

MODERN GREEK
POEMS

PHIVOS DELPHIS

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BY

PHIVOS DELPHIS

[George Cavellor]

(in English versions prepared

by James Boyer May)

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MODERN GREEK

POEMS

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PREFATORY

Not a Greek scholar, I worked with George Canellos (the real name of Phivos Delphis) of Athens on his own transmutations of these poems into English. We established a rapport as to essential meanings and intentions, despite that his abilities with the English also were limited. With acquaintance, I learned the idiosyncrasies of his phrasings and became able to detect where he had missed the intended evocations and had used unlikely equivalents in obsolete or now-rare meanings or with conflicting connotations; and his knowledge of English (if imperfect) enabled him to transmit the rhythms and nuances of the originals, which by themselves would have been more confusing to me than the English seems ever to have been to him.

Except for *Corinna*, *Dawn*, *The Man of Business* and *Mediterranean Sea*, we preserved the patterns of the modern Greek in valid free verse, comprising only minor alterations in beat, though of course many transpositions. In the pieces named, however, I created poetry anew (essentially) upon the matter of his, after having tried to relax my thoughts and re-experience his feeling. More faithful (literal) translations proved clumsy and destroyed effects achieved in the Hellenic, instead of transmitting them. So that, even though the rhythms and treatments became in part mine, Delphis' subsequent approval of them showed his own intentions preserved. And for that matter, even in the other pieces, it proved desirable to more than paraphrase his own literal attempts at renderings. Throughout, my first aim was to overtake his spirit and to breathe through it. Nothing in this book was done 'cold,' in mere intellectual analyses of words and phrases—but as though I'd been working over my own poems.

JAMES BOYER MAY.

Hollywood, California, June 1954.

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PHIVOS DELPHIS:

*A Study of the European Consciousness
On the Morning of the Atomic Age*

by KENNETH LAWRENCE BEAUDOIN

'Life is a window to yesterday,
Only a meeting——.'

THIS is Phivos Delphis, a new Greek voice speaking with all the richness and maturity of that immortal race. And Phivos Delphis coming to us via Boyer May's recent translations just now is perhaps something more than just another reassuring contact with a rich voice from one of the ancient Mediterranean races; it comes to us as a tried instrument, a proven gauge of human feeling, European feeling from the cradle of European spirit, Greece—Greece, the great mother of learning—mother of all of our European cultures. On this morning of the atomic era which we are entering it seems most pertinent to listen to this lilting voice coming from the ancient olive groves around Athens.

Phivos Delphis is not a young man—he is a man in his middle years. He is not a poetic revolutionary nor a by-product of any of the Athenian bars. He is a family man with a Civil Service job in Athens—with a wife and children; a poet who has found that acceptance of responsibilities in his city—his kingdom—his world has not throttled his voice; has not stilled in him the irrepressible urge to be evocative; articulate. He was born in poverty on a farm near Delphis but despite this secured a University education in Athens. His earliest influences were from contemporary Greek poets whom he admired, but it is interesting to realize how much he confesses to have been influenced by the modern French school and his association with the American poet, George Cram Cook (founder of the Provincetown Players) with whom he was intimate during his formative years. His poetry was first published in 1937 but has been since then translated into six languages, and the present Boyer May translation into English makes a seventh. It is interesting as well, that he has been active in the European Council, the purpose of which is to promote the cause of understanding among the nations by creating inter-familiarity with their indigenous arts and cultures.

In a letter from Phivos Delphis dated August 10, 1953, he

writes to me of his poem, the *Tilling of the Wrath*, which was so well received in France:

'It is a short poem, dreadful, which shows to us all of the madness of our tragic epoch. It is the expression of doubt of true composition in our time, which is distinguished by an uncertainty, trouble and hate; it is writing for our Civil War, but it expresses the universal folly——

'I told you one must start from opposition to reach composition, like my country from the differences with the Amphictionees to peace.'

Though I realize I run the risk of having him labelled a reactionary which he is not, I am appalled with the similarity between the feelings of Delphis and an 18th century American, named Thomas Jefferson.

And on the morning of this new atomic age it has been so reassuring to hear this voice from Greece, from a man quite as conscious of the deadly potential of atomic warfare, and even more conscious of the deadly impact of war—war on your own doorstep—speaking like Thomas Jefferson with complete implied faith in man though with complete and most acute consciousness of man's shortcomings. This is the core of a poet, it seems to me—this unalterable fixation for humanity—this love—and it is love, not always altruistic or ideal love, but just love.

