

DIASPORIC POETRY 0910

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Epilogue

Sep 29, 2010 01:50AM

Dimitris Tsaloumas

My joys are those of spare autumn birds
that haunt the trees of sunset cities.

My sadness is in the patient eye of the ox,
the vast lament of the ass in night paddocks.

I claw and peck and bristle at competition
like a pink-stalked gull, and my greed

is infinite, though I loathe my brother the pig.
My lust is the lust of the goat who spies

the bare-breasted tourist on the rock
and shakes his beard with rage and climbs

down the bluff to take a sniff at the brine.
Only my thoughts are human, but I look

for alternatives. They bring me too close
to you, old friends; my perspective suffers.

© **Dimitris Tsaloumas**

"The poetry of men's lives: an international anthology"
edited by Fred Maramarco
and Al Zolynas
University of Georgia Press, 2004

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- Helen
- 7. Γιώργος Καναράκης: ο ιστοριογράφος

To the Reader II

Sep 9, 2010 10:14AM

Dimitris Tsaloumas
(translated by Philip Grundy)

If when you walk through the mist you notice birds
- ablaze like pomegranates
in the window and on the bearded roof of winter,
- if sometimes the dark tunnels
let you out onto the balconies of the Amazon
- to see without fear flesh-eating leaves
swallowing alive the straying beams of the sun,
- and if your rights are trampled
or for your country's sake you're led away
- to gaol and see how blood sets fire
to the wilderness in the people's eyes,
- then know that you're indebted to me, that if you doff
the music I clothed you in, the shudder will crack you,
- the mists will flood you, and you'll perish.

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The Observatory, p. 167
the original in Greek is here

.....

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- Στον Αναγνώστη Β'
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love to play

Aug 7, 2010 04:26AM

by *Iakovos Garivaldis*

we all love to play;
with little things that life may bring,
to stir the hours and our dreams
and make them bland on growing old
but even so, more real.

we all tap keys
and look at screens
but when we finish all these things
we wonder what's accomplished.

some day we stop
and promptly turn
and ask ourselves
what else is left

for our explore
apart from living in this realm?

but like the kids
we toss and turn
within our fantasies and in our thoughts
we never cease
to always play.

cause after all
amid this fray
we all are kids
who love to play
a tacit, thrilling, trendy game.

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- Baby Watching
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- Philosophising about identity
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The Voice

Aug 5, 2010 11:13AM

by *Dimitris Tsaloumas*

How am I to go out into the fields
where night's chill glints
like the tooth of the wolf.

How am I to leave my bed
to face the joylessness of the wind
and the murky eye of the river -

and suppose the voice is inhuman
suppose it is the Evil One abroad in the wilderness
tell me how

how do I stoop from such a height
into my head to shout
silence

D.T.

© **Dimitris Tsaloumas**

translated by **Philip Grundy**

"*The Observatory*", p. 41

University of Queensland Press, 1983

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The song of ordinary life

Aug 5, 2010 11:00AM

by **Nicos Nicolaides**

Cypriot of the Diaspora

Translated by *Margaret Deyes*

Muse of poetry! Grant me to shape beautifully this song
about the pot in which people cook their beans over the fire
about the shallow dish of salad
made of sweet peppers mixed with whatever else
the fecundity of the orchard affords. And the season of the year...

The bowls with wooden spoons
the plate, full of ripe olives,
the wheaten bread and the bottle of wine,
all arranged in orderly fashion on the clean tablecloth.

The 'good evening' on the lips of the husbandman coming in
with his tools in his hand, and a watermelon under his arm...

The 'welcome home' from the woman of the house,
spoken softly so as not to wake the demanding infant
which has fallen asleep pressed against her breast.

Muse of poetry! Grant me to shape beautifully this song.

© **Nicos Nicolaides**

"*Nicos Nicolaides The Cypriot*",

p. 115

Diaspora Books, London 1998

Follow the Greek version here

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The House Next To The Rose Tree

Apr 13, 2010 10:49PM

Perhaps we shall always be captives of a prophecy
We shall never nonetheless
Walk into the rose garden,*

I
No longer anticipate in vain
The house next to the rose tree
The bliss that was abruptly abducted from me
I

No longer expect the slightest semblance of joy
And whatever Grandpa uttered ...was
False presumption.

He can no longer

Foretell... the future
Like the oracle at Delphi ...

He can no longer

Predict insinuate indicate
The new Emperor has outlawed

Him
His history and
His prophecies.....

