Πλάτωνος Φαίδρος (400πΧ)

ού μὲν δὴ πρέπει γε φιλόμουσον ἁνδρὰ τῶν τοιοῦτων ἀνήκουν εἶναι. λέγεται δ᾽ ὡς ποτ᾽ ἦσαν οὕτω 
ἀνθρώποι τῶν πρὶν μούσας γεγονέναι, γεγομένων δὲ 
Μουσών καὶ φανεράς ὑψής οὕτως ἄρα τινὲς τῶν τότε 
ἐξεπλάγησαν ὑπ᾽ ἦδονίς, ὡστε ἄνδρες ἡμέλησαν 
σῖτον τε καὶ ποτῶν, καὶ ἐλαθον τελευτῆσαντες 
αὐτοὺς· ἐξ δὲ τὸ τετήριαν λέγεται· ἔκεινι φύεται, 
γέρας τούτο παρὰ Μουσῶν λαβὸν, μηδὲν τροφῆς 
δείχθαι γεγομένον, ἀλὰ ἀπίτον τε καὶ ἀποτον εὔθυς 
ἀδειν, ἐως ἄν τελευτήσῃ, καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα ἐλθὼν παρὰ 
μούσας ἅπαγέλλειν τὶς τίνα σωτῆρας τιμή 
τῶν ἐνθώδε. Ἀρνησάρας μὲν οὖν τοὺς ἐν τοῖς χοροῖς τετειμικτάς 
αὐτὴν ἅπαγέλλοντες ποιοῦσιν προσφυλεστέρους, τῇ 
δὲ Ἐρατό τοὺς ἐν τοῖς ἐρωτικοῖς, καὶ ταῖς ἄλλαις 
οὕτως, κατὰ τὸ εἶδος ἐκάστης τιμῆς· τῇ δὲ 
πρεσβυτὸτη Καλλιστῇ καὶ τῇ μετ᾽ αὐτήν Οὐρανίᾳ 
τοὺς ἐν φιλοσοφίᾳ διάγοντας τε καὶ τιμώντας τὴν 
ἐκείνων μουσικὴν ἄγαγμον, αἱ δὲ μιθιστὰ τῶν 
Μουσῶν περὶ τὸ οὐρανὸν καὶ λόγους χαλοῦσας τε 
καὶ ἄνθρωποις ιᾶσιν καλλιστὴν φωνήν· πολλῶν δὲ 
οὖν ἐνεκα λεκτέοι τι καὶ οὔτω καθευθύτεον ἐν τῇ 
μεσημβρίᾳ.

Πλάτωνος Φαίδρος (400ΒΧ)

Plato’s Phaedrus (400BC)

A lover of music like yourself ought surely to have heard 
the story of the cicadas, who are said to have been human 
beings in an age before the Muses.

And when the Muses came and song appeared they were 
raffled with delight; and singing always, never thought of 
eating and drinking, until at last in their forgetfulness they 
died.

And now they live again in the cicadas; and this is the 
return which the Muses make to them—neither hunger, 
nor thirst, but from the hour of their birth are always 
singing, and never eating or drinking; and when they die 
they go and inform the Muses in heaven who honours them 
on earth.

They win the love of Terpsichore for the dancers by their 
report of them; of Erato for the lovers, and of the other 
Muses for those who do them honour, according to the 
several ways of honouring them of Calliope is the eldest 
Muse and of Urania who is next to her, for the 
philosophers, of whose music the cicadas make report to 
them; for these are the Muses who are chiefly concerned 
with heaven and thought, divine as well as human, and they 
have the sweetest utterance.

For many reasons, then, we ought always to talk and not to 
sleep at mid-day...!
ΠΟΕΤΙΚΗ Νύχτα: 3 Τόνγκους των Παρασκευέων

Ησιόδου Θεογονία (700πΧ)

H γεννήσει του Έρωτος:

Ἡ τοι μεν πρώτηστα Χάος γένει, αὕτη ἔπειτα Γαῖ᾽
εὐρύστερον, πάντων ἔνδος ἄφθαρπος αἰεὶ ὄθανάτων, οὐ
ἐχουσι κάρη νιρφάντων Οὐλίμπου, Τάρταρα τ᾽ ἡρέντα
μυχὴν χθονὸς εὐρωδείνης, ἥδ᾽ Ἐρός, δές κάλλιστος ἐν ὄθανάτοις θεοῖς, λυσιμέλης, πάντων
dὲ θεῶν πάντων τ᾽ ἄνθρωπον δύναται ἐν στήθεσι
νό̣̑ν καὶ ἑπίφρονα βουλήν.

