

Athina Papadaki in one of the most distinguished contemporary Greek poets.

She was born in Athens. She did studies in Politics. She is now working as a journalist.

Her stories for children have been broadcasted on radio in Greece.

She has published numerous collections of poetry, four of which published in two volumes are compiled here.

These first collections of her work to appear in Britain should serve to establish her distinctive work as an important new voice from Greece.

Pale almost White & Sleepless in the Skies

Athina Papadaki

Dionysia Press

Pale almost White & Sleepless in the Skies



by Athina Papadaki
Translated by
Thom Nairn
D. Zervanou

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&

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SLEEPLESS IN THE SKIES**

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PALE ALMOST WHITE

To my father

Pale Almost White: a phrase taken from a Byzantine text.

EXPENSIVE FLIGHT

Black used me beyond measure.
So don't trust me
I am
like the migratory birds
who free their shadows
casting night
on the morning country.

In me mourning is an unwritten law.
Subjugated when only a child
with all the blood cells of an enigma.

TO MY UNBORN DAUGHTER

Never never together
sitting
by a sewing box;
Herodotus the needle of material
piercing the linen,
with life on one side
and death on the other.

I dream of you under the floodlights of your abortion.

While,
the syringe takes
its virgin journey into my arm.
a white concession after millions of refusals.

You are the womb of the city.
You will never devour
the male
with the jaws of the universe,
transforming
the treasure of orgasm
to the barren lands.

I.
You.
And the garbage bin.

I will miss you.
And more
when the sky, like second nature
will fall in my hair.

Your veins were brides.

WILD BEAST IN THE PORCELAIN

Because only the cereals respect the secrets.
Each one a secret golden sheath of root.
Even when;
washed by the stomach's fluids with maternal
care.

The lentil,
a verger
in monastic iron.
The wheat,
which wraps the eternal in sacred swaddling-clothes,
the amyllum is a baby.

It is inexpressible.
The anguish of the lettuce cannot be described
when it loses the chlorophyll
on the
the dead edge of the plate.

IN HIGH PREPARATION

Through the nocturnal fruit
I pass through the cold dining-room.
We spit edible ancestors like blood.

It snows.

The tiger drunk from the New Year's Eve
fur.

She flies.

Soundlessly decay moves in
and ends pride.

Yet still
time, though breathless, prevents mistakes.

IN TIME OF HUNGER

My hunger
became peaceful
as the lines of the palm
accepted common everyday, handshakes
like swords in inglorious sheaths.
My hunger
establishes a world
it doesn't destroy it, it doesn't trample it down.
A blanket of night falls on your security.

AGAINST HALF MEASURES

I compete with the horizon,
someday, within me,
the sun will retreat.
Consecrated to excess
nothing is sufficient to offer me salvation.

Woman
ephemeral, consequently unable to achieve
I close my ovaries,
that furnace of the world
to avoid tarnishing, the Demetrian.
Eunuch
sponges of the sewers
encircle me.

Finally
I walked the grounds of love
where despair
transforms the waves to marble
as they break away towards the full moon.
How can you express the thirst of salt,
and leave all free?
Just before,
the night falls forever.

I have no desire for love
crushed in between,
punching in the card,
how does the globe look for immortality?
I don't want love
when you transgress the limits of an air-raid siren.

How did it come to pass that the body was constructed
with the materials of the mind, a house of shame?

Earth is a shambles
with privately owned wives,
with shared lovers.
Still I will not remain married to the infinite lie
even
should the light of the lamp become
my only sun.

I had the luck
of the sperm
full of blood, full of pleasure.

A QUESTION FOR THE DOGMATICS

I am as primitive
as
the beak of a hawk.
But
When
I think back and recall the sugar of beauty?

THE CONCEPTION

You fugitive, you migratory bird.
How did you arrive in me?

One day all miracles are imprisoned.

PASSAGE OF VALUE

I am considering becoming a saint among the free clouds.
It rains, I drink water,
I have become a woman of property.

OUT OF AMMUNITION

A music of delivery brings me into the world.
A spotlight touches me,
through the blue of the wind.

I dance beneath a fan.
Spinning around
a carrier of knives
slashes my elements.

Unknown lover of the night,
you are the religion of rocks.
And I a trial flight.