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- Νίκος Καζαντζάκης: Μια παγκόσμια αγωνία για το μέλλον

The Clocks That Have Not Been Taken Down

Apr 13, 2010 10:44PM

Yesterday I watched an interview about Cyprus on TV,
This made me think about the Green Line
It made me remember that our houses have been deserted;
That someone threw our personal belongings
In the rubbish bin twenty-two years ago;
That other people live in our house now.
As I lay in bed with my eyes shut
I thought of our old clock which we rescued from the village;
It hangs on a wall of a coffee shop in Gastouni*
It has been hanging there since 1975
I'd like to go there and buy it
It is the only thing left which reminds me of our house.

I remember the sound of its ticks
And how it chimed every hour
It now ticks in that coffee shop
But nobody loves that clock, or thinks of it as I do;
Nobody longs for the sound of its ticks or for the sight of it;
I imagined its sound tick - tack tick - tack
First in our house- next to the pictures of the last supper,
the wealthy man with the poor man -

And then in the coffee shop in Gastouni.

These are the things I think about when everybody else goes
To their family home for Easter ,
To their childhood memories
To the clocks that have not been taken down
And still tick in the same houses.
All towns are alien to me
And I always feel that a part of me is missing
It's somewhere else
It's in a place I have no access to
It's constantly missing
I'm constantly insufficient
Like an incomplete musical metre
which never ends.....

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- Μετανάστευση

Rain jest

Dec 18, 2009 10:09PM

Level with us
wicked sky,
reveal the courtship
you have bestowed
upon a drop of rain.

A morning left
and we will pass,
a sunset morn
not far to leave,
a breath in vain...

Some finite hope,
in raging fret
is a hallucination
to a bashful heart in pain.

The blatant truth
of furious dries,
despite the fuss
there's no retort
and hardly any gain.

But when above,
amidst the clouds
a little thought
of jovial play,
a glimpse of nature
smooth and shiny
forming so swiftly

a drop of rain.

We need it now
immortal heaven
of makeshift dreams
and gleeful violence.

A single drop,
as smooth and shiny,
always exciting...
yes we thrive
on rampant rain.

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Baby Watching

Oct 26, 2009 10:59AM

His charcoal-blue eyes burn for knowledge,
they sift the world in fragments,
between the bars of the cot he sees half a mother,
her hand reaching the door knob
again her silent escape when the music still plays
those ponderous notes
– the room now holds one breath,
he can turn this into a cry and bring her back,
he can turn over and stop destiny's growth,
he can search among the room's shadows
which one holds the map, the puzzle, the key?

The things he's supposed to know –
the sounds have all walked away,
the sobbing, the snoring, talking in loud whispers,
all the clues to find love –
above his head, the cot is pasted like a prison cell,
the rainbow spider sways in and out of the bars,
the bed which holds the midnight tangle
is boxed and waiting, the curtains allow daylight
one step in, the mirror finds another baby,
this one is smaller with eyes ready to gulp
the room's slightest tremble, any sign of her return?

The mirror's blankets begin to fight like starving animals,
he watches a mouth tear out its lungs
and make a sound slashing the room's contents
away from the teddy bear cuddles,
big shadows have marched in, carrying scissors and forceps,
now he must cry louder than his double
for her heart to break in, rock him back to liquid love,
he stops – there is that smell to melt all shadows,

her arms, her breasts, the perfect bed.

(First published in *Malleable Jangle*, online literary journal and in poetry collection *Honey and Salt*, Five Islands Press 2007.)

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The Blood Rose and the Artichoke Heart

Sep 22, 2009 01:55AM

(for my Grandfather, Pappou Angeli)

Epping: 20 stations too far from the city,
where trains screech, *The end of the line!*
(passengers prefer not to get off)
where factory workers starve,
where paddocks harvest wild thistles, horned weeds
(daisy-fed cows are extinct)
snakes graze, skinks bask, flies pester in gangs,
where I scramble in towering, tough grass
straggling behind *Pappou's* haste
behind his will to capture the hearts and limbs
of every artichoke daring to raise its head
above his scraggy-pup, whining granddaughter.

Pappou th-e boro, Pappou I'm tired
my body fixes on excuses
Pappou toilette, Pappou
knotting my legs tighter than shoelaces
Pappou teleeoresee, Pappou!
I'll miss *Neighbours* with *Charlene*
and her easy way with English
but grass turns to blue as I slump into sobs
wishing artichokes would go back
to *Pappou's* foreign land.
Pappou is swishing and swerving
dancing the wind
dropping his jaw he sings:
Etsee een ee-zoe, kai pos na teen alaxees
pos na teen xerapsees me moleevee kai hartee
hacking air with a chicken knife
ghosts fall at his feet
altee klaine, kai altee yellane thilathee.
Spiky flowers line up
not daring to jig
they've been waiting patiently
anginares moo, my artichokes,
holding them like a lost beloved,
their prickles are his delight.

