tout simple...
Nous étions indésirables
Sur cette Terre...

Totalement paralysés sans aucun chemin droit
nous avons circulé en ce monde
sans que nous remarque personne...

Sans doute nous faudra-t-il s'organiser
nous les Grands Anonymes
pour mettre fin à cette folie
avec ses faux Héros
de ceux qu'avec leur propre misère
seuls les Dieux savent créer...

Comme si cela ne suffisait pas
que Troie martyrise la Grèce
l'Olympe aussi de son côté
a commis un crime
abrutissant le cerveau du Monde
à force de jeter dans les têtes creuses
la passion bestiale
d'être Dieu.

De ces Dieux qui de haut
contrôleront tout
et plus terrible encore
nous que la Volonté unie au Destin

voulaient que nous soyons en bas...
nous qui avons parcouru la Terre en tous sens
pour les Grands Changements dans le Monde
nous serions de tous côtés calomniés
aucune protestation ne serait entendue...

Voilà pourquoi je le crains
nous qui ne marchons que sur la Terre
nous resterons totalement sans histoire.

Traduction par

MICHAEL VOLKOVITCH

Elias Foukis

King Solomon

The women who King Solomon loved
the most
were those women
whose soul he'd imagined
like the rivers flow.

But immediately after
this ardent desire
old Solomon coolly concluded
that the rivers' flow leads them to the sea
and to that boundless blue of the oceans
where all the Temples and Sins
of the Earth are devitalised
and the might thus lose the control
he had over Women.

Then King Solomon
in a fit of anger remembered that he was
in command
and in the case of danger
he would know how to stop
these maddened rivers.

But this was not the only danger...
Besides the seas and the rivers
the female view of the cosmos also included the sky..

Indeed of late
he had information from his secret agents
that women were exchanging looks with the Stars
and..consequently
their hearts which he had assumed
were near at hand and under complete possession
like the walls of palaces
burned as one with those distant fires.

And thus in that way
King Solomon began to repent
because before he created his Kingdom
he had not thought of incorporating all the Stars
in the celestial territory of the Monarchy
and now at this advanced age
he had to do a detailed study of Astrology.

But old Solomon
had discovered a long time ago all on his own
that Heaven and the Mysteries of the Heaven
were like women
whom he had never loved.

Since the Astrologers of the Future
exploiting the derangement of mortals
entered into negotiations with the Heavens
he from the moment charged them
with enormous spiritual failures
and provocative stupidity
the would have deprived Women
of that Amour which broce down fences
with the force of the enticements
to reach the Promised Land

like a divine oracle
rushing with the conviction of rivers.....

Translation by

PHILIP RAMP

Elias Foukis

La Beaute

Dès l'instant qu'Aphrodite
eut conquis le quatrième Ciel
les plus hauts cercles de la Société
décidèrent qu'on pouvait désormais
la déclarer Femme Célèbre.

Le grand moment était donc venu
pour la Publicité
de coller son corps sur le fond de la Toute-Puissance
ou que soient piétinées violemment les passions de la Nature
afin que celle-ci
aille conquérir jusqu'au Neuvième Ciel.

Ou simplement pour contribuer
que le mouvement tournant du Soleil d'Est en Ouest
s'accomplisse non seulement
sans aucune intervention de la nuit
mais dans ce laps de temps
dont raffolent les Géants de la finance.

Et même sans retourner à son Époux
Aphrodite remarqua
que les mers commençaient d'ensevelir le bleu dans la terre
et que sur la couronne de lauriers de la lauréate
tombaient les premières poussières
tandis que l'île de Chypre
s'emplissait de journalistes, de managers
et des gens les plus vulgaires de ce Monde.

Héphaïstos apprenant tout cela
s'enferma chez lui

se consacrant à la fabrication d'armes
puisque lui aussi allait perdre
sa jolie femme
à présent qu'elle s'affichait aux yeux du Monde.

Traduction par

MICHAEL VOLKOVITCH

Elias Foukis

La Belleza

Apenas Afrodita
conquistó el cuarto Cielo
los más altos círculos de la Sociedad
decidieron que aquella ya podía
ser nombrada Mujer Célebre.

Había pues llegado
el gran momento de la Publicidad
de pegar su cuerpo sobre el fondo de la Omnipotencia
y reprimir con violencia las pasiones de la Naturaleza
a fin de que ella
pudiera conquistar hasta el Noveno Cielo.

O simplemente para ayudar
a que el periplo del Sol de Levante a Poniente
se ejecutara no ya solo
sin intervención alguna de la noche
sino en el intervalo mismo
del que gustan los Gigantes del dinero.

Y aun sin regresar junto a su Hombre
Afrodita observó que
los mares empezaron a enterrar el azul en la tierra
y en la corona de laurel de la vencedora
empezó a caer el primer polvo
mientras la isla de Chipre
se llenaba de reporteros y representantes
y de la chusma del mundo más obscena.

Hefesto cuando se enteró de todo
se encerró en casa

para darse al oficio de hacer armas
toda vez que iba a perder
a su mujer hermosa
ahora que ella salía a mostrarse ante el Mundo.

Traduccion

RAFAEL HERRERA

Elias Foukis

La Felicità

Chissà quante volte
saremmo felici!

Circondati dai monti com'eravamo
senza ricevere risposta da nessuno
in merito a questo stato d'Assedio sin dalla nascita
misurammo le dimensioni delle vallate
che erano anguste come le nostre passioni
nella speranza che contenessero il futuro
che il remoto Punto di inizio
conoscendo molto bene
gli scandali avvenuti nelle riforme della Genesi
come se volesse dirci che sarà sempre difficile
che esista il futuro...
ce lo aveva buttato dietro i monti.

Poiché la Nebbia sui monti giaceva
in modo Classico e Divino
in modo alla lettera più grandioso dunque
dell'eccentrica presenza dell'erba
credemmo che conoscesse a memoria
il contenuto interno dei monti.

Poi chiamammo anche i Sogni...
erano pronti anche i pronostici
sulla realizzazione del fulgido processo
con molte probabilità che avesse un biblico fausto esito
lo spostamento del nostro Futuro.

E chiaro quello che vogliamo dire oppure no..?

Eravamo in stato d'allarme per il Futuro....
Dovevamo assolutamente conquistarlo, il Futuro...
il quale, odoroso della passione mistica di Abele
alla stregua di una bella donna
chissà nelle braccia di chi intendeva abbandonarsi.

Cosa che infatti avvenne...

Contrariamente alle nostre aspettative
accadde un fatto insolito! ...

La Nebbia ce la portò via il vento
per strapparla all'assedio
posto dalle stelle.

I Sogni ce li rubò l'Ora Estrema
a sua volta
assediata dai secoli.

Se non ricordo male
c'era un gran movimento.

I riti sacri elargivano benedizioni
tessevano elogi
concedevano prebende.
Il Tutto si svolgeva all'insegna dell'oracolo
di un Profeta invisibile
in quel remoto principio della Storia.

A noi invece restarono solo le speranze
le quali, a dirla tutta,
benché rese folli dalle Streghe

nel prevedere il nostro Futuro
avevano rivelato un talento straordinario.
E ormai erano pronte
ad attivarsi...