Ομήρου Οδύσσεια (800πΧ)

Ομήρου Οδύσσεια, Παισίδων Α

Ἄνδρα μοι ἐννέπο, μούσα, πολύτροπον, δς μάλα πολλά
πλάγιη, ἔπειτα Τροίης ἐρέν πτολεμέων ἔπερεν:
πολλῶν δ᾽ ἄνθρωπων ἑδὲ ὄστεα καὶ νό̣̑ν ἔγινε,
pολλά δ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἄλγεα ὁν κατὰ θυμὸν,
ἀρνύμενος ἦν τε ψυχήν καὶ νό̣̑ν ἑταίρων.

Σαπφώ: Κέλομαι σε Γογγύλα (600πΧ)

Κέλομαι σε Γογγύλα
πέφανθα λάβοισά μια
gλακτίναν, σε δηποῦ
tόδος ττ [τεντός] αμφιπότασσαι.

Τάν κάλαν, ἂ γαρ κατάγως
αὔτα ἐπὶδασα ιδοῦσαν
ἐγὼ δὲ χαίρω
καὶ γὰρ αὕτα δὴ
tόδε μέμφεται σοι Κυπρογένη.

Σαπφώ: Υμνος στην Αφροδίτη (600πΧ)

Ποικιλόθρονιν, ἄθροι πρὸ Ἀφροδίτη,
pαῖ Δίος, δολόπλοκε, λόσσομα σε
μή μ᾽ ἄσσασι μῆτρ᾽ ονίασι δάμνα,
pότνιαι, Θόμοιν·

Σαπφώ: Κληρονομιά (600πΧ)

The birth of Eros
(beginning of cosmogony, after the call to the Muse):

First came the Chasm; and then
broad-breasted Earth, secure seat for ever
of all immortals who occupy the peak of snowy Olympus;
the misty Tartara in a remote recess of the broad-pathed
earth;
and Eros, the most handsome among the immortal gods,
dissolver of flesh, who overcomes the reason and purpose
in the breasts of all gods and men

Hesiod’s Theogony (700BC)

Beginning of 1st Rapsody
Sing, Muse, of the very clever man who wandered far
after he sacked the sacred city of Troy;
his eyes saw the cities of many men, and learned their minds;
his body suffered many hardships in his heart on the sea,
as he struggled to save his life and bring his companions
home.

Homer’s Odyssey (800BC)

Sappho: I call you Gongila (600BC)

Sappho: Ηymn to Aphrodite (600BC)

Throned in splendor, deathless, O Aphrodite,
child of Zeus, charm-fashioner, I entreat you
not with griefs and bitternesses to break my
spirit, O goddess; standing by me rather, if once before
now

3
Archilochos: The Shield (700BC)

Some Thracian is very glad to have my shield
which I was forced to abandon intact near a bush.
But I saved myself. What do I care about that shield?
To hell with it; I’ll soon get a better one.

Epigram of Seikilos (100AD)

As long as you live, shine,
Don’t grieve at all.
For life is short,
and time demands the end.
In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. 
The same was in the beginning with God. 
All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. 
In him was life; and the life was the light of men. 
And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.
Προς Κορινθίους Επιστολή του Απ. Παύλου

Εάν τούς γλώσσας τών ανθρώπων λαλώ και τών ἁγγέλων;
ἀγάπην δὲ μὴ ἐχω, γένοντας χαῖλκς ἢχών ἣ κύμβαλον ἀλαλάζων.
κἂν ἔχω προφητεύει καί εἰδῶ τὰ μυστήρια πάντα καὶ πάσαν τὴν γνῶσιν, κἂν ἔχω πάσαν τὴν πίστιν ὡστε δρη μεθιστάνειν,
ἀγάπην δὲ μὴ ἐχω, οὐθὲν εἰμι.
κἂν ψυχήσω πάντα τὰ υπάρχοντά μου, κἂν παραδώ τὸ σῶμά μου, ἢ αὐτῆς σομαία,
ἀγάπην δὲ μὴ ἔχω, οὐθὲν ωφελόμια.