In a recent letter (September 8, 1953) Boyer May writes of Delphis,

'He is predominately optimistic re: the coming of a new age of enlightenment, though very realistic in his views about the problems of darkness now confronting us. His future view (optimistic) is toward a universal society and brotherhood of man.'

But do not be misled by this into believing Phivos Delphis a purely intellectual poet. He is much more than that. He is a feeling man and an evocative voice in a trying generation.

The poetic technique of Phivos Delphis is at once expert and delicate. It has the vigor and the flavor of the best classic Greek verse counterpointed against a freedom of line and syllable value which results in remarkable atonic virtuosity. Speaking of his own poetic method, he says,

'Poetry cannot be written by prescriptions. It wells from internal power, vitality—and remains unspecified. Rules are not absolute, and the true creator has no use for a "must"—and yet good writing needs endless going over and correction and polishing.'

He has always much more to say of the poet's attitude to poetry than his method. To him poetry has a high mission says of the poet: 'the true poet is creator, pedagogist, and a leader of his era.' I suppose a poet fulfilling these dimensions can help writing in an evocative fashion; and surely the felt line has always been the strongest.

Somehow it seems to me that a voice from an ancient, rooted civilization which has faced continuing debacle through centuries, like the voices of our own Amerinds in the chants at Acoma and Isleta in New Mexico which can still

Before me rolls immobile ocean—fields
of Attica . . .

has shattered the fact of atomic force as if it were no more than the fragile glass made by atomic fire upon the New Mexican deserts. Here is pure sound from the very core of a race, of which is indeed the strongest thing so far our world and contemplative range can know. Here is a lovesong to land and sky, to living things which by its very existence dignifies their existence, their continuing reality—their conquest of chaos as it were; composition or creation as Phivos Delphis would say.

He is a poet and a conscious mind in contemporary, shrouded Greece; but as well traditional—earth ancient and respecting all of her magic, her secrets, as in his poem called *Dark Wood*, and he is as well the bitter poet who writes:

The climate of loss and waste
now has closed on our days . . .

This climate which Nike told us brings death of Greece
The End.

and what is more important he is still further the poet who writes

Life is a view from a high mountaintop
a welcome meeting
among spruce trees of wholesome beauty . . .
and a dusty, journeyed road.

On the morning of this atomic age I am so heartened; so ready to hear his voice echoing from the ancient olive groves and Athens.

KENNETH LAWRENCE BEAUDOIN.

Memphis, Tennessee, U.S.A.

CORINNA

Into fields far from humans and evil
with feelings of men and ephemeral
as your youth, sweet Corinna . . .

I go where you were swift with pureness
abloom goodness and supple as flowers,
light-armed and agile . . .

filled with compassion and wisdom . . .
I say to the mountains good-morning
in this just-so remoteness.

She's come in the dress of the flame-cloud
and dancing as birds do,
to meet me—and saying good-morning
here in the clearing, where waiting for sunrise . . .

She comes with the clouds and the birds
and frenzies of love
(You are welcome !)

She comes frisking and lamblike
with flowers and dawn in her face,
her arms filled by her breasts and her flowers.

Now her pure youth has been left
far below in that knowledgeable place
when she'd but dreamed of the flame-cloud
which had been flowing, as always

there in beauty towards knowing
of world-things, *consumed by his eyes,*
and consuming . . . Her name was a song.
Little by little she knew this.

In the wide-open field where
were rising the birds,
when I was there, lonely,
that animate walker
down solitude valleys.

Then, I mounted the steps of the birds and the fog.

LIFE IS A VIEW

Life is a view from a high mountaintop
a welcome meeting
among spruce trees of wholesome beauty . . .
and a dusty journeyed road.

Life delights like a dream ;
and riverlike, raw,
the ways to each meeting,
each by each in their passage.
A view from a high mountaintop,
a sight of the past,
a sight of the present,
on an endless dusty footpath.
Beneath the rain and storm,
progression of travail,
progression of feet on the strayed way-path
into an immense wasteland.

A wondrous-viewed march,
harshly dreamed as if real :
a young world with its source out of death,
a quick parting which resumes *never more*.

DAWN

Bojiati, 29 August 48

Before me rolls immobile ocean—fields
 of Attica, from dawn-sweet mountain—
 and overhead, a voiceless flight of birds,
 black against a hill of rose, by sun-
 rise. Green, the hills of chosen morning ;
 soon rise, about, the voices out of air . . .
 for, near our tent, the mule-path passes.
 Bells and songs are wafted with the dawn,
 on rising for my walk into the fields ;
 there, above me, winging birds . . .
 the children rising also, Doris
 and Helen, their pure presences
 embuing latter heaven.

