

# DIASPORIC LITERATURE

30 JULY, 2010 | CREATED USING FIVEFILTERS.ORG

## Λαβύρινθος

Oct 27, 2009 10:41AM

Χάθηκες πάλι  
Στους λαβυρίνθους της σκέψης  
Μες στους διαδρόμους  
Της σιωπής πλανάσαι.  
Η Αριάδνη αργεί πολύ,  
Ίσως δεν θάρθει  
Μπορεί το δρόμο να μην βρει  
Σε σε να φτάσει,  
Το νήμα το ακριβό  
Της λήθης να σου ρίξει  
Για να πιαστείς  
Απ' το Λαβύρινθο να βγεις.  
Και ο Αγαίας  
Μάταια θα προσμένει  
Να αλλάξουν χρώμα  
Στα καίκια τα πανιά  
Γιατί ετούτη τη φορά  
Άδικος δεν θα είναι  
Ο χαμός του  
Αφού ο Μινώταυρος, θεριό,  
Σπάραξε το όνειρο του.

**Διονυσία Μούσουρα-Τσουκαλά**



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To the beautiful years, the years of my childhood,  
At the Anemones of my Venetian Castle.  
To the pine needles of the Forest,  
Garlands, I weaved as a child.  
There, where I, as a twelve year-old girl,  
A shy, seventeen year-old, boy  
Was serenading me: "If I were a God,  
I'd give you a heart to love me"  
And I make my journey and hold my memorials,  
A Tribute to my carefree years.  
How can the soul accept, without rebelling  
here where it lives:  
No Snow in December.  
April, without poppies or Pohali's  
Kopeloules, cyclamens as they call them here.  
Scentless and flashy,  
How could they attain  
The beauty of my little kopeloules?  
My dejected thoughts always wander back there  
Yet, the pendulum chimes indifferently  
As it accompanies me in my loneliness.  
I must leave:  
The snow of my own December is melting.  
Slowly, slowly, the journey and the memorial end.  
The grey-coloured dawn brings me back,  
Oh, Soul, you have not yet accepted  
That you will remain here,  
With no candle or holy lamp lit for you.

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## No Snow in December

Aug 22, 2009 12:17PM

When the gaze is filled with grey-coloured dawn  
And anticipation,  
When broad, stone swords pierce the soul  
In this foreign land  
When the heart, heavy with endless silence  
Seeks expectation, my gaze turns  
To familiar places, my own,  
And strives to anchor itself  
Away from the lacunae of December.  
It is then that slowly, timidly, the memories take me,  
Transporting me to the beaches of my homeland,