

Poetry Series

**Joseph S. Josephides**  
**- poems -**

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## Joseph S. Josephides(23rd of May,1948)

I was born in Cyprus, a brave member-state of the European Union (since 2004) that is fighting constantly to secure liberty, democracy and justice. Those values (plus love) are some of the issues sparking my poetry. The grandfathers of my parents were born in Italy and France, which both I respect. I never stopped writing poetry, despite my heavy responsibilities while studying ( Maths, B.A. in Economics, Ph.D. in Statistical Economics with Distinction Excellent) while working (23 years in managerial positions of Popular Bank Group which has been associated with the HSBC) . Since 2001 I have more time for my poetry since I only teach MBA courses (Jean Monnet Chair, University of Cyprus, Academy) , I am consultant of governmental and european institutions and I support the Roman Catholic Community of Cyprus, as a decorated Knight of Vatican (Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem,2003)

A number of my poems have been translated in many languages and have been included in Anthologies, Literature Magazines, Web Sites for Poetry etc. I myself translate Nombelist Poets (Neruda, Elliot, Szymborska, Morale, Heaney) medieval Chinese poets (Li Po etc) and turkish-cypriot poets (from english to greek) .

I will appreciate your comments on my poems. Your rating may contribute to an overall assessment of my poems...So, thank you in advance, dear fellow poet for reading my poems and for your voting.

# A Blue Sky Is Not Afraid Of Any Lightning

The death pales when sees the horrors of a tyrant  
while God doesn't want Nature to generate slaves,  
nor minds with conceit or drunkenness, galley without  
coxswain, so Eryxo hit Laarchos oppressor of Kyrene.

- I go to court to be judged, ? would kill again if only  
I resaved the people's honor. I watch out the worms  
who eat the oppressor not to grow as new oppressors.

You can't be proud of a life, that you hide from the sun.  
Her sky is clear and hence it's not afraid of lightning,  
for she says justice is sacred, the most needed debt.\*

\*\*\*\*

It's difficult to Amasis to judge a beautiful woman,  
a speechless delusion, a dumb eloquence. In Egypt  
they dig up the truth from the bottom, with a long net.  
The law is a coral, but it's worthy when you wear it,  
a soul must read the soul in order to justify the soul.

Redemption is wind, flowing river, disperses glimmer,  
a non sunk Isle - not Atlantis that is the prize of none.  
Behold, the judge had a conscience of untroubled sky  
so on the beach of his mind turns off the word 'guilty':  
patriotism never is sent to jail, the brave are honored,  
after all a blue sky is not afraid of any lightning.

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## A Detail

'...they helped Adam to descend with a robe from a window'  
It's just a detail about Arkadi in the booklet for tourists.

They sent him for help from chief Coronaeos who shouted  
'You fool, sit here, if you return you will be burned and lost.'

He disobeyed, disguised he slipped in the dark,  
returned to the women, the children, the paralysed  
stood close to priest Gabriel in the lagoon  
ready for the confession and the massacre:  
'To die as free, is my pleasure; death does not exist'.

Rumors say that he was thrown in a pit,  
wherein he now lives on roots and water,  
St Mary entered him in her icon, as angel with a lily.  
Others say he climbed on a tree to save an orphan,  
that hugged him and both ascended, in a compound body.

The guide explains calmly what is Sacrifice of the sacrifice  
Adam Papadakis had chosen death, neglecting sensibility  
holier than Leonidas, who had to obey the law anyway.

'...they helped Adam to descend with a robe from a window',  
its a detail in the booklet for tourists, but as for you  
chief Coronaeos, the tourist finally guide concludes:  
'who saves his insignificant self, is not saved at all'.

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# A New Theory Of Relativity

I want a new Theory of Relativity, in full light,  
so that with a lyre I heave stones, as Amphion did,  
So that I build new walls, like Zethos at Thebes.

I localize your soul if I can calculate the chaos  
while the space is expanding as the greed,  
and Pluto burns its diamonds to fuel its motion\*  
with Imagination be the mason of invisible stars,  
the Big-Bag a chime clock, one among so many.  
A rule I find: the few are plentier than the fewer,  
and also the plenty are fewer than the plentier.

Meleagre crowned his infant Aridaeos as king  
also Lykourgos his own Charillos. Relative rules!  
The white clouds hide behind black metallic birds,  
here the robots kill human beings and other robots,  
while the nations shout 'cra', my silence is talking,  
energy reflects antenergy, mass reflects antimaza,  
but I'm small so my day has just twenty-four hours,  
God has an infinite number, for his Plan is infinite.

Uncertainty governs with shadows; only love is white  
to that we yield just with an aim to forget who hate us.  
Love, is the New Theory of Relativity, the only word  
that I hold as I close my eyes, for a while or forever.  
The ink writes I Love, and flows as spirit in internets.

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# A Poet Talks To His Unborn Grandkids

My country was so pleasant, a habitation in heaven,  
geraniums, jasmines, serenades, dates for lovers,  
our hands were created to create and hug people,  
we laughed at our faults, kept silent when we won,  
the rain was star-sent, the neighbourhood a feast,  
the angels, kids and snakes protected our houses,  
the father instead of mourning his hero son, he run  
with raffle and cross of life to continue the son's strife.

Suddenly, unborn grandkids, everything disfigured,  
banks and hyenas invaded your house, alas,  
bulldozers broke the dolls, ruined the garden  
no fruits, flowers, crops have been saved for you,  
with no milk, you'll be born underweight; I was inert  
in the night the predator digged the prison and escaped,  
one day perhaps you find your house ruined by bombs\*.  
smoke may rush in your crib to take away your breath  
oh, whoever survives don't listen to me, keep away,  
being corrupted I destroyed and dissolved my beauty;  
build up a new nest, away from the waters I polluted.

Greedily I have eaten the chocolates they gave me,  
now me an old man I enjoy slowly the few remaining,  
few, such as my hours and my soul-mate friends,  
for empty and foolish I no longer have time or tolerance.

Onward grandchildren: oxygen, soil, hold the flag  
generate a sweet home from the body of truth.

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# Ab, Abraham Lincoln

I was a woodcutter with a sharp ax,  
I had a smoothed heart, but I was proclaimed  
as world leader to sign hangings for opponents,  
to dine the dove of peace roasted, drink soda to digest.

I didn't start without courage or reach without breath.  
Miracle! I grew a third eye that sees  
the God's love multiplying the little people.  
Thus, I started remunerating their labors,  
to save the body of the lamb,  
to lament for the soul of the wolf,  
to transform into lancets the knives  
that threat my divided homeland.

Mary, one day I'll offer you a trip to Jerusalem,  
before death pulls me out of the theater of the world,  
before I move and settle at the rainbow arc;  
there, I shall go with our children,  
where the colors stand out but are never divided  
and compose the white on the grave of my first love.

There is the celestial state, where I'll be a citizen AB,  
AlphaBet concealed for tomorrow, ending in Omega.

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# About Love

The teacher for religion examines the pupils.  
'What is love? ' giving them marks accordingly:  
'excellent', to the wealthy and pompous pupil,  
'poor', to the needy pupil who talks in brief.

Below sun nothing can be kept as secret.  
During the break, the teacher amazingly sees  
the wealthy boy aside enjoying his cakes,  
the poor pupil sharing a bagel with a poor girl.

Willy-nilly the teacher took a lesson himself,  
so now he teaches the class using other words:  
'Love is the blind who can see through,  
is the lame who can run a marathon,  
is the deaf who can hear as Beethoven did."  
The teacher sees love to breastfeed Culture  
even with her pale and sunken chest..

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# Adonis And Aphrodite (Hai Ku)

Transformed as a star  
through skylight I enter  
into your sheets

You offer me love  
you give again and again,  
asking nothing back

During burning heat  
you just move your small lips  
thus set me on fire

To handle your thorns  
my passion puts on his gloves  
then caress you

The more they squeeze  
your small flower, the more  
and more it perfumes

You don't have an harp  
still I listen to your cords  
deep in the heartbeat

You smother all wars  
in your arms, and your glances  
are sharp darts that win

I am the sole bee  
you are the open flower  
honey be our kiss

Create with me  
in the darkness of the world  
children of the light

Two mouths so sweet  
they join just in one,

our bodies too

The sky and earth  
love each other; it rains  
and forests are born

Demetra sows  
I see absent as present,  
the desert as feast

Your ten fingers  
move and touch softly the lips  
of my inner star

Charon appeared  
saw us kissing each other,  
left unsuccessful.

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# Aeschylus Replies To Poet Cavafis

Dear poet Cavafis, I hear you felt annoyed in my place,  
for my grave's inscription declared me as 'Marathon fighter'  
instead of 'great tragedian'. in Marathon I derived courage,  
cause our small arms had surrounded myriads of Persians,  
also in Salamis' strait, with our ships built as wooden walls,  
only to heap up those of Xerxes and of course his arrogance.

□

The sea I have set free and she widened my soul.  
I cried for the shipwrecked of the invader whom I couldn't  
rescue. I have lamented with the mothers of my enemy.  
Devout I buried the dead ones, ours and theirs, then  
I went to sing and rejoice for the victory of my country.

□

I kneaded bread, same yeast, for winners and defeated,  
I started writing tragedies for the rich and the poor.  
Suddenly Sofocles appeared as a young chorister,  
his eyes skywards, as if saying 'I follow'. That time  
Euripides saw light, when our chorus was passing by  
his home, where he suckled to grow up and follow us.

□

My Alexandrian philosopher, have no worries for me.  
Marathon and Salamis are nothing less than poetry;  
What else was that battle than the savior tragedy!

□

The cords of your tragedian have turned into robes,  
his hands into sails to anticipate the shipwreck.  
The tragedy of our country would have been bad  
if the mast of ours was broken rather than bended.  
Cause I would not shed tears of hydrogen and oxygen  
but sole blood, staining cheeks, suffering martyrdom.

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# Aeschylus' Mothers

There, all mothers of Keramidia:  
newly married, middle-aged, old-aged,  
ripping their veils with the fingers,  
all day long lamenting deeply  
over the bodies of the foreign German soldiers  
killed by the youngsters outside the village.  
They attach their hair on the mute corpses,  
the tears, river-wise, flow to their chests.

The German officer, turned face to cry in secret,  
its heart of steel softened, forgot their ambush,  
so he suspended his order to burn the village.

He should have studied tragedies of Aeschylus,  
and so he just felt like Xerxes perplexed,  
punished by Greek gods for contempt. It seems  
that he recalled the verse: 'Iet Aiani pandyrton  
dysthroon avdan. Oioi. Goasth, avrovatai.' \*

While the Greek women were mourning  
he though he was listening German mothers  
moaning in ancient Greek: 'Dosin kakan  
kakon kakois. Boa nin antidoupa me.'

Even if he was to punish Keramidia with fire  
it would be put out by the tears of mothers.

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# Amazon River

Why, State, your eyes don't see the Amazon River?  
Tsiko said 'Amazon is life' and you agreed to save it.  
Why the horsemen of interests invaded in the night?  
Their bullet entered Tsiko's chest but invades your own.

You cry as a crocodile, but tomorrow as a coward.

The pheasant of our forest sings dirges for our hero  
Tsiko Mentez, same with the seal of Skiathos  
that was wailing for the girl who fell in the sea.  
We, his friends, are laughing in this jail you threw us  
we set free a donkey in the square with a picket  
declaring: "I don't surrender". Our voice is it,  
the voice of the River, our tears and our sweat,  
his roaring and his foam.

Thousands of trees, we stand mad but still, in his place.  
If you cut us off you will to see us horizontal barriers  
closing your way forward; your bullet in our trunk  
opens a hole; it is the exit for the resin,  
which we make wine and we drink in your health,  
while birds and animals sing psalms to their Source.

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# Aphrodite And Cervantes

Crusader Cervantes in Cyprus  
when reached the shore said to me:  
'I'm optimistic though desperate.  
I give all subterranean things to rulers  
and I'm going to dwell in the stars. My work  
if it's not a leader, I shall cut off my hand.'

Then Aphrodite emerged in front of him;  
offered her his pen as ring for the wedding,  
she wore a wedding dress made of foams,  
instead of a dowry she offered him kisses,  
to me, their best man, she gave cyclamens.

She adored him so much that swooped  
and cut her hands on a pickaxe aside.  
'Let my hands be cut to save yours, else  
the evil will make brilliant ideas as dust.  
As for me, even with no hands I'm desirable! '

So she sets her lofty in the Museum of Nicosia  
where tourists with cameras see her with lust.  
Comes home and liberates from his inkwell:  
the horse, the helmet and the spear,  
also her own aura to give time to his time  
and rushes against the Windmills of injustice.

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# Aphrodite And Li Bai

The wine with its grace  
purifies my grief.  
When in bed, the two candlesticks  
are the flames of your very eyes.  
I fetch down a cloud as a pillow,  
the sky I lower as my coverlet.

Bare bosom you entered my dream  
(no, it's not a dream, I said) Aphrodite  
then you pull me up to dance with,  
young for ever, vertical and horizontal;  
in the end you award me a price,  
the fragrant juice of your beauty,  
to get me drunk on your other table.

Let it go, let this world pass and go,  
all sensible but ignorant men, who live on  
vinegar and dry bread holding a compass;  
let us dream alone what they cannot.  
Here, a jar of pure wine of love  
opens wide the gate of the space,  
and the spout to flow chaste honey  
and purling water, a life transparent,  
which the others cannot discover  
in the vaporous glory of their life.

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# Aphrodite's Distichs

When you open wide your heart and your warm arms,  
then you're my Aphrodite, I'm your Adonis of Idalium.

The God generously donated you all the grace,  
your father as your generator is an angel creator.

Your glance pricked on me a thousand holes, but  
then you called me 'my love' and healed them all.

You said 'good evening' and slipped into the night,  
and seized me in a dream with your golden nets.

Though the world became barren with dried grace  
you are the valley of love whereon I blast as wheat.

Your relatives and friends are going to fluster you,  
but your strong kisses on my lips melt their bad envy.

Entering stealthy in Akamas, I saw you taking a bath,  
and I enjoy your charm, Lady born by the sea foam.

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# Ariadne In Cyprus

You anathematize your loneliness, but see  
Theseus, he had cruelty abandoned Ariadne,  
though she saved him, established him as hero,  
then she followed him blindly, without thread,  
for his grace she dropped the crown of Knossos.

Are you torn to pieces? Ariadne suffered more,  
was left along the pointed rocky shores of Naxos,  
as if she drowned on land rather than in ocean.

Yet Dionysus arrived there to bring her to Cyprus,  
the aura opened up her heavy eye-lashes,  
the sun painted her cheeks pink, singing for her:

I'm the river flowing into your sea,  
I'm the dew resting in your foliage,  
we both, as one, form a chapel,  
we, two discs in one, moon and sun.

Do not cry. The roaring fondles the hope,  
the new lover is arriving as your nice savior.  
If he himself cannot donate you happiness,  
at least he helps you to escape from misery.

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# Aristides

'Stranger, scratch for me on this shell Aristides' name  
to banish him away' an aged illiterate Athenian begged  
General Aristides who happened to pass by.

'This way', Aristides advises him and scratches,  
then stands aside to let the aged man autonomous  
to exercise his right of voting as an ordinary citizen,  
though he knew he increases his conviction by one  
due to ignorance (the General turned his face to hide  
a tear for the Knowledge that takes us so far away) .

I don't envy those who gain by who supported the right of an ignorant person,  
though you could easily mislead and cheat him.

My grape, you are not blotted out in the wine-press  
for you become wine, taste and perfume for all folks.

Being exiled you are a pendulum lifted up to upper point,  
yet your dislocation is instantaneous. You save energy  
so your gravity turns into motion and thus you return  
down to the central point of the equilibrium, oh virtue.

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# Beeflower

In the edge of a sheet I was painting:  
a bee and a flower in a single embrace  
joining wings with petals in one form.

'Do you monitor? ' he took me by surprise  
the President with his loud sharp voice,  
the Congress-men with a slanting glance.  
'Yes...two youngsters', I softly whispered  
'kissing each other on the bridge of war.'

Then on the podium for a speech I concluded:  
'You, talk in depth about winds and waters,  
but you do remain unhappy since you ignore  
how to be happy by virtue of loving.  
The two young people from the rival sides  
met on that bridge to exchange kisses;  
they cared less about bombs or bullets'.

I stepped down singing in a low voice:  
'Two little words in one body: LoveYou,  
Beeflower is the real pair of the Spring.'

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# Bewail Of Papdiamantis

Why Papdiamandis, while blowing out in his bed,  
he repels the doctor and asks for a humble priest?

- He is Adam; repents and asks to take holy communion,  
neither he respects diamonds nor is afraid of pneumonia.

With whom did he hold the clothes for laundering? Why?

- With Eva-Loukaena. Such clothes are the linen of pities,  
they are the very shrouds to be applied in their coffins.  
They washed them on shore, rinsed them in Glykoneri.

Will the Lord give Adam and Eve any opportunity?

- He broke the gates of Hades, letting them out to test,  
to ascend calmly the long scale that leads to the heaven,  
in harmony, without accusing each other in vain for faults.

Why Akrivoula, grand daughter of Adam, plays so carefree  
on ladder, under risk of falling, with the gangs she called?

- The piper seduces them so they forget their little soul. Child  
is she; reminds Odysseus' schooner that stuck to see Sirens.

For whom the seal mourns, while Eve and Adam hear music?

- For Akrivoula; the seal will melt her with hot tears, for dinner.  
Seaweed are her wreaths, shells her dowry, corals her bones.

Why Papdiamandis, while blowing out, asks for a pious priest?

- He is Adam himself, takes communion in the uncreated light,  
laments for the world, for moon in disappear. All keep on living.

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# Beyond Geography And History

I send your message to compatriots and foreigners,  
Mother, not for the land they artificially cut it off from us -  
painfully you say we are all nail and skin with the land -  
not for the tears of rain when we left back our houses,  
not for our moans when unholy men did dig our tombs.  
You stayed alone in our village Trikomo, united with it  
like Erechthonios at Erechtheion protecting Acropolis,  
and restored the thrown cross as throne over the bones.

Mother, in your letter the ink flows with joy, for that boy  
the Turkish-cypriot with whom you formed a village of two,  
two canes one dimity that resists the impetus of a torrent,  
double-yolk egg of soul, sea and star under a full moon.

Mother, your sole little feat had been a real athlos:  
morning he brought herbs, figs, you took care of him,  
teaching him tales of Aesop, telling you fares of Nastradin.

You die and fy, though blind you see him with other eyes;  
then you blessed him, your hands united in the presence  
of God, root and soil in One, bee and flower in One world.

Mother, I send your message to compatriots and foreigners;  
the village of Old-Wise is close to that of Olive-Tree.  
Mother, look! Refugee Ayse left her home at Larnaca,  
now lives in Famagusta, twenty eight years now  
is brushing off the photo of the little owner in the hall;  
of that Greek-cypriot refugee girl, present at each brushing.

They gave a riffle to poet Fikret, guard in the north side,  
one riffle to fellow poet George, guard in the south side.  
In vain! Mother, they didn't shoot bullets to each other,  
only shots of verses and of your prayer for a single union,  
beyond geography and history, a union of dual cosmos,  
deliberating us to love each other, with no limits, no terms.

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# Blind Fingers

In the past I felt so proud of my fingers, when  
they were counting currencies, properties, missiles,  
they pointed to the innocent instead of the crook,  
they signed to start a war and write off peace,  
they used to pull, push, signal or stimulate,  
or used to tighten, squeeze or strangle,  
to robe and hide away so many evidences  
to press a button and cause numerous sufferings.

Then you approached and took my fingers softly,  
you taught them in a smooth way  
to be united with yours that they appeal,  
to touch with a breeze upon the geography of love  
to travel about from your heel up to the front  
vibrated and concerted with your cradling waist,  
to stretch out, in a magic way, on your breast,  
at the coast of your lips which invited my own.

However, these fingers of mine are still blind,  
can't see what is invisible and undeclared in you,  
are still blind to touch the dew of your flame,  
cannot see, cannot believe, cannot caress  
your inner smile, the star in your inner sky

not even the mature fruit to be picked up  
by those who possess that special ladder.

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# Boston Marathon

Most people run, either hunting or being hunted.  
I, Stelios, as a boy in Paphos used to run barefoot.  
?eenager in Limassol the British colony wanted me  
to run and glorify them in the Olympic Games. I run  
for Greece, so Hitler got angry seeing me, a stranger.

That conquest by nazi chased us, I run up to Pindos  
fasting, I bought cheap things to repair. Then I sold  
my kitchen and radio for an air-ticket to Boston, to run  
and exhibit the spirit of Greeks in its Marathon race.  
Myriads run just to show off, not for their countries,  
they delayed behind, couldn't catch my shadow.  
When I won, I loaded aboard clothes and food  
donation from expatriates, all for our skinny country.  
They illuminated Acropolis to welcome me, my friends  
there, of both right and left party, similarly wounded.

I run without stopping – with Fidippides and Louis;  
the Greek tribe that runs and by running she survives.  
The word Marathon has not five syllables, its length  
is millions of miles, long as the nerves of small folks,  
us, who have the sacred love beyond any prophecy;  
if all is unravelled, if knowledge and speech are lost  
such love can transform for us the chaos into a ditch.

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# Caterina Cornaro

You aren't Artemisia in Salamis, equal to thousand men,  
or a Carthaginian breastfeeding while crossing the Alps,  
you are a mom of an orphan with a scepter of soft wood,  
preferring the favour of your people than a royal guard,  
a catholic who chants with orthodox folks the same God  
and buys with her money necessaries for them to live. □

When I, your knight, was enjoying your kiss in secret  
the Venicians openly took the crown from your head;  
so I lose you, they give you pension, a castle in Azolo.  
In this chaos, do you fear with hope or hope with fear?  
Can you save the love in you, beyond superior orders?

Come aboard and gently bid farewell to the people  
of Lefkousia, Limnissos\*, Kition, Palaipafos, Kyrenia,  
face with dignity your sorrow, be modest when in joy.  
At Venice, you'll not recognize the city as a swimmer  
but as a sad place covered with the mask of carnival,  
now the gondola-rowers look at the corroded poles  
and sing to the lovers with a languish, hoarse voice.

The poetry bag contains joy, sorrow and their mixture,  
take with you a Cypriot bread; you hear friends inside it  
the sower, the reaper, the miller-woman and the baker;  
take also the Cypriot flower 'athanato' that never dies,  
smile and remember us when on the Bridge of Sighs.

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# Champs-Élysées

Your Majesty, can you assess your boredom?  
Your buffoon Buffon has jumped on your throne;  
he grasps the bottom of your Lady but you laugh.  
Alas! The folks demand bread, not spectacles  
or sponge-cake, watches, bijou of your Highness.  
At least Madame Douben invites people home,  
for exhibitions at Chenonceau with some music.

So speak up, before they cut off your head.  
What is your last wish: terrestrial or celestial?

Do you prefer Élysées with grass over precipice?  
Or perhaps Ilysiion Field of Proteas, in the first light,  
at the edge of the Universe, near blond Radamanthes,  
in the coolness of Zephyrus, with no storms or hail?

Do you desire the three graces of Moulin Rouge?  
Or liberty, justice and equality original from Athens?

Better confess; your soul may finally be saved,  
before your royal salamander bites you,  
before you yourself conquest your Troy  
using the Trojan horse of your light self,

□

I say that today belongs to you,  
tomorrow belongs to a third person,  
ever belongs to no-one, though..

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# Cloning Of A Leader

In my blissful homeland,  
I was going to clone a leader,  
but I left my idea unaccomplished:

a new Nelson Mandela here and now,  
would have a career as a chief accountant,  
a new Gandhi, in my country of golf games,  
would be an sports physician for athletes,  
a new Walesa, without people in agony,  
would be a respected inspector in shipyards,  
a new Luther King, without a divine dream,  
would earn a fortune as a great lawyer,  
a new Hitler, living in a carefree Germany,  
would be a collector of various paintings.

The citizens live as captives in the cave  
consider the shadows of sun inside as men,  
that eternity lasts, especially towards its end.  
Apart from his charisma, it is the time and issue  
that drives a leader to the desire to lead them.

I expect a philosopher with a Nature's vision:  
to get into the cave and release us, to open  
our eyes straight to the sun, outside there,  
where the dictators of Popper became blind  
and never reached the top of the mountain.