Ἡ ἀγάπη μακροθυμεῖ, χρηστεύεται, ἢ ἀγάπη οὐ κυλο, οὐ περπερεύεται, οὐκ ἀσχημονεῖ, οὐ κύνει τὰ ἐαυτῆς, οὐ παροξύνεται, οὐ λογίζεται τὸ κακόν, οὐ χαίρει ἐπὶ τῇ ὁδίκῃ, συναίρει δὲ τῇ ἀληθείᾳ: πάντα στέγει, πάντα πιστεύει, πάντα ἐλπίζει, πάντα ὑπομένει.
Η ἀγάπη οὐδέποτε πίπτει.

εἰτε δὲ προφητεύει, καταργηθήσονται:
εἰτε γλώσσαι, παύσονται:
εἰτε γνώσεις, καταργηθήσονται.

ἐκ μέρους γὰρ γινώσκομεν καὶ ἐκ μέρους προφητεύομεν: ὅταν δὲ ἐλθῃ τὸ τέλειον, τὸ ἐκ μέρους καταργηθήσεται.

ὅτε ἡμῖν νῆπιος, ἐλάλουν ὡς νήπιος, ἔφρονοι ὃς νήπιος, ἐλογιζόμενοι ὡς νήπιος: ὅτε γένονα ἄνηρ, κατηργήθηκα τὰ του νηπίου.

βλέπομεν γὰρ ἄρτι δὴ ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνῆματι, τότε δὲ πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον:
ἄρτι γινώσκω ἐκ μέρους, τότε δὲ ἐπιγνώσομαι καθὼς καὶ ἐπεγνώσθημι.

υνὶ δὲ μένει πίστες, ἐλπίς, ἀγάπη: τὰ τρία οἶκτα, μείζων δὲ τούτων ἢ ἀγάπη.

If I speak with all the languages of men and of angels, but don't have love,
I have become just a sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

If I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge;
and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but don't have love,
I am nothing.

Love is patient and is kind; love doesn't envy. Love doesn't brag, is not proud,
doesn't behave itself inappropriately, doesn't seek its own way, is not provoked, takes no account of evil;
doesn't rejoice in unrighteousness, but rejoices with the truth;
bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. -Love never fails!

But where there are prophecies, they will be done away with.
Where there are various languages, they will cease.
Where there is knowledge, it will be done away with.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is complete has come, then that which is partial will be done away with.

When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child.
Now that I have become a man, I have put away childish things.
For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face.
Now I know in part, but then I will know fully, even as I was also fully known.
POETRY NIGHT: 3 Tongues of the Muses

April 27th 2006

 Imam.

The Day of Resurrection

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, both now and ever and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

It is the day of Resurrection; let us be radiant for the festival, and let us embrace one another. Let us say, brethren, even to those that hate us, Let us forgive all things on the Resurrection, and so let us cry, Christ is risen from the dead: by death he has trampled on death, and to those in the graves given life.

Epic Ballad: Digenis Akritas

But now faith, hope, and love remain -- these three.
The greatest of these is love.

Fighting is the soul of Digenis and terrified is the earth of him!

Thunder and lightning on the sky, the whole earth trembles, the underworld has opened up and the foundations are shaking;

and the gravestone shivers – how will it cover him?

How will it cover the eagle, the earth’s most brave?

No house could ever cover him, no cave would ever fit him;

the mountains with a single step he crossed, he jumped across the peaks,

huge stones he flattened and hills he moved.

When glancing birds he caught, when flying he caught hawks,

when running and when jumping deers and beasts he caught…

Jealous of him Death is, with a long spear he watches him - and thus his heart to hit and take his soul he tries…
Δημοτικό τραγούδι Μακεδονίας:
Μήλο μου κόκκινο

Μήλο μου κόκκινο ρόδι βαμμένο
μήλο μου κόκκινο ρόδι βαμμένο
γιατί μι μάρανες το (μ)πικραμένο
giati mi maranes to (mu)pikrameno.

