

APHRODITE'S MOURNING
FOR THE DEAD ADONIS

A

This land, like a bitter-mouthed Madonna
reluctantly half-turned towards the Mediterranean
and undecided
cradled and gathers still my sorrow
like a sheep's bleat or the cicadas lullaby.

My feet a headrest
my lips a breath
and my sunshelding hair...
O joy, o bitter joy.

Thus as the flying fish slice the water
gently yet sure of their element
I pass my hands through your hair.

On your upper lip three drops
of sweat still glistening;
at your fingertips, a small forgotten vein
still pulsing ~~out of habit.~~
And I am here, like the Earth, forever suffering.
How priceless to the immortal Gods
is the gift of Death.

B

We walked under the fine rain on the sands
and, beside us, a story begun to unfold.
Barefoot we walked within silence
and the dream--caught up somewhere
between land and sea.

Now I tirelessly thirsting sea,
now you, forever yielding, receptive earth.

Back there -
Man will construct temples
and destroy them
children be born
only to be slaughtered.

And I ~~will~~ with your head resting upon my knees
~~will~~ give birth to song.

And I

I am sure that

pulses

in duty's habit.

*at your fingertips
I am sure*

Back there - man...

I search, like some sun-struck Pithea
one by one for the ocean's suns;
I sit and count the points of our contact
the pebbles I count
the sand-grains
my pores.

I lay down on the soft earth and said *To you,*
I desire a son to give life to my dormant breast.
I lay down under the pomegranate tree and said to you;
I need a veil your shadow to conceal.

To you

Now I tirelessly thirsting sea,
now you, forever yielding, receptive earth.

D

And men build new temples.
The cranes fly up and down
like the flutter of heartbeats--
I never understood these men
yet I studied their shadows
embracing at dusk
the delicacy of their touch I studied
and the narrowness of their vision.
Their puny dreams I studied ~~and their projects~~
~~and the boundaries of their equal, narrow days~~
just as a student scrutinizes ^{insect} ~~and~~ caterpillar.
then suddenly I tired of sitting
and became desirous only
of two wings with which to follow you
over the boundless, neverending white shore.

and their small days

and their small days

an

or a or a

E

The
I lit fire and put figs and chestnuts in a basket
and sat down to watch the road, the road which was
as straight and long as the nostalgia
for children's flown days.

No, it is of no consequence
that Time has so many wrinkles carved
on our faces whilst we spin our webs
which are condemned to ~~dust.~~ *become*
It is of no consequence that we lost our way
within the so many ~~labyrinthine~~ *details*
~~paths~~ of these same webs.

to become dust

details

Only the fire matters, which tonight I light
so as to give warmth
to an invisible presence.

But come, I have coffee and cigarette, to offer
and whatever else may be useful
to keep this silence at bay...
a book perhaps...or even some intriguing artifact.

Only do not hasten
to lend the clock's beat to your dead memory
for this night a revelation
will be made.

F

It is to you I speak, Moon, whom
they have adulterated shamelessly in public places.
Abandon for once your ~~per~~ ~~des~~ ~~is~~ course
as this Earth's satellite.
~~For although satellites wear pale coverings~~
~~they can burn with a sun's full strength.~~
~~But they have prostituted you;~~ gone is your silver light
So what is left now other than to become a Man
and take again the road; for tonight
a revelation is at hand.

humble

humble

Now They have
shamed you
- ~~Nick Silver~~
~~his light!~~

G

I put my sandals on
and descended the ruin-scattered path...
empty windows all about me, and ivy.
At the spring two naked snails were making love
silently and methodically.
A little beyond a few men
with their many creeds
and then at last the dogs.

The ash-covered road was mercilessly soft
along ~~it's~~ so many crosses
and interrogatives.

At dawn (before the crowing of the cock)
I sat on a rock and wept bitterly
like a mortal.

Translated in english by John Corbidge

MEA 1.2