THE TURNING POINT OF AGE

I am always losing - gaining
as
I move into the centre of my cycle of life,
with palpitations.
Coffee plantations on the edge of my heart.

I stare at the light
which whitens creation.

In this world everything lasts as long as dyed hair.

FACT IS A SECRET WHEAT

From one centrifugal force to the other
the hollow crowds,
move another universe.

In a dark room,
bending over with a quill
dipped deeply in the ink
in order to feed the alphabet.
In am a servant of language.
Around me the fact is scattered secret wheat.

Beyond the trees of the north,
unable to read or write,
Winter interprets the flame.

FIVE PRIVATE POEMS

For Antony
To Nikiforos Constantine
To the three of us only

A

INTENSIVE CARE UNIT

Temple
Of disease
Only light penetrates, without antiseptics.

B.

40 CELCIUS

Fiancé of the ants
I drag myself as matter
towards the mountain of fever.
Ceasar in monarchic purple

C

THE SIZE

We move through death over centuries.
With the white
Of aspirin.

D.

ANTIPODE

A shovelful.
Is sufficient.
For the grave-digger
to bring down the sky.

Your epilepsy
breaks the teeth of the comb
and delivers
an iron infant.

Over light years
our son a star hunter.

E.

A TERRIBLE MIRACLE

You are
a
crown
in infinite paranoia.

Why is it you only speak to me in dreams
as if life was given to us forever?

SECRET EARTH

I am being buried.
A candelabrum like towns.
A garden is moving over me, a safety belt.
What manner of velocity predominates in the underworld?

BEYOND COMPARISON

Dark flowers
over the span of a body

free flowing blood
the pores dilate
resonations
of death.

The snow
liberates its vocal chords.

It humiliates the fire
totally.

"GOOD GIRLS GO TO HEAVEN BAD GIRLS GO EVERYWHERE"*

A

Day by day as the body
prostitutes itself in the middle of the sky,
the penis is illuminated like a factor of violence.

A blush doesn't always mean shame
but the turning of a cheek
increases the electrification of slaughter.

My mind accelerates in an Aeolic direction,
with black swans of exhaust fumes.

Our misfortunes were distinguished my love
as great as cathedrals.

* A catch-phrase used by "the whores" in their
first congress, convened in Brussels,
September 1986.

B

The superfluous is apparent in the breaking.
Night overwhelms me.
The imprint
of lips on smoky iron girders.

Only life exists, not mistakes.

I cast
my guts to fortune,
dice of the heavens
for the hedonism of the earth.

And as death know no decency.

C

So it seems such heights exist.
And despair
in the eternal flowing
of the nuns.

It is I
who gave my entire body
to the gaseous haze of debauchery
way back,
so much mourning, resembling the illicit.
I turned my body into a nightclub.

Even hell is watched by god.

A HAETERA'S CONVICTIONS

This is how it is.
I drench them in blood
to achieve that final
"Ah!"
of love.

In reality I am Laida bearing the stature
of my country.

LONELY MANNEQUINS BEHIND THE GLASS

Show-windows boil in the night.

Cold darkness in warm night-gowns fools
mannequins trained in miracles.

The race of Persephone

Come.
Two by two.
Three by three.
Dark accomplishments
when
the sudden headlights of cars illuminate
their hazy eyes.

They come.
Crossing through the pleats of the earth,
the androgenis come
from caoutchouc high-grounds.

To catch up.

The arrival of our own day,
shot through crystal.
To be trapped
In the perpetual delusion
Of the moment where present moves to become future.

Passer by keep them company.

THE FIRE WHEN IT SNOWS

A Byzantine winter in rooms
where lovers once passed
like a rock n' roll band,
a widow takes out
her night-dress,

She calls.
Nobody.

Only the oil recalling Belissarius illuminates
a wall of icons.

Roads of longing.
With no defenders,
and
no forefathers.

A WAVELENGTH

The first astrophysicist - the cockerel
crows according to theory.

Science - you are an infant of winter -
even as you sacrifice numbers.
Courteous archers aim for the heart of the electron.

It is an achievement to love.

NATURE DEFENDS ITSELF FROM OUR MISTAKES

The alchemists were princes
when
they poured nitric acid on glycerine,
wolves descended like glaciers
and the wool of the lambs grew longer,
until the terror became invisible.

The experiment is an asylum of feelings.