Πηγαίνω κι έρχομαι μα δε συ βρίσκω
Πηγαίνω κι έρχομαι μα δε συ βρίσκω
βρίσκω τη (μ)πόρτα σου αμπαρωµένη
ta paratheta sou fegyboboloune.

Ρωτώ το πάπλωμα που ειν’ η κυρά σου
Ρωτώ το πάπλωμα που ειν’ η κυρά σου
κυρά μ’ δεν είναι δω πάει η βρύση
kura m’ dein eini dou paesi na pi niro kai na gemitse.

Πτωχοπρόδρομος

Από μικρού με έλεγεν ο γέρον ο πατήρ μου
Ever since I was little my old father told me
τέκνον μου, μάθε γράµµατα, κι ωσέν εσέναι έχει,
Ever since I was little my old father told me
βλέπεις το δείνα, τέκνον μου, πεζός περιεπάτει, και
to deina, tekon mou, pezos periipatei, kai
tόρα ην μικρός ουδέν είδεν τος τους λοετρούς κατώφλιν,
tοra en mikros ouden eiden tos tos loetrous katowlin,
και διά την πεινάν την πολλήν και την στενοχωρίαν,
as dia tin peinana tin pollin kai tin stenochorian,
ψηφίζω τα γραµµατικά, λέγω μετά δακρύων:
psiwsiwo ta grammatika, lego meta dakryow:
ανάθεμαν τα γράµµατα, Χριστέ, και οποίο τα θέλει,
anathema ta grammatama, Christe, kai opoio ta thelei,
ανάθεμαν και τον καιρόν και εκείνην την ημέραν,
anathema kai ton kaiaron kai ekainia tin hemeran,
καθ’ ην με παρεδόκασαν εις το διδασκαλείον
kathi en me paradeokasan eis to didaskaleion
προς το να μάθω γράµµατα, τάχα να ζω απ’ εκείνα.
prous to na matwo grammata, tacha na zou apo ekienia.

Folk Song of Greek Macedonia:
My Red Apple

My red Apple, my painted pomegranate
My red Apple, my painted pomegranate
Why did you dry me out, me the embittered one?
Why did you dry me out, me the embittered one?

I’m coming and going, but I cannot find you
I’m coming and going, but I cannot find you
I find your door locked, and your windows are glowing
I m asking the bed cover, where is your Lady?
I m asking the bed cover, where is your Lady?
My Lady is not here she went to the well
she went to drink water and to fill

Ptochoprodromos: Cursed be learning

Ever since I was little my old father told me
My child learn letters and no-one will be like you
Do you see so-and-so, my son, he used to go on foot,
and now he has a fat mule with two breast plates.
When he was learning he had no shoes,
and now you see him wearing long-pointed ones.
When he was learning he had never combed his hair,
and now he’s well-groomed and boasting.
When he was learning he hadn’t even seen the bathroom door,
and now he bathes three times per week.
His bosom used to be filled with almond-size lice,
and now it’s full of imperial gold coins.
So listen to my old fatherly words
Learn letters and no-one will be like you.
So I learnt letters after a lot of effort.
Since I became a so-called master of learning
I long for bread and even for bread yeast
I curse on letters and say with tears
“Good Lord, damned be letters and whoever likes them!
Damned be the time and that day
That they turned me over to the school
to learn letters and supposedly to live off them!”
Look, if they had made me a gold thread craftsman
One of those who make the embroideries for a living,
If I had learnt the scorned art of embroidery,
I would open my cabinet and find it full
Of fattening bread, wine and tuna salad,
POETRY NIGHT: 3 Tongues of the Muses

April 27th 2006

pieces of tunny fish, sardines and mackerel. Whereas now I open it and see all the shelves
Stacked with paper bags full with papers.
I open my cupboard to find a piece of bread,
And I find another smaller bag of papers,
I dip into my pocket looking for my wallet
I search for a coin and again I find papers.
After I have probed all nooks and crannies
I stand dispirited and hopeless
I am fainting and stalling from my hunger
great hunger and sadness makes me
prefer embroidery to letters and learning.