Ma della Felicità non si sa che cosa farsene.

I monti hanno perso la capacità
di spostarsi.

Elias Foukis

La Inmortalidad

Si nosotros dos
nos amáramos un día entero
a la mañana siguiente
despertaríamos pensando
que con la misma dinámica
podríamos amarnos todo el año.

Y en tanto que nosotros dos
nos amáramos todo el año
como un limpio horizonte flotaría
ante los dos la idea
de que contrariamente al palidecimiento
de la luz de los ojos
nos amariamos cada vez con más fulgor
durante todo el Siglo.

Y si nosotros dos
consiguiéramos tal milagro
ligeros y despreocupados como todas las marchas
nos apresuraríamos a pensar
que podríamos amarnos
por todos los Siglos.

Pero esta última idea
sería ya muy grave...
y severamente castigados
los dioses del Olimpo con cargo supremo
" Para dar a la humanidad el secreto
de la felicidad "
y bajo el peso de su ciega
puede morir.

Traduccion

RAFAEL HERRERA

Le Sommet

Dans le froid glacial de l'Antarctique
une seule chose m'a manqué
le Soleil
qui ne se trouvait en abondance
que dans le Désert du Sahara.

Dans la chaleur et la sécheresse du Sahara
une seule chose m'a manqué
l'Oasis
qui ne se trouvait en abondance
que dans les forêts de l'Amazonie.

Plongé dans l'Oasis de l'Amazonie
une seule chose m'a manqué
le Sommet
qui ne se trouvait en abondance
que dans les monts de l'Himalaya.

Parvenu à présent au sommet de l'Himalaya
je vois que sur ces hauteurs
tu ne peux plus rêver à rien d'autre.

Sur ce Sommet
la sécurité la tranquillité
sont si tangibles si parfaites
que je vais peut-être littéralement
mourir dans la Solitude.

Conclusion
dans la mesure où je veux vivre
une seule solution
la descente.

Traduction par

MICHAEL VOLKOVITCH

Elias Foukis

Le Theatre Tragique

Parmi tous les échecs artistiques
indépendants des règles...
et des Muses...
observez le principal...

Conservez vos têtes
que le soupir de la Grèce a enfermées
dans des masques.

Le rôle que vous avez entrepris de jouer
ne blesse personne.

Il se blesse violemment lui-même
par l'irrésistible ambition de la Dialectique
d'envahir l'Homme
d'arrière-pensées
pour interpréter selon ses préférences
tout ce qui arrivera dans l'espace du Monde.

Indépendamment de ce qui se passait
dans vos cervelles soumises
comme les territoires des Empires
la protestation de l'âme
n'était entendue par personne
car la raison...
avait été exclue totalement.

Exclue totalement... et la Grèce est fautive d'avoir cédé
à Dionysos...
des étendues de Terre et d'âme...
pour ses jeux légers et futiles
et les régions Célestes que n'avaient pas touchées
les mains de la Tragédie
ont été appelées sur la scène

pour jouer des petits airs divertissants.

Sur les gradins...

comme si la conscience du Monde était territoriale
ont éclaté des applaudissements
et les Cauchemars que la nuit même trouvait trop dangereux
pour les accueillir dans ses ténèbres
s'aperçurent qu'ils avaient gagné le droit
de marcher sans entraves avec la Félicité
au fil des Jours.

Si parfois par erreur vous avez déplacé
le Héros du masque à la cervelle
à cause de cette authenticité collective
vous recevrez de lourdes blessures artistiques.

Ah, là oui...
vous avez trouvé l'Olympe à mon Heure!

Au moment pile où lui sont allumées
quelques flammes de superstition
et dieu sait par quel long chemin
il fera de nouveau payer la Grèce...!

Et au retour... les chefs d'armée fatigués
se trouvant à la Merci des mers

sans que jamais l'Olympe ne leur tende la main
pour les tirer à Terre
ils maudiront la Tragédie jugée mauvaise et inhumaine.

Spontanément vous êtes donc tombés
sur les sentiments d'en bas de la Terre
qui avertissaient
que le Cauchemar et eux se regarderaient dans les yeux.

Ou pour être plus Humanistes avec le Monde
une sorte de Brume impénétrable
qui désormais bloquera les Visions
comme un drap noir
avec le deuil de Perséphone.

Voilà pourquoi je crains que ne nous fasse du mal
ce semblant d'Humanisme
qui vêtu de Blanc
passera dans Athènes
pour cacher l'Heure de malheur
qui erre paralysée dans le Monde
pour acquérir le droit d'être Histoire.

Par conséquent si vous voulez acteurs
que votre présence provisoire sur Terre
n'inspire pas de malentendus
sur l'Humanité revêtant
les vêtements blancs de l'Humanisme
persuadez-vous plutôt que ce Monde
a un corps trop maigre... et sans aucune beauté
pour un tel vêtement
quand l'Avenir découvrira
l'échec de la Philosophie
et la vanité des choses
au cas où serait troublée la conscience du Monde
par son erreur de s'être avéré si peu de chose
et d'avoir barricadé son large cœur
laissant la Tragédie dehors.

Et maintenant que se dégagent les Horizons Grecs
il se doute que venant d'Orient
déferleront dépassant surnoisement
les Symplégades
les mêmes ténèbres et le même cyclone

qui détruira les Visions du Monde
avec l'hérétique l'éternel mot d'ordre...
« Méfiez-vous de l'Art Mauvais et d'Athènes. »

Traduction par

MICHAEL VOLKOVITCH

Elias Foukis

Le Pauvre Au Tribunal

Les observateurs prévoient
qu'une fois au moins dans ma vie
j'aurai avec moi le Droit.

Quel visage aura-t-il mon Droit?
Quel âge aura-t-il?
Son portefeuille... sera-t-il vide ou plein?

Je suis certain
que les mots pour me protéger
seront des emprunts aux langues disparues
car pour l'instant
il n'existe aucun vocabulaire intelligible
pour ma protection.

Aussi comme vous le voyez
mon droit sera très ancien

Les scientifiques le rencontrant tel un cadavre
sur le chemin de leur ascension professionnelle
à sa vue seront terrifiés.

Ils ne peuvent apercevoir que le crâne
rempli des inscriptions de la vie perdue
où il est dit clairement sans illusions
qu'en même temps que les hommes le Soleil a échoué
à briller de cette lumière
qu'il ne valait pas la peine d'accorder aux mortels...
ce Chaos Ancien de grandes représentations
dont on se demande quelle sagesse de dieux tangibles
elles offriraient aux formes du Monde.

Les autres parties
thorax... articulation... vertèbres
depuis qu'elles ont appris la terrible nouvelle
que les Dieux du Droit ne furent jamais tangibles
désespérées de la vanité du Monde
elles ont maintenu en activité
le corps de l'Enfer... dans les gouffres.

En ce qui concerne les attentes...
les Rêves...
les Sensibilités...
et d'autres vertus grecques
il est probable...
qu'une errance désespérante et solitaire
les ait menées pari nous.