The dark electricity
of the switch captured
along with centrifugal force,
when, for its sake, I apply the brake.
They are chthonic powers which use me.

When they choose they arouse themselves
for a partial friction with Hades.

HERE COMES THE RED LIGHT

A cold swarm arises from the celestial table.

The descent.

The earth glows in the digestive cycle,
the Pharaoh flourishes in nuclear sandals.

The black and white world,
a closed circuit,
with not even a ladybird soprano in the dew.

THE FINAL SIGN

Head-on weather.
Perhaps the end.

In which dialect?
In which language?

Drachmas fall like vendettas.

Greece: the beauty of trash.
You exist only for the next mistake.

FOR MY COUNTRY

In the dawn I became the bravest of the desperate.

Sygrou Street drags itself, a nanny,
the nurse who follows me.

Towards the waves.

To precipitous suspension bridges,
the city is at their feet,
the perception of black is different.

Who stands

by the pulleys?

The nobodies present everywhere.

We will be unable to reach the sea
anymore,
electric generator of Hades.
In my country I am lost.

SECRET JOURNEY

I will die
a vagrant
my veins
condemned
to zero.

I concede to zero, incorruptible mourning.

WORDS FOR A FEW SQUARE METRES

I scare easily in the universe of home,
as if whatever I believed eternal will return only as
incorporeal gardens
with only their aroma discernible.

I rise from the foundations
and I open the cupboard
this other walled in Artemis
with her game the clothes of her time,
I dress as if a guest is expected.
I have no company but myself.

As if I'd moved home
I reposition furniture,
blind goddesses guided
by the sacred webs of spiders,
I tear away
the world of belief and offer
to make all things open to decay.

Nothing will follow me in my death,
not even a basketful of words,
not even my private mirror,
once,
it saved my face
from a multitude of suitors.

All is beyond control,
even minute things
find a place slowly but steadily
in the stately infinite
I am a domesticated poetesse
I don't know what knowledge is
but whatever I dream is wise.

I passed through rooms,
as a wave
and left a grain of salt on the table of the earth.
Let the sea be my judge.

SLEEPLESS IN THE SKIES

....life is one and sorrow is one,
for as a mortal I fell in love with creation with the dreams of a goddess.

A BOY WITH A HUNTING DOG

(Suggested by a homonymous painting by Paolo Veronese)

He walked in the world free of charge
and uncannily because young and strong.
He even watered the waters,
this is the essence of adolescence,
it is sufficient to have a blue blood, a pedigree,
a dog disciplined in satin.
From ochre in the morning the boy emerges,
whiplash muscle to bring down the fowl,
like red leaves on the foam of the world.
Between Friday and Saturday
he reaches seventeen
with his feet deep in green waters
he will walk destiny with lutes and swords.
The ladies although pathways,
are locked up
in the finest veils of gossamer.
Alone at night he will taste the iron fibre
in this time the purple mantle
will course through his body like a poison.
He will walk out free of charge.
Eerie and uncanny through despair.

A MISTRESS OF UTTER DESPAIR

Although of marble
she tries to comprehend
the green texture of the cypress
and her own chill,
untouched by the beaks of birds
as they attack the flesh of remnants.
She is immobile.
She scans the infinite that is left to her.
Despite the poppies at her feet
she ignores
the blood, the blood of love.
Her destiny is engulfed in perpetual shadow
like Attiki in the evening, her place of burial.
A mistress of utter despair.
From Hades someday she,
the bringer of milk,
will walk into the light,
upon centuries of moving the sunset
with her eyes.

FORMER QUEEN

(To Marietta)

(I)

She refused to hold the umbrella
as her rings were of the meridian
and wanted the sun to polish her dreams,
more precious than jewels.

(II)

When she lifted
her hands from the embroidery,
a rain began which cast
all the harvests of the world around her ankles.
This is how much peace belongs to us.

(III)

She understood clearly
why she adored deciduous trees.
She knew
her origins lay with them.
For a subterranean wind blew
through her breast and
the trees were naked while she was dressed.

(IV)

She never moved away from the
few metres of earth given to her.
This is my place in the universe she said
a cross - stitch.

(V)

She often looked at the skies
as she bent over the celestial marble and washed Adam's hair.
Foams of love, the ruins of the palm
on precipices not made by human hand.

(VI)

The black clothes she always wore
were borrowed,
but silence was hers;
an unnamed gift to the self
when and if it deigns us.