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# Comet Halley

Halley lowers down and threatens.  
The rich people in aristocratic wagons  
run in panic to their mountain villas.  
The poor ones on the pier of Larnaca  
wear their best dresses, as for shroud.  
This is how the world ends; an ooups.

The deaf and dumb alone; no one told him  
only one nodded as if saying: 'run idiot, now.'

However, he laughs in full joy: ouia, wow.  
Is the sole citizen and Mayor of the city,  
now questions a wall ouaeo: 'deaf, you hear? '  
eating figs from trees in the streets, milks a cow,  
jumps around, no one there to jeer and sneer him,  
the city beats the pulse of his voice: ouia, wow.

At the evening all return back and tell him: 'Thanks  
God, Halley has fallen into the sea. How are you? '  
'Ouei, ouiae..' he answers to them with dignity,  
while next to him a poet gives an interpretation:  
'You heard a hit instead of the song of the comet,  
you saw strips instead of his blond, long hair.'

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Joseph S. Josephides

# Conflagration - Library Of Alexandria

Given my numerous skills, they asked me  
what kind of profession do I choose,  
with what salary, in which working period,  
et cetera, et cetera...

While I was sleeping during the night,  
I felt that my angel woke me up and said:

'When you left, I told them the truth.  
I declared, for your part, that  
your soul orders you to become:

The Chief of Fire Fighting Force of Alexandria  
with power, shouting out, ordering combat of fire  
in that day of the disgraceful conflagration,

or, at least, an ordinary fire fighter,  
with a heart like a pump made of steel,  
with fireproof hand-palms

or, after all, a teacher with his pupils  
of that school near the Library of Alexandria  
who happened to water the gardens and saw the fire  
and then run breathless with buckets in hands  
to combat and save in advance..."

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Joseph S. Josephides

# Creon And Antigone

My drama is of black blood (Sophocles wiped a lot of it)  
my son Hæmon replaced Polynices when he fell sick, but  
killed each other with Eteocles for the throne of Thebes.

Being a parent I cried, but as a king I had to punish him:  
'Eurydice, our son is the worst traitor; shouldn't be buried, '  
His fiancée Antigone buried him (Eporidorix was buried  
by his fiancée, but Mithridates generously gave a permit) .

Imprisoned her...but seer Tiresias foretold calamities against me,  
I run to the cave to free her, but she had escaped, to shower  
her body with dust, and kill herself over my son's dead body.  
Alas, Eurydice cast curses calling me as killer of our son,  
she arrived at the pit, got two pieces of flesh torn by dogs,  
'oh, my children' moaned and madly run back to the palace...

I hardly arrive and saw her drinking the hemlock in our bed  
where gave birth to Hæmon. Lays the flesh on her belly,  
caresses them, sings lulls with a cry that drowns her breath.  
I kneel down; my legs are bitten by same dogs near that pit.  
I, as a snake, poisoned three cats which now they spit me,  
became furies with red eyes, while Ismene consoles me  
that she calls back Polynices as king, to bring tranquility.

My blood became black, blacker than the ink of Sophocles,  
wish a tank of rosewater fell over me so I had rose perfume; \*  
I'm not so afraid of death but of not being able to live now on;  
at Olympus we will be judged according to the law of love.

Joseph S. Josephides

# Cypriot Wrestling

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Joseph S. Josephides



# Damage Report For Ancient Babylon

The High Officer of UNESCO sneezes,  
the dust of war insists to rest in his nose.  
Difficult on TV to give an excuse for the tanks  
as to how they transform the city into a garage.  
The report reveals its pit, now like a scar,  
the bricks with stone animals now are broken.

'They ruin the Ishtar Gate, the processional route,  
the tanks dig and cut', a Greek man there voices out  
'you are but miserable traders of these monuments,  
like Consul Cesnola, the robber of ancient Cyprus.'  
'May the dragon eat you up', screams an attendant  
and throws his boots to a diplomat sitting at the panel.

Nebuchadnezzar, was his name, coming from Babylon;  
he held a brick engraved with numbers and letters,  
the snake-dragon Marduk, the patron saint of the city.

The top Administrators left him free; were afraid of  
his snake; if it had a virus, would destroy them all.

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# Damnatio Memoriae

You threw as useless Seneca's Principles, your fortune.  
He cares less for the villas and avenues you donated him.  
For a wise those are not superior to peace. You lost him,  
also Rufus; you are drown, pulled by the Narcissus idol,  
by Tingelinus, the serene of hedonism, the Casa d' Oro...

Nero, you did choose your end from the beginning,  
when ordered us to buy off for you a victory in Olympia,  
to help you up when you fell from tethrippus in the game  
to bribe other athletes so that you finish on foot, ahead.

We shout hurah for you! What's the value of the clamours?  
We lost our speech when saw Olympia pushing you down.  
She tested your impudence and foretold that you would fall,  
that she would throw you for good by holy wrath, in Spain;  
there you fell from horse, as a lump by the foot of old Galvus,  
your Senate voted and sent you in the exterior eternal oblivion.

We, who apply your wishes, now out of your sharp shadow,  
we see you as a burned burner, but Seneca's head be alive;  
a virtue shines after death, as a burnt wood turns into a forest,  
it's a new Rome, where your hunters join with those you hunted.

□

Following Zachaeus, we climb the tree to gaze at Virtue,  
to gain what you have lost when fallen from your Highness.

□

In your vain fire, the wreath of Olympia is a non-burnt brier.

Joseph S. Josephides

# Dante And Beatrice

I dreamt of Dante as a young man  
searching for grace and prudence  
for the faith in the dome of the heart.

He was sighing... the Neri would burn him,  
the Bianchi remained silent for his whereabouts.  
I saw him passing by the nine circles of Hell,  
going to the seven wreaths of Purgatory,  
entering the spheres of Paradise. Look there  
the Garden, the blissful ones with a rose of light,  
the manifold is now simple, creation becomes love!

Magnificent Beatrice! She is a pretty Spring:  
the fog extends a wide cloak over her body,  
her chest is freshness, her hair is a stalagmite.

Dante was seeing her, she was seeing upwards.  
I envied the Poet, I wanted to get up from the bed.  
But better not, or I would missed the very way  
his eyes look at her. How could I see then Up,  
without the glance of her own ethereal eyes?

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Joseph S. Josephides

# Deception

He forms advertisements but switch your mind elsewhere  
He already persuaded Eve to sell apples, and  
that you are Marsian, that you have eleven fingers,  
that the crack in the vase of hope is only a decor.  
Look! He displays yellow teeth as white ones,  
he offers you a sublingual tablet just to feel  
as Adonis instead of lame and blackened Hephaestus,  
as the century's winner who has a house plus water.

He lifts the politicians to present them tall, he fixes  
their make-up to present them sad in the funerals of fans.  
He teaches a virgin to imply yes, when she says perhaps,  
also a diplomat to imply no, when he says maybe; also  
how the one deceives the other, sometimes the opposite.

He says he stepped on the moon before Armstrong,  
(Studio showed him with four shades, instead of one,  
his footprint has depth of twenty points instead of two) .  
Now he debilitates towers rather than ruin them down,  
he promotes cleanliness than counterterrorism.  
Yes, he sells flowers (seedless) and puts thorns on them.

Do you sell the soul? He will find for you a devil to buy it.

He deserves a fine by satire, or comedy's forgiveness?  
Yet, he avoids looking straight at the sun of Cyprus,  
not to lose his own sight and the art of deception;  
he would become a clown with a bitter sigh inside.

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Joseph S. Josephides

# Défaite

Lorsque vous voyez le mot 'défaite' vous vous lamentez  
vous blâmez les autres, vous voulez venger,  
ou vous vous rendez à l' apathie, en levant vos mains.  
Est-ce votre victoire un pot de Danaïdes sans fond,  
un labeur en vain? Ou est-ce une erreur  
de considérer votre défaite comme une défaite?

La mort est une défaite. Combien de défaite elle provoque?  
Leonidas mort en champ de bataille, gagne une vie future,  
Hector n' est pas finalement effacé par Achille immortel,  
le Combattant, comme Kouros, meurt au nom de la vertu; \*  
l' âme d'un mort est vivante,  
mais beaucoup qui vivent perdent leur âme.

Comptez à nouveau l' objectif,  
la lourdeur de votre défaite,  
ils sont des victoires qui clouent vos pieds sur la terre,  
qui avaient un niveau faible,  
mais nous croyions qu' il était haut,  
ils sont des défaites qui offrent plus d' une ivresse,  
plus que ce que le gagnant a perdu  
lors de sa victoire était glissée.

Les feuilles de l' automne sont  
des fleurs d' un autre printemps,  
si vous tombez l' Eros avec ses ailes  
vous emmène sur le vol,  
la vérité n' est pas un fantôme,  
elle vit à l' intérieur de nous; touchez la,  
croyez: quand vous vous battez votre défaite,  
vous obtenez une victoire solide.

Josef Josefides

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=&gt; Translation from English in French of the poem of Joseph S. Josephides  
'DEFEAT', by the poet (Joseph Josephides) and Julie Tsorou (Athens) .

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\* Kyriakos Matsis: Un héros de la lutte de libération des Chypriotes, en 1955 à 1959: Maréchal général britannique Mr. Harding a tenté en 1956 de corrompre Matsis à trahir le chef des combattants de Chypre Grivas Digenis. Il lui a offert un demi-million de livre sterlings, une somme énorme à l' époque. Matsis lui a répondu: 'Nous nous ne battons pas pour l' argent, mais pour la vertu'. Matsis a dit également aux soldats qui étaient sous son commandement 'Choisissez, dans la meilleure façon possible, la façon dont vous allez mourrir, une mort belle est la plus acte noble de la vie.

Joseph S. Josephides

# Defeat

When you see the word 'defeat' you lament,  
you blame the others, you want to avenge,  
or you surrender with apathy, holding up your hands.  
Is your victory a jar pit of Danaides,  
a bottomless toil? A labor in vain? Or is it  
a fallacy to consider your defeat as a defeat?

Death is a defeat. How much beating it causes?  
Leonidas, though dead in battlefield, he won a future life,  
Hector eventually was not wiped by immortal Achilles,  
the Combatant as Kouros dies in the name of virtue; \*  
the soul of a dead is living but many who live have lost it.

Count again the goal, the heaviness of your defeat,  
there are victories that nail your feet onto the earth,  
had a low level to overleap but we thought it was tall,  
there are defeats which offer more than a drunkenness,  
more than what a winner lost, when his victory slipped.

The leaves of autumn are flowers of another Spring,  
when you fall, winged Eros takes you on a flight,  
truth is not a ghost, she lives in you; so do touch her,  
believe: defeating your defeat, you get a firm victory.

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\* Kyriakos Matsis. A hero of the Liberation Struggle of Cypriots, 1955-59: The British General Marshall attempted in 1956 to bribe Matsis to betray the Chief of Cyprus Fighters Grivas Digenis, and disclose the place he was hiding. He offered him half a million pounds - a huge sum at that time. Matsis answered to him: 'We fight not for money but for virtue.' Matsis also told soldiers under his command 'Do elect, in the best way you can, the way you will die... a nice death is the noblest act of life!'

Joseph S. Josephides

# Diapason

They think you are dead. Do they hear?  
In the Auditorium of memorials I hear  
harmonica, guitar in your hands  
you lifting up the piano,  
at a heavens scale of sol;  
you transform a harp into a rainbow,  
a paper into a pista for the notes to dance.

One said: I feel pity for the dead ones.  
I reply: the dark frightens the children;  
but it doesn't dare to come in at all,  
when you calm the blizzard of our land.

You, musician brave, get up from the grave,  
we celebrate, we dance, do rise and come  
to sing, dressed in royal purple clothes,  
to chant, with chords and music instruments,  
your mustache to vibrate the diapason fork.

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Joseph S. Josephides



# Do Live Stealthy

Stratonice, sterile queen, clutches her heart but allows  
King Deiotaros to have intercourse with slave Electra,  
in order to have a successor prince and a prospect.

Virgin Electra kept her eyes hermetically closed  
avoiding to see the king as a stallion over her body,  
kept them closed while walking to jail with her secret.

A wise sent a letter telling her 'do live stealthy', since  
then, she humbly rejoices, sheds tears and whispers:  
'Having stolen my desires they made me a rich one.  
Virtue is not a booty to grab it. Fortunately for me,  
my son is free and tomorrow will be the King of Gaul.'

She weeps in her cell but she needs no friends,  
with vigor she conceived a seed that now yields crop,  
she can't see from inside her happiness done outside  
the home of a virtuous person is any land, even a cell.

She asks a loom and, as Aretafila of Cyrene did,  
she will confess in the woven her inner secrets:  
two bodies in love and a lion with crown (her son) .  
Feels pain for what she hides rather than what it hurts,  
on her pillow now she embroiders the head of his son  
starts caressing him with her hair, kisses him softly.  
She weaves half-truths, but truth is explicit in the light.

Joseph S. Josephides

## Do Read

Do read, and the bud of the book will blossom,  
the window will open widely to the spring.

If the sculpture and the metal of voice corrode,  
if the painting and the brush stroke of smile fade,  
the book will phosphoresce in deep darkness,  
reveal the preserved spirit of the great persons.

Read and you'll see the soul in the mirror of the past,  
the nostos of Homer will become Ithaka's home.  
Read and see Antigone, born exclusively to love,  
Andromache, orphan-widow, sun stuck with moon,  
see Beatrice, a beauty in Dante's divine flame,  
the ultimate light of Goethe, the Time of Einstein,  
Moderation, the Good and the praise of Olympia.

Tonight, friends come in your room without invitation,  
wise men, poets, scientists; they draw a path for you.  
If all third persons abandon you, keep reading; here  
comes the faithful companion, the eye of brain and soul,  
it looks at you before you see it; for you it transforms  
the ink into black wine, the book sheets into rose petals,  
the papyrus of Aristotle into white wings so that you fly  
and lead civilisation up there, in Alexandria the Extreme.  
Do read to listen what others cannot: the blood flowing  
in the paper's veins, vibrations of digits in Internet sites.

What's your will? Read and I'll resurrect in your fingers,  
I'll converse with you, I'll exist even in my absence.

I died this morning; last night I was happy to read...

Joseph S. Josephides

# Do They Hear?

Since you hear the notes you do write,  
birds, leaves, wind, heavy shower, so how  
come, they consider you a hearing impaired?

You hear even hero Zako\* when he laughs  
in front of the gallows listening in your Heroica.  
You sing together with Anna Frank in the loft,  
'people, when they are singing are so gentle'.  
Do the Europeans hear your sound in the anthem?

Now in your bed, pneumonia plays violin for you,  
hepatitis plays piano, dropsy strikes crust. With iodine  
you compose on sheets, using nail as quill. Do they hear  
the ladder you step on? The Fantasia? Do they hear  
the wolf chatting with the lamb in the Pastoral Symphony?

The Ninth Symphony stretches the pillars,  
transforms them into harp strings, for a vibration  
celestial. Do those bloody deaf hear, Ludwig?

I can hear you performing in that painting of Rafael:  
you leave on earth musical instruments to Saints,  
and you rise with angels for the heavenly anthem\*\*.

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Joseph S. Josephides

# Du Bye

Alongside his oil fields  
he built a palm-shaped island  
with villas of his own paradise.

He then chained on the island:  
ten banks that humiliate others,  
a hundred of countries humiliated,  
a thousand of enterprises interrelated,  
ten thousand of investors like falling stars,  
a hundred thousand of specialists in dissemination,  
one million of employees being depended,  
ten million of technicians to be transferred,  
one hundred million of families, pushed to division,  
one billion of unemployed for an unknown period.

What an inspiration for the island of Palm!  
Leads captive in chains so many breathless ones!

The Emperor, suddenly, he saw all be sunk,  
the one pulling the other, all the way to the sea bottom.  
He heard a Du and expressed loudly a Bye.

What is the residual? Just stains of gasoline,  
which Aphrodite is sweeping away from her body.

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# Ecumenical Olypmia

Ave archon enthroned above, Olympia  
With respect compete, be based on love, aekehiria  
Make my soul crystal adamant  
Athlet brave, classic dynamism  
Ecumenical my phone.

Citius, altius, fortius Olympia.

Ave galaxian synergy, Olympia  
Give me all of your energy, eucharistia  
Charismatic democracy  
Triumph over chaos, tyranny  
Pantheon's apocalypse.

Harmony catholic, Alpha and Omega.

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Joseph S. Josephides

# Encomium (Praise)

You newcomer, listen to the aged Ragged monk:  
Praise the palace, the genius of the King,  
propagate that when born he was shining,  
it was a miracle; people gape idly in such rumors.

Praise the education of his successors,  
his friends who sacrifice themselves for him.  
False or not, tell that he adores the Queen,  
that he is well-bred, a righteous judge,  
a God-sent prophet, the expert of unknown things.

Praise the victories and those mourning the dead ones.  
If the folks get worried about new war tax, do cough.  
Tell: 'he punishes the wretched to save the people,  
Pericles created the Golden Age by means of money.'

Have saliva to tie and loosen everything,  
not like wordy incautious Machiavelli  
We, the Ragged monks, are crafty, hidden  
in clouds, where no one could ever suspect us.

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Joseph S. Josephides

# Envyng The Glory Of Alexander

You accuse my stepbrother that he envies my glory.  
Why? Because he curved in the dark 'King Philippos'  
on the Temple of Karnak, to cheat you? However,  
History doesn't buy seaweed instead of silky ribbons!

Come with me on the chariot of the sun of sixteen darts  
all of you, my teachers, artists, architects, generals;  
in nights let us talk with the owl on wisdom not on dark.  
Because if we wish victories in the field of knowledge,  
of muses, of works, of education for all, you young men,  
if we want enviable Alexandrias and light spread around,  
better transmit the Message of Olympia, even to deserts.

In Egypt, following my coronation as Great King Ammon,  
as High Priest I stepped me leg forward; do the same,  
as Couros does, the six-meter defender of Samos,  
lets form the rock into Petra, the course into Course  
with tools that the crafty conspirers do not possess.

As for the History, she possesses a bed of Procrustes,  
ties the thief on, measures and cuts his long sly arm,  
any else that grasps glory without the right to do so.

Philippos, you erected your idol in Karnak to worship you,  
but the next ambitious man will throw it to erect his own.  
History claims a gallop in sunshine, not a somnambulism.

Onward, my brave men, with sarissa\* and a superior spirit.  
Full speed, dear horse Voukefalas\*\*, for the Great Chapter.

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# Epic Fight To Save Our Home

Better focus and learn from epic poems,  
you, new ambitious masters of the world:

In Persia there was a jealous half-brother;  
though he carried away Rustam for hunding,  
and trapped him and wounded him to death,  
though he threw his horse to deep a cavity,  
with fixed lances there to kill him,  
his arrow pierces the thick torso through, so  
the half-brother died behind the tree, inglorious.

The art, from China to Italy down to Mexico,  
hardly reads the kimbla of our scribes,  
the Code of the Bible of our Epic.

Fighting as Greeks is how we save our home.

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# Ermitage, Dance

You like a vodka to recover from exhibits? A shocking exhibition of Peter with mummies, disfigured embryos! Ekaterina is not here to guide you, followed by mice.

Enter Ermitage without sword, hat, award for leaders, watch out the fragile, don't talk, don't yawn. It's pity that some impressionist painters are absent; in secret Iosif was exchanging them with tractors from America (until we threatened the heritage of his home, Georgia) .

A hope in our century is to dance stuck together. But first let us help the paintings escape from Adolf, we'll tell the students what the empty frames contained (a smart management of art stirs the imagination)

Come on, Matisse, lead our Dance with your dance. Pablo, invite your woman who drinks absent to dance, you who carries squash; you there sitting under the tree, also you with the umbrella; you, who pose in the halls you, who hold back a shawl; dance Flora with flowers, tell death to wait; young stand and don't bend so much.

From the squares, red and blue, let us join this dance around the globe, a prayer for ethos and culture to come back; only thus I could see them dancing: Goghen, who found a resort in Polynesia's bosom, Heraclitus, who escaped to play dices with the kids.

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## Eros – Pteros

The earth of Curium quaked amid  
As we indulged in a love, then slipped  
A deadly pillar that put us to sleep  
Absent, still present and now redeemed.

Look! In the light, two embraces now one, indeed!

\*\*

Here, in Choirokoitia, both buried as one  
Under the floor of our house, woman and man,  
With a boulder on our chests the burial was done  
A seed, from which we grow to become a plant.

Look! Two embraces became one, under the sun!

\*\*

The verse, is a root spreading through the soil,  
Offering to leaves the juice of love, for body and soul,  
Up flying oxygen, upwards in clouds then down as rain,  
Up and down on Cupid's very wings, again and again.

Translation: Andis Panayiotou-Hadjiodysseos

Joseph S. Josephides

# Europe May Not Fall From The Bull

Hoping Europe May Not Fall Down From The Bull

1. Did wars end in the Duchy? How and when?

The castles became banks and they bomb with debts,  
toxic loans, memoranda; here is a new era of peace!  
Early morning instead of a cock I heard a fall from high,  
I saw a body torn in pieces, intestines, teeth, a clock.  
'Shame! A suicide is an echo pollution', all commented.  
Authorities of Miletus were exposing in public naked  
the girls who jumped feeling boredom but survived.  
Who survives falling from the sixtieth floor of a bank?

2. Manniken Pis\* is criticized that urinates publicly  
causing the judge of the Hall of Justice to slip down,  
causing Marx to twist his foot in the Golden Square,  
the limousine of Queen Astrid to slid and overturn.  
?ut Pis urinates wishing to wither the nettle of Ego,  
whilst Europe is irrigating plains of various nettles  
but fails to unlock the doors with her flattened keys.

3. I was grown in the street, now ? find food in the trash,  
a fetus from abortion in a tin. While Spring is booming  
it predicts its final fall, letting Fall to promise a new life.  
Surrounded by a thousand I still feel lonely, like you,  
individual joy dies alone and even very young, so  
I'll make my enemy be friend, my friend a closer friend  
hoping that Europe may not fall down from the bull.

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# Even Dead He Won

We considered Kimon's expedition as a cruise.

Until he faced the Death up with contempt;  
he fell in blood by a tart, still he adjured us:  
'I hasten to adore my country to the extreme,  
or else I will be left apart to love her only fairly.  
In the sea-battle just sustain the Idea upwards'.

Then, three of us get up and wash his wound,  
another two tie him on the mast, his panoply upright,  
one, behind him, holds his hand and dangles his sword,  
one, by my side, swings his shield, now left now right,  
and I open up and shut his jaws, shouting instead of him:

'Go forward: Kition is Hellas; Hellas is where Greeks do live'.

His soul flies in the air, his body is alive in our hands  
caressed by the sea froth, his hair by the breeze.  
The fellow soldiers from other triremes saw him and dashed,  
the Persians around us run away with panic and are torn.

Kimon, even dead, he won. Invulnerable  
Idea, no matter if it's taken by mutilated arms.  
Such death is a resurrection. Lift up body and spirit!

If we live a coward's live, we die many times every day;  
a brave dies once; thanks to his death the Idea never died.

Life, by dying you become the other phoenix and erect still.

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# Fairy Tales - What Sort Of Torment Is Love

He fell in love for good with the blind girl,  
was closing his ears to avoid words of people.  
'You'll find your light', he gave her an oath  
but didn't say the light would be of his eyes.

She found her light but wept seeing he became  
blind. 'You'll find your light', she gave him an oath  
but didn't say the light would come from her eyes.

Now both are one-eyed and stare at happiness,  
yet so many two-eyed persons see no happiness.

Since then both lived happily, better than us, since  
we don't exchange glances, namely first love letters,  
our deception covers the misery with artificial villages\*.

\*\*\*\*

'What sort of martyrdom is love? ' they answer to us:  
'Love is a cob, that a sickle ruthlessly reaps,  
is tightly bundled up, then its skin is chapped,  
smashed by millstones it becomes flour, kneaded  
by terrible fists becomes dough, is put in fire furnace  
to give a bread for eating but it enters your bloodstream  
works in you, as a holy communion, the body and blood.

Love is the heroic herself: if you, two-eyed persons, steal  
our seed, then we, the one-eyed ones, shall irrigate it.'

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# Family

Well, Big Brother? Here is the family;  
in vain you tried hard to break her, though  
you burrow in her screens, internets, telephones.