I hold two buckets and he a third
while he performs a murderous embrace

with one arm and a sharpened blade
he croons unswerving love.
Mia fora kai yio, eeba na feeyo
abo toos kaeimoos, yia na xefeeyo...
...in my village of sweetness and light
there was a girl not that much older than you
krata moo to hairee, krata to barabono moo...
...one day you'll learn
carobs she plucked from trees
squeezing their juice
the sweet smell of blood rose
the savoury trail of artichoke heart
our honey and salt...
...krata teen karthia soo os boo nartee to broee.
I have no hanky for his eyes,
I have no words to soothe.
Pappou has no time to linger
there are crowns to be guillotined
there's one bucket empty of heads;
Pappou continues this easy war
he's now cornered the big one
the crown of all thorns
the most sorrowful hearted
anginara moo, my artichoke,
saliva running as hungry as memory.
I packed my yearnings, left my regrets,
she stood at the doorway refusing to wave...
when his *Mama* tucked him into her warmth
feeding him the growth of her land
butterfly kissing his stabs of hunger.

For its biggest blessing
he raises his knife to the heavens,
I wait for blinding light, electric storm, rain
but a scream drenches all weeds,
like a plane, he crashes,
red roses spread over his arms,
the knife his embattled betrayer,
anginara moo, my artichoke...
Pappou's song hobbling into prayer
on his knees, ankle to stem, blood mingling

Pappou? Pappou
— his eyes my mirrors
my hand grasps for the strong fingers
— lighter than petals in the wind.

(From poetry collection **Honey and Salt**, Five Islands Press 2007)

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Calliope's Final Story

Sep 14, 2009 12:38AM

(for my paternal and maternal grandmothers)

Long ago, we grew babies like markets stock fruit
so many, splendid, ripe, bruised.
A mother nursed her garden from bed,
five cots, if lucky, for eight or nine.
One bosom became the village well ☐
a wandering creek or waterfall
suddenly escaped our flesh,
a steady river gushed into a suckling mouth
☐ to silence twelve cries, and then more
when the neighbour's wife went missing.

We named them after patron saints
to please eternal life and stop it from snatching
until their bodies were ringed like trees
so ready to sigh away.
We knew the story before it was told
from grandma to mother to us
of one, two, so unfair, if more
wrapped in dark night's blanket
taken by sleep traveller to its side of the moon.

If traveller was an angel,
my baby was blessed.
If traveller was the vampire,
baby's baptism dress was buried
under a cross twice its size.
If traveller wore gypsy clothes,
I would pray baby a better life.

My grandma lost three,
mother streamed luck, only the one:
little sister dream-kissed our cheeks
then flew into her angel's wings.
My seven grew into five,
the two curves of my heart are missing...
some memories, like some babies, clutch stronger than others.

(First published in *Wet Ink*, Western Australian literary journal,
and in poetry collection *Honey and Salt*, Five Islands Press 2007)

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Spiritual Elders

Aug 29, 2009 01:06PM

Night descends upon a starless sky,
motionless movement gushes through an eerie
silence
and the trees parade in semi-circular
schemes
like spiritual elders from long ago
speaking in inaudible lyrics
bathing my tender soul in a symphony
of ancient oracles,
pristine and invaluable like newly discovered gold.

How do I feel about my immanent departure?
I feel that my mind is amenable
amidst an ocean of torrential emotions
as I ascend to reach its sky-high
summit,
to view its gracious landscape and
rugged terrain
with its native shrubs, wattle trees and eucalyptus gum.
Its roaring seas ghastly infinite
as they engulf this mysterious Land
within the matrix of resilience of restoration,
a place that still has no name.

I depart but remain present,
for distant waters cannot erase
a myriad of memories,
even if this vast Land still feels foreign
captivated by its unnameable quality,
as I begin to learn the language of Nature,
a mature infant in its guiding hand.

This poem was taken from the poetry collection "The Odyssean Voyage"

Christos Galiotos

.....

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- Philosophising about identity
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- Spirit of Old
- I Held History In My Hand
- On His Departure

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 Cappadocia; 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:
Mosharópoulos - 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)

.....

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- Η Μοίρα

H.W. – A Lonely Man

Aug 23, 2009 06:44AM

I watch your intense gaze mirroring your emotions,
Feel a sorrow that life cannot always answer our deepest
desires.