(VII)

Finally she became a saint.
You can tell by her hair tired waters intervene
from innocence to sacrifice.

(VIII)

She walked on the waves.
For love has neither property
nor baggage.

THE JUNGLE IN THE MIRROR

Luna Rossa, lights up
the Jungle to reach the bedroom
leaving no fingerprints,
a panther violating the mirror
to snatch the tresor of dreams,
back down to a real earth,
once more I am to be a bride.

A shifty irreverence moves fast
from moment to moment - present and unspent,
it kicks blood into global action,
while I perceive a fiance, a clandestine killer.
In the past my destiny was steeped in blood
but the gift of pain appears gradually,
a few flourish on the dark earth, but only once.

ASH AND ASH AGAIN

The earth is falling, falling
with all things winged and fragrant,
a drop of oil on my passions.
I owe my bad name to fire,
just as all fatal things
it moves armies of dreams
until it blackens utopia like grass.
Sometimes utopia returns to life
as a gazelle from the sweat of the horizon
to arouse the day air once more
from the lentisk.
I believe in whatever is burning hopelessly.
Transient and speechless,
I see mammals in flames
in the festival of milk.
I am expensive in the extreme.
I guarantee nothing but ash.

UMBROSA PELLIS

To Anne Conway
To the Jewess Maria
To Ypatia
To Hildegard
May they flare

(I)

Around their black clothes
they gathered mathematics like children.
Small in the eyes and infinite in the mind.
The humble ones living in dampness and eating crumbs
proved that the universe reveals its manuscripts,
herbs, metals, comets
beyond the leaves and the socially essential.

(II)

Singled out like swans,
gifts on water.
Whole bodies shaking
the mines of the mind.

(III)

As they removed their veils
the headaches went away.
Years of dreams in mines of dreams.

(IV)

They fed the birds on hymns
and god with seeds.
Times whiter than platinum
drew them peacefully to the ground.

MAGNETIC SLEEP

Waters of March without harbours
the clothes of a goddess.
the sea was named for the sake of the boats
and I baptised but with no land,
ten steps on the spot,
yes, the acacias keep to their roots;
just as the swans, in the drama of white.
But black is solid
as if faceless on the sides of houses.
Way back in the past houses were vases
and the men were pyracanthas,
the blood falling on them grew in value.
When Greece
drew light from the light
of the pine - needles.
I touched the pillow
and the sleepy-one of the hill rose
to accompany the newborn green
crickets who knew nothing of darkness.
The earth ages without confrontation
and I hope that no forest has ever despaired of its trees.

AT FIVE TO...

Opposite the room lies the hill.
It was given grace
never to retreat in chaos.
As I bend to pick up my bracelets
(it is how I regulate
the order of the floor);
the hill has started a war
in which gold will regain its high morale
beyond the dark shop windows of man,
newborn diamonds suck to the mountains.
Tangible sets of clothes withdraw,
humbly the springs reject us.

BLOOD RELATIONS

Here on the edge of the rain the river springs
from laurel stones.
Water has no roots that's why it moves mountains
just as dreams move our pillows
that remain in the same place every morning.
Availability wins life.
Small leaves move towards the light,
blood moves towards love,
towards all things, love.
I bite the apple,
my teeth in its flesh are omens,
the flow of the world calls it in as a guard,
to retreat, to pass.
Obediently it leaves the branches, a red fighter for life.

CHANGES

From the leaves of its heart the house sighs;
The stones are visible but the soul is not.
Today, here, tomorrow there,
silk quilts
stitched by the aunts, the embroiderers
reaching unknown young girls.
Courage, unruly lily.
The civilisations of centuries fall on
sweet peas
castles bleed boulders
hiding water for the birds,
whose wings push fate from indecision.
If the orange tree freezes
which tree will offer fruit?
Nature never reaches an impasse,
infinite in infinity,
why not wait for everything
since each day life provides birth for me in a new nest

A WALK WITH REGAS

The dog in the domain of lightning
Regas with black bones
one day he will part with his fur like the night
which will no longer contain him.
We will walk from ignorance to ignorance
every step a deserted palace.
A woman with a vivid adolescent,
a gentle wind carries us along in the depths of razor grass
where gladioli in red robes
form roads of fire for the swallows to come
bringing unworn clothes to the hill,
but at the peak the bees have overtaken
and already clothed the queen.
I try to say something to share,
the look of the quadruped is on me like a neophyte,
you might say doubly innocent in this world,
I said nothing and just as any compliant in
another century there were tears in my eyes.