Dwarf Seneb, smiles calmly, while sitting\*  
his feet on a bench supported by a footrest,  
folded, are atrophic and fully paralyzed.

Seneb smiles, calm in spite of his misfortune,  
a priestess embraces him with care, smiling too;  
she is his wife, supporting him for years now.

He smiles cause he can move albeit paralyzed:  
His two dwarf children stand in front of the desk  
in front of his missing feet to resemble them;  
cross their lips with a finger and beckon us.

Can you see, Big Brother? Here is the family,  
which nods to God, endures and proceeds;  
you step on, penetrate but not going anywhere.

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# Family Vigeland

I felt as a student of Phidias,  
either Alkamenes or Agorakritos,  
escaping from all other tourists  
and resorting in the Vigeland park.

The artist recommended me to his family  
of seven hundred and fifty eight children,  
some in the Bridge, on the Tree of Life,  
some at the Fountain of eternal fertility.  
I became a seed, a fruit, a new seed.

'Fight the wolf in the labyrinth ', I heard  
a voice out of brass, 'erect your body,  
never permit to the time to warp it; climb  
the Monolith together with the infants.'

Life is a cycle of knowledge, fate is a Wheel,  
a rock in the water and in the fjords of hope,  
a sheep in the tunnel finds a way out,  
the white opposes the black of Adolf.\*

I slept on a bench and saw Vigeland  
measuring the size of my body, as if  
he would enter me, as statue, in his family.

Joseph S. Josephides

# Flowers Of John's Apocalypse

I found myself in the island called Patmos  
to preach the word of God, the testimony of Jesus  
and here, for his name, I bear sufferings and tolerate;  
I get not tired, I know what fate is, I know my poverty,  
but I'm rich. The other person said, 'I gained a fortune'  
but he didn't know he was a miserable, a poor one,  
even a pitiful, a blind without a piece of cloth to wear.

It's my own fault that I left the first love,  
they say I'm alive but I act as if I was already dead.  
Yet, I'm not afraid of the passions ahead to experience,  
my last works surpass those when I started,  
the second death will not be unfair against the winner.

Do you love me? Try me, assess me harshly.  
I wash my dresses,  
I blanch them with the blood of the Lamb  
who is seated on the throne.  
He will be my pastor and lead me  
to the water sources of life,  
and Himself the God  
will wipe the tears  
from my eyes.

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# Friend

Friendship, the first words flow as a river  
from the heart of the one to that of the other;  
the friend's shoulder is wide to relieve the pain on,  
in desert a friend creates a shade for the other,  
is a breath of forest, not just slow move of a leaf,  
yes, it is a rare rose without treacherous thorns.

Mirror, with the one friend reflecting on the other,  
as German Lang felt negro Owens as his own self  
in Berlin; the one is in the place and life of the other,  
on the path they meet no grass can be grown.

See Damon in prison; he took the place of Fintias.  
Friendship, is a wingless Victory that stays to walk  
by your side, not behind you or in front of you.

Friendship is a nice place to be born and grown,  
like kids we grow up and taste crystalline water.  
Lazarus, when his Friend called him back in life  
asked a sculptor to carve on his grave the word:  
Friend; a celestial thread that binds two souls.

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# Funeral Oration Of A Mother

I honour you for the brave deeds you deliver to us all,  
Cyprus mother, based on no one's law, but on yours,  
on the beneficial one of the State and of the Heaven;  
you who concerned of lacking people, pardoned rivals,  
who never considered poverty as a shame, and bought  
with your few money wood for craft, thread for needlework.

Democracy is a garden, each one owns a flower;  
you urged bees to converse and make honey anew,  
you learned so you fed no audacity as an ignorant does,  
you read the peril to know how you can grasp its horns,  
never having been lost in vast and desolate thoughts,  
that's why the sea and mainland opened wide your way.

Being a friend you were offering asking nothing back;  
now rich, owing nothing, you travel free to heavens,  
with weak weaknesses; your faith became a hummer,  
hope a reservoir, you formed love into a dough for bread.

In your funeral, your fair Memory is a praise for you,  
eternal Serenity waits you and those with a free soul,  
those, as you, who suffered bitterly to the very end.

You don't need great Homer to praise you.  
Let us stop crying and return to your battlefield.  
Following your path, your soul rests and rejoices.

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## G8

From where did you acquire the property, your highness?  
What do you hide? Provoke us to judge your opaque things?  
But how? The Constitution is tailor-made for your size,  
the law hitches, delays, postpones, rests as an idle,  
the Committee to control you has not quorum to decide,  
the Court for fines caresses you, imposes to you tips only.  
You Mr Shame, the city's shame; don't you be ashamed?

From where did you acquire the property, your highness G8?  
Oh, fateful shame, you offer five talents to an engineer  
to fill up the clefts of your house to cover its interior.  
But Livius Drusus offers as much as ten talents  
to an engineer to widen the clefts, so that people  
passing by may look in and spit or insult, if they wish.

From where from did you acquire it, G8? The planet is not  
yours, except of the wrath of the White Thunder in poles.  
Find a corner to fold your body and hide it away,  
not to be squashed by the iceberg that falls woefully,  
or blown out by our forests which decay while upright.

From where you got the chrysanthemums, the heliotropes,  
the irises? It is your ear that Van Gogh wanted to cut off.

Joseph S. Josephides

# Gagarin In Space

Up here, being enclosed in the spaceship 'Vostok',  
I feel like a fetus penetrating into another world,  
as the soul of Orkath in the painting of El Greco.  
From the porthole I see the earth in pale blue,  
while outside, by my side, exquisite colors spread,  
from the palette of the sky on the canvas of my eyes.

As I get back I'll speak in Cyprus and everywhere,  
that from that height I saw the Nazi tyrant as an ant,  
I saw the World Bank and other Pharisees like dice  
thrown by Heraclitus and the children of Ephesus.  
I was terrified seeing the Finance as a house of sins,  
I saw muddy waters swallowing limousines avidly,  
tsunamis, hurricanes eating carnivals and casinos,  
I saw the Colosseum cracked, letting lions to rush out.  
I cried watching the forests and glaciers to fall dead,  
I saw torn land, the migrating birds blown out on air.

However I see the young man finding gold veins  
with a value that is gained but not be donated.  
He is the buried seed, now resurrected as a tree.

Here there is light, not coin, product of the verb 'think',  
I have learned to paint the truth of Greatness,  
doves of peace flied over here to be my companion.  
Here is the high art, where the light works inside us.

Joseph S. Josephides

# Gallows And Love

Lea, this is my letter to the Governor of Cyprus\*, same with that I sent to a thief Ambassador\* ninety years ago.

'You, diabolic kleptomaniac, catastropher of History, ironic egoist, sarcastic, sycophantic hypocrite, pause your metallic tyranny over our authentic thesaurus. Cyprus is a charismatic and talented Metropolis, an anthology of democracy, a galaxy over chaos, a microcosm of gigantic adamants, an ideal oasis. You are pseudo Alpha and Omega of labyrinth, a barbarian, atheistic plutocrat of pyrotechnics. Hercules criticizes your paroxysm, cauterize you with seismic lava, microbes, crises, typhoons.'

I know they'll hang me; but I've only asked for Liberty, my companion be the snow, mountains and ravines. Everything is over, my soul is well prepared, I'm calm\*, happy in this most beautiful day of my life! Everyone dies once, nevertheless our love will never die, Lea, come near my tomb, lit a candle, don't cry for I exist, push a handkerchief into the soil; let us hold its edges to co-dance sirtaki, you over the soil that covers me, me below it, with the colour of your smile in my mind. The carnation I've stolen for you I bring underground; its seed will grow, its flower will always find you above.

Onisilos' bees will sting the robbers to fall in the sea in a funny way, so that Aphrodite laughs at them all.

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# Ghiannis Stavrinos Economedes

While we were enjoying food and drinks in bulk,  
careless, in places of rest and relax,  
you appeared in front of us as angel,  
raising your writing pad as a wing,  
also your inkstand as a sword,  
and you let your body fall heavy on our table;  
then our knives and forks blew up in the air,  
like the coins in the Temple of Solomon,  
pieces of roast meat hurled onto our heads,  
as the stone of David on the Goliath's forehead.

While falling you stammered: 'It's accomplished!  
I'll sleep, still awakening, where you dare not to go'.  
Then your aroma spread in Carpasia and Achaeon Akti.

Ever since you return in the evenings  
as an angel and a teacher, via tunnels that  
you dugged under the ground for us to pass;  
through those you guide mothers to meet dead children,  
you call us to live near our roots, our inaccessible places  
near all our kids lent to us but one day we'll give them back.

There, among us, you teach in this hidden school of souls,  
whilst Solomos and Kalvos fly above your head,  
and bless you by sprinkling you with a bunch of basil.

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# Gioconda, Mona Lisa

Gioconda, why do you smile confusing the folks and experts?  
Do you stare at me, for I insist that Sundays follow Mondays?  
For I consider the cloud as smoke though it rains a whole life?

Is it because I'm a tree hiding my roots away for economy?  
Cause I work for others who breathe my oxygen at no cost?

Do you smile for we can't separate the white from the blank,  
flour from heroine, cinder of fireplace from the ashes of war?  
Or because a star is dead and shines only from its past?  
You smile seeing the rainbow that I can't from where I stand?  
Or because the thorns don't let me behead the rose's head?  
Is it for the silkworm that saves no silk to dress up itself?

The circle bites its edge, the snake its tail. So do you smile  
for Bob Straud, sent for life imprisonment at the Island of Birds,  
curing ill birds and giving lectures to the doctors of the USA?

Mona, is it for the rivers flowing sweet waters into salted ones?  
Or for the flying fishes of Kitium are neither fishes nor birds?  
Or for a bank, prompt to lend an umbrella when rain stops?  
Or for I think that you think what I think? Why you still smile?  
Do I talk what others have already talked. Is it? Or because  
I don't listen up what the others have heard? I think I know

you smile because Aphrodite puts on her dress of nudity  
and it takes a century for those ten minutes waiting the date  
when Einstein was awaiting his girlfriend with a bouquet.  
Yes that minute of Mozart's birth is equal to centuries  
when stretched his umbilical strap to make a violin string.

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# God Saves The Mother

Tyrant Aristodemus kills her husband, rushes  
in prison to stab Megisto who calls her child,  
'Stop playing with toys, come to the sacrifice'  
and covers his body not to accept the stab.

But since God saves the mother, for centuries now,  
since insolent words of a coward is culvert of suffering,  
while the words of a fair person perch in silence, God  
(a sphere with centre everywhere and invisible surface)  
is present to lift unfairness for a mother who generates.  
See! He orders the eagle to leave stone from its mouth,  
and that stone splits in two the head of the tyrant.

Your nobility, mother, is synonym to the courage,  
it's the palm that tightens the fist instead of begging,  
are the legs, yesterday bending, now standing again,  
it is the sacred goal for you to magnify your country,  
giving birth to a child at the first star, and if you lose it  
in the struggle you say: 'I devote him to you, Homeland.'

God smiles to you, with his lips designing a rainbow.

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# Goddess In Love

Athena, when you saved us with Hercules  
from the Stymphalides Fowls, you wanted other things.  
Neither honours, nor hecatombs.

I see you undressing your panoply quietly, and  
lay down shield and spear, as if were tufts of snow;  
wave in your transparent mantle, as a breeze caress,  
slip away as a nymph to meet him behind your rock..

I gaze you, your beloved, showered by moonlight,  
offers you the dead birds; and you see them as flowers,  
his arms as if they were sky covering your whole body.

Waiting for you, I fell asleep...I see crowds from future  
upset cause you gave a bad example for all the crowned,  
they throw crowns when in love with mortals: for Miss Simpson  
for Todi Al Fayiat, even Merylin Monroe for Di Maggio.

I wake up and reread Sophocles, 'Love wins in the battle',  
Evipides, "love..no strange, it's common with most people",  
and Dante 'l' ?mor che move il sole e l' altre stelle'.

Let us confess to live in harmony with the nature,  
mix up bleu and yellow to compose green of hope,  
mingle tin and copper to have an admirable bronze statue.

Even a goddess has the right to love with a woman's heart,  
without frames and laws. Let her be united with her beloved  
be embraced. Even a chinese wall cannot separate them  
they can easily jump it over with the long pole of love,  
and be reunited in one body, leaving you speechless,  
on the loopholes, and thirsty at the fontana amorosa.

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# Great Soul - Mahatma Gandhi

This bullet in my body doesn't prevent me to speak  
about peace and our wise goddess Saravouati,  
and the bitter salt of the ocean of cyclones.

If your soul wins, the whole world wins as well.  
So, don't fall. Resist to temptations of lewd Laksmi,  
count the arrows of Artzoun, the wrath of Rahoo,  
sow with Atarveit to reap and nourish the children,  
throw your last kernel to the greedy, to humiliate him.

The stains of my blood are leaves that draw an ivy.  
Look up to the floor; it applies the order of family,  
it pricks on the wall a design with the nation's law,  
it covers the roof with the Law of a perfect universe:  
I'm the left hand of my neighbour, when spins thread;  
he is my left hand too, when I cultivate my cotton.

The bullet in my body doesn't prevent me to avow:  
I die for the truth so that I'll be born again as freedom.  
We are affluent rivers joining with the single River,  
God defined no borders to have it divided for us all.

The bullet penetrates my body as a seed, I grow anew.  
Great Soul, means to render holy the bullet inside you,  
as Jesus renders holy his crucifix, Homer his blindness.

India is single, God is unique with many names.  
So, let us mount with the loom and the cow.  
Tyrants who invade my country have no salvation,  
since eventually the winner is Love, reminding  
Prometheus, a fire-carrier with a riddled body.

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# Greek Is Not Anyone Who Is Fool

Constantinople or Nova Roma or New Zion, whatever,  
no Greek reigned it for eleven centuries only Athenian  
Irene, the shadow of King Leo, she who distorted morals  
who hanged images of saints on the walls of churches  
and bodies, tongues, eyes of her rivals in gallows,  
she who cut the life of his grandson, her son's eyes  
in Purpura palace hall, where she gave birth to him.

Blind son, you thought love would save you from her!  
But she sent Maria as nun, grabbed Erythro from you.  
You two ignored her, fell in love, sat on throne? So what!  
Implicated you in scandals to rouse people and clergy,  
she made you blind to grab the throne. God provided  
Nikiforos; drove her away, cherishing you as his son.

But the Ecumenical Council of Nicaea had other opinion,  
didn't canonize her as iconolater so we don't worship her,  
her, who was called a wretched mother, intriguing, unable,  
her, who broke the defense, offered the City to the Arabs.  
I suppose only the iconolaters and chroniclers praise you!

Oh Irene, snake of forty cubits, self-destructed, alone you  
pulled your eyes out, hung yourself on the History's wood.  
'Greek is not any fool, malicious, maniac for bloody power'  
Paparrigopoulos shouts in your tomb; even dead do listen.\*\*

Joseph S. Josephides

# Hand

I've nothing of value to mention for Cleopatra's hand  
when she plunged Heraclion, her own life, nothing  
for Brutus' hand which hits his friend or his self,  
or for Bonaparte's hand that cuts the mast to save  
the vessel and hides the Pillar of Alexandria in his vest.

It's worthy to mention the very hand of the Egyptian  
in the Museum, in front of my eyes, the way he holds  
with his thumb and palm the stretched fingers of his wife.

He projects his leg, she keeps joined both her own.  
Hard to scalp the stone; the couple is expressionless.  
Four millenniums ago the scalpels couldn't chisel  
passion, joy or grief; only and hardly a formal rigidity.  
Is he leaving? Is he bidding farewell to her?  
Will he take her with him?

Still, from the way he holds her, I decode 'devotion'.

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# Have I Killed The Greek, Eventually?

I have never stood the Greeks. I hated them,  
I found their spirit below any stone I used to raise,  
we as monkeys imitate them, the teachers said.  
When soldier I saw Archimedes and got angry,  
I grasped his head and kicked it, though was wise  
since it had Euclid and Eratosthenes as teachers  
in Alexandria, also mathematician Conon in Samos.  
Miserable! He used science to humiliate us, Romans,  
with cannons, ballistic machines, grabbed our vessels  
lifted them on the air with pulleys, hoists, sprockets,  
set them on a big fire using from afar his sun-mirrors,  
to save Syracuse, the Greek culture, as he used to say.

I'm afflicted for the success of the Greeks. He measured  
solstices, diameter of the sun, planets, arcs, could square  
curves, can assess how much weight I lose in the water.  
So I tell you, I hate the Greeks cause they cancelled me,  
I become a mad beast that doesn't tolerate its tamers,  
opening scrolls I see all words in Greek, plenty as sand,  
(now, my kids learn Greek, so they can become wise) .

Have I eventually killed Archimedes the Greek? Not before  
? exterminate number ?; but it escapes, is jumping fences,  
enters the wave, leaves it, rolls in grooves of mind, passes  
through the arteries of heart, climbs on a huge wall, then  
on a giant tree from where casts itself to Galaxies, as God.

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# He Walks

Aeneas is walking onto scorching stones,  
he carries on his back his paralytic father  
holds the hand of little child who bitterly cries:  
"My dad is alive. I feel his hand, is still warm! "  
Women without sandals walk by his side, totter,  
walk to the edge of the horizon, such a wide cell.

Refugee Aeneas walks towards Italy,  
not turning his head to see back the Trojans  
as they fall from the breasts of Helen.  
Walks and goes through Cyprus to meet  
his mother Aphrodite, to retrieve together  
the skull of Charita's husband, lost or ignored,  
to join it with his body and restore its integrity.

The refugee is the bravest of all men;  
to walk forward he only needs the sun,  
a tile in his hand to fix it above his head,  
a boat to save himself, then to return home\*.

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# Hercules

Leaning on his right hand, thinking in depth,  
young Hercules felt the first wrinkle on his front  
which surprisingly whispered in his ear this phrase:  
'Now that you won the Lion of Nemea, better know  
people, as Eurestheas; their hunger is greedy,  
they'll ask you to save them from Lernea,  
from Stymphalion Birds, Amazon's sorcery;  
to run and save them from the Bull of Knossos,  
also to protect them from the Deer of Kyrenia,  
to release them from the Erimanthian Boar.

They overlook your risk from Diomedes' Horses,  
ignore Cerberus and Geryonis cows be in ambush;  
they say Atlas has put on your back a light earth,  
they don't care if ungrateful Avgeas is stealing you.

Do such people deserve Athlos from a Virtual Man?  
Reward? They'll burn you dropping vitriol in your shirt  
(even if Athena stands tenderly by you, Hermes behind) .

So, before the fatigue defeats you, chiefly your grief,  
dare to do the Thirteen Feat that will last for ever,  
only proceed to establish in Alte a Doric foundation  
for fair games at Olympia for the body and the mind,  
let her olive tree sprout onto the holy rock of soul.  
Still train the mortals to fight without being afraid  
for the virtue; only thus, enemies would admire them.

Go to do your Athlos for all, not only for the few,  
for all times not for now, for anywhere not just here.

If you create such Olympia, you will gain Eve for sure  
in Olympus. Let them burn you. Your vision is a winner  
winning the past of tomorrow and future of yesterday'.

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# Hope Of Homeland

The poet, away from his mother since a boy, was crying  
'Oh voice, oh mother, constant comfort in my childhood,  
the sweet tears of your eyes shower a rain over me! '

Since then, sings with guitar for Cyprus, not his mom,  
for he was moved from the heroic life of Maria Syglitiki,  
he chants an old song, about Telessila, the sickly poet,  
who played her lyre on the rampart encouraging people,  
the young girls of Argos hearing the sounds attacked  
on the Spartan soldiers of Cleomenes and Demaratos,  
they fell, stood again with bloods and won Spartans.  
After that Telessila parades with the girls who survived  
they walk the "Argian Girls Road", wearing male tunic,  
while the men of the town wear veils and female hood!  
Maria and Telessila, two heroes together in his poem.

'The ink of my Odes is blood running a cycle, Cypriots,  
I brandish a pen as a sword, I build a stone, not dart it.  
If you lose your sweet hope, what sort of life will you live?  
Breathe and rejoice for that hope, even not seen by you.  
Aura wants to refresh the new blossom, to give us fruits,  
so, ignore death aimint to secure the Liberty and Muse.'

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## I Am But A Short Detail (?Ch Nicht)

I am but a short detail of life a being  
incidental that stares at nature's harmony  
of ducks, swans, small boats, horses.  
The small things I am doing, I wish  
at least to do them with great a love,  
so to grow in the greenhouse of the universe.

I'm but a patriotic fighter; they have put me on  
a uniform of a thin cloth; yet, when the sun rises,  
it will be transformed into a bright panoply of steel.

I am but the utmost hope of Zeno, who sunk  
as a trader but was brought out by the sea  
as a philosopher; I'll ascent to the Holy Rock  
to erect a Stoa, thanks to golden talents I saved,  
and feed my students and me frugally with honey.

Same way as Zeno of Kitium did, I can exclaim:  
'I found myself wrecked; well, I had a lovely trip'.

If other people say I'm a detail, I reply: 'yes  
but imperishable, with the corals, on the sea-bed.'

Joseph S. Josephides

# I Is You

I am the stone, Rimbaud, you are the sun in our Liopetri\*,  
you the wine, me the ship going to the harbour of love,  
we are two stars joined by the celestial lace.

I catch the bullet they shot against you in Brussels,  
they cut your leg, we walk together on three legs,  
you lost your teeth, I chew the food to nourish you.

The Governor and Menelick B' rob your money,  
but then I exit from you as a flame and burn them;  
I embark your half body, to have it buried in Nice; \*\*  
I'm proud of the other half that won the death.

I deregulate myself, reform it into a spring  
to cool the lips of our desert, from Aden to Sudan.

You function in me, I function in you. I is you.

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# I Know That I'M Coward, But...

Since a long ago I want my inside rebel to exit  
to save elders, youth, economy from the Houses  
darting down from the Tower of Alexandria  
exploiters, liquidators, stump grinders, burrs.

I know that I'm a coward, but I talk without pause,  
not in public, hoping that the responsible will pay.  
For years I hoped Hercules to exit from my inside  
to break foreign drums with Achilles' loud voice,  
but behold, my coward self is pushing you to cut  
claws, antlers, teeth of the monster, also his head.  
I, as poet, don't throw roadblocks, not sear symbols  
only I build a tower of resistance, at a silent voice,  
yet the cunning wish to throw him, dressed in white,  
as heroin or shroud, outfit of butchers, psychiatrists.

My voice rejoices with yours as they multiply  
and they exude lava to melt each image of unjust.  
I know I'm a coward, it suffices that I ignite the flame.

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# I Love You In A Very Particular Way

I love you in a very particular way, creation of Love  
I believe in all of yours, have no need to see them,  
look at high how the nature performs its miracle  
how love handles our souls, hoe nicely she  
gives birth to many hands so I hold you tightly,  
to many eyes, so that you don't lack anything,  
to many ears, so that I listen to your sorrows,  
to many feet, to run where you are thrown down.

If I ever be unfair to you call me cruel robber,  
but if you do wrong to me my love forgives you,  
finds and brings you back, wherever you are lost,  
Creature of God, you sinned, nonetheless now  
you believe, you love; who am I to judge you?  
Better I'm not saved, if I'm saved without you\*,  
only this way shall I feel glory, joy and wealth.

Any wound is no deeper and wider than our heart,  
so if they burry us in a pit covering us with rubbish  
sing with me, step on rubbish and escape the pit,  
and when I embrace you I glitter as a huge fire,  
when I kiss you, two wings sprout on my back,  
my nails become gigantic so I can flay the evil  
and hook with you onto the branch of the dream.

I love you, therefore you exist, hence I co-exist, \*\*  
in fact Love issues the real certificates of birth.

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# I'm A Creature Of Phidias

Returning from Olympia amazed in France, Rodin,  
learn from me, his humble creature, that grief is a womb.

I am the crater of Phidias and I will resound his echo:  
'Athenians, the Art doesn't need to steel any gold.  
By trying me wrongly, you do the same to Promachus  
the Virgin of the City, to your Parnopios and Lapithis.'

Those who embittered our teacher, cheat themselves;  
they spited him to come here and do more great works.  
Thanks to Olympia and Helia that welcome him; so he did  
create great Zeus, Apollon as sun, Amazon and Aphrodite  
as pteros, winged love, flying from Octavia to Urania.

