

# ERĒMĒ GĒ

Elias Lagios

translated by

Konstantina Georganta

## TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

This translation of Elias Lagios' *Erēmē Gē* was created with both T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* and George Seferis' translation of Eliot's poem in mind, since Lagios was openly influenced by both of these texts. Some pieces of text are transliterated from the original Greek (sometimes with a footnote providing the English translation) so as to keep the "foreignness" of the text that *The Waste Land* also promoted.

In transliterating Greek, the Library of Congress transliteration system has been used.

The "Notes to *Erēmē Gē*" at the end of the poem is a translation (wherever possible) of Lagios' own notes included in the Greek publication of his poem (Ekdoseis Eratō 1996). When there is no translator mentioned, the translation of poems included in the notes is mine.

**ERĒMĒ GĒ\***  
**1984**

*in loving, pure, respected and sacred  
memory of Agis Stinas, a revolutionary*

*Ein Gespenst geht um in Europa – das Gespenst  
des Kommunismus... Die Proletarier haben nichts  
in ihr zu verlieren als ihre Ketten. Sie haben eine  
Welt zu gewinnen.*

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\* The layout of the source text has been maintained as much as possible.

## I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

April is a stranger to almond trees, breeding  
Lilacs out of the whipped land, stirring  
Knowledge and will, irrigating  
Holy roots with spring rain.  
In winter we console ourselves, covering  
Wet guilt with lēthē, feeding  
A rancid life with building sites and promises of mercy.  
Harvest surprised us, coming over Kaisarianē  
Together with the sun; we barricaded cloud acropolises,  
And the sudden rain crawled to the corner Patēsiōn-Stournara 10  
As they celebrated freedom and we hit them...  
Ich bin keine Russin, stamm aus Komajini, echt...  
And when we were children we went to our uncle, an ELAS<sup>1</sup> man,  
To become liberators; they executed him,  
And I cowed. And he yelled, Alexē,  
Alexē, where are you going? But I bolted the door of my house.  
In the mountains, you would like it there.  
My hibernation is deaf, almost all night long, yet every day I buy "Hestia".

The roots clutch, the branches grow  
Out of these human ruins. Child of rage and necessity, 20  
It is now your duty to teach and act, since you've known  
The autumnal pain of the forgotten who plucked the stars,  
And you do not seek purpose in death, relief in mourning,  
The stone gushed water and murmurs softly. Only  
This the unnamed dream with the captured threat,  
(Give me your hand, tight fists, to escape this dream)  
And we will live something different  
From either the sensation of betrayal stealing our day  
Or the vengeful nightmare surrendering us to the night;  
In the ascent of ash we will experience horizons. 30

Hector, you are now  
my father, noble mother, brother,  
my protecting husband.

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1. The Greek People's Liberation Army

"When you loved me I was only a girl of sixteen;  
You called me Scamander's daughter."  
But as I furrowed the soil behind the chariot,  
Rotten now, a black headscarf on your hair  
and my hair covered in mud, I did not accept  
The respect, some God embraced me, I was neither  
Winning nor losing, and I suffered all once again, 40  
Preying on past and future in the petrified present.  
My heart and mind know well the day is coming  
when sacred Ilion will be destroyed.

Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, notorious bolshevik,  
Had a soul, nevertheless  
Is known to be the greatest revolutionary in Europe,  
With a wicked technique. Here, he preached,  
Is your father, the bearded captain  
(These all souls candles were his eyes. Pray!)  
Here is Aphrodite, Aphrode, the Lady of Ports,  
The lady of valiant men, 50  
Here is Judas with his pieces of silver, and here the justice of History,  
And here is the judge and the informer, and this the sentence  
Stamped, burdening our Party,  
If I see it I will resent it. Belogiannēs  
Is smiling holding the carnation. Fight for Communism, it will come.  
I see in its dawn masses chanting.  
Spasibo Tovarishch. If you go to the Central Committee  
Tell them they need to find a solution by themselves.  
Our times are constantly watching over us.

