

PROLEGOMENA

Our words are little mirrors
a piece of land from our future
where our image will come to rest
as others hold the words steady.
We'll find a place to be together.

Our words are little mirrors
of water slaking
the thirst of our past
as they hold forgotten images
small lakes, on the soft grass of whose shore
we'll lie down and we'll be two.
Lives caught in the silence, the imprints
of our bodies in the water, imprisoned in the depths.
Lean on my shoulder, I'll fill your lips with secrets
so you can remake
the image of the place that contains us.

You who learned to look behind
the blur of words in the dark
to interpret the mirror's traces, speak
with the prophetic language of the past.

ANNA KARENINA

There are many evenings
when that old train
comes wheezing into my room.
Its carriages sealed
and its windows
small screens of the world.
It will bring Mr Lenin I think as
the red seeps in all directions,
as though from a photographer's darkroom,
and banners and flags flap in the breeze.
Among those clapping

I recognise myself
mirrored in the glass panel opposite.

Another time with its
engine gleaming
it enters through the fireplace
and comes towards me.
The driver in his seat motionless
a rigid corpse for many years.

Now it's snowing in the bedroom
its headlights pierce the dark.
I try to drag you from the rails
in your eyes are projected
luminous joys from the past.

I wake. And you beside me
look at me glowing with light
each time stronger
illuminating everything that remains
in the darkness of my life.

A SNOW BALLAD

The snow is silence upon our lips,
it whispers us sounds, melting
for the beginning of the world.
And in its mirror, your step
splinters my thoughts in rays.
Memories of broken days,
intertwined.

Holding hands.
Our footsteps are traces and script.
As love weights on the snow.

Snow's jingle bell echoes our madness
singing under the colorful blanket
that is our life. Our hearts beat the deep blue sky
and the closed horizon mocks our day in secret silence.

Snow, the harp's chords and white hair
of an elder sky.
The dust of words
will cover us.
Bones once knotted in love.
Snow, manna of the sky.

Snow, sky's light soil we hold,
'till it covers us, like it covers the land
'till it's put to sleep, 'till the pixies of our slumber
and wildflowers and life's white lilies
blossom in celestial soil.

OLYMPIA - EASTER

All around the wild flowers spread
a sheet of many colours
for glory's funeral to pass.
Slender candles with flickering flames
contain past greatness.
The eye stops devoutly on broken
marbles and pillars.
Everywhere the footsteps of the gods.

In the stadium fate's arrow pierces the centuries
to reveal beauty still invincible.
And in time's arena
victorious gods exchange eternity with the defeated.

The statues in the museum bring the other resurrection, discerning the divine likeness
in the fragmentation of the bodies.
Eyes that held the ancient light
now return it again.
A chisel blew breath into a body
and the senses bow
to the scent of the look.

Falling to earth the gods wait
for a tender hand to take away their burden
and raise them up onto the pediment in the sky.

The gods must be weightless
so the earth can cover men.
Old gods bring new gods
and the old world brings a new one
on the path laid by
each man's need.

Pine trees on the hill.
All around the flowering judas trees
and in between the flowing river
brings the miracle to our feet.

ELEUSIS

The sun added light to the marbles' white gleam
as we crossed the deep grooves in the threshold
of the once mighty gate, holding as offerings
names for commemoration, ambivalent ceremonies
for the known and unknown worlds.

The initiated soul sought to give lasting substance
to find the escape of the flesh from earthly pain.
Demeter returns from exile conversing here in the language of today.
All around the soil became transparent, snaring in its depths
all those moments which are sometimes called eternity.

The burden of catastrophe and condemnation
groped within you for names to bind it to the present.
The secret words are sistrums which will wake the earth
till its surface resounds to the beat of swift footsteps.

Persephone will rise into the light, overcoming Pluto.
Hands joined in prayer will become ears of corn,
the buried seed will multiply
its unique abundance.

All around you sensed the whisper of scattered marble limbs
acquiring movement and colour
at the fading of the autumn light.