In his fingers I see the motion of a deer and the air,  
the decent olive tree, the affinity of dolphin and horse,  
the night's light, the day's shade, the heaven's dimension.

Here, Rodin, the artist even being wounded, he chisels  
the marble's body; it is the artist's wound and robustness,  
unseen by those who wounded him, albeit they look at.

I was watching you leaning, meditating in front of Apollon,  
my concave was vibrating out of joy for God who inspired you  
to chisel yourself as a man meditating on the Universe.

Art, you never lose. Your sorrow is over and awakens  
the spite to create in your foundry more bright marvels.

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## If - Will

Foreign lands mislead, myself is my only friend,  
I see a wave and I imagine of your body,  
I see the rainbow, same as the glance of our son,  
the jasmine petals are the soft fingers of my mom.

The No and the Yes govern the life,  
also the love that turns the If into Will:  
If you are homesick, you Will return home  
if you delay, you will wake up to decide,  
if you find a precipice, you will open your wings,  
if they blackmail you, you will never succumb,  
if you gape exteriors, you will search the inner side,  
so if you hope, you will essentially believe and  
if they hurt you, you will stand it in silence.

I philosophise so I can talk with myself,  
if I'm overdoing, I will overcome myself,  
but if you charm me, my God will guide me,  
if I find a shadow, I'll search behind for the light.  
I return to your garden, that is also mine,  
where our roses are found without thorns and  
our shadows are joined as one, like two clouds.

I return to you. I call you 'life'; call me 'love'.

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# If They Are Ruined, I'M Also Ruined

Amundsen bitterly confesses to us, his crew:

'I don't mind if I become a winner or one they hate, \*  
whether Scott will burn my diary, my only sample,  
spreading rumors that he stepped first on Antarctica.  
I mind only not to lose my friends, like friend Nobile,  
or to lose the seventy degrees Celsius below zero,  
or the wind of three hundred kilometers per hour.  
For if the glaciers are ruined, I'm also ruined.  
What's the reason of our life if theirs is melt? '

?he penguins and seals cried with him,  
glaciers torn to pieces, scream with White Thunder.  
I felt sad for my mother country, so far away, \*  
that the attackers want to melt, suddenly, unjust  
to spread the blackening blood on her white body.

Returning home I save his words in my mind:  
If at any time a vortex threatens my boat  
I'll penetrate my two oars deeply in its mouth,  
so as to swell its stomach and burst it off,  
set my back up as a sail, have the breeze to push,  
then paddle with my hands to reach the coast.

Here is my boat at a level of seventy meters,  
is floating, now resting on a hill of Cyprus,  
like the Ark of Life on Ararat.

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# In The Beginning It Was Spice

I, Antonio Pigafetta, nobleman of Vicenza,  
highly recommended, I joined the crew of Magellan  
on the way to Mollucs, towards the target of spice.

Beginning in the dark, ending in black Green Cape,  
we lost souls, ships, then our captain in Philippines.  
We cried, starved, insulted, but we kept the belief  
from warrior Pacific down to the Cape of Good Hope.

We, eighteen souls saved out of two hundred fifty  
did what? Only to save the honoured name of Spain.  
Aboard Victoria we bring home the triumphant spice;  
though bitter, is sweet on the palate, albeit as ash  
of a dead, earns golden bars for our home treasury.

I fetch a fortune in the harbour Sanlúcar de Barrameda  
after three years, not twenty as Odysseus who came  
back with empty hands. It's the spice, our daily bread.  
Your Majesty, I confess: in the beginning it was spice.  
Yet, what lands and titles you counterbalance for me?

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# Interview

Oriana\*, you ask if I am a politician, dressed as priest.  
This cassock hides my frock that you can not see.  
I'm priest, ahead to suffer together with my people.

You wonder if I plot. I only machinate my cassock,  
I fix the legs of the chair they had asked me to sit on.  
Others wanted me be in cosmic clubs of mighty men.

Oriana, I'm mighty if I can defeat myself, in first place  
if I discolor the passions, wear a smile when I suffer,  
if I nourish the folks with fruits grown in my garden  
thanks to the manure that some flung in my face.

I'm not a saint, you insist. Yet, I'm honest and I believe;  
the butcher, not a politician, is the one to cut meat.  
One says, they have trapped me in the net. When child  
a butterfly taught me how to escape from a dip net,  
a red goat how to discover grass under the snow bed.  
I compromise scarcely but honesty I hold up the hope  
to raise up the adorable small stones of my country.

Let them not appraise my mission with a praise;  
minor is the meaning of statues and glorious words:  
'charismatic, clear-sighted, responsible, brave...'

Oriana, impartial history eventually will judge us all.  
Here I feel blessed-makarius for the people loved me,  
forgiving the mistakes intruded without any intention.

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# Jeanne D' Arc - Vision

While a girl, when dining I often had a vision.  
I thought I was the dove of Argo that passed  
through Sympligades after it immobilised them.

As a teenager, I saw the Archangel and the saints  
calling me on duty to set my homeland free.  
I knew my wounds would be of purple colour,  
like the Charles' purple uniform at his coronation.

Down the walls of Paris, I heard the First Voice:  
Forget the wound, here comes the marvel.

Captured in Compiègne, I heard the Second Voice:  
Love your enemy, offer him your water to drink.

Condemned in Rouen, I heard the Third Voice:  
'They will descent you in fire, you'll ascent on highs.'

?'m consumed; not for saving kings and successors,  
but for France; I'll fetch for her the Golden Fleece,  
the symbol that Ifighenia looks after for me at Kolhida.

In fire I pray for my candle to last,  
as a cypress of homeland that points to sky,  
with roots in the deepest fire and divine coolness.

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# Jus Primae Noctis

I am the sovereign Lord of your dreams.  
My intention is to hold on to your horseback.  
I obey the law I constitute, how nice to befoul  
the slave bride during the first night of her marriage!  
Sex is my job, her groom job is to do other jobs.  
Should be under a man, meaning she is under me!  
Her groom is under burden, how can he be over her  
making gallop energetically, vibrating passively?  
In my bed she will have myriads of myrons, silk sheets,  
In his bed she will smell his sweat from a blanket's hole;  
with me blood is blue, with him is dark red from wounds

Who calls me unjust is villainous; I apply my justice,  
yes, I do it with zeal, ecstasy and a surplus of tension  
(my sweat flows as a river in my bed towards her hair)  
with untold passion to relax the exhausting inanition,  
she screams 'ah', I suppose it's out of satisfaction; or  
is it of pain since my belly and legs crush her down?

That crackling is due to the bed or to ruins of her teeth?  
Is 'ah' a pain? Rewarded with a celestial intercourse,  
in essence, I train her to stand any unbearable pains,  
to throb with rhythm, skillful to teach her rude groom

Slave, why so sad? I permit you to see from keyholes,  
to hear my sex with your ear on the wall! I promote you  
to test my wine before I do -my enemies want poison me.

I'm Uranus who rapes virgin Earth (as her kids believe) .  
I'm afraid of the imagination, the toothed sickle of Cronus,  
afraid whether it will cut off the parts of my hedonism,  
and then, out of their blood, my nightmares be born  
Erinnyes, Giants, Nymphs, the unjust Titans  
who then will surely give birth to unjust children.

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# Kapodistrias' Seven Stains Of Blood

1. He wanted neither a salary, nor glory  
or useless luxury shelves to show off;  
only an assistant to share a cup of tea.
2. You Greek know that silence is stem of work,  
the fair word becomes a rain for you, citizens.
3. Let Greece exit the caves, the slaves also  
away of slavery to inhale their own oxygen.
4. The dog wanted to protect Kapodistrias  
so it ripped his socks to force him return home  
possibly getting rid of the killer in the ambush.
5. The woman-beggar wished to guard him;  
pushed him down to excite his self-defense  
before the murderer rushes to shoot on him.
6. The tree is the very witness of the murderer.  
There he cleansed his hands from stains of blood  
The storms, his allies, never eradicated the stains.
7. Kapodistrias now tends to move in his coffin.  
Apparently he rests for a while but then again  
marches for the Value, inviting us to march.

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# King, Have You Got An Alibi?

You remove armies on the map, but they say  
as a child you used to make little soldiers of clay.  
As a King you used to send us in West for studies  
in arts, sciences, administration of commerce,  
to erect for us factories, shipyards, headquarters.

Tell Great Peter, do you hear the poet's voice\*?  
Even shot by the old and new conquerors,  
he slips in the folks, in tents of gypsy friends,  
and safeguards what you cannot actually be.  
He defies spies and censors by writing poetry  
on a horse; can you dare to ride on and see?  
He raises a sword for his muse, ready to fall,  
or becomes a branch to let her bird-girl sit on it.

We, the youth, fight with pens instead of spears,  
we swallow the bullet you shoot to the poet;  
we are the voice of his statue, the verse is an ax  
over various Lucullus who steal the people,  
over you who purchases the culture of the West,  
instead of glorifying ours and transmit it there.

How we possibly call you Great? You lost this alibi.  
What matters is not your pressed ironed uniform,  
but the mission we should both deem as worthy.

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# Lament Of Papdiamantis

Why Papdiamandis, though suffers in his bed,  
repels the doctor and looks for a humble priest?

- He is Adam, repents, asks for holy communion,  
doesn't figure diamonds, isn't afraid of pneumonia.

With whom he was carrying clothes in basket? Why?

- With Eva-Loukaena. The sheets of shame  
are shrouds to apply them in their very coffins.  
They washed them at shore, rinsed at Glykoneri.

Will God give Adam and Eve an opportunity?

- God broke the gates of Hades to let them exit and try,  
to ascend the ladder leading back to heaven, unwavering,  
in harmony, without vain reproaches 'your fault', 'not yours'.

Why Akrivoula, granddaughter of Adam, plays on the ladder  
carefree, taking risk of falling with gang-kids whom she called?

- The fiddler seduces them, so they have neglected their souls.  
She is a child, as Odysseus in schooner absorbed by Sirens.

Whom the seal laments, while Eve and Adam listen to music?

- Laments Akrivoula, with hot tears she melts her to dine her.  
Her wreath is of seaweed, dowries of shells, bones of corals.

Why Papdiamandis, while dying, is asking for a pious priest?

- He is Adam; takes communion in uncreated light and laments  
for the world, the moon in hidden phase. All go on to live on.

Joseph S. Josephides



# Lessons For A Tyrant

Though you are bad, as a tyrant, I'll teach you:

first be an actor, present yourself as a king,  
stop eating raw meat, else blood is dripping.  
Do scare private gatherings in soup kitchens,  
hungry people eat there, don't think of any rebel.

If you close the schools, teach football to kids,  
send people to work, thus they don't think of evil,  
and when they earn, drain them imposing taxes.

Do show that you honor so much the obsequious,  
else they'll say rightly you're obsequious to them,  
better honest people appreciate you than flatter,  
as a good actor hide hatred for the excellent ones  
cut their wings early, but not so deep anymore,  
with half-cut wings, they can't form a flock to fly.  
Remove the cocks feathers slowly, one by one,  
ally with rich or poor, depending who has power  
finally do bribe eminent men to stand by you.

I noticed that some kings have become tyrants,  
albeit put on a mask of a good king to accept you,  
do works, diminish your adulterous, ten are enough,  
tell that you save, you're a treasurer and custodian  
protecting our defense and our public interest us-  
cover the fact that you put your interest above all.

Either you'll be a hypocrite actor or quit it all.  
Do this to be half-immoral instead of immoral,  
so you'll be burned in hell for ten centuries, only.

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# Let Nemesis In For Action

They admonish me: "Don't revenge, let the time punish,  
vengeance is more expensive than what has been lost,  
for if you imitate an unjust man then you are empty,  
or absurd if you govern him, a coward if you serve him."

They advice me: 'Learn to suffer and to endure,  
if they unfairly knock you down you stand above them',  
I hear inner a voice: 'How do you respect your temple? '

But if they pull my eyes while I'm reading my History,  
or pull my teeth while I'm dinning my holy bread, and  
if I forgive a bad man who thereafter hurts a good man,  
who becomes the innocent prey of a malicious hunter,  
'let Nemesis in for action', I exclaim with a decisive hand,  
let me overthrow the tables setup in the temple by traders,  
to prevent silver and intrigues to falsify values and home.

Only the pigeons of the traders we set them free,  
for we must let the innocence to fly in the highest.

Our Temple is entitled to have a net made of steel,  
not a spider's web which is pierced by giant insects.

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# Let Us Plan Beyond Death, Rimbaud

The docs cut my leg, no hope for me to survive,  
the paralysis affects already my eyes, my heart,  
Rimbaud suffers the same and raves in his bed:  
'My sister Isabel, you in the light, me in the dark.  
He invites me to escape and go to Algiers, Aden  
both of us be hikers in a large road, in mini forests,  
our heads touching the sky, both as lords of silence,  
a poet, says, must fight against the ocean of evil,  
then the sun pulls our drunken boat with light-fibres.

Rimbaud, life is worthy to enjoy, before you live it:  
I sent photos and gifts to my friends and relatives,  
now I order togas, tailored to my grandkids' sizes,  
a photo, with me smiling now, for their graduation  
from the University; at that time I'll exist for them,  
in that photo of the past which enters into future.  
If my trireme is buckled, her name will still float,  
if the sea disappears, my sweat will mold another sea,  
if the island is dissolved, tears will solidify a same one.  
Build me into a wall with a sound of love, like the King  
with his flute, let my bones be in a new lovable body.

We are the very Space-time which exists thanks to us;  
If we lose everything, we stare at you from the infinity,  
moving for you the trees that had turned into marble.  
Good morning to you night, light is born in darkness.

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# Letter From A Dutch For The Greek Language

Dear Mr. Ides. Seems you quitted the Greek language.  
They take the stone from Acropolis to erect a Babel.  
Your problem outruns the ill-omened facts of welfare.  
Not only you do desire Aphrodite, a body in the sun,  
not only you enjoy banquets with pure Dionysos' wine,  
but you throw the language as a swine in the mud,  
while the litter of foreign pseudotitles choke you.

The grove of culture sheds tears (not heard by ears)  
for it is loaded with monkeys, parrots and termites.

In this Babel they brought waiters with tongues as scissors,  
you will starve if you cannot order a meal in English,  
some in French or German, other in Spanish or Russian.

In this cup you don't see wine, but blood flowing  
from words almost dying, from slaughtered words,  
as if it was Homer's tongue in the plate of Salomi.

Erysichthon, why you sell your daughter, the Greek Matrix?  
It is high time for you, voracious man, to devour your body;  
my language stands: Learn Greek to improve your English  
from Melbourne to Washington, from Byron to Bill Gates.

I wonder if you have anything else to survive  
in the desert, except the manna of your language!

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# Little Hero Under Contestation

Did you ever imagine yourself at least as a little hero?  
I, Piotr Telouskin the craftsman, couldn't, until lately.

But when the lightning stroke I was called by the king.  
Me, whom he ordered to restore our mutilated belfry,  
to cure the lesion of the Church of St. Peter and Paul.  
Where did the architects and contractors disappear?

He let aside the buffoons begging: only you can do it.  
I spent six weeks to restore the cross and the sphere,  
acrobat on ropes and scaffoldings, a circus spectacle.

I overcame fears by hearing the chirps of the birds,  
the cheerful voices of children; damn all who dispute.  
To reward me the king placed his seal on my throat,  
for all taverns to offer me wine, when I tick on throat.

Alas! All were forgotten. The architects got posts back,  
found errors in my job, courtiers accused me as drunk.

At least that newspaper shouted against them strictly:  
'who forgot the feat of Piotr let them climb scaffoldings  
of one hundred twenty three meters, and show dexterity'.

The fate of a little hero rough and split, they hate me;  
I balance with innocence, acrobat over any misery,  
do small actions but courageous, beyond their cowardice.  
Is my labour invisible up there? The light Delos will show.

I only need sweet appreciation, like the chirps of birds,  
like the cheerful voices of children, down in the square.

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## Louvre, Nike

Hide away from guards of Louvre, come this evening,  
ride the wings of Nike with me to fly; let us oversee  
Babylon that is sowing law, alphabet and weights,  
Greece reaping Justice, Language and Measure.

Aphrodite needs no ornament, also the Cyprus woman  
squeezes her breast painfully to let her rose-milk flow;  
look at the Aegina girl, a delicate bud in a cold helmet;  
Homer, hears peace with the ears of the dog of Ithaca\*.

The harlot has her hair longer to wipe His feet; watch  
Mouriyo caresses the little beggar with rays in his den,  
Bellano helps Saint to remove a thorn from a lion's paw.  
It's high time for El Greco to lance death with his brush,  
for Caravaggio to raise the Mother up from the darkness.

Fly inside the real Art: now, call upon Elena of Rubens,  
tell Markeza of Goya not to be afraid of the death,  
ask Baltasar what Raphael told him about aesthetics,  
help embroiderers of Vermeer to do Needlework of Life.  
Like Leonardo, smile with Gioconda's lips, for a reason.

Come and fly to culture with the Nike's wings, in timeless  
Time, from high to the depth, from darkness to the light,  
thus excluding our exclusion; like that servant on whose  
mummy it was written: "I'll serve, even after my death."

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# Love Infinitely

You, my statue of blending metals,  
dumb, though of a loud speech,  
breathe my oxygen, dear Galatia,  
I, Pygmalion, exhale in your place  
the carbon dioxide of your sufferings.

My love consists the chisel for your corpus,  
fertilus in the day, phosphorus in the night,  
impetuous in the unseen side of the moon,  
my body, as eight-8, lies on your as infinity-?.

Aphrodite as Pitho, taught me how to love,  
when she loosed her corset letting in the light  
silver bosom that can fool even the best wise.

In the fountain, Cupid lends to us his wings,  
stirs the water to transform the death into life\*,  
like the blood of Adonis that grows as a red rose,  
like the tear of Aphrodite, a plain of windflowers.

Thousands of pigeons fly from her temple, women,  
young and old, enjoy life, shouting erotic echoes,  
let me tell words of love in Greek a voice.

In the mirror, you reflect as an ornament;  
behind it, you exist as a wordless treasure.

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# Love Invincible In Battle

When young he mused her in a sketch\*,  
he used to dream of her velvet hair and  
to select corals in the sea depth of her eyes.

Now, at seventy four, under a cure test  
Goethe in Karlo Vivari is tasting  
erotic herbs of adolescent Ulrike.  
We run in vain to bring him in his senses,  
we his friends, children and grandkids,  
old girlfriends Lilie, Mimie arrived to assist.

'Love is poison', Plato contradicts,  
'Love is medicine', the poet responds.

Her whiteness refines his words,  
they are bathing in the light of the universe,  
at the invisible side to the moon, they laugh  
and do tricks as a young couple in love.  
Lips keep silent when eyes are chatting,  
same happened to Swan-Zeus and Leda.  
Let the angels and devils wait in a queue:  
an inspiration lengthens the lifespan,  
because love is invincible in battle  
and while we set, a rich light dawns.

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# Love Letters To Helen Of Sparta

Helen, your hair is a pure ear of wheat,  
your smile is a goodness of the first rain,  
your warmth brings halcyon days in heavy winter,  
you are the perfume and leaven of May's rose.  
I'll kidnap you from Sparta with all your seasons.

I, Paris, still have time to love and to be loved,  
my vessel is waiting aside for you and me  
to depart for a secured resort, there at Troy;  
all of my three sails will be blown by love.

In the day your kiss is my armor  
oh, in the night you disarm me  
and use the sheets as your wings.  
I cut the Eros wings, to have him with us,  
oh love, you are the truth, deep in my lie,  
I breathe you as oxygen in my blood;  
Our love in sunshine has an inner sound,  
your aroma is blended with bright light.

You are the sky, I am the sea, face-to-face  
your mirror reflect the same color for us both,  
blue, grey, black, your fate is my fate;  
love I give you, love I'm receiving from you;  
your smile hitched on the edge of your lips,  
oh my thirsty goodness, Sahara got back.

Helen, music of Muses, only in your hug  
I, till now unjustified one, am fully justified.  
Your breeze cools all the shells of my shore,  
from a distance of thousands of miles.

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# Love Sunwards

I look for you into the flowers of the day,  
to find you I seek in trails of the night,  
I don't found you in the cards of fortune teller,  
they say you don't exist, you're just an ether.

Just look, for you my soul became so thirsty;  
yet, absent is your spring and your myron  
that sweetly smells, ascending to the sky,  
they say they saw your shadow flying high.

She, Aphrodite, whispers in my ear:  
it's only aimless that I pester my fate;  
your flame starts from the inside of me,

and goes sunwards, where I go to join you,  
there; if others laugh at us, ignore them,  
they feel delirious due to lack of warmth.

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# Love To The End Of Pain

Hierarch Sinorix desired Galatea,  
behaved as buzzard, plotted and killed  
her husband Sinatos, so now she as widow  
has no choice but take the hand of Hierarch.

Galatea Camma leaned over and said:  
'I'm yours, let us drink from your wine.'

She pours poison in the two bowls  
sending Hierarch Sinorix to hell,  
herself to meet her only love, Sinatos,  
both be tied with a volcano bond tasting  
ambrosia in cups of various materials  
gold, silver, wood, clay, glass,  
not feeling the material but only the taste.

She loved her man to the end of pain.  
The pain has ceased, love shines above.

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# Love Travels As Intangible

I'll tell you explicitly how the miracle happened...

the girl met the poet in the internet,  
he kept her awake with jokes and colors  
then she saw his distant nod so near;  
was surprised, her flame relighted at once,  
though she was saying, out of tediousness,  
would delete from computer all unknown ones,  
yet she thought such knight is not easy to find,  
if he left would open the window of other girl,  
after all he offers to her, asking nothing back,

here love travels as intangible and enters  
homes through cracks and using rope-ladders,  
the girl imagined the poet's chest as a pillow  
she imagined her head leaning lightly on it,  
his fingers, like a caress, combing her hair.  
'I care less', she says, 'if people do not believe  
that I enter the screen and lie down on the bed  
also that I have my breasts loose over his chest,  
and I mingle my fingers in between his own.'

Only the tales bearing wings of love can awake us.  
As you see the seven colors of the iris make white,  
the thought becomes a kiss as the moist air a rain.

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# Love, Bread And Myth

My light, your ears of wheat are gilding,  
your plain grows tufty, it's a real painting,  
knead and give me fragrant fresh bread,  
so I stand and melt sorrows and nails.

Plain of Mesaoria, I hear psalms  
walking towards St George church,  
the dove came back again,  
the people's hand is wreaking again.

Our affairs of love wander about  
all the kisses have a smell of jasmine,  
the rays gently caress our roofs,  
the hair of the beloved girl is like cob.

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# Marcus Aurelius, For All Of His Self

If you sit on my throne and rule, believe it or not,  
you'll see in the Yard corrupt guys, harlots, magicians,  
a river of blood for sacrifices, wars, arenas; you'll see  
usurers to flay you - and after you the poor people-  
you'll see bodies destined for orgies and graveyards.

Do not say – as I did naively– ‘it happens in this world’,  
Furies are furious, may condemn us all: “Shame on you  
people of Argos, you ugly sign and load on the earth.”

I'm Marcus Aurelius and philosophize on all of my self:  
bodies are for decay, decomposition, life is a single drop,  
my soul is a whirlwind, a steam, destiny resembles air,  
essence and caress are absent, the fame goes to oblivion.

But if you reign in a wise mode, without betraying,  
if you push away from you the delight, the insult, the lie,  
you construct a foundation, a strong win over sufferings.

Then accept the plague, as I do, in a stoic sense;  
do interpret: the fall as apple, the pigeon as Peace.

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# Marylin Monroe

I fell in love with my neighbour, Marilyn; I was unlucky,  
she was caught by companies, producers, the crews  
posted her naked, as appetizer for lascivious lookers,  
they raised her skirt, blowing air from ground fans  
she ought to laugh, undress, drink pills to endure;  
they hide her in blackish limousines, in grey Studio,  
in white museum inside a waxwork form. Di Maggio  
secretly grasped her for wife, Miller did the same...

(In a nightmare I saw her as widow Aspasia Fokais,  
myself being Darius, I saw my uncle Cyrus raping her,  
then was captured by Artaxerxes, my dad; finally I got  
married to her, but she became a priestess of Astarte.)