Unreal Land, 60  
Under the grey reality of a January dawn,  
Illusion of soviet tombs, so many,  
I had not realized we had to do in so many.  
Epic pains for lyric passions,  
And you fixed your wet eyes on the Parthenon, you remembered,  
We started from the Unknown's to Papaspyrou's;  
Where gigolos sunbathe, answering  
With a dead sound the debt's final call.

There I saw one I deeply loved, and I stopped him, crying: "You bastard!  
You who were with me at Twins, the club at Spetses! 70  
The corpse that sprouted fake god in your garden,  
Is it your brother? Tell me, do you do it?  
Or has the poison of truth made it disappear?  
O keep Passion away, it leaves man vulnerable,  
Or it will spew our filth into the air!  
You! Immortal divine god, no longer a mortal!"

## II. A GAME OF CARDS (PREFA)

The rocking chair, like a cracked incubator,  
Looked like fake plastic, across which the glass  
Hung by a nail wrought with rust on a sweated wall  
Next to a calendar with the picture of a bare breasted girl, 80  
(Grass on her feet, a crimson ring on her shell of an ear)  
Doubled coca colas and Turkish coffees,  
Reflecting light upon the green felt as  
The glitter of her tin bracelet rose to meet it,  
On a hand still tanned and looking resplendent.  
In one- and half-a-kilo bottles  
Unstoppered, various drinks crowded the space with their taste,  
The front ones dusted, the others not – provoked, stirred  
And drowned nose and soul in scents; stirred by the air  
That landed in the hall grimy and stuffy, they ascended 90  
Fattening the flames from matches and lighters, dimming the bulb glass,  
Soaking the wooden backgammons in smoke,  
Waking behind the bench, the café owner's dead grandfather.  
The oil dark and heavy, fed with cotton and alcohol,  
Burned a blue flame, in the cast-iron stove,  
In whose sickened awe queens and jacks were brought to life.  
Above the beer crates, on TV, it was depicted  
Unwittingly opening a window to the daily wound,  
The deforming of man, so methodically broken  
By his elected, foul bosses; yet a recorder 100  
Stressed the scene with its muted melody  
And still it chanted, and still it pursued the world,  
"To arms, to arms..." to walled-in ears.  
And then other images, different, corruption-bred,  
Appeared recycled on the screen,  
Came and went declaring the departure of wasted lives.  
The door opened at times and was shut again.  
Under the lamp's dim light, under the small brush, her hair  
Spread out dried shrubs on fire.  
She tried to talk to him, but then a tortured repetition. 110

"I feel wonderful to-night. Wonderful, yes!

Only I am a bit tired. If you have somewhere to be, you can go.

If then again you stay, do you want to talk? You know,  
you never spoke to me about yourself. Isn't this funny?  
Well, since you are not going, let's speak. Tell me,  
whatever you want. Speak to me about your life and dreams.  
You never did want to tell me what you are thinking of.  
You did not want to, you could not. And so I always wonder  
what you are thinking of. Speak to me. Please..."  
I think of the dead from '49  
And the rats that eat their bones.

"What is that noise?"

The dice at the next table.

"Look at what the dice brought. Did they bring anything good?"

Nothing; do they ever bring anything good? 120

"Have you got nothing else to tell me? Do you know anything else to tell  
me? Do you dream  
Nothing?"

I dream

These all souls candles were his eyes.

"Are you alive or not? Is there nothing in your head?"

Well

Look, since you want; this rebel song

It's eloquent

So mad. 130

"And what do you want me to do? What shall I do?"

"I shall leave at once, and go home to cry,

With your bite mark on my neck, like so. What shall we do tomorrow?

What can we ever do?"

Wake up at nine.

Rain or shine we will come here again, to these same chairs again.

And we shall play a game of cards, and then another and another and an-  
other,

Wiping our muddy hands and waiting for the day we will be called.

When they picked up Tasoula's husband again, I said –

I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,

140

ARATE PYLAS<sup>2</sup>

Now Thodōrēs is in jail, apply for a divorce.

One day you'll look for your wasted youth waiting for him  
To return from the islands. Law will be by your side, I know so.