When you set out on your journey to Ithaca,
pray that the road is long,
full of adventure, full of knowledge.
The Lestrygonians and the Cyclops,
the angry Poseidon -- do not fear them:
You will never find such as these on your path,
if your thoughts remain lofty, if a fine
emotion touches your spirit and your body.
The Lestrygonians and the Cyclops,
the fierce Poseidon you will never encounter,
if you do not carry them within your soul,
if your soul does not set them up before you.

Pray that the road is long.
That the summer mornings are many, when,
with such pleasure, with such joy
you will enter ports seen for the first time;
stop at Phoenician markets,
and purchase fine merchandise,
mother-of-pearl and coral, amber and ebony,
and sensual perfumes of all kinds,
as many sensual perfumes as you can;
visit many Egyptian cities,
to learn and learn from scholars.

Always keep Ithaca in your mind.
To arrive there is your ultimate goal.
But do not hurry the voyage at all.
It is better to let it last for many years;
and to anchor at the island when you are old,

Καβάφης: Ιθάκη (1911)

Σα βγεις στον πηγαίνο για την Ιθάκη,
να εύχησαι νά ακούς το ρόδος
γεμάτος περιπέτειες, γεμάτος γνώσεις.

Τους Λιστρυγόνας και τους Κύκλωπας,
τον θυμωμένο Ποσειδώνα μη φοβάσαι,
τέτοιου στον δρόμο σου ποτέ σου δεν θα βγεις,
αν μην η σκέψη σου υψηλή, αν εκλεκτή
συγκίνησης το πνεύμα και το σώμα σου αγγίζει.
Τους Λιστρυγόνας και τους Κύκλωπας,
τον άγριο Ποσειδώνα δεν θα συναντήσεις,
αν δεν τους κουβανείς μες στην ψυχή σου,
αν η ψυχή σου δεν τους στήνει εμπρός σου.

Να εύχησαι νά ακούς το ρόδος
Πολλάς τα καλοκαιρινά πρωϊάς να είναι
πους μες τις ευχαρίστιες, μες τις χαράς
θα παίνεις σες λιμένας σποροειδώμενους,
νας σταμάτησες σ' εμπορείας Φοινικικά,
και σε ηθικές προσφορές πολλές να πας,
να μάθεις και να μάθεις απ' τους σπουδασμένους.

Πάντα στον νου σου νάχεις την Ιθάκη.
Το φθάσιμον εκεί εις τον προορισμό σου.
Αλλά μη βίαξες το ταξείδι διάλουν.
Καλλιτέρα χρόνια πολλά να διαρκέσει
και γέρος πια ντέραξε στο νησί,
πλούσια με όσα κέρδισες στο δρόμο,
μη προσδοκώντας πλούτη να σε δώσει η Ιθάκη.

Η Ιθάκη σ' έδωσε τ' υφασμά ταξείδι.
Χωρίς αυτήν δεν θα βγαίνεις στον δρόμο.

Cavafy: Ithaca (1911)

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the angry Poseidon -- do not fear them:
You will never find such as these on your path,
if your thoughts remain lofty, if a fine
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The Lestrygonians and the Cyclops,
the fierce Poseidon you will never encounter,
if you do not carry them within your soul,
if your soul does not set them up before you.

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and purchase fine merchandise,
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and sensual perfumes of all kinds,
as many sensual perfumes as you can;
visit many Egyptian cities,
to learn and learn from scholars.

Always keep Ithaca in your mind.
To arrive there is your ultimate goal.
But do not hurry the voyage at all.
It is better to let it last for many years;
and to anchor at the island when you are old,
Καβάφης: Επέστρεψε (1912)

Επέστρεψε συχνά και πάιρνε με,
αγαπημένη αίσθησις επέστρεψε και πάιρνε με --
όταν ξυπνάς του σώματός η μνήμη,
κ‘ επιθυμία παληά ξαναπερνάς στο αίμα·
όταν τα χείλη και το δέρμα ενθυµούνται,
κ‘ αισθάνονται τα χέρια σαν ν‘ αγγίζουν πάλι.

Επέστρεψε συχνά και πάιρνε με την νύχτα,
όταν τα χείλη και το δέρμα ενθυµούνται....