Wasted hours seem to flee us when our souls are yearning,
unfulfilled,

But days pass, and new consciousness arrives.

Aloneness can be treasured, not misused.

We are what time has made us,

What is present and past is now.

Something deep in me is casting my destiny,

And I am following alone.

Sometimes I glimpse fulfilment, overpowering in unerring
joy,

I cannot help but follow without compromise

To find the essence of all truth – my God.

.....

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- Out, in search of Father...
- A Lonely Life
- Distraught beyond Description

Spirit of Old

Aug 23, 2009 06:35AM

Today is a giant before me,

Insurmountable, it seems,

With perils of hunger,

Visions of ingratitude,

Friends become foes,

And even the trees and nature unseen.

Where before they nurtured the soul,

Made each day a recall into splendour,

Of life ever changing. Now today my blood has run thin,

And cold is the wind of time.

But rising within a spirit of old,

Sensing past days,

Although in youth and strength before,

Now a determination of mind,

Summoning all the powers of intellect

Moulded by life's chiselled hand,

A sculpture placed before me,

A structure of the day itself

Already cast by me,

For I modelled this day with my own

Visions and labours,

So this is me, this day,

And this is where my challenge lies.

.....

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- On His Departure
- Spiritual Elders
- Anthropomorphic visions of god

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 Sevilla*—
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

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- A Lonely Life
- Ο κυρ-Ανέστης
- From cold war to flower power

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,
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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Follow the River

Aug 21, 2009 08:06AM

Let another year
rest on your shoulders
together with all the years past

On cold winter nights
there's memories to talk about
with yesterday's music
to beat in your heart

Keep walking your road

Follow the river
once more
when it runs fiercely
or silently sleeps

when it overflows
and breaks out
into forests and valleys
or when on its banks
bushes longingly burst into bloom

Follow the river
when a wild storm fills it with mud
or when the sun reflects
on its water of silver

Follow the river
with its bends and its twists
until you arrive at the glade.

For the version in Greek please press this link

.....

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- The Voice
- A dip in the Aegean
- Calliope's Final Story
- H.W. - A Lonely Man

I Held History In My Hand

Aug 20, 2009 09:16AM

Tesseractae.

Adamantine Rock.

A Gift.

Freeform fragment from the birth place of Artemis.

My touching a 3000 B.C. surface gives an earth perfumed energy to my soul.

Put next to my cheek the temperature of time gone makes me travel to a sacred land.

In my minds eye, I see a wonderful breathing light.

Did that Macedonian Greek, the last Pharaoh in Egypt, see the snake form, birds and dolphins portrayed and crafted on the floor?

Did her ecstatic body, soft contoured, lie between the phallic pillars as the sound of the sea enhanced a graceful serenity?

Was the asp that killed her represented here?

A portent before or after the event?

My treasure held in my hand from the place meaning "revealed" projects scenes and characters into my mind.

Dreams and legend.

Evocation.

A fantasy world and a microcosm of past reality.

It is a talisman for my being.

In homage to "Nonda"

Epamnondas Papadopulos - Artist

.....

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- Philosophising about identity
- On the energy in words... ("The Write Approach..." col. 2)
- Spirit of Old
- Spiritual Elders
- On His Departure

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

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...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?'

Sofia Kontogeorge Kostos

.....

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Photographia

Aug 14, 2009 11:59AM

photographia
the language of writing with light

photographia is all about the light
the right light
it's about the correct light!

photographia is about writing
writing with light,
it's about, the art of capturing the precious light!

it's all about the patience
the waiting, the passion
it's about endless hours waiting for the precious light!

photographia is about the morning light
it's about the evening light
it is about capturing precious moments of light!

it's about having patience
it's about waiting for the bee to land
it's about looking for precious flower buds on a cold winter's
morning!

it's about winter, autumn, spring, it's about the summer
it's about both the rain and the sunshine!

photographia is about writing, writing with light!

Ross Spirou

photography

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A dip in the Aegean

Aug 9, 2009 03:44AM

To my friends **Yiota** and **Justine** from the Americas

When you go for a dip in the Aegean
You really must wear no thoughts
Without charge, without malice
For the Aegean needs you copiously pure.

When you make it for a dip in the Aegean
You just need to forget all earthly feats
But remember take with you some duress
For the Aegean offers all the needed freedom.

Do not worry about the temperature of its water
As it knows what your body can endure

Whether in summer or even mid-winter
The Aegean is the perfect moderator.

