

HE CAME TO BID ME FAREWELL

He came to bid me farewell
Leaving such a pale smile on my eyelids
The faithful believer of my youth, the bearer of life,
Tender shoot of bitter lemon tree.

The haughty one came to bid me farewell
Wasting no words, with a beckoning hand, and then vanished
Inside a dream.

Those tinted sounds and diphthongs,
Suspended there still,
Disfigure my daily routine.

How can the unsuspecting mortal translate
The crafty charm of Hecate?

NEA 1.12