Mais les avocats se soucient peu
des Vertus grecques
et des Vérités de l'Âme...
Eux veulent des témoignages matériels...
concrets...
tangibles...
tandis que moi cette fois encore
je parais très pauvre...
bien que mon Droit
diraient les avocats...
...soit Éternel.

Traduction par

MICHAEL VOLKOVITCH

Elias Foukis

L'Immortalite

Si nous deux
nous nous aimions toute une journée
le lendemain au réveil
nous nous dirions
qu'avec la même énergie
nous pourrions nous aimer toute l'année.

Si nous deux
nous nous aimions toute l'année
tel un large horizon
flotterait devant nous l'idée
qu'à l'inverse de la lumière des yeux
qui pâlit
nous nous aimerions sans cesse plus brillamment
pendant tout le Siècle.

Et si nous deux
nous parvenions à ce miracle
légers naïfs comme toutes les vitesses
nous courrions à la pensée
que nous pourrions nous aimer
pendant tous les Siècles.

Cette pensée pourtant
serait bien lourdement sévèrement punis
les dieux de l'Olympe avec charge suprême
" Pour donner l'humanité le secret du bonheur"
et sous le poids de son aveugle
peuvent mourir.

Traduction par

Elias Foukis

Neogriego Solitario

Si lo permite
la Voluntad del Dios de la Tierra
sin tener que trenzar el encomio de Zeus
hoy yo...

 caminaré todo el día por la Tierra.
Y, aun más importante,
apenas atisbe la distancia de seguridad
que me separa de la muerte...
por la gloria de Apolo
no me ha de molestar
 el demonio de la Autodestrucción.

Y si no quiere
la Voluntad del Dios de los Cielos
en mis sueños
que asedian lo esencial de la Existencia
como a Sísifo
 la pesadilla de la labor sin fruto
no se ha de perdonar ni un metro de Cielo...
¿y saben dónde van a ir a parar
las Ilusiones de un Mundo mejor
y una Hermosa Grecia?
Imperceptiblemente, poco a poco,
se las comerá el orín
 y el polvo del olvido.

Si lo permite
la Voluntad del Dios del Mar
mis Fantasma armados
de peso en la conciencia y de perdón
dispondrán de la ocasión excepcional
de lavar los pecados vivientes de Troya
que se ha convertido en el Olimpo más peligroso
con su cínica ambición
de ser eternamente Grecia frente al Mundo.

Y si no quiere
la Voluntad del Dios del Fuego
a mí que bien conozco el vínculo fatal
que une a Grecia y los Incendios
se me escapará
la última oportunidad
de mostrar clemencia
y las ciudades seguirán
plácidamente ardiendo.

Y desde luego... y si no quiere
la Voluntad del Dios del Amor
por esta remodelación terrible
que han sufrido los humanos sentimientos
a mí no habrá de amarme nadie.

Pero lo peor es que esta Tragedia
no se detiene aquí...
Este Dios del Amor
lo han anunciado tanto en el Olimpo...
Un poco más que a los Ídolos corrientes
y diferente a ellos
rapaz de todos los deseos
y con grandes visos de eternidad.

Todos los viajeros locos
dirán que dondequiera que hayan ido
no ha visto nunca amor imaginario
capaz de convencer
al mundo que se engaña fácilmente
de que merecía la Cima.

Pocos se amaban en el Mundo.

Y esos pocos
se amaban cuanto les permitía el pensar
que al Gran Cielo no podrás subir jamás
porque allí... sí, ha ocurrido
una Historia humana
pero tan solo como los Dioses la vivieron...

Y para ceñirnos a la vida que dura
poco o mucho cuanto una Época
nosotros en cualquier caso querido Apolo
no teníamos dilema alguno...
ningún misterio...
pues no mostramos interés alguno
en ser Dioses.

El problema era muy sencillo...
Nosotros éramos indeseables
en esta Tierra...

Del todo paralíticos y sin ninguna recta
hemos circulado por el mundo
sin que nadie reparara en nosotros...

Tal vez tengamos que organizarnos
nosotros los Grandes Anónimos
para poner fin a este despropósito
de Héroes falsos
de aquellos que con su indignidad
solo los Dioses saben montar...

Como si no bastara Troya
para tiranizar a Grecia
y el Olimpo cometiera un crimen
por su parte.

Ha entropedido el cerebro del Mundo
vertiendo en las cabezas huecas
el monstruoso deseo
de ser Dios.

De aquellos Dioses
que controlarán todo desde arriba
y aun más terrible
a nosotros que Voluntad y Azar al tiempo
quisieron ponernos abajo...
por más que recorriéramos la Tierra
por los Grandes Cambios del Mundo
nos difamarían todas las opiniones
no se escuchará ningún testimonio nuestro...

Por eso tengo miedo
de que quienes andamos por la Tierra
nos veremos privados por completo de historia.

Traduccion

RAFAEL HERRERA

Elias Foukis

Ovidio

Esiliato dall ' imperatore Augusto

Quel che doveva accadere... è accaduto.

Roma è rimasta senza di me.
Io sono rimasto senza imperatore.

Valicando da uomo braccato
la montagna imponente che ho davanti
benché il suo sguardo sia stato accecato
dal Dèmone dell'Altezza
si vedrà la Nebbia, si attirerà addosso
come bufera di protesta
quando scorgerà Roma senza di me e me senza Imperatore.

Se procederai in parallelo
con la folle corrente di questo fiume
nonostante la Benedizione impartitagli dal Senato Romano
vedrai soprattutto qui
che Destino Calamitoso subirà il Mondo
dal fatto che Roma è senza di me e io sono senza Imperatore.

Se volterai le spalle
a questa tempesta insopportabile
che come le speranze di Roma si lancia furiosa
anche se ti sei assicurato
con virtuosissimo artistico
i Pensieri del Nous...
e i sentimenti nel Cuore
che Apollo ti protegga... povero Sognatore
perché sei entrato nel cammino
assunto dalla Storia Umana
dopo che Roma è rimasta senza di me e io senza Imperatore.

Se entrerai nelle profondità di questo Tempio
obliato dall'emorragia di sentimenti
sulle epigrafi che gli Dèi hanno dedicato all'Umanità
comprenderai che non furono sussurri
o anche preghiere per la Salvezza del Mondo
il che ti convincerà che l'Arte della Parola
è diventata cinica e squallida
da quando Roma è rimasta senza di me e io senza Imperatore.

Persino questo Uccello
proveniente dai Deserti se lo seguirai
desiderando riposarsi a Cartagine
appena scorgerà le imprese obbrobriose di Roma
subito si allontanerà
decidendo di non fare mai più ritorno sulla Terra
e con lui si solleva altresì svolazzando
la polvere che accecherà
la logica globale delle Cose
perché Roma è rimasta senza di me e io senza Imperatore.

Questa volta però con una differenza...
conservatrice direi
e anche Classica.

Siccome la Filosofia non ha potuto dividere
Roma e l'Imperatore in tre
cosicché il terzo fosse poeta affinché fossero
se non altro di meno i peccati di tutte le Onnipotenze
tra tutte le cose e i sentimenti
che simboleggiano l'Umanità
ancor prima che fossero conquistati da Roma e dall'Imperatore
arrivo io... da padrone di casa e liberamente.