Helen's shore—that is the name I give it,
 from Helen of the green-lit eyes and
 cheeks of rose, like dawn, like peach.

 Though animate ; like bronze, in
 contradiction—Doris, unsubdued
 and lively-humoured paradox.
 Faith—yet, sport and beauty blending,
 as this sweet dawning's leaped across
 the hills of Attica . . . and fragrances
 of morning sent to me, there wrapt
 in balm of pine, now holy tree.

THE DARK WOOD

The dark wood
is my life
which knows only your steps
upon a bygone path
(My dark wood proffers
her footsteps, the past trails I am searching for,
before the sun
ascends the wasteland silence)
of dark wood, like your hair . . .
as there, where you have passed
back of time,
back of my trees . . .
Your name tells me the brooks,
the winds, the desert moon of night,
my dark wood is this life.
All haltings, I've passed, al-
tered of their stance,
heavy with your memory
and time which is flowing.

A LONG MARCH

A long march, I have dreamed,
upon the fatherland mountain-slopes ;
a long march on the dusty road
to my old forgotten high-footpath.
A long march, I have dreamed,
upon the mountains of rocky Roumelis.
I will shout first good-morning to them,
as once when I strode among the spruce trees.
A good-morning, I will tell my mountains
and my rocks, trees, fountains, and the birds ;
a long march on irrepressible footsteps
with a smiling companion and songs of youth.
I shall read again my refound way,
and say, as once long ago, first good-morning
to Liacoura, transmitting fraternal salutations ;
high-soaring eaglelike, as scaling then Parnassus.

THE SKY IS RED

This man is more dangerous
than the wolf with madness.

The shadows of sorrows
are behind me like sisters
upon the barren road . . .

I sit down at home
and hear the prelude of crime
to darken the soul,

as then where the sky was red
and our land below the wind.

The stream of days
is running to the chasm and these selves,
where tears flow . . .

There is an endless prelude of crime
thus far on the road to prosperity.

A HARD WINTER

Athens, October, 1948

One hard winter
we shall have passed
unnumbered those hard winters
without one promising gleam
to light in front of wasteland—
without fire
or bread
or hope
the numberless winters
of bleak cannibal devourers.
My trails are lost
among those frost hours.
In vain, the grimy man
is waiting for the lost
spring . . .

WOLF-MAN

I am wolfman who covers his ugliness,
his repulsive insatiability beneath the cloths.

Dirty am I, who conceals under cloths,
an intriguer, ugly and wild
as the capillary wolf,
which is ever employed with alien object.

I am the man whom you contend with ever,
who makes babble and whose lechery means for you failure.

His passage upon the world marked out your life.
He enrages the godless ones, unredeemable ever,
conveying plainly falsehood in science,
which precisely in our day is wordy diplomacy.
But I am by nature of frenzied wilder breast
and nether hairy legs.

VAIN TOIL?

In vain a very long time I dwell on my death
 and here pausing at crossroad of hard trial of my mind ;
 though fiery is my ardor for poesy,
 that which I here mean depthmost in heart
 is that likeness to distorted fate ;
 I cannot pass over the words of my old friend
 who tells me one day :
 ' Leave go the writing, it does not give bread.'
 At first I believe in the old man's decree.
 After a little I say that the man
 is but merely a beggar.
 This crossroad marks grief for piercing me now,
 it is a crux puzzling our century.
 I hear always the voice that is crying :
 ' Let go the infertile writing,
 that does not give bread.
 Take in your hands the hard tool of steel.'
 My dilemma is whether be one inglorious—
 but workman for money-bread—
 or poet only ;
 around me those takers of material gains.
 Contrary doubter, I vacillate ; while
 one also realist, practical,
 wellknowing that I am man
 who cannot live without potatoes and beans.

ROUTINE

Our lives are of nether
routines chaining us fast
to our careers . . . But
here, upon mountains,
are far lost from me, sorrow's
immediacies ;
I'm by heights freed of all
needless griefs of want.
I am a mountaineer
who climbs up sheerest-faced craigs,
breathes here clear air . . .
Our lives make such demands,
cruelly forming routines—
each stone of faith
which ever, each man must roll there—
with ordered, each stone
to learn shape of his breakwater . . .
But here, dawns all clear blue . . .
here, all free birds keep singing
up high in green trees of light.