You sang for the Boss but they threw you in silence.  
The camera shows lust even over your nude corpse,  
you hold the pillow, as if it was the child you desired,  
lean your head sideways as Madonna; a camera is not  
an eye of a poet\* interpreting the head's leaning, if it's  
affection, bowing or submission to fate or hidden pain.

Mice scratch the coffins of the salesmen\*\*; dry are  
their eye lenses, as dry as lenses of their camera.  
Life is a theatre without rehearsal. So let us love each  
other, before the stage curtain falls with no applause.  
I want you for your heart; let them worship your skirt.

Joseph S. Josephides (Iosif S. Iosifidis)

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# Mater Lysistrata

Instead of Aristophanes, she calls me sweetly Fanes,  
she enters the outpost, gets out only when she wants,  
wakes me up from sleep, prepares a divine supper,  
puts on everything, great things, even milk of a bird:  
eggs, schnitzel and shrimps, oysters from Maldives  
ham and vitamins, this and that, «my son, tell yes  
to metal music, no to metallic bombs of war! »

Beware of Mater Lysistrata, may pull your eyes out  
she holds the gun for me, guards in my place for me,  
as eagle checkiing around, if the chief comes to inspect  
in case he catches me, sleeping warmly in my outpost.  
Who's going to judge me? She will react at once:  
She will call other moms, will form nine platoons,  
to clog the roads, projecting breasts and shoulders.  
cursing the TV canals, the mess found in the army.

No one can hold her back; she is a real servant  
of six generations – answer of Sphinx's question-  
from grandgrandkids to grandgrandmons, here,  
there; she is a female Don Quixote, not at all a hero,  
invites friends around her and tells to all seriously:

Your weapons I'll melt, laughter I'll give you instead.

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# Meditating In Olypmia

“Alas! My whole life was wasted in vain”  
exclaimed Roden, awe struck  
when he saw Apollo in Olypmia

and crazed he searched with both hands  
the bottom of his pouch  
trying to find out  
whether the fault lied with a tool  
which he had laid aside  
and had not handled it with adequate care.

He runs hardly breathing  
to the workshop of Pheideas

□

He searches everywhere – thinking –  
about even the least humble one  
which might have helped,  
burying in agitation his fingers into the soil

Just in case that he might happen to find  
anyone of the tools of Hephaistus  
of which he is not aware,

in case that he chances to find  
a tool of the Gods hidden in Olypmia

which will stir  
and elate the soul  
and liberate it.

Joseph S. Josephides

# Memento Mori

To govern Rome, focussed only on eating and drinking,  
I put all concerns on the shoulders of my legionnaires.  
Naturally I donate them public lands and plunder  
(to my spies I also give land, else they would grumble) .

'A virtuous and prayer can not govern', say the courtiers,  
(yet, I drowse fearing that one of them may try to kill me) .

As for my people...well, I'm trained to tell them fables,  
offer them bread slices to survive, spectacles to enjoy.  
I trap their brain offering them parades, duels, feasts;  
buying for them such intoxication, you govern and grasp.

I became a grand master in this, I own skilful tentacles,  
so now I rest in tranquillity, on pillows of certainty,  
I play the people over my fingertips, the legionnaires.  
I have not build Rome in one day. As I have formed it,  
you all need more than a lifetime to destruct it.

That's what I thought...until when Braetos stubbed me.  
I listen again the slave in my coronation yelling in my ears  
memento mori, not to forget that one day would be my last.  
The soul's salvation won't cost a lot of brain to consider,  
but in front of my mirror I didn't recognise my drunk self,  
nor did I see Charon who found an empty chair in my table  
and sat, ate and put me my last dress for earthen cavity.

Now I breathe my last, still I save time to learn that:  
it takes just a day for Rome to become a heap of ruins.

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# Meritorious, Meritorious, Meritorious

On their chariots they loaded the thrakean uniforms,  
with all the sketches and colours of their country,  
the Monastery, the palm tree and the pine tree,  
the partridge, the tree branch, the flower, the eagle,  
the bridge, the two-headed and single-headed symbols.

On chariots the twenty seven sarakatsanican aprons:  
one for the married woman, one for the unmarried,  
the divorced, the mam of few kids, the mam of many.

On their chariots they loaded the engraved spindles,  
the gifts of the groom for the bride and her mother.

Then put to oath the snake of the house to protect it.

At the time they passed the Adrianoupolis' bridge,  
there at the bridge of Michale, they shed a silent tear,  
voiced out their obstinacy that soon one day they'll return.

Thanks for welcoming us, Salonica, home of same soil.  
Here folks, unload the uniforms, the aprons and spindles,  
the wounded Thrake; our logo 'Never forget'. Let us all go  
to marry the boy to the girl he fell in love with, on the way.

Welcome in the marsh, brothers from Salonica; thanks  
for your gifts. Approach to see us enthroning our groom.  
Let our whole race raise him high and proclaim trice:

meritorious, meritorious, meritorious

the proper tradition that a Byzantine emperor deserves,  
the proper tradition to every youngster from Thrake

our blood is colouring his royal purple.

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# Mighty Creteros, Mightily

You thought you won Sarazines at Amnisos! You didn't foresee that the locust would perhaps come back you, bearer of the responsibility, Crateros of Byzantium; however you did rush to celebrate for that victory!

For centuries the people here adores goddess Elithia  
From the city Triton of Amnisos down to Inatos  
But she upset king Minos while he was resting.  
Gave birth to many black kids, among white ones;  
It takes a hundred of cities to house them as citizens.

My General, why you got drunk for that mere first win,  
leaving the win in a cup for others to drink it in the dark?  
Now wounded, you are helped to escape for island Cos.  
In vain; soon they will approach your ship to kill you.

A war is lost when the heart is drunk and mounts to brain,  
the chest palpitates in vacuum, the eyes are unguarded.  
The good days disappear, oh Byzantium of the dream,  
when you used to create with mighty hands the statue  
of each one of your works, gradually till accomplishment.

You walk in the air using Icarus' wings and you fall too.  
It's hard to reach the harbors of destination. Remember  
Theseus forgot to change his sails from black to white.  
Thus he lost his father. Thus one loses his fortune  
when shoots with a bow to kill the wise awl of Triton.

What you had as a gift you couldn't save it; you didn't  
protect sensibly your back to let your chest ahead?

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# Mister Plus

Mister Plus, Minister in the European Centre\*  
steps up on the podium of Parliament, with style  
yet, he overlooks the holes of the Funds.  
He emits alcohol odor and giggles.  
Doesn't cure the ills of unemployment.  
He emits alcohol odor and staggers.  
Is ignorant of homeless or pollutants.  
He emits alcohol odor and belches.  
Never heard about forest fires or melting of ice.  
Emits alcohol odor, stutters with rhythmic hiccups.

All is perfect seen by the blindness of his drinks!  
He withdraws from podium rocking, triumphant,  
the members look at him slantwise, applaud, laugh.

He differs from those who drink to forget problems,  
since he drinks trying to remember what he drank  
and further to alcohol he emits his special perfume.  
Mister Plus, is a child of the century of minus.  
All is fake, apart from the fake roof he is staring at.  
No need for solution, since there no problem at all.

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# Moreover

Moreover, poetry is  
what destruction tries hardly to subtract,  
what the prophet is in agony to add,  
what Mephistopheles desires bitterly to divide,  
what love multiplies while being divided.

Moreover, it's the white bird in winter,  
the absence of cold as reason for blackening,  
the golden rain that touches upon vertically  
the body of Danae that stretches horizontally.

Moreover, it's not the cart that carries straw,  
but the one bringing the rocks of the duty  
which become diamonds while it ascends.

Moreover, it is the shiver  
of Dante, when he smelled the rose in Hades,  
of Homer, when he tasted the honey of Muses.

Moreover, poetry is what is more and over.

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# Mother And Spartan Woman

He resorted in the temple and enclosed himself  
as a suppliant, but she his mother, being Spartan  
builds him in with stones, sending him to death.

She, Pausanias' mother, cries inside her, but  
the other women urge her 'add more stones.'  
She is writhing. Soon her son will not breathe,  
starvation will capture him, will fall into a coma.

The Spartan woman punishes the city's General  
yet inside her the mum groans 'he hurt nobody...  
he just dispatched to Xerxes some captive nobles.'

The other women shout 'more stones, put more'  
and push her violently to stack that stoning death.  
She is filled with tears inside her Spartan self body.  
Her son has glorified Greece at Plataeae battlefield,  
he would redeem Hellespont, Cyprus! Now what?

Inside the mother a ruin, her Spartan self a cruelty,  
a fiery screaming outwards: 'he is a miserable traitor,  
he wrote to Xerxes to conclude fatal agreements.'

While the Spartan was building her son in the temple  
she was strangling in her body the mother of her son,  
like the poetess who was forced to serve alien interests  
but she smashed her pen in the cell of her own mind.

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# My Eyelids I Close Like Curtains

My eyelids I close like curtains,  
? see you in there as my vision.

I have chosen the new path,  
the difficult one, however I flow,  
the truth doesn't need memory,  
the lie does, to hide an old lie.

You came as poetry to heal me,  
you dance, and point where to go,  
I become a diver of the ocean,  
I become Adonis of Aphrodite,  
and live your life, Olympic myth.  
Wish I would lean on your breasts.

As I fall down you raise me up  
and get my pain and melt it all,  
and if we sink into the vortex  
'love', you say, ' affords forces,  
hold on, so that earth be ours  
doing so the universe allies with us.'

You want me be a symbol for others,  
possibly a brave sample of the life,  
here, I'm the coast you the wave,  
I'm the needle and you the thread.

One day when we leave this world  
going to the ether and even beyond,  
we'll chant same notes with the angels  
and we'll converse about poetic love.

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# My Own Tomb - Larnaca

Dear students, now I sleep in the tomb. My sheets  
are the petals of the white rosebush over me,  
the stone I ordered for the grave is my pillow.

In the night my words phosphoresce and travel,  
the letters, timber in fireplace, is a fervid companion  
with you, in Noehof, Linardos, Gertrude and Stantz,  
in Burgkorf, Minhenmponhze and Yvernton.

I gave you all I had; to orphans bread as knowledge.  
You say that I received nothing in return. I did,  
as I have taken sponge-cake as benediction of God.

Today the authorities of Brug reveals my bust.  
Around my tomb I see cameras, wandering sellers,  
guides prattling, long black jackets, newly rich ladies  
showing off their jewellery stones over my grave stone.  
Ah! This dust and that rambling disturb my tranquillity.

But when night falls, nature with a magic stick will call  
the ultra mundane Order lower down to us and bless:  
my stone, to sparkle a flame for a younger Prometheus,  
my body as a root to elevate juice up to your rose-bush.

Children, the mature wheat-ear leans its head downwards,  
but the empty one struts; the wind shakes upside down.  
Look there, at Lugano. Socrates statue springs up

Look there, at Lugano. Socrates statue spring up  
with his head leaning down like a mature wheat-ear.

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# Nature's Advice

'The two pitchers on pole, hanged on your nape,  
consider them as your children.

Do not ignore the one that is feeble.

Give praise to the pitcher on your right that does a good job,  
since it remains integral and transports its water, yet,  
support the pitcher on your left that is leaking due to a crack'.

` Nature, how can I support it? ', the old villager asks.

` You better sow seeds in the left side of the pathway'.

Thus, the pitchers lived well and the villager better.

The cracked pitcher irrigates a road-strip of thousand metres;  
The lucky villager now owns a long garden, no need to water it,  
and produces beautiful flowers for his house and for selling.

'Even the unlucky ones are blessed; they reward you with joy.  
Give a drop of water to the cactus and receive a rare flower. So,  
accept the feeble, discover his capabilities that hides from you'.

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# Navigator Poet

The poet Camões is sailing with us  
his dream being to follow Ulysses.  
He saw the masts as arrows to the stars,  
was writing lyrics to protect us from wild beasts  
to tolerate any strange, to love our close people.  
He wrote: 'keep away from the scent of Circe,  
or your dog misjudges you as being a stranger'.

But we owed much to pay for our mistakes,  
as much as Charlotte due to her thousand lovers\*.  
We brought gold in: 'build a church' he ordered  
and we laid him in a tomb that was like a vessel  
to travel and bring knowledge of previous times.

The poet, reaching the Castle of Cyclops Salazar,  
throws him dead down from his chair in his bath,  
supports widows of Nazare to pay room rentals;  
here is Ines de Castro, the lover of Prince  
buried alive by the people, what a sin; unearths her  
call them to kiss her, then reburies her with honours,  
similar to that for Elpinor and Polynices.

Navigator poet, as you go to the Upper Ocean  
where memories do not go beyond their dreams,  
do teach us how to march for what is worthy,  
raising the masts as rods of worthiness.

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# Naxiad

- I'm Promaedon, the Prince of Naxos;  
Ypsikreon, the King of Miletus, hosted me  
and I fell in love with his beautiful wife, Neaera.

- I fell in love with him too, so we left for Naxos  
secretly• he hid me in Vesta's temple, as suppliant  
and our hidden small joys make our life great.

As Menelaus, Ypsikreon campaigned to bring  
her back, but in vain. Promaedon read the Iliad  
and avoided wars and errors of Paris, both  
they built invisible walls nobody could see,  
there is no law to accuse in court such love,  
only time for others to accept the victory of love.

The Achaeans marched to conquer  
Helen of Troy or gold or land of Hittites,  
the Prince to appreciate beauty that is worthy,  
as if it was a flower you caress and never chop.

They died, she as beauty, he as symbol of courage,  
now they reside in a double palace, on Olympus,  
speechless violets cover the mouths of their graves,  
for everything has occurred and all have been said:  
they have lived out of love and slept forever in love.

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# Neophytos The Enclosed, Awakens Us

During the festive when I catechize I felt it was exorbitant  
your boredom and sleepiness. Habits given by ancestors differ,  
no carelessness in the soul or sleepiness• but in Byzantium  
they get bored when one makes a speech or teaches on morality,  
the civil servants learn the minimum; only what suffices to govern.

Don't I inspire you? Consider me a smatterer with all I know?  
Antic word is a stream, a fountain of values to drink and cleanse  
interacts one to another: 'nipson anomimata mi monan opsin".

I admit I'm not a scholar, like Saint Vassilios or Gregory,  
or Augustine: I suffer just to be your pastor, brothers,  
in this land where I reside, where good words are scarce,  
where prostitution, adultery, sodomy are in surplus,  
the syndrome of greed and Money smell offensively.

Unwilling is your spirit, weak the flesh, a nightmare the sleep,  
so it's good to listen and have no boredom during memorials,  
but bring me an evidence to see if you have attended the mass.

That tree you see in Larnaca belongs to philosopher Zeno;  
if verses dry up, I fondle its branches and it speaks up.  
Romans used to water it, then the faithful of the catacombs;  
taste it, like them, but don't lie down asleep as sluggish ones;  
cause if you do, it will throw a rotten fruit on your head. Thus,

welcome, lords and offspring of honour, if you are to water it,  
or quit, you goats and monkeys, if you pull the tree off.

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# New Stoa Of Zenon

I used to sell purple to the friends of price not of pride  
I used to buy drinks and the poor ones nothing instead  
I laughed at them since their table was broken by banks.

Shipwrecked in Piraeus I was saved, then I looked up  
as a blind seed sprout on the surface towards the light.  
I was honored by Athens for my Stoa of Philosophy, yet  
I wish to veer at Kition to develop the new generation  
in a new Stoa of life based on logic, nature and morality  
Mind goes through the space, the soul through the body  
up to the least circle of the sky, the soul stays immortal  
while the quanta transfer her memories into the Universe.

I want the young people to be great in my Cosmopolis  
us to be born again, as fetuses in the womb of our city,  
the sphere be stationary, while we move in the center;  
we are trained in life purposes with technical knowledge,  
and we overcome its wide gap from the evil to the good,  
as brave ones with light steps, as prudent with heavy say,  
in harmony with the Word and Nature that claim virtue,  
so do decorate the city with virtues instead of statues.

Come to the new Stoa, a friend is your alter ego,  
Here we don't need courts, only the Word, God who plays  
with the sand, rising from universe to universe.

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# Obladi Tralala

My pupils fool parts of Education  
that has educated me to educate them:

- Sir, tell us, why your wolf didn't eat up  
the Little Red Riding Hood when they first met?  
Or her granny long before, when she was fresh?

- My God, I will go mad with their tralala jokings!

- Sir, was the Prince blind and idiot not to recall  
the face of Cinderella? How many girls had  
the same length of palm he fixed the shoe on?

- Sir, did Alexander Pharaoh wear a fez?  
Was Achilles dressed as a woman to avoid the war?  
If he covered his heel, he would have been saved.

- My God, I will go mad with their tralala jokings!

- Sir, Theseus had not any thread of his own?  
He grew old and forgot to change the black sails?  
Brave Spartacus, was hiding himself in the prison?

- Sir, if Adam didn't eat the apple, then what?  
Would Eve have been kicked out from heaven?  
Inside the Ark the wolf didn't relish the lamb?

\*\*

But the students don't laugh for the fall of Icarus  
Cause they respect the dream of flying like him.  
Anyway, if their wax melts and finally they fell  
into the sea...it's an opportunity to cool off.

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# Oblivion

I formed your legs vigorous so that you catch up History,  
hands capable to register her, to care of her with a lancet.  
Oblivion gives you a knife to mutilate hands, feet, the tongue  
I created for you to talk Greek; you sank in moving sands,  
Inconsiderate and speechless in the whirlpool of your codes.

You leave the doors of museums open for ghosts to invade,  
for bats to dispel the owl of Stoa of the sage, for moths  
to crunch the papyrus, for vitriol to make marbles decayed.

It's hard for me to kidnap you from such oblivion, to teach again  
that the virtue deserves a war, also hard and bitter experiences.

What's the value of statues you, under charms, erect in squares?  
Oblivion prevents you to shape a statue of virtue in the soul,  
to be a humble fisherman of love and talk a hundred languages.  
It pushes you to prefer Juliet and throw Antigone in the cave,  
to neglect the Figure of Sophocles for a figurine of Shakespeare.

I can't imagine you as Makrighiannis and be affected by oblivion.  
For you say 'I' instead of 'Us' and choose discord than concord.  
What heritage of History you would leave for us to discover?  
Oblivion retains you as a child, in all life. Strange! If, like an infant,  
you move on all fours, in the garden of History and step on  
the flowers, then, the more you squeeze them the more  
they offer you aroma to regain the truth, by default of oblivion.

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# Oh, Man King!

The king ordered Josephus to dig for him tunnels.

The first tunnel leads him to the bank  
to save his valuables until the next ceremony.

Through the second he strands in the sensual,  
in the nearby hotel that employs female artists;  
there he pokes diamonds in his underpants,  
each of them squeaking in trying to grab them.

The third one leads to the Ministry of Defense;  
in case the crowd revolts, he could escape  
as a ragged man-in-the-street, pulling a cart  
with his crown, his scepter and his mantle.

Oh, man king! Your tragedy is a comedy.

But Josephus wants his soul be pure,  
so he digs for himself a secret tunnel  
to reach his friends out in moonlight  
where they would recite a new world,  
next to the gold-fingered embroiderers,  
away from those gilded domes.\*

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# On Virtue

When you reach the crossroad  
the Virtue will show to you three things:  
a tree, a rock and snow.

The tree stands for the Knowledge  
you may acquire it if you suffer  
until you finally tame the Ego;  
if they cut the tree, you still have a root.

Transform the stone into a precious stone,  
transparent, with a polyhedral depth,  
by using the chisel of soul.

Create in the snow before playing with it.  
If you ask 'what', there is no reason to create!

The Virtue puts you on a cross,  
but resurrects you; outwards from inside  
instead of upwards from a low level;  
it's a volcano that produces gold,  
it's an asterisk giving birth to a Star.

Let the vision of the voyage  
keep you ever-vigilant on the road.  
If other people don't admire you,  
be happy, at least they follow your steps,  
as the despairs following the hope.

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# Only The Brave Love And Justify

It's very hard to judge Timoklea, Alexander, she buried in a well the Macedon who raped her. She tells you 'At Chaeronea you have killed Theogenis, my brother; killing me you glorify violence twice.'

Do assess your strength: chariots, vessels, army. Assess also her own: soul that vibrates, her pain is holding a knife to make a scar in your glory, for she, like David, has her own pair of scales (flatterers think you're strong hence you're right) .

Fortunately you had loved the spirit and art, avoided to burn the house of Pindar in Thebes! So you may confront Timokleia, as a poem of life. They say she had an uncle who is hero of Cyprus The person who betrayed him regretted bitterly and sends in secret money to the hero's kids to clear his guilt. Furies wouldn't give pity of you.

Though hard, give her justice and so prove that only the brave love and justify, Great Alexander, listen to me the humble consciousness of Greek, throw in the well the rapists and all who flatter you.

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# Pharaoh Menkuare

Pharaoh Menkuare was consuming the years of his youth,

by buying slaves, men and women, (but not their souls)  
by piling up papyr?(but had no time or will for knowledge)  
he bargained prices, quantities (was deaf for values or qualities) .  
He believed would live long (but short, when he had a nightmare) ,  
he claimed compliance by all (education for all, when in delirium) ,  
he supported his admirers but persecuted those he admired.

What is power? Is a serene that fastens you on the mast  
or a vertigo (if there is any difference among those two) .

But when his last time came close and realised that  
he had neither important to declare nor an achievement,  
-such as the Pyramid by his grandpa Cheops,  
which is a Geometry lauding the Almighty-  
he ordered to erect for him a tiny pyramid  
(to deposit quietly his body and soul, in there):  
a modest pyramid, bowing to that of his father Chephren,  
with him humbly obeying to all past advices of his dad.

You look like the little moon that rotates and borrows light  
from the earth, your dad, from the sun, your granny Cheops;  
see there, things are different in that celestial peace.  
From now on, no passion prevents you to try,  
to appreciate with contrition all that you have despised,  
among all things do prefer a good fame, a respect  
that lasts beyond all (if the word all means all, at all) .

Your repentance, even breathing your last, is a deposition  
of the Soul, is a Pyramid founded still on moving sand.

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# Pindarus

By praising you I feed those who envy you,  
but instead of a life I offer you a poem,  
Kiniras, not gold or land, I wish you, to be loved  
by the city; dumb statues don't suit you, only  
songs that travel like ships to the end of the world.

You toiled to set anchor in the sea of prosperity,  
to drink at Thebes the pure water of Derki.  
Did that hurt you? Liberty cures, happiness honours,  
the word and praise live longer than small works,  
your victories make your parents happy in the Hades.

In Cyprus of warm seas, God erects a pillar,  
a city of justice for heroes and foreigners to rest,  
as Hora rests on the eyelashes of virgins and boys.

Cato will never stop your Kinirades to parade  
towards goddess for your oracles, Prophet;  
Apollo's light flows like gold over the head.  
Make thorax, levers to support the castles of Cyprus,  
do lead with your companions the dolphins and Muses;  
here, with her love bows, Aphrodite prevails war.

□

Play lyre for peace: a human is the dream of the light.

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# Poem Of The Absurd

People burdened, without food or drink, they feed themselves on garbage, maids replace mothers, the Heads focus on their folly, not on their history. The Vienna Academy of Fine Arts rejected Hitler as student, so flings on us arrows of Appalling Arts, so flight turned onto fall, the zealous became bad, the rich one enjoys beverage, the poor not a drop while ten banks break the table of his house.

I'll be back, as an angler in a transparent boat, paddling in rough seas without using oars, the boat been pushed by your pulse, my soul, until everything you wear on be fully rotted, you don't need neither paddle, nor robes, nor your shadow, so let the vortex to swallow it. The ocean of serenity seems as a palm water, you can leave that boat away from you, and paddle your own self, oh my soul.

The child is riding on my back, he is using my pen as his sword, my hair is his reins; says: 'the sun woke the rooster to wake us for work! ' The child resembles the real hope of tomorrow that is sure not unsure, as you think! I take him on the horse to escape from the absurd and the Horror, reaching a Harbor of foams!

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# Poetry

Have you seen that skilful diver  
who submerges her corpus,  
and re-baptizes her soul?

Have you seen her? She is the one  
who creates architectures in deep waters  
and statues made of a thousand metals and  
paintings of myriad colours of fluid, passing  
through the music of rivers into the ocean?

She is the Poetry; it is her who knows  
what richness of the impenetrable means.  
It is her, who lives through all invisibles  
that reveal from the high level of dry air;  
and whenever called upon, she knows  
how to emerge in the surface  
and save those drawn in shallow waters.