E così a un tratto come se accendessi una candela

alle defunte virtù dei Greci
che attendo nel Cielo del Mondo
come un Sole caldo e fulgido
perché a quanto vedo è in procinto di perdere sangue
l'Anima dell'Ecumene
a causa di questi famigerati Boia.

Traduzione

MAURIZIO DE ROSA

Elias Foukis

Penelope

The presumptive lovers are in Ithaca

I don't know where the true lover is.

To climb the olive trees

perchance to see the true wreath somewhere.

The olive trees are ageless on Ithaca

and like the glory of this island

do not dream of height

nor fear death.

In short

in regard to immortality they are serene

the pleasure their gigantic trunks will feel

besieged by the desire

to become a presumptive bed.

To climb the waves of the sea

perchance to take me to the true wreath.

I fear the low spiritual level

of the world's seas

which will drag little Ithaca

along the Earth...

which never would accept becoming sea

and raising envy like a threatening mast

with the blessings of Poseidon

for good luck and a good time on Ithaca

they become a presumptive wreath.

In order to turn my face from the sky

and pray for the true lover.

The sky was born on Ithaca
it was utterly debased the moment it left there
and enraged by the devotion
I show for Odysseus
along with a whole raft of cynics and petty souls
which rules the roost up there
for this brilliant Virtue of ordinary mortals
will be blinded by the foggy hate.
of becoming a presumptive bed.

To spread my arms to the horizons
perhaps at some point to touch the true wreath.

The sleeping leaders
who are not bothered by the black omens of Troy.
They will awake from the delicate hands
of a Beautiful Woman
cursing sleep and dreams
which have almost deprived them of being
what else..? .. And the ugly old men
are looking forward to a sex party.

In order to wait for a warm Mediterranean wind
that will perhaps show me the course Odysseus ` ship
has taken.

Despairing Penelope...
don't make such mistakes..!

All the winds are cold
and lead exclusively to Troy.

They will hurl you there as well
if you keep company with faithless beauty
which put a wreath on the world's brow

demonic and calamitous
and then the world would suffer once again
because all Troy
will take breath from the ashes of destruction
act coarsely
and seize virgins.

I consider then to be the most serious
and dangerous suitors
who will continue to lay claim to me
like the dirty men
who turned their back on Troy in flames
because they were more enchanted
by the winds of the loneliness of a single woman
and then scattered by an unconscious horizon
have then nullified the conscience of the world
in order to carry out these wretched feats...

But when you get down to it
to carry on the scandal myself as well
so they won't take me for a nothing
I would like to say straight from the shoulder
that these suitors who have colonised Ithaca
as the seas have done to the of Odysseus
have such weak male faces
it's as if they`ve been washed off
completely expressionless that is
as pale as dust..

And they cannot face
the femininity of Penelope.

Translation by

PHILIP RAMP

Elias Foukis

Re Salomone

Le donne che più amò
il Re Salomone
furono quelle donne
le cui anime lui paragonava
alla corrente dei fiumi.

Subito dopo
questo caldo desiderio però
il vecchio Salomone giudicò a freddo
che la corrente dei fiumi porta al mare
e in questo azzurro sconfinato degli oceani
ove svigoriscono tutti i Templi
e i Peccati della Terra
c'era caso che perdesse il Controllo delle Donne.

Allora Re Salomone
schiumando di rabbia si ricordò che era il detentore del potere
e che in caso di incendio
avrebbe saputo fermare
questi fiumi impetuosi.

Ma non c'era soltanto questo pericolo...

Oltre ai mari e ai fiumi
nella visione del mondo femminile c'era anche il cielo...

Negli ultimi tempi inoltre
agenti segreti gli avevano riferito
che le donne occhieggiavano con gli Astri
e che... quindi
i loro cuori che lui aveva creduto
vicini e del tutto sottomessi
come i muri dei palazzi
bruciavano dentro quei fuochi lontani.

E fu così
che Re Salomone cominciò a pentirsi
perché prima di creare il Regno
non pensò di incorporare tutte le Stelle

nei territori celesti della Monarchia
e adesso in quest'età decaduta
doveva studiare a fondo l'Astrologia.

Ma il vecchio Salomone
già da tempo era giunto alla conclusione
che il Cielo e i Misteri del Cielo
somigliavano alle donne
che non aveva mai amato.

Dal momento che gli Astrologi del Futuro
sfruttando lo squilibrio dei mortali
negoziavano con il Cielo
egli da subito li accusò
di enormi omissioni intellettuali
e di provocatoria inettitudine
tali da privare le Donne
dell'Eros che abbatteva le dighe
con la forza delle tentazioni
per giungere alla Terra Promessa
quale divino oracolo
tracimando con la violenza dei fiumi.

Elias Foukis

Rey Salomon

Las mujeres que amó más
el rey Salomón
fueron aquellas mujeres
cuyas almas se había imaginado
cual la corriente de un río.

Pero justo después
de este ardiente deseo
el viejo Salomón consideraba fríamente
que la corriente de los ríos lleva al mar
y en ese inmenso azul de los océanos
donde se debilita cada Templo
y los Pecados de la Tierra
podía perder el control de las Mujeres.

El rey Salomón entonces
recordó enardecido que tenía poder
y en caso de peligro
sabría contener
esos ríos desbocados.

Pero ése no era el único peligro...
Además de los mares y los ríos
también tenía cielo el ideario femenino...

Últimamente por cierto
había sabido por los agentes secretos
que las mujeres intercambian miradas con las Estrellas
y... por tanto
sus corazones que el había supuesto
ceranos y del todo sometidos
como los muros de los palacios
ardían en aquellos fuegos lejanos.

Así que el rey Salomón
empezó de este modo a arrepentirse
porque antes de crear el Reino
no pensó en incluir a todas las Estrellas
en las celestes tierras de la Monarquía
y ahora en esta edad ya proveya
tenía que estudiar celosamente Astrología.

Pero el viejo Salomón
había decidido hacía tiempo
que el Cielo y los Misterios del Cielo
se parecían a las mujeres
que nunca amó.

Ya que los Astrólogos del Futuro
aprovechando la veleidad de los mortales
comerciaban con el Cielo
él desde ya los acusaba
de tremendas omisiones del espíritu
y de supersticiosa estupidez
que podían privar a las mujeres
del Amor que derriba las barreras
con la fuerza de las tentaciones
alcanzando la Tierra Prometida
como oráculo divino
que embiste como el ímpetu de un río.

Traduccion

RAFAEL HERRERA

Elias Foukis

Roi Salomon

Les femmes qu'aima le plus
le Roi Salomon
étaient ces femmes
dont il avait imaginé
l'âme pareille au cours des rivières.

Mais aussitôt après
ce chaud désir
le vieux Salomon jugeait froidement
que le cours des rivières menant à la mer
et à ce bleu immense des océans
où s'affaiblissent tous les Temples
et les Péchés de la Terre
il pourrait perdre le contrôle des Femmes.

Alors le Roi Salomon
dans un accès de fureur se souvint qu'il avait le pouvoir
et qu'en cas de danger
il saurait arrêter
ces rivières folles.