At this juncture I've thrown down
the timeworn millstone of this world.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS

Patient aging animal of business :
 man, in workshop of another or
 his own . . . By hand or brain, is all the same.
 Where laboring sunburnt on the mountain,
 sweating on the plain, or in a Vulcan's shop
 where steel is fired, or iron is hoe or plough
 out in a field . . . or making shoes or ma-
 sonry . . . as carpenter, or partner . . .
 Every man, whose tool forms out of mind or aids
 his hand—it is the same for brothers-under-sky.

Joined by patient likeness, donkey and his farmer—
 though one is fast-yoked to the well-pump.

A rascal and a robber, this—
 which patience asks, like spider and like bee . . .
 voracious, quarry-hunting, like the hawk.

Unfunctional for self, though forming gain ;
 and imitating unbelief . . . so, neg-
 ative. Free-willed or not, man goes his way.

Patient, obstinate and toilworn
 with ingeniousness for profit,
 reckless of danger, evil spirit
 of plotting enchained peoples, struggling
 in life, for life . . . fellow prisoners
 with me, a bliss-fooled man denying :
 'Me—I work in sunbright airlit places
 or in darkness, married then or not ;
 but when an opportunity, I work.'

This proves my first-met enemy is self,
 most dangerous and first to be knocked down.

Oh! man of business, returning here
 from fields in dusty dress to live
 daress and hardship, duty paid
 that God of Need.

Oh! voices of the misery, prosperity—and crux = to be or not to be.
For life is out of chaos and sharp strife;
yet, ways of life might be much better.

We flutter flylike round a lamp
of business . . . to last bewilderment.

LIFE

Life as direful solitude
 on an old mine-dump farm ;
 direful as a war,
 as a black-starred night—
 and arduous as travel.

Life, rough as a rope, as toil,
 as jagged rocks ;
 direful as abandonment
 in a desert place.

Life, direful as a shipwreck
 on a star-dead night—
 as a frozen integer—
 as an isolated fortress guards.

Life, harsh as armed strife,
 direful as the sword,
 victorless victor,
 glorious—but dust.

Life, abandonment in struggle
 beneath guideless heavens
 of frozen stars . . .
 life cursed by bliss.

SHEPHERDS AND BIRDS

Much happier must have been
 the man with slow oxen,
 or with pipe and flock,
 than he with machines
 now in this atomic age.
 Most happy, old-time men lived,
 uncrowded for homes, where
 now they mass together.
 Idea's plough
 is furrowing here all
 the untilled broad areas . . . passing.
 Then, the shepherds under the spruce trees
 did sing early birth of God.
 While now, faithless, they sing war ;
 the birds sang
 the coming of dawn ;
 now they sing only of death.
 Inanimate, like stones, are men . . .
 Much happier, lived the farmers,
 than these massed in cities,
 streaming where roads give freedom—like rivers.
 Now there is no place and space for us ;
 now there is no thing to delight.
 Nascent-formed cities have no homes and shops—
 as with bird-populace, bettering us.
 The birds and shepherds hold a faith, a goal,
 they know their way with the soil.
 Oh, rustic pastoral hours,
 return and enliven again desert Earth !
 Return Pan's sentient sounding pipes, to announce
 with divine strains again coming death for Europe.

MOUNTAINS OF MEMORY

Mountains of memory
 I comprehend as a know-
 er who walked lone there
 under the sun.
 I walked lone there
 into the blue-and-white solitudes
 under proud spruce trees
 of healing strength.
 The desert raven knows me,
 and voiceless stones,
 and deeps.
 One white cloud held the beauty
 in passing over my head
 where a free eagle soared in his flight.
 The valleys, ravines, crests—
 all these held for me visions,
 the white and clear visions
 of youth in my climbing
 through the creative light of sun.
 The stones of solitude
 smell good dawn
 and heaven.
 Mountains of memory
 take substance from know-
 ing my dreams of blue facets
 and white and of diversities.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA

You've seen, immortal Mother, Med-
iterranean sea,

all the tears of our people, all
the outpourings of blood . . .

I, bending, kiss your waves and hear
your far-past roarings, long ago.

I hear sing your first child
in that morning of loss to you,
having borne the Mycenaic age . . .
Aegean too . . . While sailing ships
here were ploughing in your face these folds.
Hail! our great Mother, who rocks
the old dream of one true world in her coas-
tal blue . . . Across her has passed
Alexander, at the last to lose dreams.

And she has rocked the fleet
of Themistocles here.