If you make it for a dip in the Aegean
Leave all of your dreams upon the shore
For in the Aegean and its green-blue waves
You can surely dream your life once more.

If you don't go for a dip in the Aegean
You have missed this everlasting savor
Which belongs only to those lucky few
Who abandoned all their clothes on the rocks.

Listen to this poem's reading by the author below -

For the version in Greek follow this link

I. Garivaldis

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A picture like you

Jul 30, 2009 10:26AM

You're a silent picture of profound green
offered to a man sublime
instantly adorned in the nick of time

by the morning dew...

But this silent picture of profound blue
thoughts that pitched to a last goodbye
leaving loose all threads in a mystic vie

to a lucky few...

Whilst this silent picture of profound red
a remarkable detachment
in the tenet pure attachment

lives anew...

Oh my silent picture of profound white
coming constantly aberrant and fragile
as eliciting a smile

all from me to you...

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Helen

Jul 29, 2009 11:17AM

We were ready to merge but she stopped me.
'I haven't finished looking at you,' she said.

Dazed in her aura
She saw her image stamped deep
On my molten heart.

Caught licking my dry upper lip
She caressed my burning cheeks.
I was like a rock in the sea beaten
By the waves of desire from every side.

Defenceless I was thinking that
All things are susceptible to Love:
Fire, water even the polar caps.

You might think I'm weak but am not.
Because no one ever has and no one ever will
Escape love not while there is beauty
And not while eyes can see.

Nicholas Fourikis

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THE PIANIST

Jul 28, 2009 06:03AM

I came from the outside world,
Entered your world, for one brief moment
Felt the impact of your glance, your smile;
Knew for that moment in time there was you and me only,
Acceptance was felt, two souls reaching.
I went away, thought of you in the dark hours of the night,
Wondered why you engaged my curiosity,
And why I was compelled to return to your side.
The night was warm, the atmosphere inviting,
The red velvet lounge, elegant grand, and you.
Yes, you.

**You sat with fingers flowing over the white keyboard,
Harmony of motion, one with life, you felt the ebb and
flow.**

**Shyness overcame me, I dare not trespass on your ground
For fear you may reject me,
Was I just one more face, or was it real with you?
My being would not cease to call you,
I tried to ignore your presence;**

Then you stopped playing and came over to me.
My soul rejoiced to find you were more than I had hoped,
So close to me, to recognise your soul in those few words,
Existing, being for my soul to meet.
I did not want to question worldly states, your wife,
Your life, your wage,

There was only now, a glimpse of life's fulfilment felt.

.....

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Abigail

Jul 23, 2009 08:29AM

I was a sphinx gazing at

The desert of my discontent
Before I tasted your lips.

After you kissed me
Everything changed:
The desert is a savanna now
And I sing the fandangos of our love.

"Only the written kisses
Survive the brief
Incandescent alchemy
Of human passion,"
The poets claimed

But that is not true
'Cause when you look at me, I burn,
You touch me, and I'm caught.

Poets, what do they know
About love.

But I can excuse them
Because they cannot hear
The fandangos of our love.

And never tasted
The nectar of your soul.

Nicholas Fourikis

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PUSSY WILLOW TREE

Jul 22, 2009 03:36AM

For months I have watched you,

Leafless, with winter upon you,

Yet, you indestructibly stood there,

Giving me hope with each new leaf

Appearing under the spring sun.

You became a force in my life,

Your aged branches overhanging my door,

You spoke of a past age when you were planted

In the large grounds of a white mansion.

You grew strong and watched a generation go by.

Then they built a wall by your side;

The lawn you had graced was too valuable now.

But you grew to the side,

And spread your branches to my door.

Your companions - the birds,

Found their home in your boughs,

Bringing music and life in their call.

Now you have proven your strength of survival,

And cast your beauty for me to behold,

A stern reminder of nature the essence,

You must fall.

I will remember when you stood tall,

Overhanging my door.

.....

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my boy

Jun 17, 2009 12:48AM

Now that you've spent some time out there
seeing futility in vain
now that you've learned it's not all just a game,
as it sets your youthful heart
please lets not drift too far apart...

Now that you've had your first heartache
gasping for air as it set upon you
you must remember all I've taught you,
be bold and never think you've lost
life's lessons learned, a positive cost

Yes, I accept it, you know it all now
as varied cravings starting to show
all over your tender, adolescent body,
hastily marked by tonic love
be mindful of its perplexities my son.

And as your father drifts away,
as life and death run their trepid course
consider the echo of my distant voice:
never give up your lucid dream
no matter how hard it all may seem...

.....

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