On top of that she can disclose for them,  
through the reflection of her glance,  
the new born sun, rising from the depth  
of the Apocalypse.

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## Politia ?F Zenon

My ship went down, but I, Zenon from Cyprus, built up  
in Athens a ship of philosophy, so I have a superb trip.

I was researching to define my own Politia, where  
a man as a divine seed may confess with temperance,  
union with God, the nature, be a virtuous world leader;  
then I was fuelled with energy by the Fire of Heraclitus  
who landed with his time engine and took me for a flight  
'Let us fly to Citium and establish a new Stoa', proposes.

'Down there, see Newton; insists on gravity', points at him  
'that scientist on quanta, the other on electromagnetic fields.  
On the left, see a scientist searching subatomic corpuscles,  
The one, to right, prefers waves; see Einstein on Relativity.'

Then we land at harbour's entrance and stand as Kolossos.  
Heraclitus supports the right leg of the statue, me the left one.

'You, agglomerations! ', I tell, 'Your fermions and bosons  
constitute the vibrating chords of fire I introduced in my century.  
Space is a multispace, it's in an inner space, it's just an iota.'

'Hey', I voice out, 'Knowledge has eleven fire dimensions  
length, width, height do not suffice at all for my own Politia.  
As Talantos, you sink and can't catch the fruit from my tree'.

'Dimensions are the eleven chords of the fire', we both say,  
'they endlessly vibrate by the Word, the only wise God.'

My ship went down, I built up a Politia and had a superb trip.

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# Pontus

Tonight, in this transitory home of Visbaten, let us converse on nostos for our Pontus in a special way.

Let us not cry for Trapezounta, Ofe and Sinopi, for Argyroupolis, Sevastia and Paraleia. Kerasous lift up your head, your body oh ancient Dioskorias.

Let us dance pyrrichios, in uniforms around the fire. Tar-am-tam-tam. Home means memory and nostos, raise up your cups, keep the strife even higher; to life. Let us bring from the Hades our companions to dance, here Ipsilantis dances with us, Skleros is tuned with, a whirlwind that sweeps enemies. Save the home, the infants, the women, the old aged, hug them all, with a cross that wins, faith as a mountain of seeds.

Here, at Weisbaden, we dance pyrrichios, one corpus, one flame, which burns all thorns impeding our return, with poet's verses, courage drawn from the dream, with a scythe mowing what we have sowed on rocks.

It's time for heavy winter to leave; harvest is coming; we all with one oath, one dance, one mouth to recite:

We are never lost, since we are a Greek bulb; suddenly it sprouts, with not a single sign before, it matures and gives fruits out in dry foreign soil, at any step-mother home, transitory on our way.

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# Presley Sings Hallelujah

Here he is, with money, in concerts, fast as lightning,  
in movies, airplanes, mansions and vessels,  
with platinum disks, girls fainting whenever appears;  
all in his service, delivered around his boots.

- Enjoy yourselves...keep a distance from the stage.  
just love him tender, love Elvis Presley true!

Yet, stays unmoved with all happenings around him,  
for joy is an elusive thing, offers nothing new to grasp.

He resorts in the studio with friends, until dawn,  
creates now with what is seemed to be unrelated  
and becomes excited singing gospel and spiritual,  
as in the past, when was a snotty kid close to believers  
when used to co-chant hallelujah in the church of Tupelo\*,  
his poor town, though so rich in such a high exultation.

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# R

'R of Cyprus', Patrikios rhetorises,  
'blakish-red is the tragedy, mourning  
of trees and free-lance donkeys,  
rock, firm root of elders persons,  
bridge to skies and lily of Ever-Virgin.  
Cyprus mixture: rock, fire, freshness, air.

□

I gather the rhodium of embryo and retain:  
with back erect, Homer, Hercules,  
robustly, Evagoras, Cinyras,  
grace for Aphrodite, chrisma of Lazarus,  
Andrew, Varnavas, Spyridon,  
oak tree, Gregoris, duty for Canacaria.

'I rherorised the rhetorising ar',  
proves Patrikios graceful, 'therefore,  
everything runs afar, apart from  
the R of Christ and our History.'

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# Rhapsody ? ': Descending Down To Hades

With no sunlight, the place resembles the Cimmerians' land;  
I walked the staircase down where they live in endless night;  
a tide of youngsters carried me away to the gate of Hades,

to a bar, underground; I made with her a libation of whisky,  
was alike a dead, other girls with red eyes approached us,  
she moaned: 'they brought me as unburied dead; take me  
out, stranger, send me home, let me be buried as human'.  
I swore to buy her body for one night and then set her free.

'You're a good guy', said Agamemnon, a drunk customer,  
'watch out women; my spouse revenged me for my error'.  
Client Tiresias foretold: 'You'll reach your lovable home! '

Then, in a corner, I saw a pale woman same as my mom.  
How come she is here, a maid in an underground bar?  
In smoke and darkness she seemed dead. 'My child' says  
'so many years, here, I missed you starving and suffering'

Three times I tried to approach but her shape escaped me,  
a shade of a dream; inaccessible to hug her with my arms,  
my words were birds she couldn't catch. She lisped 'nekyia,  
our bones are flesh without nerves; the fire tames us all.'

Yet her soul was flowing as a dream and was laughing;  
even Achilles, the chief gang of the bar, would envy her,  
for he would like to live on earth a modest life as my mom.

'Son, return home, safe', wished me, 'my life is your history'.  
Then I ascended the stairs to go find the smoke in the light.

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# Saint Francis - The Poor Man Of God

I have thrown my silken sorts in the streets,  
thus I'm accursed by my parents and friends.  
I wish I was a straw of the manger to warm Him,  
a tree bowing in front of Him as a fourth King,  
a shepherd fetching milk to the Holy Family.

When the son of the billionaire man was killed \*  
he admitted he was the poorest man on earth.  
I, Francis the poor man, donate you a rich rain \*\*  
and here are the creatures foretelling its coming:  
the cockerel and owl from early the previous night,  
the frog when it jumps, the pig when it rolls,  
the pigeon when it dives into the pits of water,  
the swallow when it flies above our heads.

Let us enter uterus and be reborn as innocent,  
by dying we can trample underfoot the death;  
we, the mighty poets with weak fingers and legs,  
let us hold the skull with our punctured palms,  
preach to animals and birds and chant with them.

Can you live without gold? Then you can float.  
Can you wear rags? They'll be wings helping you fly.  
By forgiving others, you gain forgiveness for yourself,  
if you are dressed in rags you'll reign mightily  
in an era when gold doesn't dominate at all.

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# Saint Petersburg

At the stone hour, though crushed by tanks, our snow  
a white wing it shields the wheat to nurture us, endurance.

At the stone hour, although crushed by tank treads, our snow  
a white wing it shields the wheat to nurture us, endurance.

The time when our deer did not govern its own life has passed,  
when, released from the cage by uniformed trumpeters and horsemen,  
it was to be finished off by the Czar to amuse his boredom.

We have asked for clear skies, to throw the madman from the throne,  
for wind, to smash the doors and the chandeliers of the palaces,  
the bridges brought from Amsterdam by the infiltrators.

God has blessed our bread, and you have stormed to grab it  
with a blade up your sleeve, mouth chaos, Arian denture,  
certain that triumphant you would celebrate at the "Astoria",  
that they would raise you a statue of granite, stature of a man.  
You had been counting on the growl of the bear, we on the music  
of Orpheus and on the faith of , and we tame you.

You count, with your soldiers, to two, one-two, left-right, but  
we count to seven hundred days, when dying we stood alive  
whom our elders though freezing threw no book in the fireplace.  
You shoot at Pushkin's statue. A poet is not murdered, is risen  
up with She, the Wider of all Heavens, with an army of Ivans?

Trapped in your armor as you are – you invite us in to show  
the wound of the raped youth, the blood that engulfs and colors  
your museum of early dreams – killing yourself is a solution.

Our solution is the sacrificial blood that penetrates the snow,  
that nurtures and warms the wheat, and for us endurance.

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Translation by Irena Ioannides and Joseph S. Josephides (Cyprus, Canada)

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# She Dances High-Minded In Front Of Him

She dances on tiptoe in a magnificent way, so  
Alexander hardly remembers how he arrested her.  
Did his men fall in a precipice of Sagdiane Rock?  
He clothed mountaineers as white huge eagles,  
her city was frightened, surrendered at once.)

Roxane dances high-minded in front of him,  
she stretches her hands upwards, with pride  
like her father Oxiartis when raised his javelin  
to save the city with his men; they gave drinks  
to the death, hoping he would change his plan.

By chance her hands touch softly his throat,  
exciting him intensely with her erotic velvet;  
he loves all of her body, from heels to her hair,  
feels a cool wind filling up her adolescent breasts,  
as his sails, when fleet departed from Amphipolis.

'They say I'm superior of my dad, I would say yes,  
if only I had by my side this beauty of mountains'.  
Then he let her to travel him in the Edem of love,  
knowing that when he kisses her adorable smile  
she will give birth to sons more righteous than him,  
with vision, leading mind and arms like wings.

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# She, In Charge For Culture

The luxurious Queen in charge for Culture  
now is sleeping in her relaxing-couch,  
carefree in the arms of Morpheus,  
of Mandrake, sometimes of Endymion  
or of Epimenides for fifty-seven years.

They remove her art-jaw not to swallows it,  
they assert that nothing can disturb her sleep,  
neither the crowns of aria, nor the moans of actors,  
nor the echo of peels or mosaics when reject paste,  
nor the acute rattle of weasels in the Museum,  
far from the crash of crumbling library  
nor the voracious fire eating scrolls or paintings,  
not even the fainting of a dancer cause of starvation.

- Your money, Maecenas, is spent for nothing,  
no even to save the bare tree where the bird cries,  
only where the In-Charge has her hair dressed.

I've imagined Lady of Ro in charge for Culture\*,  
venerable lonely resident in the rocky island;  
she is hailed by anglers, Turks and Greeks,  
airplanes, vessels, tourists on cruise-ships,  
(perhaps hailed by unidentified beings around)  
while she teaches Homer and Bible to her goats.

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# Silence - Of Life And Death

- You have heard all and everything, apart from the Silence.
- On the wet glass the child forms words: 'do you hear me? '
- The butterfly flies at low levels, silently, the way of a caress.
- Love during a silence, a profound conversation on affection.
- I kiss your left ear; has the shortest distance to your heart.
- They were laughing with big voice, so their distance became small.
- One plus one equal to three, the silent kiss being the third unit.
- She embroidered the word 'patience' with thin fibers of silence.
- Words, actions, habits, attitudes: all on the chariot of silence.
- I hear the star and I keep silent, thus imitating the way of a sage.

\* \* \* \* \*

- Guernica: Picasso, the customs officer, writes a drama in silence:
- Nine months of fetal peace, came out of matrix, died in heavy noise.
- They sing anthems of victory, they drop bombs, the lamp fades.
- But the mother, only the mother, listens to a moan inside her.
- Lazarus returned and saw the place that was more hell than Hades.
- The feminine figure floats on air, holds a torch of a vivid speech.
- A flower germinated next to the broken sword of the dead patriot.
- A tear is a coral, a thousand of tears create a coral island.
- To have a say and water in heaven they shut the evil's mouth.

- Silence: My sound to take vengeance over evil in a delicate way.

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# Socrates For His Parents And His Wife

- Socrates, can you stand Xanthippe? I wish she was blind and you were deaf. Say a word, she casts many thunders, if you forget or come home late throws dirty waters to you, no laundry, once she hit you causing you colour blindness.

- Having this I can't distinguish gold from a round cake. Have I a hole on my tunic, she roars, so I learn stitching, also I withstand cold, bitter, sweets, hemlock, sophists. I can love even my enemies! Why not such a spouse, who threw a demon in me, and stimulates me to proceed?

- Did your mum look after your? Your dad, the hewer?

- My mum taught me to bring painfully the truth in life, my dad how to carve the souls and human passions parents and wife told me not to be defeated by a bad luck, so I keep smiling hence I have a face not so awfully ugly.

Cut short your cloak and opulence not to trample and fall, yes, I'm a horsefly stinging to wake you in a field of truth; If you become citizens of World, close to God, you'll see the earth from the space, with plenty, pure, bright colours. If you test my colour blindness, you'll understand that all are equal with no colour, a peacock with any plain bird.

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# Solomon's Time-Machine

I drive the time-machine of Solomon wherever  
Justice is wounded and needs an urgent therapy.

Avgias cheated Hercules but was judged by his son  
Fyleas; we bound his eyes, yet found his father unfair.

In Judea my master drew a sword to split the child,  
to see who of the two was his real mother. Who else  
but the one wriggling: 'Don't! Give him to that woman'.

Outside Paris we set a bell for complainers to ring  
for Carlomagnus to interrupt ceremonies and justify.

In Rapid City of USA the trial was not easy at all.  
Arlet gave birth to her grandkids Chad and Chelsea.  
'The children are mine' daughter Christa was wailing;  
then the judge whipped both in front of the kids saying:  
'the one for whom the kids cry more, she keeps them'  
Pain tells what counts more, the seed or the matrix.

In Lyon my master whispered to the judge as Solomon,  
so Corin gave birth using a sperm of her dead husband.

Before we fly high, for justice of born and unborn,  
of fishes, trees even quadrupeds to centipedes,  
let us relax our heart in the vineyards of Engati, first  
our island which is pressed under the stone of injustice.

I, pilot of the time-machine of Solomon, having as salary  
the oxygen of the justice, free of smoke or pollution,  
I affirm that the word human means 'look upwards'.

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# Solomos, Besieged But Free

Poet, have you a nightmare, this form of siege?  
Those miserable return to mock you are bastard?  
Did your brothers come back to swallow your clergy  
and your mother Aggeliki to reject you as her child?

Forget them, poet, your mother is Greece,  
stands still in front of a cliff, but brave as before.

The foreigners too, my gullible betrayed poet,  
they have an ugly world, demonically molded,  
supposedly help but fool us, splitting us, saying  
don't deserve freedom as long as we're divided.

You lost association with mother and siblings, but  
with association Liberty comes for us as victory,  
our sacrifice strengthen us, your verse is our own,  
your nightmare is just a siege by material things,  
there are no any walls to enclose our spirit;  
oh besieged but free poet until I lose my voice,  
my tongue and my lungs, assisted by your writing  
I toot Liberty, let's go and fly with young angels,  
caught in the golden wings of Jesus in the Lake\*  
where my soul's gaze is deep and sleepless;  
as free in the Nature I live the sweetest of time.

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# Some Water

You, who govern the nations, guarantee some water  
for the lips of crucified Jesus, for anyone fallen in love,  
for the one cleansing wounds, for the thirsty child,  
for anyone creating from minimal and ignored things.

Do cleanse your dirty hands, before they point out  
Madame Ordance, whom you robbed while was dying;  
you'll be a monster if you water a monster of dirtiness.

Some water, to cleanse the guilt you load on others,  
also the stables of Augeas, the Vespasian\* urinals,  
all dirty laundry of throne, the tongues from the slime.

Give us some water for blowing out fires within walls,  
for the flask of Alexander to quench his men's thirst.  
Watch Ramses II: he sees the mud stifling his City  
Pi-Raamses, then carries it on his back to transfer it,  
rebuilds it as Tanya near Nile to re-enjoy its waters.

Water with soil and flame make the world anew,  
today is a water drop, past and tomorrow are oceans,  
Save for us some water, you cannot govern with wine  
or baptize with wine, only by using transparent water.

Even we quench thirst, let soul's thirst never pause.  
As for the salt of wisdom, the rock will filter the wave  
through its folders, thus giving grace for us to the life.

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# Something Will Survive

President Charles thought some of his acts would survive  
and was calling all arms of militants, able to act or cut-off\*,  
he used to fight off the eagle, the lion, the fox of the desert,  
guarding the French flame not to be extinguished by Nazis,  
always said that his young men will survive the invaders.  
He deposited toil to collect a nice liberty, never minding  
whether people says: brave or wise dreamers are crazy.

- De Gaulle, nothing survives: fleets, cupolas, menus, bijoux;  
only the grass you have planted with Ann to play with her,  
to forget her Dawn Syndrome and your Syndrome of Politics.  
The grass covers your tomb, where you are buried embraced,  
it is carrying forward your trace through and beyond France,  
as happened with the cherry, Lucullus brought from Cyprus  
to Rome; ever booming everywhere, even after the city dies  
with the symposia, plunders and conquests taken in Asia.  
What remains is the grass planted by fair persons, in love.

-General, since Anne died she is a normal kid as the others,  
even overcomes them, now she expands inside-out, as love  
in her palm the tiny world is contained and can survive.

□

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# Surrealistic Dialogue F

«Bla, bla, bla», the ?-man dictates

«Only light arms, for self defense», the weak man resists

«Bla, bla, bla», the ?-man interrogates

«Sir, no bomb, others die», the weak man resists

«Bla, bla, bla», the ?-man controls

«No bam to blast others», the weak man resists

«Bla, bla, bla, the ?-man inspects

«Bam, blo, blast», the weak man resists

«Bla, bla, bla», the ?-man imposes

«Bla, bla, bla», the weak man follows.

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# Symbolon

They allowed my aunt to visit her old family home  
then the neighbour Turkish boy kneeled to her feet,  
started kissing her hand, as in the past, and begged:

'Tell me 'momy', where have you buried that golden lira? '  
'Listen', she replies, "In our ancient times two friends,  
when separated, they used to split in two a coin or a pot;  
when met they rejoined the two halves in one symbolon.  
Little, Kemal, I inserted the half lira in the wall of my house,  
the other half in my refugee house, outside of Salonika."

She, a haughty stature, left the boy speechless.  
Hard for her to explain to him the mission of History:  
that she is a banker, knowing how to safe her gold, or  
a goldsmith, melting gold for a perfect identity bracelet.

Our aunty, disclosed only to us her secret, a heritage  
and an oath; when time comes for us all to return,  
children, grandchildren, brothers, the whole kin,  
we shall know how to join the two halves in one  
symbolon, friendship of race, as gold standing the fire.

Time will come to join the two halves of the byzantine coin,  
History will bless the matrimony, Byzantium shall be moved.

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# Take One, Make Ten

I used to play with Diolantos, controller of his mom,  
who controlled Themistocles, the leader of Greece.  
I envied him when they fled to the court of Artaxerxes,  
when he appointed his father as Governor Magnesia.  
The Great King offered to them taxes, jewelries, wines  
servants, his illegitimate kids to keep them company.

How are you, my neighbour, without school, friends?  
You learned manners, customs to serve the Persians?  
Your soul is an empty well, your legs are atrophied,  
cannot withstand a battle or a competition in Olympia.  
Rumours say Roxanis named you as Athenian snakes,  
both desperate in mountains, near the Dalianis shrines,  
surely you would bribe to bury your bones in the Attic,  
where the birds sway the sky when they fly up high.

Leave Asia, come to keep playing; so I'll teach you  
'Take one, make ten', as my own father taught me:  
how to paint with the mouth, to talk in the Agora,  
to build a Stoa; a wonder happens if you want it so,  
if a flame burns you without you fearing that flame,  
then you can freeze the lava and form a bar of gold.  
Becoming older have a dream, to become a child.

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# Talos\*

Teenager Patrikios liked the Trojan horse,  
but he admired Talos\* the machine-guard  
made of copper, with a nail that held  
the ichor, from his ankle to his neck.

Three times a day together they threw rocks,  
that's why foreign triremes were afraid of Crete.

It's high time that we invite Talos in Cyprus  
(Jupiter falls asleep, Europe is upset) .  
Let him come to write the Justice in plates  
to crush on his chest the illegal conqueror  
before he causes wounds on Aphrodite's body  
rendering the world ugly in an incurable way.

When time comes for Talos to breathe his last,  
Patrikios will call both Dioskouroi to come and  
the three of them shall keep his ichor active.

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# That No

I remember, o people, how you used to stand pains,  
a giant in your short body, you used to shout loudly  
that No; they slaughtered you but you never died,  
you threw stones to kill down the iron parachutists  
and fought off the devil of frost, wrapped in woollies  
made for you by the one-armed and half-mad women.

Time has passed, now I see you a stranger in lounges,  
being attracted by shop-windows, by underground Edem.  
You drowned in the saliva every word of the great past,  
you left the ploughshare of your soul to be eroded,  
you left the home-mother be orphan without children.

Shall we celebrate the Anniversary of that No, tomorrow?  
Babbling? Fireworks? Parades for show off in TV screen?

In short, oh people wake up, claim to have a wise leader,  
tell ?o to Creon, yes to Antigone, a holy concealed yes,  
yes to Diogenes' sun. Stand still, recall memory to say  
how truly you used to irrigate the tree of freedom:

with the sweat of burning fever when you were wounded,  
with the blood of tyrants who oppressed you inside out.

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# The Baby's Mother

Nine o'clock. The bomb, in five minutes.  
The kamikaze is watching outside his car.  
In five minutes the devil will be deadly present.

□

Nine o'clock and a minute. Time diminishes quickly.  
He sees a young couple staring at a shop window,  
a grandpa who falls, no hand to help him get up.

Nine o'clock, two minutes and eight seconds.  
He waits at the corner holding flowers to welcome her.  
She hides herself, takes other direction. He still waits.

Nine o'clock, three minutes and seventeen seconds.  
Sitting on a bench, she cries. He approaches quietly,  
they leave, she forgot her backpack, they come back.

Nine o'clock, four minutes and twenty seconds.  
The bus has a damage. All passengers step down.  
In the evening news we'll know the number of victims.

Nine o'clock. She, in a car... Suddenly sees  
the kamikaze and drives close to him, closer.  
'Watch out', I shout. Staring at kamikaze  
she grabs her baby and drops it on the road.

They carry her dead body; her alive baby  
I carry in my hands. I feel she is smiling  
to me, using the debris of her chin.

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# The Child And The Performer

Last evening a sparrow was pecking at my window,  
then on television I saw the child writhing as he saw  
his home and parents bombed: 'Punish the killer,  
my God, I'll live in the cemetery with my parents.'

They say I'm an excellent performer of passion,  
I know how to relax you so that you belong to Eros,  
I affix wings on your back that you open as leaves,  
and so you fly in time and space for the nice kiss.

Being actor I've many awards, perfect reviews,  
still I could never have lived the act of that child,  
unless my soul be endowed with sunlight  
entering without bleeds the operating room,  
unless I could cut my skin with a razor  
down to the bone and reach the marrow,  
deep in the very essence of the human art.

For there, the microcosm is a macrocosm,  
close to the human being, not above him,  
doing ethos and a workshop of the society,  
the few become plenty, the ideas art.

The sparrow at my window reminds me of the child  
therefor on stage I feel like a parrot, like a monkey,  
an actor with a mask thus avoiding to see the child,  
namely the truth that tells how the truth is murdered.

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# The Child's Hand

The child's hand doesn't know that  
it's a hand; it dreams that one day  
it will become a flower or a bird.

Was bought to be fixed on shoulder  
of a one-handed rich boy.  
Now it looks like a blind reptile,  
has a triangular head of a worm,  
soft claws, muddy scales  
the hand touches, hovers, back, outward  
it counts coins, pushes buttons,  
has grains with small volcanoes,  
it suffocates in a luxury glove  
and doesn't caress or writes,  
neither is a flower nor a bird.

The rich boy dies; while we bury him  
we become speechless seeing in the soil  
the child's hand as Hercules' when was kid;  
it strangles two snakes, as if it takes  
revenge for the loss of his own Paradise.

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# The Cycle Engraved With Chalk

The child I baptized as 'Our Future' I placed him  
in the center of a circle engraved with a chalk.

- Come to the child, you who both say he is yours.  
You coquette hold his right hand, you maid the other:  
real mother is the one pushing the kid out of the circle.

The coquette pulls his hand violently. The maid leaves  
the hand not to be sprain, cries as mother at Calvary.  
Mother is not she who gives birth and holds papers  
but she who feels the pain, close to him a whole life  
as the maid who takes care of a one-rose garden.

Thus I judged, then the chalky cycle expanded,  
painted the virgin snow in white and gave birth  
to seven colors that all compose the rainbow  
securing a great future to child named 'Our Future'.

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# The Destruction Of The Universe

The fate of the universe is darkish,  
as Einstein has assessed and Hubble later on.

