

Η ΚΑΛΟΑΝΑΓΕΘΡΑΜΕΝΗ

Σ' ἔδρεξα μὲ ἔρωτα ποῦ·
φτυαριές, φτυαριές, οἱ γάφες
ἀγλαίες, ἀγλαίες σέβνια λουλούδια
μαυράγαγε μὲ ἀνδοσιμύς ἐπὶ παρθεῖ μου
ἀπανδισμάτα πρὸ ἔρωτα
ἀκόμην καὶ ἐκτὸς ἐργῆς.

Τόπια, τόπια μεταβυτῆς σάρμας
βλαύτιζε σὰ πόδια σου
μὲ καρδιά μου,
στιγνὴ ἐπιπόρῃσα πρὸς ἐπιγεγνῶν στιγμῶν.
Ὅσα τὰ μαζί σάξερα:
πλάτες, μισοὺς, μετ' ἀγχοίμεις σέβεις ποδῆς,
ἀρχιχάτα, φλυσιόματα τοῦ ἔργου
σεσφοί τοῦ μέσμου.
Νὰ μὴ σου γέιφε τίποτε, βέβαις,
τίποτε ἀπὸ τὴν ἐκιδάφωπυμὴ βρωμῆ
τοῦ ἔρωτα.

εἶναι πᾶσι' Οὐκὸβρῆς
μὲ ὄρω: μαγαλά μὲ μὲ μίση
πρὸ ἀβέβαιος ἀδελφί
μὲ θρέξεν πῶρα ἐσὶ,
Ποίησι.

Αἴχνα
13/10/95

I Fed You Well

I fed you with lots of love;
whole shovelfuls of radiances
whole armfuls of rare flowers
carried by my florist existence,
blossoms of love
even out of season.

Endless bolts of satin skin
my heart unrolled at your feet
my heart, this ruthless tradeswoman
of exquisite moments.

Nothing but the best for you:

Shoulders, thighs, wistful evening thoughts
touches, whisperings of an angel
— that is when the world shook —

So that you would not lack anything, you see,
nothing of the dazzling nourishment
of love.

It is October again
and as I am gently rocked
by uncertain emptiness
it is you who feed me now
you poetry.

Katerina Anghelaki-Rooke

Translation into English by the author