

DIASPORIC LITERATURE

30 JULY, 2010 | CREATED USING FIVEFILTERS.ORG

Ένας Ξαναγεννημένος Φοίνικας

Aug 26, 2009 10:34PM

Once upon a time...

Μια φορά κι έναν καιρό, όχι πολύ παλιά,
γιά περισσότερο από τέσσερα εκατόχρονα,
δυναστείες Οθωμανών Σουλτάνων
βασίλευαν σαν βαριά σύννεφα,
διώχνοντας τη λιακάδα από τους Ουρανούς.
Ο τρόμος γέμιζε τον κάποτε ελεύθερο αέρα της:
οι βράχοι της πονούσαν, οι θάλασσές της έκλαιγαν,
τα πουλιά της έκρωζαν θρηνητικά,
τα λουλούδια της μαραίνονταν, ο λαός της υπέφερε—

αλλά όχι για πάντα.

Η Ελλάδα σαν Φοίνικας ξαναγεννήθηκε, 1821:
Τα παλικάρια της λευτεριάς - γενναίοι άνδρες και γυναίκες,
τα ονόματά τους σαν ξεδιπλωμένα λάβαρα:
Ανδρούτσος, Μπουμπουλίνα,
Βύρων, Διάκος, Γρηγόριος ο Ε΄,
Υψηλάντης, Κανάρης, Καραϊσκάκης,
Κολοκοτρώνης, Μακρυγιάννης,
Μαυρογένους, Μιαούλης,
Οδυσσέας, Παπαφλέσσας...
κι' άλλα ονόματα πολλά—

Ξαναζωντάνεψαν το Ελληνικό πνεύμα της Δημοκρατίας,
διώχνοντας τους χυδαίους βαρβάρους
από τις περισσότερες Ελληνικές Χώρες.
Η λιακάδα έλαμψε φωτεινή ανάμεσα στους καθάριους γαλανούς
ουρανούς της—
τα βράχια της χαμογέλασαν, οι θάλασσές της λαμπύρισαν, τα
πουλιά της τραγούδησαν,
τα λουλούδια της άθισαν και ο λαός της τραγούδησε:
«Χαίρε! Ω, χαίρε Ελευθεριά!»

Σοφία Κουτογιώργου Κόστος, Φιλαδέλφεια, ΗΠΑ

ΜΕΤΑΦΡΑΣΗ Στρατηγός Δημήτριος Αλευρομάγειρος

Once upon a time. (Αγγλικά) □ Μία φορά κι έναν καιρό.
Αγγλική απόδοση του ποιήματος

Related Posts:

- Ελληνισμός και Θάλασσα
- Το παράθυρο της ποίησης
- Προφητεία
- Η Επίσκεψη
- Ένας χαρταετός στο Μανχάτταν

When Was It?©

Aug 25, 2009 08:04PM

He [German Admiral Usedom] said that the Armenians were in the way, that they were an obstacle to German success, and that it had therefore been necessary to remove them, just like so much useless lumber. He spoke about them as detachedly as one would speak about removing a row of houses in order to bombard a city.

Ambassador Morgenthau's Story by Henry Morgenthau

When Was It?©

When was it?
that Germans and Turks
of Central Powers—
pulled from their uniforms,
ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS:

“Start from the East; sweep to the Black Sea;
continue through to Cappadosia; later—
swing towards the Ionian West.
There's a shortage of bullets,
take as long as it takes—*be thorough!*”

Phase I:
“Release your lusts.
Rip! Rape! Plunder!
Chop all *useless lumber*.¹
Without mercy: Stab,
kick, drown, burn!
Strip trunks, roots, branches.
Tear! Uproot! Bury!
Clear the land—neither twigs,
nor splinters leave.

“Sticks and stones
will break their bones,
and names will mark them.
Call them *useless lumber*¹ —
until all Armenians, Greeks,
Assyrians, are depleted.

Phase II:
“Prevent Ambassador Morgenthau from
publishing particulars of our crimes!
Render him and his protests *useless*.
Confiscate all witness books,
remain unrepentant—
‘Was Their Fault’ must be our motto.
Carry on, until the job is done!”

For the lure of coveted minerals,
and the Baghdad Railway Lines—
church bells toll no more. And,
names like:
Mosharopoulos - Papazián - Pincáro -

not heard any longer.

When hell's fire fell over Asia Minor,²
pain knew no bounds
—in the land of their mothers,
and their mothers' mothers
before them.

So it was
to their final days.

Sofia Kontogeorge Kostos

German: ¹*nutzloses bauholtz* English: useless lumber

Turkish: ¹*faydasiz kereste* English: useless lumber

²Asia Minor (now Turkey)

Related Posts:

- ...Or, what was worse? ©
- A Phoenix Reborn
- Υπέρτατη Θυσία
- The Duchess Of Alba On South Street©
- Φρειδερίκος ο Β' - Το θαύμα της οικουμένης

The Duchess Of Alba On South Street©

Aug 23, 2009 03:24AM

I saw the Duchess of Alba
at the checkout counter of The Whole Foods
food market on South Street, today.
She was here in Philadelphia,
miles from Madrid, —and Goya,
was bagging her wares.