The dark energy squeezes tightly our throat,  
the whole universe inflates like a balloon,  
it becomes a ball, swelling at a devil's pace,  
the galaxies depart, the one from the other,  
like a bird from a bird, me from you,  
we from us, like the community from its shadow.

The dark matter will make the universe cold,  
they say, a rooster overthrows the previous one  
that of the dark energy, before it puffs us up,  
before it makes us debris, a floating zero.

For a solution, NASA will send proper poetry  
via a modern radar, to make the forces wise.  
They asked verses of mine. The Committee wonders  
whether they are inappropriate or 'in, appropriate'.

I guess that in the end God is waiting for us  
to chat with us for the light-tree of a humble love,  
for the wise who knows that he knows nothing,  
for a saint who speaks with the stars, His birds.  
What else he wishes to feel moved and recreate?

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# The Distance To Regio Is Too Long

Short and fat with a squeaking voice  
the ambassador from Acragas gave a speech  
and all people of Regio burst out laughing.

I tried to bring them to their senses:  
'He is Tellias, generous benefactor of the cities  
of Gela, Imera, Thermes, Syracuse; \*  
he gave roof to our army, he saved Arete.'

No response. They fell on the floor loudly laughing.  
However, Tellias answer to them with a smile:  
'I am not handsome, nor a polite person.  
My city of Acragas has many other polite persons,  
but it sends them only on a mission to polite cities'.

Then Empedocles\* moved my lips to talk in his place:  
'Citizens, you eat as if you would die tomorrow,  
you build villas as if you would live a thousand years.'

The distance to Regio is too long,  
as the distance from laughing to Gela,  
where Aeschylus, in his grave,  
feels sorrow and hopes in time.

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# The Double Suicide Of Vasa

Everyone boasts. I, the frigate Vasa, stopped doing so.  
The King of Sweden had ordered a Dutch to build me  
but he stole from the Danes a design to materialize me,  
then they loaded me with guns, dolls like scarecrows,  
tipplers, weights on the keel so that I have a balance,  
they kept changing my design, a mast higher and higher,  
I became three-story monster, Cyclop of northern waters;  
with all these we might scare Denmark so to surrender.

I could not bear my mess, so at my first trip I plunged;  
half an hour my body in sea and my role finished off.  
My thickness is eight points, this is the mere distance  
of sailors from drowning, of the crown from vacuum.

For centuries I stayed in waters, then the King pulled  
me out, sent to a museum to secure tourist income.  
I couldn't stand it and decided to kill myself again,  
so I invited fungi and left them to eat my whole body,  
same way as wrinkles eat the cheeks of Greta Garbo.

The Nobelists in Chemistry found no solution yet,  
Nobel himself in the Golden Hall became furious.  
It was much ado about nothing, a hole in the water,  
the ABBA sing 'Waterloo' with philosophy's rhythm.

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# The Driver Of Bronx

For years I hold a steering; same way, same stations,  
the passengers same and colourless. My Bronx,  
a crowd made of padded air, having a dry voice.

Then one day, I suddenly turn the wheel towards Florida,  
me the driver and sole passenger of the bus. Oh, heavens!

It took them three days to locate where I was. What a rage,  
what a steam did I cause to the Bus Company! Damn it  
if we don't dream and they direct us, without our will.  
I took your place and I dared to break that mirror,  
that one which blurs the eyes and deludes the mind.

I return to the city and my eyes with teardrops rejoice,  
when I see the flags of your joy, bands to welcome me,  
confetti, dancing in the street, cameras, radios blaring.  
I bring you Miami's dew to replace the heat of loneliness,  
I fetch your body from the tomb, I come out like Lazarus.

You say the Company will forgive me, for your sake.  
Now the important is that you dare to dance on a rope,  
that you take my place and escape from the void.

For it takes much audacity to breed such cowardice.

Well, turn the wheel to the other country, the inner one,  
let your gregarious self to step out, your hidden self in,  
the hero who reveals especially in a period of peace.

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# The Elder Seer Of Olympia

It's not Cassandra's naked cry, "Troy is being subjugated",  
Nor is it Tiresias' howling, "alas, bad is the fate of Thebes."

The elder seer has a secret, he foresees misfortunes,  
stays speechless, his wrinkles like subterranean rivers  
his body warps, his breathless chest leans into his ribs,  
his fingers grab his cheeks, mourning. Trice alas...  
his unchanging glance forebodes us the rumble thunder,  
the unsuspected storm in the haze of lull.

The stillness of waiting ends is over, he hears rumbling:  
the drama of Oenomaos, the fortune of Hippodamea,  
faces the drunken evil raping the good-and-virtue,  
Centaur's dashing over the fine bodies of Lapithides.  
The skilful Apollo and Theseus support, anxious to see  
Perithus if he saves Deimadea from the lewd Aevrition.

The earthquake jolts him, the young aside doesn't hear,  
whistles carefree and fumbles with the toes of his feet.

He foresees the decline of Olympia, tinted in blood,  
swordfights, foresees the young ones to leave Greece  
for a parade in Rome of Syllas, Macedonian generals  
self-smudging with fragrant oils in Asia, he foresees  
the fair play falling off a game, the kotinos\* a windfall.

"Phoebus is searching for a hut", his eyes mourn  
pleading for a quake from above to shatter a spring  
for the lost speaking water to outburst for us.

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# The End, Beyond Ithaca

Comrades, whom I have lost, returned from storms  
urged me to go with them to the end, beyond Ithaca.

Not because seer Teiresias in Hades demanded it  
that I sacrifice before I die in the place of Neptune,  
for young ones who never saw vessels or tasted salt,

neither, as Dante sings, cause I must drown by a storm  
near a land of West, beyond the Pillars of Hercules -  
after I discover experience and knowledge of virtue,  
honor from a new project, with companions elderly  
and slow, having left my wife Penelope and our son -

nor, as Tennyson wants, cause I felt boring in the island  
of the worthless, of old spouse – whom her son controls-  
or cause I want a journey to fight with gods and drink life,  
or to get to the sunset, to reach out the baths of the stars,  
and to execute a gentle work - not just living to breathe.

but because when I returned from Troy I knew 'longing',  
that means it's worth defying Cyclops to meet the Love;  
in the island there were murders, interlaces killing love,  
also equal treatment of unequal, the extreme inequality.

Institutions aren't immutable but nobody listens to me,  
so I sail off to find brave Andromache who inspires me,  
to talk on values of a partner, on warmth that is missed,  
I look for Nausica who will recreate my soul transparent,  
maybe I can catch the place in her heart and in her bed.

Eros is the goal, that donates me knowledge until I die.

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# The Fiancé

In the nursing home my boredom has its birthday,  
the candles weight more than the cake itself.  
Do not kill the fly; it's my sole companion here.  
Planning my funeral I prefer fragrant violets  
mourning ladies not cantors, coffin of baroque style.  
May it rains so I don't suffocate becaus of dust.

Then, out of the blue, the new inmate saw me.  
Oh, heavens! They dubbed me as 'the fiancé'.\*  
God bless the Director who allow to both of us  
a walk a day in the valley, growing joy with her.

Suddenly she blew out, as a candle flame in the wind.  
At the procession I crossed the plains, limping,  
caressing the ears of crop, as if they were her hair.  
They said I fainted during burial; I left to find her.

Returning home they taunt me; then I burst:  
'You underground worms, you living dead,  
I, for her sake, became an archaeologist. Look!  
I dig up my golden Girl, both we enjoy the light.'

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# The Fraud Of Gods

You who take a sunbath on earth, combing your hair  
waiting prompt Hercules of virtue to solve your problems  
to go and fetch for you on table the Apples of Hesperides,  
why do you expose him to the fraud of arrogant Gods?

Hence, my duty is to support him. So, I advice him:  
'Hold for me the sky and I'll bring you the Apples'.  
Athena intervenes, 'Atlas, why do you support him so? '

'Because his soul suffers for whoever suffers', I reply,  
'only such unadulterated athlete can erect Olympia.  
Harm him not, else he'll be immortal and you mortal'.

Then, amazingly, Athena changes her attitude at once,  
relieves Hercules with her left hand. The wise goddess  
saw that the fraud had short legs not for a long distance  
life is short, one must save them to enjoy when he is old;  
If Athena pushed him, would have squashed your hope.

At least there are gods who conceal their fraud, when  
they conceive that immortality with fraud is destructive.

The sun sets, your sunbathing is over, duty is on,  
step on the earth and support our sky with your hands.  
Those with clean, guileless hands, deserve such Apples.

Because indifference is chaos; while virtue is the sky.

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# The Golden Breads

King Pythis loved frantically the gold, so  
he built a villa near the miles to stay close.

His wife and queen used to read sages,  
one day she made golden breads for dinner,  
then he, so hungry, realized the value of plain  
things: a bread, a bird, a stable for animals,  
the aura and warmth of his wife, so missed.

The power turns, and Xerxes vanquished him,  
killed Pythis' son who would nurse him when old  
then he took his other two sons to fight with him  
so he philosophized life and built a plain tomb  
mapped a stream from the palace to this tomb  
settled there and gave the scepter to his wife,  
ordering her to send him simple food with a raft.

I see him now sitting on the grave and writing  
one day the raft would pass by untouched  
when the ascetic king passes away implicitly,  
God provides for the future of each repentant.  
Memory retains what is worthy of survival,  
let vain glory flows along with stream and time.

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# The Little Mermaid

She is anxious, gazing the ships from her rock,  
sees Mercury and Neptune as porters\* and asks  
me: 'Cousin, is Alexander the Great alive? '  
'Follow me, lets swim towards Cyprus', I reply  
and I fix on her rock a concrete effigy of her.

We stopped at a floating field for golf. In there  
gypsies and vagabonds insult and spit at her,  
they sting her with talons, nails, they laugh loudly,  
throw rotten at her, a gang flings red paint over her,  
says: 'you fool, why have you seduced our Prince? '  
then he goes mad and cuts her head and an arm.

Those she holds gently and proceeds as a priestess,  
she submerges and emerges pure with body restored,  
then she beckons me to keep swimming for Larnaca.

'Is my brother Alexander the Great alive? ', she asks  
galleys, galleons, frigates, aircraft carriers that pass by.  
'If only the Myth, my handsome culture, is still living,  
I can endure humiliations by any ugly, boorish gang'.

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# The Mother's Trilogy

The bony figure you have seen on your Ti-Vi screens,  
on the tree, arresting tightly its branch to stand safe,  
that one, who pets one peculiar ball tied on her body  
is the mother of Africa; that ball is her very infant.  
?s waiting the harivdes of the flood tide to die out  
the soil to dry; then she will count losses, will sow  
the land from the scratch, as far as the eye can see.

\*\*\*

That little angel coming from the school, rushing  
to enter into her arms, to kiss and caress her  
so softly, telling her "I love you", is the kid of Lucia;  
when pregnant thought of abort him, as embryon,  
when thunderstorms of bad times hit her heavily.  
But now she sheds tears of joy when he kisses her,  
trembles that if she loses this divine gift she'll be lost.

\*\*\*

In Spitac, down in a basement ruined by the earthquake,  
skinny half-dressed, she covers the infant with her hair,  
coiled, chasing away the mice and the bats. Night and day  
dreams salutary men coming to break the trap of cement.  
Her breath is merely half! Tears her fingers with her teeth,  
strains her blood to offer it as life to her kid, holy communion,  
before the rescuers or angels come to take it safe from her.

When the quake strikes, artesian water and manna arises  
but only from the inner depths of the Mother's heart.

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# The Olive Tree Of A Hero

You grew up in a cave as a brave one,  
relaxed you comb your hair in Thermopylaes\*.

Hallow is the armful of the wretched ones,  
they hear but only using the ears of their king!

Arrested to be hanged, you asked them to let you  
listen to the Heroica of Beethoven. In silence.

Do you hear your friends' violins that cry?  
The folks spread the flag over your belly.

The tears are flowing from the cells  
to your tomb which shivers by the kisses.

An olive tree has sprouted onto your body;  
on its top birds knit for you a soul's nest.

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# The One Who Leads Me

The one who leads me holds a lantern in the night,  
makes no speech, is crippled by stone of Pharisee  
when bowed to cure a wounded man in the street.  
In the neighbourhood preaches love, learns tango,  
his only healthy lung gasps whenever he runs  
from faithful folks to unfaithful, by tram or by bus.

The one who leads me avoids rings with diamonds  
prefers a wooden cross, an apartment not a palace,  
a blessing by the people, then promptly embraces  
children of Dawn Syndrome, the deformed person,  
never criticizing the degenerate who tend to God;  
at Last Supper washes the feet of young criminals  
and protects with natives the life of Amazon River.

The one who leads me doesn't wear royal clothes  
he is but a flower, a beauty, outside and inside,  
he seizes stars with his hands, like St. Hilarion,  
when entreats rain comes, harvest for the youth.

I'll accompany him in the night, then both as priests  
we shall feed the homeless, even yourself, atheist:  
for us you are good, for the benefit you plan to do.  
I'm going to replace paralytics and beg for them  
to fill with that contributions their empty store;  
a stone bears roots and flower, if you believe it.

I follow him, as a child fearless of dark, so I reach  
the Gate, that those fearing the light cannot reach.

□

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# The Orphan

They nominate Petros as Pope Alexander the Fifth,  
Cardinals, Archbishops, an abundance of officials  
around, his wet eyes cannot see clearly anyone.

His thought runs back to his poverty place, Kares,  
to the plague that stole the caress of his parents.  
He calms down when he sees with his imagination  
the Friars of the Monastery of St Anthony in Fraro;  
they hug him, the Franciscans of Hantaca did same,  
finds himself in Padova for studies, in Oxford and Paris,  
in mission to baptize Egelon and people of Lithuania.

Good for him that the duke of Visconti entrusted him  
and became Bishop of Placentia, Cardinal of Milan;  
so, a title has value only if one honors it with his soul.

He stands still...a man signals from the back benches.  
Looks like the friar, his mentor while a boy in the abbey!  
Feeling hypnotized he hears a loud echo mentoring him  
'You Orphan, lead with love this nude orphan world.'

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# The Other Bird

The other bird am I. I belong to nobody,  
I don't wake up and depart just to fetch food,  
and then get back to sleep and wake up anew.

It's a disgrace for me to falter and stall in the air.  
I insist on trying that trembling difficult curve,  
to glide low, to set higher then to palpitate.  
When I fall I learn my wings how to support me,  
how to overpass any monotony and the vertigo.  
Even hungry, I'm healthy with what I learn;  
What matters is the flight, higher or deeper.

The other bird am I; they have problem to believe me  
when I tell 'the stomach sticks you drowsy on ground'.

Yet, who believed Leonardo da Vinci that would fly?  
Or the paralyzed physicist who flies with his eyelashes? \*  
Have I my wingy Doualtsinea to believe in me and then  
I can borrow the imagination of heaven for my vision.

Believe and fly: the wings that dare are the winners.  
And do warble: is the divine way for you to breathe.

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# The Reapers

We are the reapers of the liberty,  
the plain of Messara is our yard, our school.  
Our sweat earns for us our breathing,  
our axes fear no canon to gain bread fairly.

We march, as one soul, standstill neck, our eyes  
watch-towers, we're as protecting lions of Knossos.  
We march singing the victory in sistro's rhythm,  
the scythes over our shoulders, hands and wings  
with lutes and violins, larynx of stentorian a voice,  
we march towards death, singing for the life.

We march to free the slaves from the jail of cowards,  
in the front side of the moon, so that you trust us,  
that we are not making poisons in the unseen side.  
We acquire honest weapons, scythes and axes.  
Which cunning one would disarm our soul and dare  
to chain us in golden fetters and call us 'master'?

We march for the humble bread, the holy communion,  
the oxygen of Psiloritis, the echo of our wise who say:

'Our bread means freedom, our blood is our sweat  
for sowing, for the few a harmless man needs to live,  
for filling our house with wheat; the air is our song.'

So, come to march - the lion of Knossos protects us -  
let us walk and sing for the truth and harvest: ten saints  
we have, a hundred of reapers, a thousand of contestants.

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# The Return Of Salmon

I was born in the sweet water of my source,  
grown up in salty waters of the sea where the river led me.  
But my mind returns, up there, to the plains of birth; there,  
I'll generate to sustain and detain my species.

Ascending to source, I'm threatened by broad knives of rocks,  
by the hungry nail of the bear, the coarse teeth of the wind;  
the waterfalls strike me down, while jumping their level.

I wish to stand it till the end, even been left with half a skin,  
no matter if I wiggle in muck when I shall fertilize my eggs.  
I aim to return; even if I'll arrive devastated, old at once,  
even if a water pit will abort my dead body. Before I die  
I just want to offer the seed that no longer belongs to me.

You, winds, rocks, bears, let me reflect as sage. Yes,  
I owe to you; because thanks to your jaws I learned  
how to hold the life tightly and long for my return,  
how to survive by breathing even from the Aeolus bags.

I care less if my body withers or if I generate in quagmires?  
I shine as life does. Although I am a fish I become a bird  
surmounting over steep rocks. My life resembles  
the salmon's life; survival is but a top priority act.

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# The Second Sun

□ return from the Space,  
having knowledge as my navigator and compass,  
stripping the sin and what is connected with it,  
without myths. For when I turned once the glob with Vern,  
they told me I gained a day, on reverse I would lose one.  
Am I a day younger, without knowledge of a day more?  
How would I be a day older, without a lie of a day more!  
Come in Belem to explain, when the fourth rain starts.

□

Unexplained is that God sheds light but we stay idle in dark,  
when dropped bombs transform our cradles into graves.  
You on the moon, Neal, did you conquest or worship?

□

Knowledge lives not in a doll-house with internets,  
nor is afraid of asphyxia in chamber of optic fibers:  
Light, the Second Sun of Heraclitus, the knowledge,  
a ray warming the head in dry cold. I gain its baptism  
surely, if only I knew and worked on what I don't know;  
what I suffer helps me learn so as not to suffer anew.

□

Due to Light, my Sun bends to the berry tree in our yard  
to paint her green, chlorophyll over and over, fiber by fiber,  
to ensure food for the silkworm doing the silk of wisdom  
to glitter in vast space, a chrysalis through the eternity.

□

For without wisdom, Andre Malraux,  
how the twentieth century can stand?  
How the twenty-first can even exist?

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# The Set Of A Poem

I set, I stretch my hands open, out of the coffin,  
I carry nothing and I need no law to judge me.  
I'll miss the wild joy as when I saw the tsunami,  
caused by the volcano of Santorini, coming  
to drain the river so that we pass it over.

I set, the divine Adamant cuts my chains,  
so I leave the prison of words and I fly high up  
to join the constellation of the eternal whisper,  
to hear the dance in the amphitheatre of infinity.  
I set, while you calculate what a pitcher can contain  
ten stones, between them ten pebbles more, then  
ten handfuls of sand, then ten handfuls of water;  
say God adds an infinity of tens, cords of creation,  
the space in cold expansion asks for the Upper  
God with a hug contains it and warms it all over.

I smile with Socrates and Gioconda and go through  
closed, invisible windows towards the New Creation,  
to new bride Jerusalem, me being the Fourth Person  
with radiant voice, I set and spread gold on your oars,  
as a poem I'm not the boat but the brilliant voyage,  
nor am I Jordan but the poetry water on the heads.

I set as a portrait that spoke, a thought that danced,  
I set, ascending from the sea, to the land, then to air  
to change the world, first having changed myself.

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# The Short Queen

They ask why did I select a wife with weaknesses.

King Archidamos got married to a short wife,  
he endured the ignorance of mob, their fiery arrows,  
though all tall Ladies of Sparta laughed at her  
saying she would give birth to dwarfs successors;  
he saw through her soul quite a high castle,  
read her heart, a fireside to warm his loneliness,  
saw her weaving yarn from the skein of her mind.

In spite of all he paid a fine to his own town,  
for he chose a short lady as his queen, for him  
she was tall standing on volumes of knowledge -  
those tall ladies hardly bow their waist to listen,  
they are self-consumed like snakes eating their tails.

So I was taught that the night is not onto the day  
nor a minus onto so many Plus, visible or invisible.  
I redeem the one criticized by them, chosen by me,  
after all her weakness is my strength, breath of spirit,  
our hearts are stars that vibrate and been vibrated  
let us keep well our good since the beauty passes by.

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# The State Kept Its Eyes Closed

The State kept its eyes closed  
when they sold you at your thirteen, a body,  
when the wretched slave-trader raped you  
behind closed doors, melting your petals,  
swelling you so that you bring for him kids,  
then to breastfeed them - your mouth still  
has the smell of milk of your mom's breasts\*.

I don't cry for you, girl Chantigiatou Mani,  
I'm but a coward poet, I should cry for that  
I was never there to support you, oh flower.  
You, alone, stood up on your shaky legs  
and accused bravely our State as guilty,  
a State which didn't wipe even your blood.

You waved your weak arms just to react,  
thus you forced the north wind to blow  
justice of tempestuous overthrow, as David,  
throwing the hubris to hit him on its forehead.

I follow you, as I do follow St Dionysius  
who holds his cut-off head and walks upright,  
bravely. Only the first step confronts difficulties.

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# The Thread Of Khirokitia

My house, distant of an arrow's blow from Khirokitia,  
same with the house of ancestors of same soil, encloses  
my centuries; in nights turns its cylindrical mouth to stars.

I bury my parents beneath the floor, protecting them,  
sleepless I fetch for them wools, seeds, the grater.  
sitting for hours I hear them bringing me in our future,  
the pencil-makers welcoming Minoans and Achaeans:  
Thirondae Kerastias, Meonis, Impataon. Here is Ariadne,  
dropping us the tread to pass and undo our Minotaur.

Our women embroidered our history onto their laces,  
on meandros and rivers of laces, I see the fate and fight.  
It's a win not a loss that you, Da Vinci, brought our art\*  
to Milano; you saved it for the world, through centuries.

The thread of our tradition has arrived to your place,  
it leads the bull and Europe to you, Saxon youngsters.  
The tread starts from inside, beneath our homes, talks  
home language: do good-and-fine to have a worthy life.

If logic rarely misleads me, my conscience never does:  
the path of the thread, from drama to catharsis, is lit  
by a torch of celestial flame of our ancestor-selves.

Where do you come from, Khirokitia and your thread?  
What's your will, my Culture, in the course of Time?

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# The Tribe Chief Of Seattle

President Pierce, don't ever send your clown to message  
your tough warn, and don't threaten the Tribe Chief of Seattle;

Master of the planet, his tongue cannot roar as yours.  
Yet, if he says 'I buy your Indian land or else I shall burn it',  
his eye will turn pale, his high pulse will remove his eyes.

If the Chief replies 'dark falcon, come and get it if you dare'  
(emigrant Greeks oil-sellers, had taught him Greek) , how,  
could your inimitable buffon, transplant Leonidas's bravery?  
His grimace will freeze, so by loosing his humour he is lost.

President, you send a snail crawling in the rain. How  
can comprehend Indians who say 'we grew in this land,  
we don't sell it, we owe to deliver it save to our children.'

Does your clown know about such loans of inheritance?  
The only words of the Chief he could possibly understand  
concern the kids from both sides (love by both is same) :

'...our children have the moon in their eyes.  
Nature ripens them while they play with small flies.  
The rainbow displays them the orbit of the arrow,  
the stone advises them how vigorous their arms should be.  
They handle every glittering needle of pine as an amulet,  
in the forest's shade they pray for us to have a lucky hunt...'

President, don't send your clown in battle soot; Think over,  
being tied with dreams we'll not be defeated by your jokes.

□

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# The Unknown Beautiful Helen In The Olympic Games

You say I fool Paris and I fuelled the Trojan war. I say:

I started in Athens warming in my arms the dream of Louis  
In Paris I kissed paralysed Rey and he stood up and won  
In London I helped Dorando to stand exhaustion to the end  
In Stockholm I encouraged Indian Thorp and was justified  
I swam with Tarzan to cheer up all children, in first place  
In Amsterdam I chased ducks for Pearce who rowed to end  
In LA I kept the newspapers of Zambala and so he won  
In Berlin I pushed Hitler, crowned as winner a negro friend  
I supported the left hand of Takats to aim; this is why he won  
? coached priest Richards in pole who jumped bravely over it  
My love songs at Prague threw Colony's sphere much higher  
I sweeten the grief of Clay, managed to make his heart a fist  
I supported the ladder of Hiroshima's student Sakai to go up  
and lighten the Flame of Olympic Games.