Καβάφης: Εν πόλει της Οσροηνής

Απ‘ της ταβέρνας τον φέραν πληγωμένο
τον φίλον Ρέµωνα χθες περί τα μεσάνυχτα.
Απ‘ τα παράθυρα που αφίσαµεν ολάνοιχτα,
τ‘ ωραίο του σώµα στο κρεββάτι φώτιζε η
σελήνη.
Είµεθα ένα κράµα εδώ· Σύροι, Γραικοί,
Αρµένιοι, Μήδοι.
Τέτοιος κι ο Ρέµων είναι. Οµοις χθες σαν
φωτίζε
to ερωτικό του πρόσωπο η σελήνη,
o νους μας πήγε στον πλατωνικό Χαρμίδη.

Cavafy: Return (1912)

Return often and take me,
beloved sensation, return and take me --
when the memory of the body awakens,
and an old desire runs again through the blood;
when the lips and the skin remember,
and the hands feel as if they touch again.

Return often and take me at night,
when the lips and the skin remember....

Cavafy: In a town of Osroene

. From a tavern fight, where he was wounded,
they brought us our friend Remon, at about
midnight yesterday.
From the windows, which we kept open wide,
the moon lit his beautiful body on the bed.
We‘re a mixture here: Syrians, Greeks, Armenians,
Medes.
Remon‘s just the same. But yesterday,
when the moon lit his erotic face,
we all thought of the Platonic Charmides.
Σεφέρης: Ο βασιλιάς της Ασίνης

Πιόζω από τη μεγάλη μάτια τα καμπύλια χείλια τους βουστρίχους
ανάγλυφα στο μαλαμάτιο σκέπασμα της ύπαρξής μας
ένα σημείο σκοτεινό που ταξιδεύει σαν το ψάρι

Κοιτάξαμε όλο το πρωί γύρω-γύρω το κάστρο
αρχίζοντας από το μέρος του ίσιου εκεί που η
θάλασσα
πράσινη και χωρίς αναλαμπή, το στήθος
σκοτωμένου παγονίου
Μας δέχτηκε όπως ο καιρός χωρίς κανένα χάσμα.
Οι φλέβες του βράχου κατέβαιναν από υψιλά
στριμμένα κλήματα γυμνά πολύκλωνa
ζωντανεύοντας στα σάγγιγμα του νερού,
καθώς το μάτι ακολουθώντας τις
πάλευε να ξεφύγει το κουραστικό λίκνισµα
χάνοντας δύναµη ολοένα.

Την σάγγιξε, Θυμάσαι τον ήχο της; Εκείνη άφησε την σύπαρξη μας
«Ασίνην τε... Ασίνην τε...» και τα παιδιά του
αγάλµατα
κι οι πόθοι του φτερουγίσµατος πουλιών κι ο αγέρας
στα διαστήµατα των στοχασµών του και τα καράβια
tου
αραγµένα σ' άφαντο Λιµάνι κάτω απ' την προσωπίδα
ένα κενό.

Πίσω από τα μεγάλα μάτια τα καμπύλια χείλια τους
βουστρίχους
ανάγλυφα στο μαλαμάτιο σκέπασμα της ύπαρξής μας
ένα σηµείο σκοτεινό που ταξιδεύει σαν το ψάρι

Σεφέρης: King of Asini

All morning long we looked around the citadel
starting from the shaded side, there where the sea,
green and without luster - breast of a slain peacock-
received us like time without an opening in it.
Veins of rock dropped down from high above,
twisted vines, naked, many-branched, coming alive
at the water's touch, while the eye following them
struggled to escape the tiresome rocking,
losing strength continually.

On the sunlit side a long empty beach
and the light striking diamonds on the huge walls.
No living thing, the wild doves gone
and the king of Asini, whom we've been trying to find
for
two years now,
unknown, forgotten by all, even by Homer,
only one word in the Iliad and that uncertain,
thrown here like the gold burial mask.
You touched it, remember its sound? Hollow in the light
like a dry jar in dug earth:
the same sound that our oars make in the sea.
The king of Asini a void under the mask
everywhere with us everywhere with us, under a name:
"and Asini ... and Asini . . ."
and his children statues
and his desires the fluttering of birds, and the wind
in the gaps between his thoughts, and his ships
anchored in a vanished port:
under the mask a void.