SLOWLY BUT STEADILY

The places change with the dreams,
when the mountains rise diaphanous from the steps,
gardens reach down to the bowels of the earth and co-exist with
the snows.
So peaceful, you pass the night where you choose.
My pillow widens like a cloud
assuring the rains,
even stones need it.
I heard it beyond sleep, from that time
every space in my imagination is filled with gardens of flowers.
So let them talk.
I am the celebrant of love
and all my clothes are unbaptized in order to deceive
I am so exposed
like the tiny red spot on the wreathes of souls.
Tomorrow another dawn will break.

A VERSE FOR THE DROSOLITES *

Each day is unique if only for its light,
in its goodness no one is superfluous,
not even the elves.
The Drosoulites are content with the coolness
around dawn they come with the horses
the vegetarians of the horizon are lost as soon as
the firm earth appears.
Do the waters melt?
From orchard to orchard you forget yourself
you take the mountain as a groom and you lose yourself.
Here are the birds
stolen jewellery in their beaks,
anxiously you wonder when, where and with whom
will the engagement with the wind take place.
Only ordinary things are attainable and miracles require deprivation.

* Drosoulites is a strange phenomenon which appears in Francocastello in the Southern part of Crete, during certain days in the Spring a little before sunrise. On May the 18th 1828 a battle took place where 385 fighters from Ipiros were killed. This phenomenon is either due to reflections from Africa or it depicts the souls of the dead.

GUARDIANS ON THE BORDERS OF LOVE

Solitude requires a great magnanimity
otherwise it will always be late and all will be in vain.
I open myself to affirmation
such potential for injury!
Urbanely I strayed with the thorns,
I was snapped up by the birds.
Besides through love the body finds a place
as an apostle preaches equality to the worms.
This is an earthy love
like the other one, beyond the sheets
but if you reach there, where can you turn after that?
Once I should have been happy
both unguarded and strong at once.
Without shoulder pads I reach to the stars.

CALM HALF-DARKNESS

A minor tortured by the stars
I land with a crash,
from moment to moment I fall to pieces.
Now I explain why I love the hem,
a kingdom defined by a thread,
to fragments and splinters, everything shatters
and so the crumbs come from a secret granary
and not from my hands
when I rub dough of patience on the circular table
in order to make it round like the moon.
I was as sensitive to language as I was to life.
I turn my gaze to the textiles of the earth,
princes were blinded by the shuttle of the loom

DEEP COURAGE

In the midst of the red of the embroidery
the stitching stopped ascending like an aria.
The time of the lady had arrived,
filled with dreams like peddlars
returning to their lands.
The beginning of love always emerges from a distance,
and slowly metamorphoses like milk newly
born to a star, among polished silver
the girl came to an end.
She didn't even understand it,
a woman reaching her forties,
like Palm Sunday, all leaves glorified by passion.
Over and over the years
sometimes stacked up sometimes loosely bound
the negative is undone, a dream within dreams.
With ignorance and invisibility cold air beats the basil.
Easy to breathe, difficult to live.

WITHOUT ARMOUR

The flow heralds the universe.
Dolphins dive perpendicularly breaking the routine
and divide the waters without cost.
If they condescend, love wherever we go.
Together, together with the incorporeal grass
as they traverse the earth
until they are incarnated as hyacinths surrounded by aromas.
Aroma is the destiny of flowers.
When I lie down sadly I think of the reeds of the river.
It began in places rich with churning waters
in the light, the finest of mornings.
But the soul consists of eight balls of wool, untrodden silk,
droplets designing the oceans.
I move from inside myself just as the mountains
when they turn to water shove aside rock
so the nestlings will not be harmed,
breath by breath they develop their wings.
However far you go there is always love.

FIRE WALKERS

Who altered the fate of the dowry
and all the stitches turned against me?
Elsewhere the practical white withdrew
to where the vertebrae of swans coagulate
speechless words and a deep broad white.
Whatever departs leaves burning coal
in the nests of the earth
my mournings are not in danger.
With cool soles they walk the fires
from alpha to the omega of faith,
if you endlessly stare life in the eyes you can endure it.
From afar I grow tired, as early on the last tafta
of the world touched me,
cloth beaten by the shades of joy.
I live in hope for the grand overthrow,
drops of coolness.