You go ahead, Tasoula, go,

Do you perhaps think he will appreciate this?

Listen to me, I say, Thodōrēs will be unbearable,

He's been in exile four years, he's changed,

I swear, anyone else would get a divorce, I say,

You've paid you dues already.

Please stop, she says. I will not, I say. 150

If you keep at this we will argue, she says, and gives me a straight look.

ARATE PYLAS

If you won't listen to me you can get on with it, I say,

Do you think anyone cares?

But if Thodōrēs makes your life a living hell, it won't be for lack of telling.

You ought to be ashamed, I say, with no child, to look so antique.

(And her already twenty-eight).

This is also Thodōrēs' fault, she says, in anger,

It's not him, it's the ones who put him in prison.

(She desperately wants a child). 160

You'll see, once he's back we'll have a child and all will be well.

You *are* a proper fool, I say.

Well for this I am sure, even if they do let him out, he will be back in within  
six months,

What did you get married for with no husband and no child, I say.

ARATE PYLAS

Well, that Tuesday he received a letter from Thodōrēs, and she made a  
cake,

And she got all pretty and asked us all the women from the neighbour-  
hood to dinner.

ARATE PYLAS

ARATE PYLAS

Kōsta, Dēmētrakē, get right up. Phrosō, go put on your formal dress. 170

Hurry up for the church. Hurry. Hurry.

Happy Easter, Happy Easter, Happy Resurrection Day.

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2. Lift up your heads, O ye gates



### III. THE FIRE DAYS

The mountain snow turned red; abandoned corpses.  
Melting they meet the dry soil. The north wind  
Comes through the red earth, in tears. The heroes are betrayed.  
Sweet Vitsi, blaze, to sing my song.  
The mountain's hills bear automatic guns, empty shells.  
Military jackets, letters from loved ones, family photos,  
And other testimonies, in thousands, of sleepless nights. The heroes are  
betrayed.  
And their brothers, the last sons of the fighters from '21. 180  
Betrayed, no one speaks of them.  
By the wired fence of Makronēsos, there I sat down and wept...  
Sweet Vitsi, blaze, to sing my song,  
Sweet Vitsi, blaze, to know their sorrow.  
But as I undress I see my eyes in a scene foretold  
The resurrection of the dead and their glory echoing all over the world.

The rats slowly dominated the city  
Leaving their filthy breath on anything holy  
While we masturbate in the lamp-lit amphitheatre  
In endless afternoons of meetings on the second floor of the Physics and  
Mathematics School 190  
Dancing upon the corpse of the people's movement,  
One on top of the other, with a swarm of counter-proposals.  
Feeble children in dark block of flats  
Infallible idealists in dark damp narrow basements,  
Impaled by time, year after year.  
But as I dress only my eyes exist  
Proclamations of socialism and revolution, which shall bring  
Freedom to the Proletariat, in the coming spring, the next summer.  
O sun shine bright on the Proletariat 200  
And its children,  
They wash their hands in its blood.  
Pour thy pure light which beams eternal from thy face serene.

A little sea  
To arms, to arms  
So methodically broken.

Mother

Unreal Land

Under the grey reality of a January noon  
Our methodical leader, comrade Raspoutinopoulos  
Battle-ready, with an armful of posters 210  
Attention: police on sight,  
Offered me in an eloquent rhetoric  
A mummified aristocracy for faith  
And a servile protest to practice with.

On History's tree, where vision and acknowledgment  
Lie, there, where the daily engine waits  
Like the hoodlums wheezing, whistling,  
I Athanasios, though light-shadowed, stuck between touch, vision and  
dream,  
Athōnitēs, God's fearful wolf voice, I can see, can see,  
On History's tree, grand and rough tree, where 220  
The infinity's shrieking flower sprouts,  
Sucking stygian water like blood,  
On the walls of the debased metropolis,  
Constantine the Last; he wears a cloak and golden sandals, dictating  
To Phrantzēs the Story of the City's Fall, awaiting a fairhanded girl from  
Bosporus.  
Outside in the Golden Horn, swaddled with indifference  
like a caress  
Coffee pots rot under the last rays of the setting sun,  
On the mud cell (at night my passion's nest)  
Saint books, theologies, hymns, and two tortured love letters from the  
virgin are piled.  
I Lagios, poet with the usual middle-class vision,  
Transformed and acted the scene again,  
Knowing too well what is left.  
And I thought that the expected, stranger had become. 230  
He, a true child of the future, sits close to her at the table,  
Clueless social-realist with bright eyes,  
One of the newcomers in whom a word dwells  
Like mould on dictator palaces.  
Their hours open up now to love making, they can sense it,