This is she, living cradle of all,
and of our living culture.

And now granting passage to en-
emies, though brother-men . . .

While she holds the eternal Greek mind,
can hope for cosmocracy die?

That's the voice of a broken world—
vain voices of Greeks and of others . . .

for the oracle told
of what happens again,

how this world must have meantime this suffering.

Let me kneel on your beach one last time,
alone here anointed in holy baptismal,
and bathing my face one last time.

One day shall see again from you
new birth and stirring people,
as then where first was seen the three-
span rainbow craft of Phenix,
as causing there softly first morn-
ing's fresh furrow on those tranquil waters . . .
in that morning there first passing over . . .

Hail! our great Mother, who rocks
our old dream for one world.

From you, the sullen haughty men have passed.

From you may now emerge again the one

new world, from the olden gods.

You have purged out the slavers, both thralls

and the bold men who slaughter the helpless,

and the pride of the British has turned into dust.

Oh! thousand-aged, your shout is I.

You hold the blue dawning destinies

of the days of an immortal world.

THE VAIN INVOCATION

(To my first friend, Ruth Cain)

This poem is a funeral ode to our age.
It is a vain invocation of our soul
in the dread dissembling mind of this century ;
it is the turning from life to death.

(This man here is a wild beast . . .)
In this hallowed while, with my friend, Ruth,
as at home in Delphi, sometimes,
shape my life again—
Oh ! God of vast alonenesses.
Return boyhood days,
which then flowed like a clean brook—
return days when I rode on the donkey
singing like a free bird.

Blessèd as initial passage
on this journey, as a dream ;
distant in Delphi, with my friend, Ruth,
shape my life anew . . .
Now that all my being
is laid bare through tears and in pain,
and I'm crying my lost liberty . . .
now that years have foreclosed from me
my young days, heavily barred by an iron gate . . .
Let that boyhood restore my life,
this hallowed while with white lamb
and gold pipe, here on rock of Parnassus,
so peaceful and unwarlike.

(24 August, 1948)

A LETTER FROM ME TO NORMA KARL

I don't know which first should be obeyed here :
 whether cries from corporeal need or from mind ;
 whether voices from impulses crying to be,
 or those voices for writings, today maybe lost.
 Preceptor, my old man, admonished me in these terms :
 ' Let go your fruitless writings '—

I don't want to be heedful of him ;
 rather, poor as my country, I shall live now,
 patient as her struggle, as my ancestors . . .
 one frugal as those, like our peasants.
 All people about me are seeking substance ;
 but hardship is my destiny—of trial solely.
 I am poor and have no money to publish a book ;
 however, I am wealthy in sentience.

I have no money to build a home—
 having children and family needs—
 Yet, I have not despaired entirely ;
 for I feel that beyond all of these,
 self-delusions, there lies a true life of mind.
 I feel that nothing remains here forever
 and all being is harsh birth, to lose
 more than lets destiny partake of !
 Our life is a dreadful darkness ;
 our life is a joyful play ;
 only in friendship may be intrinsic
 beauty which gives us validity's troth,
 as the sunrays breaking with light
 dark brows, to impenetrate dim souls of man.

So these letters to me are coming
 as if rays of light to my deep darkness,
 as would voices of words out of your soul,
 from soul to soul in the desert world.
 Beyond each marked occasion and mere advantage,
 there lies an eternal friendship . . .
 Beyond an eternity, there stands the decent life ;
 beyond that eternity, there waits privation and truth ;
 a fissured hope only, piercing the impassable night.
 For always here in this world, the first prize goes

ever to quackery and unkindly acts.
 The people must rise one day to better.
 It is not a toil in vain to write.
 Good-bye! Farewell!

ONLY A MEETING

Life is a window to yesterday,
only a meeting ;
one way to the future.
Present above, waits
the bird of life
which is ready for flight.

Life is a meeting, a glimpse :
a lost moment of spring ;
a trial of labour ;
a dreadful truth
which embodies a dream,
endlessly dreamed.
And I am merely a dreamer,
like those others about me,
only protagonist dreamer
with all these partaking shadows
in the stratagems of life . . .
only one dreamer . . .

Our voice speaks in solitude ;
our life strives in terror ;
in fallacy, we live ;
our life brings disguised pretension,
only a meeting . . .
Only reconnaissance of high mountaintops.