Behind the large eyes the curved lips the curls
carved in relief on the gold cover of our existence
a dark spot that you see travelling like a fish
in the dawn calm of the sea:
a void everywhere with us.
ΠΟΕΤΙΚΗ ΝΕΤΑ: 3 ΕΙΣΑΓΩΓΕΣ ΤΟΥΣ ΤΟΥΣ ΜΟΥΣΕΣ

And the bird that flew away last winter
with a broken wing
the shelter of life,
and the young woman who left to play
with the dog-teeth of summer
and the soul that sought the lower world squeaking
and the country like a large plane-leaf swept along by the
torrent of the sun
with the ancient monuments and the contemporary sorrow.

And the poet lingers, looking at the stones, and asks himself
does there really exist
among these ruined lines, edges, points, hollows, and curves
does there really exist
here where one meets the path of rain, wind, and ruin
does there exist the movement of the face, shape of the
tenderness
of those who've shrunk so strangely in our lives,
those who remained the shadow of waves and thoughts
with
the sea's boundlessness
or perhaps no, nothing is left but the weight
the nostalgia for the weight of a living existence
there where we now remain unsubstantial, bending
like the branches of a terrible willow tree heaped in
permanent despair
while the yellow current slowly carries down rushes
uprooted in the mud
image of a form that the sentence to everlasting
bitterness
has turned to stone:
the poet a void.

Shieldbearer, the sun climbed warring,
and from the depths of the cave a startled bat
hit the light as an arrow hits a shield:
and Asini ... and Asini. ... " Would that that were the
king of
Asini
της Ασίνης
που τον γυρεύουμε τόσο προσεχτικά σε τούτη την
ακρόπολη
γεγονός κάποτε με τα δάχτυλά μας την υφή του
πάνω στις πέτρες.

Ασίνη, καλοκαίρι '38 - Αθήνα, Γεν. '40

Απάνθισμα Δημοτικών τραγουδιών:
Λιανοτράγούδα

Απ’όλα τ’ ἀστρα τ’ ουρανοῦ ἕνα εἶναι που σου μοιάζει
ένα που βγαίνει το πουρνό όταν γλυκοχαράζει.

Κυπαρισσάκι μου ψηλό, ποιά βρύση σε ποτίζει, που
στέκεις πάντα δροσερό, κι ανθέες και λουλουδίζεις.

Να’χας το σύννεφ’ άλογο και τ’ ἀστρι χαλινάρι το
φεγγαράκι της αυγής να’ρχόμουν κάθε βράδυ.

Αν μ’ αγαπάς κι είν’ ονειρο, ποτέ να μην ξυπνήσω
γιατί με την αγάπη σου ποιθό να ξεψυχήσω.

we've been searching for so carefully on this acropolis
sometimes touching with our fingers his touch upon the
stones.

Asini, summer '38 - Athens, Jan. '40

Folk Song Selection:
Lianotragouda

Youth:
Among all the stars of the sky, there is one that is like you
The one that rises in the early morning, when the sweet
dawn arrives

Girl:
My tall pine tree, which well waters you
As you always stand fresh, and you blossom and flower

Together:
If only I had the clouds as a horse, and the stars as the
bridle
And the moon of the dawn so that I can visit you every
night

If you love me and it is a dream, may I never wake up
Because with your love I long to breath my last breath
Ελύτης: Μονόγραμμα

Ἐτσι μιλω γα σενα και γα μενα
Επειδη σ’αγαπω και στην αγαπη ξερο
Να μπαινω σαν Πανσεληνος
Απο παντο

Έχω δει πολλα και η γη μες απ’το νου μου φαινεται
οραιοτερη
Ωραιοτερη μες στους χρυσους αμυος
Η πετα η κοφτερη, οραιοτερα
Τα μπλαβα των ισθμων και οι στεγες μες στα κυματα
Ωραιοτερες οι αχτιδες όπου διχως να πατεις περνας
Αηττητη όπος η Θεα της Σαμοθρακης πανο απο τα
βουνα
tης θαλασσας

Ἐτσι σ’έχω κοιτάξει ποι μου αρκει
Να’χει ο χρόνος όλος αθωοθει
Μες στο ανωμαλι πο το πέρασμα σου αφηνει
Σαν δελφινι πρωτοπειρο ν’ακολουθει

Και να παιζε με τ’άσπρο και το κυαινο η ψυχη μου!