Endless is the narrating of the wonders of the Beauty.

Well, you say I turn everyone's head, I say  
I lose my head for beauty, values fair and virtual.  
The dark that besieges me thoroughly  
is the cause for me to expand towards Perpetual,  
is the cause for me to be devoted to the Light.

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# The Unknown Beauty

Francis Galton asks himself, 'of what a pretty face is made!'

Two scientists from Texas University agree and state that: Darwin's cousin is right; beauty is a lab combining recipes. You select photos of good quality from two hundred women, and fabricate a desired face, brows of one, chins of another. What colour should apply for the point psi of her face? Apply chromatic grade three, average of the extremes one and five. For the beauty, Wilde, you better entrust our own portrait, grey, the median of black and white, a pot instead of flower.

Then Homer, said to be a blind poet, becomes furious, enters their photo lab, disrupts electricity and water provision. 'For centuries I paint beauty without brush', shouts on them "you short-sighted, why Greeks admired Helen of all women? though I never described her? I donated imagination to paint! Her glance is a rainbow of numerous colours, a daydream, her hair is a waterfall of honey on her breasts, do taste it, her divine body, is Praxiteles' smooth motion, touch upon it, her grace, is a nocturnal music of Mozart, approach and listen, her cheek, is a flower of Edem, for bees of Texas, do smell it."

A diamond engraves wrinkles of wisdom in her brain, the rivers of veins allow the lava flow out of the heart, a crevice in the pomegranate of her soul to generate; look up to her: the Beauty emerges from fires and shades.

Poetry, you liberate me; I look into vision without seeing, I fall in love, with unspeakable myth and unmixed wine, I create the Unknown Beauty for all times, as I imagine her.

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# The Unknown River

No one ever learned about, nobody said a word  
of Vokaros, the unknown river of Cyprus:  
from where it springs, to where it flows into the sea.

Pithia, chewing daphne, said to my forefathers that  
the river gives water to wild beasts and tranquilize them,  
it overflows and thus drowns the besiegers of the land,  
it also opens whirls to swallow the triremes of enemies.

Is this the river that refreshes our dear dead ones,  
sweetens the lips of the youngsters when they kiss?  
Is this the river that relieves the mothers' eyes?  
Did it gush sweet water on the surface of Salt Lake,  
and did it make the sacred skull of Lazarus fragrant,  
also that of Onesilus, where bees produce honey?

Who gave Vokaros its name? Where it flows; How?

Maybe its waters have metals that strengthen  
the fist of people, the breasts of working women?  
it surely irrigates underground the crops of Mesaoria,  
this river should faithfully accompany Saint Paul,  
and softened the wounds of his whipped back.

Called upon geologists classified it as a brook,  
some described it as a canyon that never gurgled.  
But our beloved buried ones owe to it a lot,  
since it watered ranks of their visions  
which flow inside us as gracious myth.

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# The Virgo Girl

The virgo girl dances in the public baths,  
waving lightly her transparent veil,  
her breeze wraps and enchants! Enjoy her,  
but never touch even a fiber of her mantle  
do not say lies that you have kissed her.

In the evening, as every immaculate in Kios,  
she would serve the mother of another virgin  
wash her venerable feet, smear them with myrrh,  
with a sunny smile, a gentle glittering of moon.  
'Modesty is the citadel of beauty', she says  
and beckons to him who creates for her a dream  
who never acquires a wealth but only uses it  
fasting to give a kiss until he finally kisses her\*.

Do not slice the nightingale just to explain how  
it manages to generate such an exquisite sound,  
do not slice the lily to discover how it smells!  
Love is a living breath flowing in two bodies and  
it tightens their fingers making them a unique fist.

Only because of love, she could ever be lost  
and this is not a loss at all, virtue lives after death  
a seed that grows, high up, and sprouts a flower.  
Soul, show your dance and I'll dress you in verse  
dance as the Virgo Girl even on the place of skull.

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# The Window

Stretch your hand and open the window,

maybe a sunbeam drops in,  
in a zigzag way, by reflection,  
maybe a star promising a change.

Open the window,

perhaps a person in rush drops a glance inside,  
a beauty girl sprinkled by the rain,  
a shallow mother that lost her baby.

Open the window,

maybe the ball of the children shows up  
their voice perhaps climbs up  
a bending branch, a kitten.

Open the window,

even if a wave of dust, of hail, invades,  
a shadow or its shadow, two shadows in one,  
or even a shadow shading another.

Open the window,

even if the city fell asleep,  
even if the city passed away,  
even if there is no sign which of the two.

Stretch your hand and open for us the window.

In its place there will be a painting  
hanged, speechless staring at us.  
At least it will fill our empty wall.

Summer,2002, Karlovivari, Czech Republic

Joseph S. Josephides

# The Wounded Angel\*

Before I define what prevails, justice or wisdom,  
or how the one burns, how the other refreshes,  
I ask the angel if he prefers: love, faith or hope.

The angel is a child heavily wounded in the war  
and two sad children carry him on a stretcher  
to the rock-built church of Templiokio\*, I gaze  
the President bowing (perhaps she is praying)  
to spread the flag over his wounded short body,

(the folks outside wonder why the flag is absent,  
if the President sold it at the antique market place,  
if she is wagging it at rallying, in a technology park,  
a beer festival or during discounts of sandals-skiing  
or reindeer horns, while seagulls grab ice creams)

here, in the chapel Madonna of rocks stands still  
urging my mom to play harmonium for souls, look  
the angel raises his bloodied body and voices out:  
'My God, I condemn the killers of my life and of life',  
suddenly the love shivers, the whole rock cracks,  
instilling myrrh in the air, over the body of the boy,  
the flag over him starts to wave and stir as a lake  
and then the angel opens up his wings and floats  
erasing the darkness, namely the absence of light.

At last he beckons me to fight with faith for love  
the only hope that really heals every wound, for  
ahead of justice or wisdom, love is the savior.

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# The Wounds Of Alexander The Great

Alexander flattered the Persian ambassadors  
stole from them secrets about their army,  
the Fund, paths leading to conquest of Asia.  
Didn't suspect the young Alexander's plan  
supplied with sarissas and seventy talents  
supported by a philosopher and selflessness.

Greece was in his head which he protected  
however: at Granicus enemies rip his head,  
then Illyrians hit him in the neck with lostari,  
at Issus they swordized with rage his thigh,  
at Gaza they threw darts deep in his ankle,  
others at Marakandana in the bone of his leg,  
at Mallous they hit his sternum. Preferred to be  
brave with many rather than a wise and alone.

The fact his father Philip marched as lame  
proves his stalwartness rather than a crippling,  
himself with so many wounds nourishes hope,  
dream of waken men, vision to beat his passions  
before he defeats the enemy and thus he says:  
'I wish I die as meritorious and let them rip  
my corpse; the brave do not fear such a death.'

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# The Young Refugee And My Mask

I am an actor, deep down I am a politician,  
In the dressing room I solve crosswords,  
I search for green horses,  
I mindlessly stare at the television.

A sparrow pecks at my window alerting me  
to watch the news: a child lies sleepless  
in front of his parents' corpses,  
they carry it to a boat, as a refugee  
the sea washes him up on shore for an endless sleep,  
in his pocket, a note which read  
'I will report you all to my God...'

For 1-across of the crossword I answer 'Drama'.  
But how can I perform the young refugees' drama?  
By cutting my skin? To the depths of my bones?  
For 3-down it asks me: 'It enters a slaughterhouse  
without bleeding'. 'Sunbeam' I answer and lean over.

Actor! What morals do I embody? I stand, not stand up for,  
the fib shies from my lips that have lied,  
my mask removes the mask from the face  
the truth interrogates me how the truth is being killed  
For 10-down I answer for myself also: 'Hypocrite' -  
I use wax to stick wings on the spectators of the planet.

The heavy mask makes me sluggish and I cannot keep up  
with History who is ahead with the child on her back.

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Joseph S. Josephides

Translation in English by Orla Hadhisofocleous (English School, Nicosia, Cyprus)

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\* A poem accusing the E.U. which was mindlessly staring and had an hypocrite attitude towards the hundreds of thousands of refugees who were trying to get in Greece, and have a safe life, away of the war in Syria. The death of the kid on

the beach, is a real fact.

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# Thou Shalt Not Steal

Thou shalt not steal the Parthenon Marbles, Elgin.  
Caryatides are furious, will chase you like the Furies  
will disturb the sleep of your government. As award  
you lost your property, buried in France as unknown.

Thou shalt not steal the Mosaics of Kanakarias, Attila\*.  
All rivers cannot wash out the hand of a murderer.  
The saints await calm the impartial judge to fix  
the smile of justice with small stones on their lips.

Thomson of Sunderland or what's your vain name,  
steal not glory by craving your name with huge letters  
on the Pillar of Alexandria to share forever glory with it.

Thou shalt not steal the treasure of ancient Cyprus, \*\*  
Cesnola, Hercules raises his hand to break the windows,  
to let the bees enter the museum and attack the guards  
and take away the skull of Onesillos and the honey in it.

Thou shalt not steal, robber of today, with electronic plots  
you legislator do not tolerate this, you judge hit this dark.  
You weak flesh, do not fall asleep when vultures fly over,  
else they'll tear to pieces the corpus of democracy.

Thou shalt not steal; time marks you as one without esteem.  
Your degeneracy is just the result of your inhuman acts.

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# Time Density

- If time is taken as the image of the eternal,  
what is then the time density?

- For the density of fifty years ask  
a prisoner for life, he will tell exactly,  
for the density of thirty, ask a couple of married,  
of fifteen years, ask a physician,  
of four years, a student will reply,  
of two years, a soldier in the army,  
of nine months, ask a mother in childbed.

- Then what about dense density?

- For one week a worker will tell you,  
for eight hours, better ask a surgeon,  
for half an hour, a fast-food cook knows,  
for one minute, the last passenger does,  
for one second, a castaway who survived,  
for a third, a sprinter before the thread of finish.

- Then what's sparse density of life?

- Is what a conqueror or a ruler has lost  
(due to malaria, drunkenness, ulcer or poison)  
without making himself the change he wanted,  
and misses the grace that he never embraced.

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# Titanic 2

If invited on 'Titanic 2' for trip, have no drunk illusions.

Have an eye over the captain; glory grabs the senses;  
if stimulated by passengers he might fool the engines.  
Look out the wireless operator; the aristocrats seize  
his focus, attract him with bribes to send messages  
in America "we arrive soon, everything goes perfect".

The iceberg yawns. Come over the bridge, see its teeth,  
run now to save yourself. Waters pervade from all sides.  
You hear? The horns of alert shout seven times. Like then.  
Did the engine-stoker escape? Where? The door is open  
but only the passengers of luxury ship-rooms may pass;  
not enough lifeboats for the ignored class of poor folks.  
Five to ten bullets against them suffice to impose order;  
Invite generous Sir Cosmo to enter the lifeboat with  
his secretary, partners; his wife - if there is more space.

History cultivates errors sowing wrongly planted seeds.  
Wake up, let their second lie be sunk with its illuminations,  
while the paid orchestra plays their final entertainment.

Come to your senses, fall in the ocean of your truth.  
Keep swimming; Nafsika will find you half-choked,  
her hands will save you; so hope is there and exists.

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# Towards A Greater State

The priests considered it as their interest  
to prevail in a greater Egypt  
so they campaigned to integrate in the Pantheon  
foreign gods, as more foreign gods as possible,  
like the cat, worshiped by a tribe in Vouvastos  
the goat, honoured by another tribe in Mendi,  
even the bull, adored by the wild people of Ieropolis.

There was no limit for the greediness of the priests.  
'We cannot ignore', they thought without modesty,  
'the eagle and falcon of Thebes and File'. Wanted  
as a god was the monkey of tribe chiefs in Arsinoe;  
the distinguished scaly oxyrygchus was also wanted,  
moreover the incomparable eel of Elephantine,  
plus the fantastic adorable animals of Syene!

The priests rejoiced as gods of Pantheon multiplied,  
as the wild tribes were adding their individual gods,  
were happy seeing their state grow bigger and bigger.  
Here is auction, infinite was the space for many gods,  
for the ivy, the mongoose as well as the dog,  
even the cock and the lion, were wanted as gods.

Welcome...the list is open for all new gods.

The priests keep a secret, though. All tribes  
being happy will honour trustfully the new vast state  
without bothering to ask, without knowing  
the methodology to expand such a state,  
with so many gods inserted in the list,  
with such a perfectly transmitted affectation.

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# Tutankhamun

They search where and how my death was done:  
as they say, Vizier Aye hit my head with a hammer  
while I was sleeping, for I was too young to be a king.  
Did General Horemheb kill me, so as to rule alone?  
Maybe my escort on my chariot with his sword,  
the blood stains over my broken skull consist a proof.  
One says I slipped and my fall caused my death  
since I cannot balance on my feet when standing,  
another witness says I was abused by archeologists,  
the time they were brutally pulling my mummy out.

Yet, nobody has ever dealt with my youth:  
I became king at my eight, with no friends to play,  
no time for learning, not even for an outing, only  
on platform ready for wars, until I was eighteen.

Please inform me about my love Ankhesenamun.  
Why they ignore? Did they kidnap her when I died?  
I care less if I'm losing a kingdom with its full glory,  
it bothers me that our world is charmed by shallow  
things, romances in screens with supposedly heroes,  
non-existent like Romeo and Juliet. But we existed.

The love from Cyprus\* has never reached them.  
As for us, our painter has immortalized the truth:  
our hands are united, our gaze is our mutual oath.

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# Typhoon Katrina

New-rich ladies dragged me in a revelry  
with feathers fixed to asses, in a carnival  
from the Disneyland to New Orleans.

To kiss tits just donate expensive necklaces,  
a hundred of Monroes wave their skirts for you;  
enjoy the Italian with a breath of twenty minutes  
in water, two Yankees dressed as Attila and  
five Houdini capture and chain a typhoon.

Move aside! Well, Katrina now in her tank,  
tightens infants that she grabbed from huts,  
causes floods and collapses and laughs loudly.  
On her tank the Planet-leader designs maps  
challenges small leaders on the ring, causes  
border chaos, army buys drinks and controls.

God Dionysus refused to attend the parade,  
not to lose his immortality, the prestige of love.  
Cassandra shakes me for all that I forget:  
the ruins left by Katrina last year,  
the wrath, which takes a break for a while  
then goes to a new revelry, again and again.

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# Unconquered Crete

You Dorians, did you ever believed you could conquer us  
with spears, or split our bodies with double-edged swords?

How ignorant you are! It's hard to explain to you the miracle,  
that which operates for the strongholds of our holy history,  
on the anvil of our heart, burning as the nucleus of earth.

Look our eyes, they reflect the frescos on our walls,  
our dolphins, do recognize the flowers and Argonauts,  
the discus of Phaestos, the tablet books of Gortyna.

If you bring us to our knees, our soul will stand still,  
if you ruin us we'll create again from the scratch  
using all that dead ancestors and God donated to us.

I you dare to humiliate us we shall reign again  
with our children, skilful in the double-edged axes,  
who tame and play with the bulls, dexterous in jobs,  
with our women competing for equal merits with men  
with the law of Minos a lesson for us to live wisely.

Yet, while you sleep in the night, nightmares will wrap you  
by the snakes and octopuses emerged from our vessels,  
our winged horses and our bulls will besiege you all.

Willy-nilly, you'll be reborn suckling our culture.  
So, learn from us to fold your bodies thus to enter  
the sarcophagus with all your armor... then tomorrow  
you shall revive with us elsewhere. Conquest is there,  
without swords and spears, oh conquered conquerors.

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# Unification

'Do confess, Cavour', 'Yes, priest, I ask forgiveness..

When child I used to deepen grooves, to plant rise,  
Thales and Pythagoras taught me Geometry, Zeno's  
student, Aurelius, taught me to consider it as one State  
governed by a single Constitution; my country will breathe  
when I die; I'll borrow to buy iron for its metal foundation,  
now I appeal to prudence and courage; all for the One,  
so that we walk not to right or to left, but all of us ahead.

I broke the twines the Lilliputians had tied me with;  
to diplomats I was saying the truth not to believe me,  
I formed alliances with enemies; my dog is friend, ever.

Priest, forgive my anger: I picked up mosaic stones,  
but I insult those not helping me to form the mosaic  
for a new Renaissance of my home, for one Europe,  
one Stoa of justice, of brotherhood and of heavens,

till the walls of Nicosia where I lift up my glance  
to the sky reflecting its indivisible form down to us,  
on friendly and carefree faces of people, my priest,  
without watch-towers or border lines or walls.  
In that ruined chapel I listen 'Gloria' and 'Doxa';  
latin and orthodox faithful singing as one, I rejoice,  
I feel my roots that they unify the grains of soil.'

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# Vanitas Vanitatum

I don't envy your glory...Adolf revenges and unveils  
to British bombers to bomb you on your way. Wounded  
now, they order you to drink arsenic, and so to suicide.  
Yet you thank, for Adolf will honour you as hero after death  
announcing in public 'your heart collapsed due to wounds'?

Such a theatre accommodates him to expose you in public,  
with paeans, canon blows, unsuspecting folks to worship you,  
parades by mutilated, by dealers of artillery who cried out  
in the wilderness 'Keep fighting Rommel, cause we sell.'

If I was you, I would have escaped from my coffin.  
He smashed your bones to grains of sand, throw them  
under the carpet; now the little men step on and sneer,  
as you crackle bitterly bewailing: vanity of vanities.

I was heavily condemned in the court of  
I'm the beast I am, but I surely like the judge Young  
who confessed that he made up injustice into justice.  
Yet, you became dead before dying, a contrived hero  
with honours to show off, in the absence of real Honour.

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# Waiting For Chiron

1. Zeus, the absolute Olympian being,  
never gave a hand to support the mortals,  
yet, they never stretched a finger to revolt.  
Inevitably they adored him, imitated him,  
as children of violence, adopting his model.

I became spiteful, went and stole from him  
the Light, to let the mortals know its knowhow.  
Let him strap me on the rock; I, Prometheus  
in Bonds, I endure ten eagles eating my liver.

2. The clouds did care to set me unbound and free.  
How come they cool the brain of Zeus Nefeligeretis\*?  
They reflected him in their mirror, half-naked,  
with one eye be the governor of blind nationals.

3. The Hope breathes while is waiting for Chiron,  
the humble small god with the incurable wound.  
The owl heard Chiron while he implored Zeus:  
'My life is in vain. Let me die, but allow  
Prometheus the torch-bearer to live and act.'

On the rock waiting for Chiron to intervene,  
I say that the weakest ones have a power  
if only it balances Harmony with the Law:  
Let the mortal have fire and God the Order.

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## While Passing Away

Second of November in Mexico, day of souls\*,  
a feast making the life of Death hard and dull.  
From the altar of our homes we carry the flame,  
candles, flowers, tablecloths to stretch over graves,  
we eat with the dead ones, play the guitar and sing,  
we donate skull-sweeties, chocolate-bones to all,  
we carry the coffins in the squares and we dance;  
kisses and laughing move, also the love in bushes.

Cry not, my love; as you call me, I stand up and carry  
his body with El Greco – like Duke of Orgath, brought  
by the hands of St Augustine and St Stephen - light  
becomes his panoply, it encloses the flake of his soul.

You decided to honour with dance the dead contender  
as Nicocles did with contests for his father Evagoras,  
Achilles for his friend Patroclus, Alexander for Ifestion.  
So, you dance in front of him slowly, then like the air,  
a whirlwind syrtaki, a prayer, a ladder of light to God;  
and myron spread in the squares, the feast grew tufty.

Ernesto, you consumed yourself, wood for our fire,  
oxygen for our muscles, rain for our thirst, you live.  
Dum spiro spero, mourning doesn't fit in your flight,  
only for the drop of the objects and the symbols  
cause your golden tooth endures the fire of your siege,  
for Thetis helps Achilles' soul leave for Euxine Pontus,  
your seed fell in this sheet to sprout a new verse.

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# Wisdom, Sophia

Hey Athenians, you shouldn't monopolise wisdom.

We too have an owl, alert, that functions a third eye.  
It mixes seven colours and so she composes White,  
it watches the windmills in Paralimni turning around  
endlessly and thus it can read their tragic secret,  
that our water is drained and the wells are emptied.

Our owl stares at the kite and explains that:  
the hovering head of a kite is the Idea of Platon,  
the string down to earth is the Logic of Aristotle,  
the purple tail is the Nature and Word of Zenon,  
being a balance between analysis and synthesis.  
Here is our kite: it takes off, yet is grounded.

Our owl has an Oracle in the plain of Mesaoria,  
counsels animals and birds to do the right. See  
the coward wild boar dares, that's why it swims,  
the dog, when caressed by boss, envies not the cat,  
the cow, nurses the little wolf to soften and tame it,  
the donkey, works in the mill to have hay for sure.  
The deer is proud of its crooked legs that help her  
to run away of danger; not proud of her pretty horns  
that entangle her in the bushes in front of the lion.

Your owl, Athena, has not such a third eye  
to view day and night, from Kitium to Delphi.

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# Woodstock, Driving Devil To Despair

The fingers of Chopin and strings of Paganini  
you smash, so that they can't redeem their home.

But I'll mend you, though I know you'll hate me,  
and you'll block my road leading to Woodstock.  
Here I meet half a million persons in Yasgur's farm  
and in vain you bribe people to shout out against us,  
in vain you exclude in airports musicians supporters  
Doors, Rolling Stones, Dylan, cause others will come!

We need three days, two and half square miles,  
and sounds of Santana, Jimi Hendrix, Who, Paez,  
then we'll become gardeners of a new seed, muddy  
teachers of a new alphabet, notes replacing words.

Phrygios, the King of Miletus, came with us  
and his adorable Pieria, his enemy's daughter,  
bringing her friend Nileida and slaves just set free,  
with flowered heads, we chant 'make love, no war',  
driving the devil in despair, who leaves angrily.

You used to record us as beings to be extinct  
if we die early, we are not in delay to enjoy life  
we starve decently we don't enrich obscenely,  
our will is but a wind our faith is but a rock.  
Do not shoot peace, her body is transparent.

We shed light, you shadow do swallow your ego.□

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# You, People Of Margin

We are Delphi, the centre of universe, bridge of peoples  
we have designed commerce but with a good intention.

When Pythia, chewing, delivers oracle, better pay a lot,  
believe at once; her equivocal words aren't jolly jests  
The accuse Pythia that has hallucinations; you better  
see: what she delivers it accommodates you the best.

Avoid perfections: they say Hermes is worshiped  
by poor hermits, by traders and all other thieves,  
that all is commerce: Olympia, Society, Education.  
The envy ones accuse us that we are after money  
that greedy causes the decline of our great Centre.

But, people in the margin, from Salamis to Paphos,  
watch out; where else could you resort, except here?  
Our force is centripetal, you're satellites turning around  
for a solution. What's your fate if you stay immobile?  
We sell to you myths, we got in surplus. Peace can't do  
without commerce. Respect monopoly, folks of margin.

We only worry if Apollo be in despair and then quits,  
if goes in the plain Thessalia and becomes a shepherd.  
Doing so he will advance even beyond your margin,  
as an ordinary person, being calm and away of us all.

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# Your Glance

Your pretty eyes sparkle my fire,  
when they look at me, those two stars;  
one dart from your castle wounds me,  
your hands hold a bow of a goddess.

Your eyes lit me, in winter and summer,  
they are the very reason I live, my Lady,  
you are my water, air, sun and joy,  
in morning, evening, night and noon.

When your glance directs and stares at me,  
it consumes the whole darkness in my heart,  
because of your eyes other people envy me  
since they don't love, but melt their candle.  
Looking at me, your eyes keep me alive  
also our kisses, so desired by you and me.

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# Your Name

In my short coffee-pot  
the small bubbles  
emitting vapour  
whisper your name.

Your name rises,  
wishes no sunset  
only an endless trip;  
already back when departed.

Shanghai, Bombay, Dubai  
Hawaii, you bend and return.

The distance is long  
from the chest to the brain,  
no other space is shorter  
when you smile and we chat.

But let me come to myself;  
let me rush to anticipate,  
fill the small pot up to its lips,  
before the last dropp is disappeared  
before your name is kidnapped and lost  
by the implacable law of evaporation alone.

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