Mais ce n'était pas le seul danger...
Dans sa vision des femmes outre les mers et des rivières
il y avait le ciel...
Et même ces derniers temps
ses agents secrets l'informaient que les femmes
échangeaient des regards avec les Étoiles
et que... par conséquent
leurs cœurs qu'il avait crus
proches et pleinement soumis
comme les murs des palais
brûlaient dans ces feux lointains.

Et c'est ainsi que le Roi Salomon
se mit à regretter de ne pas avoir
avant de créer son royaume
incorporé toutes les Étoiles
dans le territoire céleste de la Monarchie
et de devoir dans son âge déclinant
étudier en détail l'Astrologie.

Mais le vieux Salomon
avait compris depuis longtemps
que le Ciel et les Mystères du Ciel
ressemblaient aux femmes
qu'il n'avait jamais aimées.

Si les Astrologues du Futur
tirant profit de l'inégalité des mortels
négociaient avec le Ciel
celui-ci les a dès aujourd'hui accusés
de négligences spirituelles énormes
et de stupidité provocante
pour avoir privé les Femmes
de l'amour qui brisait les barrières
avec la force des tentations
pour parvenir à la Terre Promise
comme un oracle divin
avec l'obstination impétueuse des rivières.

Traduction par

MICHAEL VOLKOVITCH

Elias Foukis

Shakespeare

Tomorrow night there 'Il be a performance
and in the morning
I'd like to dropp in on rehearsals.

Since night is no time to get involed
with the fanfares of glory
I'll slip out for a while into the world of the Defeated.

Their God died sometime ago.

Only their Fate continues to be vital
and thus isolated as they are..so very far from the Earth
they are drowning in the sorrow that they have no right at all
to see that their past which the chroniclers
were in such a hurry to embody in memories
has now returned so acrimonious and venomous
and being mounted with such spectacular and terrible
expertise so its case may be pleaded
in the Theatre of the World.

That is also why I came down here
to confort with them
the new approaching state of History
which if I were to compare it to a frenzied river
the Monarchs are those who without the slightest
doubt have harrowed to the point of collapse
this schizophrenic tragedy.

The Monarchs know this all too well
and indeed one of them who is still alive

with his spectres secreted beneath his white uniform
will play his part in the performance
which is in conformity with all artistic contingencies
and will topple so many idols
even demolish the Astronomical view of the Universe.

You were right to bring Heaven back
to the World's stage...
because it had become utterly revolting and gross...

Moreover Heaven had distanced itself
from my heart as well...
and indeed because of this distancing
it seems to me it is I who have made the mistake.

The moment I found myself caught up in the resolve
of the Defeated
to once more appear on the solid ground of History
I should have suggested that the director of the performance
incorporate into the work a scene
which dealt with the Ethos and Breeding transmitted
by the patrons and boot-lickers of the Palace.

Because by the time the Sovereign is able to feel
once more King
the Defeated will have slipped out of my control
and on one of the unsullied areas of the Planet
Hell acting along with Paradise will wage
within a single hour a life and death war
so that just a few moments before the sun rises
the procedure

for the conquest of the Throne
will have come to an end.

The Victor will make it understood
to those there
that it is not mere chance
that he is the one assuming the Throne
at precisely the moment
when the Sun is coming into the World.

Whatever happens
his authority thought it sink at evening
will be returned again by nature at dawn.

After this intrepid rationalisation
regarding the things of the World
thousands of proposals will be made to me
for press interviews
literary appearances
and other such contemporary trivialities....

But I would not want to look at
the Sun of this foul authority
and in full flood of mourning
I would pull back into the dark
in order to foresee
the coming tragedies of this World.

Translation by

PHILIP RAMP

Elias Foukis

The Tragic Theatre

Of all the artistic failures
that have nothing to do
with either laws...
or the Muses...
pay attention to the main one...

Protect your heads
from Greeces moan that was enclosed
inside your masks.

The role you undertook to play
does not strike anyone.

It itself is struck powerfully
by the irresistible aspiration of the Dialectic
to overwhelm the Human Being
with second opinions
in a second head
in order to interpret in keeping with its preferences
all that will take place in the space of the World.

Independently of what went on in your brains
which were subservient
just like the territory of the Empires
the protest of the soul
was not heard by anyone
because logic...
had been completely excluded.

It had been completely excluded...
and here its Greeces fault as it ceded
to Dionysos...
extents of Earth and soul...
for his light-hearted and silly games

and the Heavenly places which had never been touched
by the hands of tragedy
were invited onto the stage
to play sub-songs for amusement.

On the stairs...
you'd think the conscience of the World was territorial
applause broke out
and the Nightmares who even the night considered too dangerous
to be included in its darkness
confirmed that they had earned the right
to walk unmolested with Happiness
in the flow of Days.

If at times you erred
and shifted the hero from mask to brain
because of this collective authenticity
you will sustain heavy artistic blows.

Ah, here yes...
you found Olympus on its own Time!

Precisely when they lighted a few
superstitious fires on it
and who knows what other long road
it will burden Greece with again!

And on the return... the tired field-m Marshals
when they find themselves at the Mercy of Seas
and no hand will be stretched out to them
from Olympus to pull them back to solid Earth
and they will curse the Tragedy as inhuman and evil.

Spontaneously then...
plunge to the lower feelings of Earth
which warned you that

soon they will be looking straight into Nightmares eyes.

Or so that we may be more like Humanists about the World
a kind of incomparable Fog
that will block visions this way and that
like a black sheet
for the mourning for Persephone.

That is why its also feared this make-believe Humanist
will take us by the throat
and dressed in white
 will go into Athens
in order to hide the evil Hour
which roams the World like a paralytic
to acquire the right to be History.

That is why actors if you desire
that your temporary presence on Earth
is not the cause of misunderstanding
regarding Humanitys being dressed
 in the white garments of Humanism
it would be better if you had the conviction this World
has a skinny body... and its lines not suited
to that outfit
so that when the Future reveals
the failure of Philosophy
and the vanity of all things
perhaps the conscience of the World will also be upset
by the mistake that was shown to be so small
and enveloped its spacious heart
leaving Tragedy out.

And indeed now when Greek Horizons are clear
it is suspected that from the East
this same darkness and same cyclone
will rush in with mania slyly slipping past
 the Symplegades
and will demolish the Visions of the World

with the eternal and heretical slogan:
Beware Bad Art and Athens.

Elias Foukis

The Indictment

In all Seasons

I would be able to charge you
with having stolen half my life
in my thinking of you.

The half of my life
which unfolded on this Earth
despite knowing what a disaster would occur
in the thoughts of the living
when by means of the terrible monotony of processions
the depressing result would be announced
of the battle with the patrons
of temporary Existence.

That is also why you were in a hurry
to steal half of the Earth from me
as long as I was thinking about sleeping with you.

The half of my sleep
which unfolded in the Sky
not worried that it would be challenged by a God
from the time when you...
you were dreamlike only on Earth
laying the foundations thus for the Idea
 of Eternal Hypnosis
despite the fact we know that Dreams were scandalized
when they were calculated with the dimensions of the Heavens
that was Idea you were wearing
in order to confront
 the fierce human winter
impossible to violate.