Νικη, νικη όπου έχω νικηθει
Πριν απο την αγαπη και μαζι
Για τη ρολογια και το γκιουλ Oμπιρσι
Πηγαινε, πηγαινε και ας έχω εγω χαθει

Μόνος και ος ειναι ο ήλιος που κρατεις ένα παιδι
νεογεννητο
Μόνος, και ας ειμ’ἐγω η πατριδα που πενθει
Ας ειναι ο λογος που έστειλα να σου κρατει
δαφνυδουλλο
Μόνος, ο αερας δυνατος και μόνος τ’ολοστρόγυγλο
Βοτανικ εκ του βλεφαρισμα του σκοτεινου βυθου
Ο ψαρας που ανεβας κι ζεριξε παλι πισω στους
καιρους τον Παραδεισο!

Στον Παραδεισο έχω σημαδενει ένα νησι
Απαράλλαχτο εσο κι ένα σπιτι στη θαλασσα

Με κρεβατι μεγαλο και πορτα μικρη
Έχω ριξει μες στ’απαστα μιαν ηχη
Να κοιταζομαι καθε προι που ζεινυ

ΝΑ ΣΕ ΒΛΕΠΩ ΜΙΣΗ ΝΑ ΠΕΡΝΑΣ ΣΤΟ ΝΕΡΟ
ΚΑΙ ΜΙΣΗ ΝΑ ΣΕ ΚΛΑΙΩ ΜΕΣ ΣΤΟΝ
ΠΑΡΑΔΕΙΣΟ...

Elytis: Monogram

Like so I speak of you and me
Because I love you and in love I know
How to enter in like the full moon
From everywhere

I have seen much and the earth to my mind seems
more beautiful
More beautiful in the golden breath
The sharp stone, more beautiful
The dark blue of the isthmuses and the roofs among
the waves
More beautiful, the rays where you pass without
stepping
Unbeaten like the goddess of Samothrace atop the
sea’s hills
Like so I have seen you and that will suffice
For all and time will be exonerated
In the wake of your passage
My soul like a green dolphin follows
And plays with the white and azure

Triumph, triumph, where I have been conquered
Before love and together
With the hibiscus and passion-flower
Go, go, and let me be lost
Alone, and let the sun be a newborn that you hold.
Alone, and let me be the homeland that mourns
Let it be the word that I sent to hold the laurel leaf
for you
Alone, the lone, strong wind and the full
Pebble under the eyelid of dark depths
The fisherman who caught then threw Paradise
back into Time.

In Paradise I have marked out an island
Akin to you and a house by the sea
With a large bed and a small door
I have thrown an echo into the depths
To see myself every morning when I rise
Half to see you passing through the waters
Half to weep for you in Paradise
Elytis Nobel Lecture: Solar Metaphysics

"It is not enough to put our dreams into verse. It is too little. It is not enough to politicize our speech. It is too much. The material world is really only an accumulation of materials. It is for us to show ourselves to be good or bad architects, to build Paradise or Hell. This is what poetry never ceases affirming to us - and particularly in these dürftiger times - just this: that in spite of everything our destiny lies in our hands.

I have often tried to speak of solar metaphysics. I will not try today to analyse how art is implicated in such a conception. I will keep to one single and simple fact: our language, like a magic instrument, has - as a reality or a symbol - intimate relations with the Sun. And that Sun does not only inspire a certain attitude of life, and hence the primeval sense to the poem. It penetrates the composition, the structure, and - to use a current terminology - the nucleus from which is composed the cell we call the poem....

...But then is it not true that the poem, thus surrounded by elements that gravitate around it, is transformed into a little Sun? This perfect correspondence, which I thus find obtained with the intended contents, is, I believe, the poet's most lofty ideal.

To hold the Sun in one's hands without being burned, to transmit it like a torch to those following, is a painful act but, I believe, a blessed one. We have need of it. One day the dogmas that hold men in chains will be dissolved before a consciousness so inundated with light that it will be one with the Sun, and it will arrive on those ideal shores of human dignity and liberty."