

ΠΑΡΕ ΤΟ ΔΑΚΤΥΛΙΔΙ ΣΟΥ (1994)

Στή μνήμη τῆς Μαρίας Νομικοῦ

Στὴ φωτιά τοῦ ματιοῦ σου θὰ χαμογέλασε κοτὲ ὁ Θεὸς
Θὰ κλείσει τὴν καρδιά της ἡ ἀνοιξη σὰ μιᾶς ἀρχαίας
ἀκρογιαλιᾶς μαργαριτάρι.
Τώρα καθὼς κοιμᾶσαι λαμπερὴ
Στὶς ἀμμουδιὲς τῶν ἀστεριῶν κι εἶσαι ἕνα βότσαλο πικρὸ
Στὴν ἀγκαλιὰ τῆς Κελαινώσ καὶ τῆς Μάγιας.
Πάρε τὸ δαχτυλίδι σου
Πάρε τ' ἀσήμι τῶν λιβαδιῶν νὰ βάψεις τὸ μέτωπό σου
Κι ἔλα κοντά μου νὰ κοιμηθεῖς
Νὰ βυθιστεῖς παντοτεινὰ σ' ἐν' ἀνοιξιὰτικο πέλαγο

Μιὰ νύχτα τοῦ καλοκαιριοῦ ποὺ θὰ γυρεύω τὰ ματιά σου
Χαμένα στὶς ἀκρογιαλιὲς κάποιου χλωμοῦ Γαλαχία
Ἔβγα σὰν ἥλιος τ' ἀπριλιοῦ στοὺ παραθύρι τ' ὄνειρου
Μὲ τὴν κορδέλα τοῦ λαιμοῦ
Νὰ χαιρετήσεις τοὺς γερανοὺς ποὺ ταξιδεύουν στὰ ξένα
Νὰ κλείσεις ἕνα τριαντάφυλλο καθὼς κοιμίζονται
ἕνα παιδὶ τὰ περιστέρια
Κάτω ἀπ' τὰ φύλλα τῶν ἀμπελιῶν σὲ μιὰ πλαγιά τοῦ
Ἄσπροπόταμου
Στὴν ἀγκαλιὰ τῶν πλατανιῶν σὲ μιὰ σπηλιὰ τοῦ Ερώτα
Ἦταν γιὰ σένανε ἡ ζωὴ σὰν ἕνα δάκρυ τῆς θάλασσας
Σὰν μιὰ φωτιά τοῦ καλοκαιριοῦ κι ἕνα μαντίλι τοῦ Μάη
Ἔτσι ὅπως ἦσουν κι ἐσὺ ἕνα γεράνιο κύμα της
Ἔνα πικρὸ βότσαλο της
Ἔνα μικρὸ χελιδόνι της ποὺ τριγυρνοῦσε στὰ δάση
Χωρὶς φωτιά γιὰ τὴ χαραυγὴ χωρὶς ἀστέρια τὴν ἀνοιξη
Μὲ τὴ ζεστὴ σου καρδιά γυρισμένη στὰ ξένα
Στὰ χαλασμένα δόντια τῆς ἄλλης ἀκρογιαλιάς
Στὰ πεθαμένα παιδιὰ τῆς ἀγριοκερασιάς καὶ τῆς φώκιας.

TAKE YOUR RING (1994)ⁱ

In memory of Maria Nomikou

God will have smiled at the fire in your eyes
Spring will have closed its heart like a pearl
from an ancient shore
Now, luminous in your sleep
on the sands of the stars, you are a sharp pebble
in the embrace of Kelaino and Maiaⁱⁱ
Take your ring
Take the silver of the meadows to tint your face
Come to me to sleep
to sink perpetually into an springtime sea

Some summer night when I turn toward your eyes
lost on the shores of some pale galaxy
come like the sun of April in the window of my dream
with the ribbon round your throat
to greet the cranes that travel toward the unknown
to close up a rose just like doves sing a child to sleep
under the leaves of the grapevines on the banks of the
Aspropotamoⁱⁱⁱ
in the embrace of the platan trees by a cave of the Eurotas^{iv}
Life was for you like a tear of the sea
like a fire in summer and a scarf in May
just so, you were one of its geranium waves^v
one of its sharp pebbles
one of its small swallows wandering in the woods
without fire for the dawn without stars for spring
with your hot heart turned toward the unknown
to the shattered tusks of another shore
to the dead children of wild cherry and seal

ΕΛΕΓΕΙΟ (1946)

Στὴ φωτιὰ τοῦ ματιοῦ σου θὰ χαμογέλασε κοτὲ ὁ Θεὸς
Θὰ κλείσει τὴν καρδιά της ἡ ἄνοιξη σὰ μιᾶς ἀρχαίας
ἀκρογιαλιᾶς μαργαριτάρι.
Τώρα καθὸς κοιμᾶσαι λαμπερὸς
Στοὺς παγωμένους κάμπους ποὺ οἱ ἀγαράμπελες
Γίναν βαλσαμωμένα φτερὰ μαρμάρινα περιστέρια
Βουβὰ παιδιὰ τῆς ἀπαντοχῆς –
Ἦθελα νὰ ῥθεις μιὰ βραδιὰ σὰ βουρκωμένο σύννεφο
Ἄχνη τῆς πέτρας πάχνε τῆς ἐλιᾶς
Γιατὶ στὸ ἄγνό σου μέτωπο
Κάποτε θὰ ἴβλεπα κι ἐγὼ
Τὸ χιόνι τῶν προβάτων καὶ τῶν κρίνων
Μά περασσες ἀπ' τὴ ζωὴ σὰν ἓνα δάκρυ τῆς θάλασσας
Σὰ λαμπηδόνα καλοκαιριοῦ καὶ στερνοβρόχι τοῦ Μάη
Κι ἂς εἴσουν μιὰ φορὰ κι ἐσὺ ἓνα γεράνιο κῦμα της
Ἕνα μικρὸ βότσαλό της
Ἕνα μικρὸ χελιδόνι της σ' ἓνα πανέρημο δάσος
Χωρὶς καμπάνα τὴ χαραυγὴ χωρὶς λυχνάρι τὸ ἀπόβραδο
Μὲ τὴ ζεστὴ σου καρδιὰ γυρισμένε στὰ ξένα
Στὰ χαλασμένα δόντια τῆς ἄλλης ἀκρογιαλιᾶς
Στὰ γκεμισμένα νησιὰ τῆς ἀγριοκερασιᾶς καὶ τῆς φώκιας.

ELEGY

God will have smiled at the fire in your eyes
Spring will have closed its heart like a pearl
from an ancient shore
Now, luminous in your sleep
in the frozen fields where the grapevines
become embalmed wings marble doves
dumb children of anticipation –
I wished you would come some evening covered in cloud
mist from stone frost from olive
because on your chaste brow
sometimes I would see
the snow of sheep and of lilies
But you passed from life like a tear of the sea
like summer lights and the last rains of May
though once you were one of its geranium wave
one of its sharp pebbles
one of its small swallows in a pathless wood
without dawn bells without lamps at dusk
with your passionate heart turned toward the unknown
to the shattered tusks of another shore
to the splintered islands of wild cherry and of seal

- i. This is a draft for Elegy published after Gatsos' death in 1992.
- ii. Kelaino and Maia are two of the Pleiades.
- iii. The "white river" of northern Greece, also known as the Achelous.
- iv. The river of Sparta.
- v. By analogy with "wine-dark sea."

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