I DREAM SO I WILL NOT BE OVERTAKEN BY THE NIGHT

The sky widens towards the Spring.
There our half-finished passions wander.
Tigers thicken the stripes of their dreams
just in case they find a space in a more just life.
All we loved was stolen from us with force.
real beauty does not guarantee, does not guarantee
even if it remains inexplicable to the shallow waters,
it is akin to a gift
a widow prepared for her young fiance,
but seconds before loosening the silver he turned into marble.
What a world of miracles when we are unpredictable.

IF FLOWERS WERE MY FOREFATHERS

I look at the almond tree
where passion lies and the white oath flourishes.
But the murders of love are put down to April,
capable of anything, even a four leaf clover.
I abandon myself to the seasons, to their flow,
the purity of the world is centred on instability,
breath is the one essential,
only thought is greedy.
The roads of march leave us in wonder,
the coolness stitches our clothes
then casts them down in rags.
I have no words to express it for I have no hope,
only the tears of the earth for the heights of the sky.
Fresh roses mourn their deaths with the thorns.

POEM CLINGING TO THE SKIN

Everything hangs by a thread even the trees,
while invisibly moving around
giving their place to the feminine nature of air,
a new century of chlorophyl is reborn.
Butterflies raise the level of Spring
from flower to flower,
infinity moves
but strikes with the reality of ice.
The waters rise a little
taking wedding rings from fingers
while girls account themselves to their mirrors
until they become brides.
Dark perceptions beneath stars, dreams.
We are runners to the unborn grass of the world.

EVDOKIA

April, a last enigma in the mind.
Everything in order but scattered,
wild and passionate, towards evening all become silent zeros.
All things grow more expensive in the silence.
There the vowed belong,
exemplified by housewives as they bend to pick up
crumbs from the tables
and throw them to the birds,
just in case everyday life grows wings.
But wonder is incessant
with each passing moment everything happens as if in a target zone.
If I relax,
for God's sake preserve my everyday virginity,
which considers even bread, a routine.

GIRLS

I am on the side of heaven
when it gathers the clouds like fruit
and then returns them to a respectable green.
Every time has its own language,
now the lilacs seem to me faithful,
in the orthodoxy of black I herald the impenetrable
and the roads of men unfurl again.
There the girls declare commerce a place of summer,
touching utopia they fall about laughing.
They don't know,
that the water melons have been smitten by a double edged breath,
before their own knives bled them.

INVITATION TO TEA

My girlfriends arrive at my house
indecent saints
constantly arriving from places of dreams.
All for a celebration of joy.
In the porcelain the flowers are restrained
we are loose ribbons of dreams of an infinite
 humanity which constantly diminishes.
Our clothes are made of flimsy fire
and avoid the graspings of obligation.
Words and laughter, words and laughter
and kisses as if cut by a scythe,
for us, the wounded in heart,
what we lived, it is not enough for us,
we soil the dowry with sweet drinks made by our own hands.
What can be said under the shadows of lilies?

THE LAST SUPPER

My girlfriends arrive at my house
indecent saints
constantly arriving from places of dreams.
I lay the table cloth, an echo of hard times.
Time unites us in a circle
we touch deep blue in one another's veins
our circle defined by the compass of god.
Full moon, one day its waters will break
and tears will fall towards the earth.
If I wrap this chandelier of dinner in the tulle of mourning,
it is to fool the birds
churning from the mountains searching out soft bread.
Holy breads of the universe let us rejoice,
before we too are enwrapped in linen like holy bread.

SLEEPLESS IN THE SKIES

Let my passion for life remain unexplained
fierce even when confronted by suffering.
I loved whatever kept the core of his wound intact
and called me insatiable,
I have no cure.
But where do my clothes come from
as they become clouds on the ground of the house
to offer the man light steps, when according
to my earthy virtues
the wind weighs heavily with the foliage of
the sounds of the nightingale's mountain song,
when Spring is cut in two and in light armour
the chamomile attacks.
All with their own stature in this Easter of moments.
I step here and the light takes me elsewhere.
Unknown places beyond pursuit
and all around is immoral as light.
Sleepless in the skies one metre and sixty centimetres tall.