

7 poems

Hope

Always waiting for something to end
so what we truly anticipate can finally begin

Clothed in hope
we move through time
silently
sowing it with dreams

At some point
the soul shudders

we undress our body feverishly
and then gaze incredulously
- as if in an art museum -
at the masterpiece of our suffering
created by our trampled desires

Naked and exhausted
as if just rousing from a grave illness
we wait for the fever to pass

then wearily cover ourselves again
in hope

What are you going to do

What are you going to do in a dusty landscape
they asked seeing me leave hastily
with a longing for escape
I would like - I replied -
to lose myself inside the Parthenon
to become his image
to defy
death

as he has

The star of the Little Prince

I spent my whole life running
To catch up with what
To get to where
One night gazing at the sky
I saw a star
I laughed with all my heart

I was always rushing
To catch up with what
To get to where

Within the perpetual agitation. The foam is rising. The sun is setting. Flashbacks of history. Advancing. Towards the end. She stands. Suspended. At her beginning.

Still seeking

She grew tired.
Of gnawing rabidly.
At her despair.

She was born a refugee. And seeks. Still. In the holes of the world.
The womb of the universe.

it rains absence

at the edge of dawn
her movements
drill into
the wall of weariness

she implores
a presence
while searching
the clouds' flesh

it rains absence
in the archipelago of rains

she hopes for
the unhoped-for

under the heavy pelt of boredom

poetry

the granddaughter's cry
at the greeting of life

the grandson's laugh
on the beach in Kartero*

the vertigo of Spring

on the petals of dawn

the sun's worry beads
at the slopes of Acropolis

the nightfall's desert
at the banks of Flagey**

the collapse of power
at the scepter of the tyrant

love's yearning
in the ashes of war

the Socrates' method
at the Ancient Agora

the voice of Anastasia
at the feast of the Diaspora

Claudel's exhibition
at the Rodin museum

the river of blood
in the veins of eros

the cool freshness of piety
in a spring's waters

the moon's sorrow
in the eye of the heavens

the wrinkles of time
on the threshold of old-age

the plank that creaks
in the heart of the night

the tears of rain
that dampen thoughts

in a bed of solitude

* a beach in Crete close to the city of Heraklion

** the name of the pond at the Flagey square in Brussel

Translation from Greek: SOTIRIS BIZIOURAS