

“ The Passion”

I

Here then am I,
created for the young Korai and the Aegean Islands,
lover of the deer's leaping,
initiate in the Mystery of olive leaves,
sun-drinker and locust-killer.

Here am I, face to face
with the black shirts of the ruthless
and of the years' empty belly that aborted
its own children, in heat!

Wind releases the elements and thunder assaults the
mountains.

Fate of the innocent, alone again, here you are in the
Straits!

In the Straits I opened my hands.

In the Straits I emptied my hands
and saw no other riches, heard no other riches
but cool fountains running,

Pomegranates or Zephyr or Kisses.

Each to his own weapons, I said:

In the Straits I'll open my pomegranates.

In the Straits I'll post Zephyrs as sentries,

I'll unleash the old kisses canonized by my longing!

Wind releases the elements and thunder assaults the
mountains.

Fate of the innocent, you are my own Fate!