ONLY DENIAL

The climate of loss and waste
 now has closed on our days ;
 the bitter arrows of violence
 have nailed us in them ;
 about me is all error
 and illusory hope.
 Here lies the soft road,
 and therewith bad ;
 we form the villages, cities
 nations, the immortal people ;
 the voices of the world
 which are sounding as one river ;
 I know the climate of great grief
 with storm, darkness, wounds and tears.
 The close torrent of red blood ;
 here is both victim and oblation-changer ;
 here is borne voice of this broken world,
 the guardian breath and substance ;
 I feel myself part of an endless dream ;
 I approach the adits of death.
 I and last silence ; and tired shadows.
 Where is the joy of life?
 Where is the gate of life?
 This poesy is nailed fastly with arrows of hate ;
 it cannot rise up, lifting man,
 who now holds in his hands the machine,
 to carve likeness, graving God,
 prime ingratitude.
 Grimed by sweat and blood
 which drips down his bel-
 ly, most ungrateful of things.
 He makes our climate of storm ;
 we are seated upon mar-
 gins down where voices of worlds
 softly are stilled.

We are the infertile denial ;
 we make this wild climate,
 this dark climate,
 where it blows and shakes off everything.

The climate where the bad displaces good.
 The climate where thrive blood-drinking criminals.
 The climate which Nike told us brings death of God.
 The End.

MOTHER COUNTRY

At night the Bardoucian shepherd plays his flute ;
around the flocks slow sweet strains of his grief flow . . .
As my country once,
he is mourning by this song his lost freedom—
the proud spruce trees and hollies,
the osiers and meadows and valleys
up in the high mountains of his mother country.
Oh ! highlands of swift hilltops and slopes,
I love thee with his pathos in this night
of nostalgic pain in my sharing with him.
I sing for thee from depths of his sweet flute.
My voice, as then, is lost
in her bosage . . . I, frugal as a shepherd,
thus as singing for thee,
become old mountaineer now,
who in a far-gone time scaled high peaks,
should not ever have aged.
He here on this hillside sings,
thus empty, clay-crumbling and sleepless
as I, by sweet flute—breathing soul.

WAITING FOR MY AGED FRIEND

(Neo Bojiati, 29 August, 1948)

At noon when I lie down with eyes closed
under the sky and the pine tree
standing alone, like me, in this valley,
I hear dry treads of falling thrombs
as a murmuring fugue theme.

After light sleep I get up
and await customed passage
of a new elderly friend
who is called Mitsos Milonas.
He every day and night breathes
this clean and fresh air ;
this final day states :

' I am a man of the mountain
and would have you do as I say :
Early to bed, early to rise . . .
that makes one healthy forever.

Following which, you walk forth ;
for in movement springs life.
Nothing other—

you go do as I say ;
Good-bye!

ALMA MATER

(*Neo Bojiati, 27 August, 1948*)

Life is nourished by the dream
and the dream by earth, mud and worms ;
life is a chaos, worlds-bottomless gulf.
No one interprets their sense well :
birth and caries, life and death and waste—
the feelings which are filled by clay and stone
and light of soul which becomes dust—
the chasm which never is bridged,
the road to the desert.
Myself or ourselves who found motherling, this plunge.
Myself, comprising all earth's tests,
lies prone now, flat in the dust.
Hermit or pilgrim voyager's the same ;
for by neither, gains one strength everlasting.
And now I am singing the chaos that is thought,
and the music of the non-existent consonance.
I am the memory which has been dust,
he that became the voiceless desert ;
I am the flame of vital breath that's void-lost.
I have been the endless source of this humanity ;
the Alma Mater, eternal Greece! . . .
All things are coming from dream and chasm ;
all our thoughts are coming from them,
that is the dreadful truth.
This beauty is nourished by this fleshly sting ;
it is grown from earthly body ;
that which is ugliness in me, forms this beauty in you.
And my chaos is your rhythm
and harmony of the worlds.

Oh human sage, oh human dolt . . .
this man and his struggle with this nature
this man and his struggle with this life.
His epic, dramatic wrestling with himself.
All these which are spawned and improbable
and incredible.
The man and the voice ; the voices of instinct
and the voices of mind.
Flows through world, what's partly joy, part sorrow,

the dread deep,
the voracious deep,
the unyoked deep
the black the dark, that abyss
of instability and incohesion
and this death.

Oh! Alma Mater Europe, thou shalt be early dust.

However, thy dust shall be again in light ;

thou shalt be some time a dead body,

old, holy Alma Mater—

and after awed quaking terror passes, Earth

shall again make the New East of the world,

Leader and Mother ;

though never she yokes with her gold bridge the great chasm! . . .