Because you remained untouched by any desires
all agreements have been broken.

And you accepted walking once more on the Earth
despite the fact you knew there awaited you
the indifference of the wasteland...

But you wanted to climb up to the Sky
knowing that you were outside the love of the living
despite the fact that at the Gate of the heart
you can feel a large multitude
of stars awaiting you there.

Nevertheless I have withdrawn
to the dry lands of the indictment
and rule there on my own.

A strange kingdom this one of mine
having no one at my beck and call
and without being a candle for anyone's fate.

Despite all that setting off now
for my one and only fortune
I see thousands of daydreamers quarrelling
about the matter of the bequest.

Happiness...by dear visionaries
is non-existent in the wealth of this property
but in that way...to my surprise
being truly open to the blessings or the blasphemies
of Heaven...
there will be built on it the white Temples of Theology
for the People who even after all this vain futility
will try the Luck
of Existence here on Earth.

Elias Foukis

The Summit

In the frozen wastes of Antarctica
the only thing lacking
was the Sun...
which was found in excess
only in the Sahara Desert.

In the heat and aridity of the Sahara
the only thing lacking was...
an Oasis
which was found in excess
only in the Amazon rain-forests.

Immersed in the Amazon Oasis
the only thing lacking
was the Summit...
which was found in excess
only in the Himalayan Mountains.

Now that I've reached the highest summit
in the Himalayas
I see that you can't dream of
anything higher than this...

On the Summit
the security and serenity
are so soothing and undisturbed
that I could literally
die of Loneliness...

So for that reason..

since I want to live
the only solution is descent..

Translation by

PHILIP RAMP

Elias Foukis

The Disappearance

Since I was away the previous century you disappeared and no one was able to find you.

The explorers were trapped
by the metamorphosis of Breath into Fog...

Somewhere at the end of hope...they were persuaded that
either they were searching on an Earth without love
or that love on this Earth
was very dense.

In this boomerang of conjecture
you found the opportunity to move even further away.

Of course...without anyone bothering you
since even that smattering of birds
that might have been able to spot you
from the heights of their own Virtue
had never understood the language
humans speak...
or perhaps it has never been comprehensible.

And I am certain that you roam about on this Earth
which is either surrounded by nothing at all
or is surrounded by great speed
in order to catch the Ancient Rhythm
for the surrounding of the senses in the Soul.

And you again may find the opportunity to escape
especially now
for the Ancients have appeared on
on the stage of the Modern Era
as if confirming

the despairing truths about Idols
with their perpetual inclination
to bantering and tragic irony.

But whether they are blessed or cursed
you daydreamers out there
must get it through your head
that in this sudden Presence
there will be no miracle.

And the Ancients appear disappointed
not in the mood at all for a Renaissance.

It seems they have wearied of pursuing
Virtues and Conscience.

They were endlessly looking for ideal women
as they sought a peaceful catharsis
in their tragedies...
and the brilliant diamonds of desires
which they have imagined on the breasts of women
were transformed into tears of disappointment
by their admirers
when they saw their generosity and grandeur
being soiled on the corners of Athens
in pursuit of Mary Magdalene.

It happened later... Magdalene's repentance.

But the Ancients and I
do not want to bow down quite yet
and hold our heads high.

But our eyes are riveted there
where Eve looked forward to the woman

who would be to her liking
so that waiting for her to come down
we have been left without Epoch.

This Epoch
has passed in your possession
and with it you will create
another Human History
which will be colonised by the Existence of Women
for the vilest taste...

And most important of all...
since the Earth
 of that Human History
will have no trees
which you must bloody yourself in order to climb
to reach the Height of Female Love
and because of this serious lack of Ethos
the Height of the Feminine Ideal
will be even with the level of the ground.

Elias Foukis

The Expansion

My feelings
have stopped at a point
opposite or sideways to the mountains.

They have been riveted there by such a standard pose
that they have begun to be aware
they are very high
and it seems to them pointless
to involve themselves with the scaling of low mountains.

Despite all that
living quietly and long-term
this uncompromised spiritual situation
lately they have begun to feel a certain irritation
because no one is growing any longer.

All are following the way of the Earth!

And so mysterious, exotic in the light of the Moon
and rationally optimistic
easily read under the light of the Sun
and with the same Conviction
they pass into this brown band of the Earth
by means of which through the simple gravity
of protests over the Deserts
you can fall into the World of the Dead
but which has so easily and oddly
been called the...Way of God.

But God quarrels every day
with the very height of his sentiments
which are at an appalling distance from the Earth
and high up there...in that free field of action
seeing that the human presence is fruitless

they return and pay homage to the old Phantoms
made of tempests and winds
explaining that all things human
are of nothing more than earth.

Because God had long ago stopped existing
and you in order to avoid any kind of collision
with the unsurmountable walls of Ephemeral Existence
were lacking in the ambition to ascend...
no one is going to prevent you in any case.

But the most terrible thing is still
the decisive descent to Earth.

I'm afraid...and indeed I feel sorry
for the people down there.

I see clearly that they do not understand
that the Divine Breath
does not allow for any second Breath
so that one might come face to face
with that sudden descent of God
to his old thoughts
which are now rising up to receive him
under the almighty flag
of scientific advancement
in order to inform him that the time has come
to incarnate in the Body of the Planet
that other Humanity...

Which will be this selfsame Humanity
which God recognises very well
from the day when the host of mortals
revealed that with all these oppositions
it was difficult...
thus free and beautiful to belong to one's self...
which is also the reason for his birth.

The Poor Man In Court

The observers foresee that
at least once in my life
I will find Justice.

What kind of face will my Justice have..!
How old will it be..!
Its wallet...will it be empty or full..?

I am certain
that the words for my protection
will be borrowed from extinct languages
because for the moment
there is no intelligible dictionary
to protect me.

So as you can see
my justice will be very old.

The experts who will encounter on the road to their
professional advancement as if it were a corpse
will be shaken seeing it.

They will dare look at only the skull
covered will the inscriptions of a life that was lost
where it is said clearly and without self-deception
that along with people the Sun also failed
to shine with that light
that was not worth ceding to mortals...
that the Bygone Chaos of grand depictions
and who knows what wisdom of tangible Gods
would have been given to the figures of the World.

But as for the remainder
the chest..the joints...the spine
from the moment they heard the black tidings
that the Gods of Justice have never been tangible
and driven to despair by the vanity of the World
kept in operation
the body of Hell...there amid the chasms.

In all that concerns expectations...

Dreams....

Sensitivities...

and other Greek virtues
most probably...
through a lonely hopeless wandering
all will then be within us.

The lawyers however don't really care
about the Greek Virtues
and the Truths of the Soul.

They want material testimony...

specific...

tangible...

while this time as well I
appear to be very poor...
despte the fact my Justice is
as the counsels would call it...
.... Eternal.

Translation by

PHILIP RAMP

The Quests

As we ended daydreaming

this meant the placement of the sings
on Earth had also come an end
and now was the proper moment
to make our way down
in quest of golden things.

In agreement with the Dream forecasts
Luck would be found on the first level
which based on the recommendations
of the Magicians of Paradise...
would be luminous
and delivered
of all the groans of Earth.

