

The King of Asine

Varathron

We looked all morning around the castle
Starting from the shaded side,
There where the sea
Green and without luster - breast of a slain peacock.

Received us like time without an opening in it
Veins of rock dropped down from high above
Twisted vines, naked, many - branched, coming alive!!!!

Hollow in the light
Like a dry jar in dug earth

At the water's tough, while the eye following them
Struggled to escape the tiresome rocking,
Losing strength continually
On the sunny side a long open beach
And the light striking diamonds on the huge walls.
No living thing, the wild doves gone
And the king of Asine, whom we've been
Trying to find for two years now,
Unknown, forgotten by all, even by homer,
Only one word in the Iliad and that uncertain,
Thrown here like the gold burial mask
You touched it, remember it's sound??

Hollow in the light
Like a dry jar in dug earth

The same sound that our oars make in the sea
The king of Asine, a void under the mask
Everywhere with us, everywhere with us,
Under a name:
And his children statues and his desires
The fluttering of birds, and the wind
In the gaps between his thoughts,
And his ships anchored in a vanished port,
Under the mask... a void!!!
Behind the large eyes the curved lips, the curls
Carved in relief on the gold cover
Of our existence!!!!

A dark spot that you see traveling like a fish
In the dawn calm of the sea.
A void everywhere with us
And the bird that flew away last winter
With a broken wing a bode of life,
And the young woman who left to play
With the dogteeth of summer,
And the soul that sought the lower world
Squeaking, and the country like a large
Plane - leaf swept a long by the torrent
Of the sun with the ancient monuments
And the contemporary sorrow... sorrow!!!

Shield bearer, the sun climbed warring
And from the depths of the cave
A startled bat, hit the light

As an arrow hits a shield:

Could that be the king of Asine.

And the poet lingers, looking at the stones,
And asks himself, does there really exist
Among these ruined lines, edges, points,
Hollows and curves, does there really exist
Here where one meets the path of rain,
Wind and ruin, does there exist
The movement of the face, shape of the
Tenderness!!!!

Of those who've shrunk so strangely
In our lives,
Those who remained the shadow of waves
And thoughts with the seas boundlessness,
Or perhaps no, nothing is left but the weight,
The nostalgia for the weight of
A living existence!!!

Shield bearer, the sun climbed warring,
And from the depths of the cave
A startled bat, hit the light
As an arrow hits a shield:
Could that be the king of Asine!!!!

There where we now remain unsubstantial
Bending like the branches of a
Terrible willow - tree heaped in
Permanent despair
While the yellow current slowly
Carries down rushes up - rooted
In the mud image of a form that
The sentence to everlasting bitterness
Has turned to marble the poet a void!!!

Behind the large eyes the curved lips
The curls, carved in relief on the
Cold cover of our existence!!!
A dark spot that you see
Traveling like a fish
In the dawn calm of the sea.
A void everywhere with us
And the bird that flew away last winter
With a broken wing abode of life.

We've been searching for so carefully
On this acropolis
Sometimes toughing with our fingers
His touch upon the stones.

The king of Asine, a void under the mask
Everywhere with us, everywhere with us,
Under a name:
And his children statues and
His desires the fluttering
Of birds!!!

Shield bearer, the sun climbed warring,
And from the depths of the cave,
A startled bat, hit the light
As an arrow hits a shield:

Gould that be the king of Asine!!!
King of Asine, king of Asine!!!