

Poem of Constance Dima dedicated to the great Greek director Theo Angelopoulos

Farewell Theo!

With Theo Angelopoulos fallen to the ground
I'm thinking
how all of Greece
collapsed on our heads
writes my friend Anestis

And I
am drowning in grief
my heart is torn
that "Ulysses' Gaze"
left for "The Other Sea"

But the spirit that is reflected
in his dreams
listens
to the communicative silence
that chronicles
"Eternity and a Day"
The Suspended Step of the Stork"
the tragic "Travelling Players" ...
"The Weeping Meadow" ...

Whether we want it or not
the eyes of Humanity
will turn
to the "Landscape in the Mist"
until it is covered
by "The Dust of Time"

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Hope

We are 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
we feel our soul tremble
we undress feverishly
and then gaze in amazement
- as if in an art museum –
at the masterpiece of our suffering
formed by our trampled desires

Naked and exhausted
as if just recovering from a grave illness
we wait for the fever to pass
and once more dress ourselves up
in hope

What are you going to do

what are you going to do in a dusty landscape
they asked seeing me leave in a hurry
with a longing for escape
I would like - I replied -
to disappear in the Parthenon
to become like him
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
pierce
the wall of weariness

she implores
a presence
while probing
into the flesh of the clouds

it rains absence
in the archipelago of rains

she hopes for
the unhoped-for

under the heavy pelt of boredom

Poetry

a granddaughter's cry
at life's greeting

a grandson's laugh
on the beach in Karteros*

the vertigo of spring
on the petals of dawn

the sun's worry beads
on the slopes of the Acropolis

the solitude of dusk
on the banks of Flagey**

the collapse of power
on the tyrant's scepter

the desire of love
in the ashes of war

the Socrates' method
at the Ancient Agora

the singing of Anastasia
at the feast of the diaspora

the Claudel exhibition
at the Rodin museum

the river of blood
in the veins of Eros

the refreshing devoutness
in a spring's waters

the moon's sadness
in the eye of the heavens

the wrinkles of time
at the doorstep of old age

the creaky board
in the middle of the night

the tears of rain
that dampen the thoughts

in a bed of loneliness

** a beach in Crete close to the city of Heraklion*

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

Translation from Greek: SOTIRIS BIZIOURAS