Since we would have luck in our own hands
there were many possibilities on the next level
according to one utterly faithful to
Ancient Astrological legend
we would encounter Love.

And since the Earth would have loved us
finally, on the third level,
as the instructive Spirit
of the Founders of Genesis bore witness to
all the possibilities would lead to Happiness.

So you'll understand just how serious we were
in this Quest for Happiness
in the depths of Earth

I need only say that to be absolutely certain
the plan made clear that the searchers
had to be very careful
because our misterious Earth

kept fire in her pockets
which was capable of setting our
golden things aflame.

-Don't worry...someone consoled us.
Our beloved Earth
keeps streams of water there within
so we can put out these dangerous fires
in an emergency...

And thus bit by bit
from Dream to ordeal
from ordeal to anxiety
the Earth finally opened up.

I imagine you understand...

We were sure that at last
we had before us
(despite the fact this was not aspired to
by a single written document in the World)
an unblemished day.

Unfortunately, however,
the Earth while continuing to be ours
hold nothing back especially for us
because she had never dreamed
of any future for her own self
and the existence of golden things
never even came up.

And indeed
it was precisely from this indifference of hers
the water which was the lightest of all
had risen high
and our hopes so unavoidably fiery

were extinguished
on the first level...

Translation by

PHILIP RAMP

Elias Foukis

Ulisse

Quando ho fatto il giro del Mondo
l'isola di fronte alle correnti del Mar Caraibico
poiché vedendo i viaggiatori
senza alcun carisma per le grandi scoperte
non subì alcuna ristrutturazione geografica
del tutto schematicamente mi ricordò Itaca...

La distanza dell'Isola era sufficiente
a farmi dubitare ancora una volta
della devozione di Penelope...
che lei ha oltraggiato di nuovo l'onore della Grecia
amoreggiando con i vinti di Troia
e liberando la Fantasia
di vedersene conquistato il corpo...
dico che l'esercito greco non sarebbe riuscito
a umiliare la Felicità di lei
che è capace di devastare l'Anima della Grecia.

(E sappiatelo...
Se accadesse una cosa del genere
quell'... Uomo Eterno
sognato dalla Filosofia ad Atene
potete dimenticarlo per sempre...)

Eppure in momenti così
non vale la pena sprecare il Soffio Divino
per quisquilie del genere
perché era l'epoca in cui sull'Olimpo
si eternava una delusione senza precedente
provocata dall'insuccesso della Razionalità Globale
allorché nella sua Essenza si trovavano le Donne.

E adesso che vedo piegate le Palme dell'Isola
ricordo le Isole della Grecia
che quando partimmo per Troia
eravamo ingenui e non capivamo
che punendo in modo spietato le brame
le quali avevano donato fulgore alla giovinezza di Troia
con ambizioni tanto anguste e localismi
fornimmo un'ottima ricetta
per lamenti e una Catastrofe Globale.

E chiedendo scusa a quel Fuoco
vedo che dietro le spalle del Mar Caraibico
si trova con un presente turbolento di individui spaventati
il Continente...
per l'arrivo o meno del quale nel Mondo
annegheranno tutte le correnti del Pensiero Umano
in dispute verbali...
e alla fine come se volessero lasciare
una epigrafe dignitosa
sulle tombe degli annegati
verrà diffamata l'autonomia del Continente.

Rinnegheranno in particolare me
che sarò scomunicato per tutte le vite
perché subito dopo la distruzione di Troia
fui inviato dai Greci
alla ricerca di paesaggi Nuovi e Vergini...
allorquando il Mondo diffidente comprese
che l'unico lavoro che si addiceva a questo Popolo...
era il saccheggio.

Molto dopo verranno altri viaggiatori
carichi di Fantasmi e di taccuini mitologici...
su cui sarà scritto che non esistette mai
alcuna rifulgente età della superstizione

e appena metteranno piede sull'Isola
l'attimo in cui attaccheranno il Continente
i Vecchi Sapienti...
capiranno di essere rimasti a corto di pensieri
avendoli impiegati per valicare le correnti.

Il Continente
si sentirà offeso da questa tristezza
e cercherà di opporsi ai Pensatori
il più spesso possibile... pregherà Dio
di devastare le Isole.

Qualcuno di sicuro perderà
e benché io abbia il presentimento di quella terribile sconfitta
vorrei fare un avvertimento ad Apollo...
che le Antiche Mitologie
smetteranno di avere importanza.

Dunque ecco perché...
quando scorgemmo l'Isola
e vedemmo che le vele della nave erano state appena ammainate...
ci si elevarono le vele dei Fantasmi
osservammo un minuto di silenzio
per l'annegamento di Aristotele nelle correnti dell'Euripo
che era ancora di là da venire.

Traduzione

MAURIZIO DE ROSA

Elias Foukis

Viaggio Di Gesu Christo

Di tutti i sogni sul cui sfondo
regnava la sciagura e il fatalismo
ancora non riesco a dimenticarne uno
che dava inizio al Giro del Mondo
nel punto geografico in cui nacque l'Amore
e interrottosi in un punto
in cui gli uomini si odiavano tra di loro.

In modo del tutto naturale
cominciai la caccia all'Odio
ma poco dopo questa comodità si trasformò in imbarazzo
perché avevo appena letto
la "Dialettica di Mosè";
e dovevo tranquillizzare i miei fantasmi
riguardo l'ansia che aveva travolto Mosè
in merito all'essenza della Storia
che se giudicata dai venti
mentre accarezzano le finestre di Gerusalemme
non sembra per niente tragica.

Mi sembra però che Mosè
i cui pensieri li spargeva il vento nel Deserto
si sia mosso con una certa fretta.

Le finestre di Gerusalemme
hanno visto soltanto Idoli.

Essi non costituivano alcun pericolo per la Città
ma poiché non erano pericolosi
erano incorreggibili
e così poterono turbare le coscienze dei Cittadini
sulla morale degli Eroi
perché dopo la schiavitù delle anime umane
cominciò a diffondersi la nube del dubbio
che in fin dei conti non avevano liberato nessuno.

E il risentimento del Popolo fu così grande
che quasi divenne l'amico prediletto di Dio
finché la nudità autunnale del Monte Sinai
vestì l'impeto di un popolo intero
in procinto di farsi punire trasformando in polvere
la Felicità promessa dal Fato.

La gran desolazione rimasta indietro bastava
a constatare quel che un tempo
era fantasma...

Appena affrancati dall'ebbrezza del temperamento Divino
i sognatori della Dialettica
battezzata dal Vento caldo e dall'Anima
videro che il Cielo non era presente da nessuna parte.

Intorno a loro c'era soltanto Mondo...
per non dire Roma... potere... fredda razionalità.

Bastava questo insomma per allontanarci
da voi e dalla Terra.

In un altro mondo ormai
non avevo alcuna possibilità di controllare
se Gerusalemme si era trasferita all'Inferno o in Paradiso
così come Gerusalemme non poteva sapere
che anche con l'Odio davanti a me
il mio Sguardo che si trascina nei Cieli
così come il mio corpo sulla Terra
continuerà a concepire visioni
per portare davanti allo sguardo spento del Mondo
il passato sciagurato dell'Idealismo Bianco.