Mesmerized, I stared straight at her
as she gazed through me as if I were air.
As I peered at her plume-jet-black hair,
I marveled to myself, *It IS,*
it's the Duchess of Alba,
just like Goya once painted her!

Her eyes were black like Andalusian olives,
framed by two small arcs;
her nose brushed with
a whisp of a line;
and her lips were dabbed lightly
with rose-petal pink.

As her right silk-satin shoe pointed towards me,
she was standing proudly—
in that same haughty pose
once made famous by *The Master* ...
In her hand,
she held an empty leash.

I wondered, *Where could her Lowchen be?*
Like a paparazzo, my eyes followed her
as she exited the store.
By unseen magic, the leash latched

to her little white lion dog—
eagerly waiting outside the door.

As the Duchess exited the food market,
guitar strains of *Malagueña*, the click-click
of castanets, the tap-tap of flamenco dancers,
and the scent of *Naranja de Seville*—
emanated from all the check-out counters—
filling the room, then spilling on to South Street.

Then much to my surprise—
The Duchess and Goya later were seen
sipping frosty summer drinks
in tall-stem glasses—at the COPABANANA cabana—
all the way down on Fourth Street!

Sofia Kontogeorge Kostos



Portrait of the (white) Duchess of Alba
by Spanish Artist Francisco de Goya, 1795

Related Posts:

- Ο Πολύμορφος Γιώργος Ασλάνης
- 4η Ανθολογία της Ε.Ε.Λ.Σ.Π.Η.
- Ο κυρ-Ανέστης
- Προσωπικό
- “Μαρίνα”

A Phoenix Reborn

Aug 16, 2009 03:54AM

Mia fora kai enan kero...

Once upon a time, not too long ago,
for four plus centuries,
successions of Ottoman Sultans
reigned down like gloomy clouds,
blocking sunlight from Grecian skies.
Terror filled her once-free air:
her rocks ached, her seas wept, her birds shrilled
her flowers withered, her people suffered—

but no longer.
Greece like a Phoenix reborn, 1821:
Freedom's *palikaria*—
men and women,
their names like banners unfurled:
Androutsos, Bouboulina,
Byron, Diakos, Gregorios the 5th,
Ipsilantis, Kanaris, Keraïskakis,
Kolokotronis, Makrygiannis,
Mavrogenous, Miaoulis,
Odysseas, Papaflessas...
Names but a few—

they revived democracy's Greek spirit,
banishing brutal barbarians
from most Grecian lands.
Sunlight shone bright through her clear blue skies—
her rocks smiled, her seas sparkled, her birds sang,
her flowers blossomed, and her people sang:
"Hiere O, hiere Eleftheria!"

Sofia Kontogeorge Kostos

Mia fora kai enan kero. (Greek) Once upon a time.

From the last line of the Greek National Anthem, by poet
Dionysios Solonos:
"Hiere O, hiere Eleftheria!" (Greek) "Hale O, hale Freedom!"

The version of this poem in Greek

Related Posts:

- I Held History In My Hand
- ...Or, what was worse? ©
- A Visit to Mykonos
- A dip in the Aegean
- George - A happening on an Australian beach

...Or, what was worse? ©

Aug 14, 2009 10:50PM

A remarkable thing about the bodies that we saw was that nearly all of them were naked. I have been informed that the people were forced to take off their clothes before they were killed, as the Mohammedans consider the clothes taken from a dead body to be defiled.

—Leslie A. Davis, American Consul General

When we see those still photographs
captioned "deportations"
—showing long lines of
Christian women: Armenian, Assyrian,
Greek; full with babies, carrying infants,
children by their sides—*but where are their men?*
We see them walking through barren land
on their way to their deaths—
they don't know, they've not been told.

What we can't see—
or hear—
along the endless roads,
as they neared stone-lined water wells,
Turkish bayonets jabbed their backs,
and booming shouts of
"haydi yürü!" "hurry keep walking!"
filled the air.

What we can't see—
lips quivering
and aching, craving **water!**

What we can't see—
"deportees" shelterless,
no protection from the sun,
crazed by lightheadedness,
tongues swollen, teeth dust-dry,
ragged, filthy, sick. Deaths each day.

What we can't see—
their throats shriveled,
their urine turned murky-brown
'til there was none.
What we can't see—
or hear—
victims' screams piercing night skies
—violated over and over again,
children not spared!

What we can't see—
or hear—
children fatigued, inconsolable cries,
frantic with fright. Or,

what was worse?
Was it mothers killing
their children, forever safe
from Turkish savagery? Or,
was it their fleshless bodies and
bony feet throbbing with each step? Or,

was it persistent pangs
like scrambling rats
that cannot be seen
inside bloated bellies?
Pain blurred by water denied,
exhaustion, harrowing hunger,
sickness.

Lord, How long did it take
for them to die?'



Related Posts:

- Υπέρτατη Θυσία
 - When Was It?©
 - Έρμα Βασιλείου: Μια ποιήτρια πέραν εκποίησης
 - Ο κυρ-Ανέστης
 - 4η Ανθολογία της Ε.Ε.Λ.Σ.Π.Η.
-