Ecco perché non esiste speranza
perché tutto ciò sembrava molto fosco

e temo che a dominare sarà l'elemento più terribile di tutti.

La Sacra Scrittura ha cominciato a barcollare sulla Terra
rifiutandosi di camminare a piedi con il mondo
da quando i Passi del Mondo
son divenuti imperiali
e la notte che si accinge a cadere nel Mondo
tutti questi giuochi tutt'altro che seri
di dubbi e di congetture
li allineerà come Leggende Nere
sulle rive del fiume Giordano.

Ragion per cui
soltanto una cosa sarà reale
nel Sogno che ho fatto.

Nella sua corrente non potrà comprendere
nello sciabordio senza misteri
segni e ombre di supervissuto.

La corrente si è posta obiettivi gelati... specifici...
cosicché l'unica cosa che è possibile vedere al Mondo
sarà il Popolo Punito
che come volevo dirvi poc'anzi
varcherà la Storia avendo davanti il Deserto
nella sua collocazione eterna
chiedendo spiegazioni sul ritorno dell'idealismo
al fiume Giordano...
che se non sbaglio
non ha alcun diritto a ritornare
come tutti gli esseri
che non appartengono ad alcun Dio.

Traduzione
MAURIZIO DE ROSA

Elias Foukis

Voyage Of Jesus Christ

Of all the dreams on the background of which
calamity and fatalism have reigned
I still am unable to forget that one
with which I began my Tour of the World
at the geographical point where Love was born
and broke off at the point
where humans came to hate one another.

In a completely natural way
I began to hunt down Hate
but after a while this comfort turned into confusion
since I had just read
the Dialectic of Moses
and I had to appease my own spectres
regarding the anxiety which had then gripped Moses
as to the essence of History
which if you judge by the winds
as they caress the windows of Jerusalem
doesn't seem to be tragic at all.

But it seems to me that Moses
as the wind scattered his thoughts through the Desert
may have acted in haste.

The windows of Jerusalem
have looked out on Idols alone.

Those which did not pose any threat to the City
but just as they were not dangerous
they were also uncorrectable
and thus could disturb the conscience of Citizens
regarding the morals of Heroes
which on the heels of the enslavement of human souls
began to spread the cloud of doubt
so in the end not one person was liberated.

And so great was the misunderstanding
of this People that it nearly became a bosom friend of God
until the autumnal nakedness of Mt. Sinai
was decked out in the crusade of this entire People
which went to be punished converting into dust
the Happiness which Fate had ordained for it.

All the wilderness left behind was enough
to confirm what had once
been but a spectre...

As soon as it was delivered from the intoxication
of the divine temperament
the visionaries of the Dialectic
which was baptized by the hot Wind and the Soul
saw that Heaven was nowhere to be found.

Around them could be seen only milling Humans...
not to say Rome...
power...
cold logic.

But that was enough for us to pull away
from you and Earth.
In another world by now
I had absolutely no chance of determining
whether Jerusalem had moved to Hell or
to Paradise
just as Jerusalem had no way of knowing
that with Hate stretching before me
my eye would be drawn to Heaven
just as my body to Earth
and would continue to be beset by visions
to bring before the empty eyes of this World
the unfortunate past of White Idealism.

That is why hope is not to be found
as everything has become terribly blurred
and I'm afraid the most dreadful thing of all will soon rule.
Holy Scripture has begun to stagger about the Earth
refusing to stride in step with the worldly walk
going back to the time the Steps of this World
first became imperial
and night was getting ready to fall on that World
so that all of these games of absolutely no seriousness
all of these doubts and conjectures
would be arranged like Black Legends
on the banks of the Jordan river.

Thus the following day
only one thing would come true
from the Dream I saw.

Its flow cannot be contained
in mere undulation without mysteries
signs and shadows of the life beyond.

And that has dispassionate aims...specific...
so the only thing that can be faced in this World
will be the Punished People
which as I meant to tell you above
will pervade History
 having before it the Desert
there in its eternal place
seeking explanations for the return of Idealism
from the Jordan river...
and if I'm not mistaken
not even that one has the right to return
quite the same as all other beings
who do not belong to any God.

Elias Foukis

Young Greek Solitary

If such be
the will of the God on Earth
without needing to sing the praises of Zeus
today I...

 I will walk all day on the Earth.
And more importantly
as soon as I glimpse the secure distance
I've kept from death...
praise be to Apollo...
I will not be disturbed
 by the demon of Self-Destruct

If such not be
the will of the God of the Heavens
then my dreams
which lay siege to the essence of Existence
will like Sisyphus
 be caught in the nightmare of pointless labor
so not even one meter of heaven will be granted...
and do you know where these Dreams
for a better World
and a Beautiful Greece will end?

Unobserved and slowly
they will be eaten by the rust
 and the dust of forgetfulness.

If such be
the will of the God of the Sea
my own spectres which are armed
with gravity of conscience and forgiveness
will then have the rare opportunity
of washing away the living sins of Troy
which have become the most dangerous Olympus
with their cynical anticipation

that Greece shall be eternal before the eyes of the World.

If such not be
the will of the God of Fire
then I who know better the fatal bond
of Greece with Flames
will lose my last
chance
to show mercy
and the Cities will continue
to quietly burn.

And indeed... if such not be
the will of the God of Love
because of this horrifying alienation
which human emotions have undergone
no one will love me at all.

The worst thing though is that this Tragedy
will not simply end here...

This God of Love
has come highly touted by Olympus...

A good deal more than your usual Idols
and different from them
usurper of all longings
and with many possibilities for immortality.
And all the departing travelers
will testify that no matter where they went
they saw none of this incredible love anywhere
which in itself would be enough to convince
the easily deceived world
that the Summit had been worth the effort.

Few people love each other in this World.

And these few
love each other only as much as they are permitted
by the thought that you can never ascend into the Great Sky
because there... there has truly evolved
 an anthropic History
but one thats been lived by the Gods alone...

And for us to stay in the life which endures
more or less but for a single Season
we in any case my dear Apollo
were in no quandary...
 felt no mystery...
because we never expressed any interest
in being Gods.

The problem is very simple...

We are not wanted
on this Earth...

Utterly paralyzed and directionless
we have moved about in the world
without being observed by anyone...

Perhaps we should get organised
we the Great Anonymous mass
to bring this madness with false
Heroes to an end
those who only the Gods with their
own wretchedness know how to erect...

And as if Troy wasnt enough
to tyrannise Greece
then Olympus went and committed a crime

of its own as well.

The brain of the World has become stupefied
flinging at their hollow heads
its ferocious desire
to be God.

By these Gods
which will control everything from on high
and even more appalling
us who Will and Chance in tandem have
wanted to keep down here...
despite the fact we roamed the Earth backwards and forwards
to bring about Great Changes in the World
all opinion will defame us
and none of our testimony will ever be heard.

And that is also why Im afraid
that we who walked on the Earth alone
will be left completely devoid of history.

Elias Foukis

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Elias Foukis

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Elias Foukis