Their meal is ended, the night is theirs,  
They give themselves to bodily kisses  
Receiving their frail souls as communion.  
Waters hiss and meet in ecstasy;  
Their hands feed into a familiar nudity; 240  
The orgasm comes and brings affliction and serenity,  
They feel the lunacy of their love as they suffer.  
(And I Athanasios, and I Ēlias, had already experienced this pleasure  
Offered in this mud cell, at night my passion's nest;  
I who betrayed, was betrayed and denied my wings,  
And dived into deeper darkness)  
Last caresses,  
And then he wakes up in his horrific nightmare.

Looking at the empty room crying all day,  
The hurtful reminder of her going away  
he is bearing; 250  
His brain allowing her image to pass and say:  
It was good while it lasted, a joyous pairing.  
When a man lives with the memory  
Of a woman, he chisels a tomb,  
With a cracked voice pleading to the moon  
And listening to her song on the gramophone.

"You were kind and sweet of temper, all the good graces were yours..."  
And along Athēnas street, up to Concordia Square.  
O Land, land, I can find you again sometimes when I hear 260  
In a little haunt in Monastēraki,  
The whining breath of a bouzouki  
And the patriotic hymn and hubbub from within  
Where weary workers gather at nightfall;  
Where the promises of the Great Revolution hold  
Inexplicable purity of a white-winged dove.

The road around stinks  
Piss and cheese  
The whores moored  
On doors on columns  
Legs naked meat 270

For the client to enjoy  
Like dogs  
The police attacks  
They step back  
Here is the law  
They arrested the woman from Mytilēnē.  
Yippie ya ya, yippie yippie ya  
Yippie ya ya, yippie yippie ya!

Giangos and Moiraia  
Holding the forks 280  
Rotunda loaded  
With goods  
For the soul and the stomach  
Madness – tralala –  
Wears golden spurs  
Music from the orchestra  
Brought to mind  
Great ideals  
Of champagne and lobster.  
Yippie ya ya, yippie yippie ya 290  
Yippie ya ya, yippie yippie ya!

“Toilets and wedding songs.  
My home gave me values. My mum and dad  
Gave me over to him. In the evening my mum treated him to a couple of  
drinks  
And then he came up to the attic and took away my virginity”.

“My orgasm was over at his perfect eyebrows, and hope  
Keeps my orgasm company. In a drunk second  
We looked at each other laughing. We promised a new motherland,  
Hawk of light. Then we got married, I gave him children. What should I  
dream anymore?”

“On the Island of Sorrow 300  
I can feel  
That when you are you are of anonymity and love.  
My poor sisters, sisters who gave all expecting

Nothing".

yippie ya

To dry islands they sent us

Singing singing singing singing

O Comrades we were dying ungrieved

O Comrades we were dying

singing

310

IV. DEATH AND SEA

Arēs the Greek, for centuries dead,  
Is remembered by the nightingale and the shadowy ravines  
And the guns and clouds.

    A modest wind rising from the sea  
Kissed his bones in song. Wed to the fight  
He crucified his young life  
To a place of mountains olive trees and sea.

    Comrade or countryman,  
O you who turn the wheel and look to victory,  
Consider Arēs, who was like you, and for you he died.

320

V. WHEN THUNDER STRIKES

After the dim skylight inexplicably bright on wrinkled faces  
After the frosty voices in the military court  
After the loneliness in cement cells  
The groaning and the dreaming  
The prison meal and reveille and reverberation  
Of iron guns over teary eyes  
He who was forgotten is now resurrected  
We who were forgotten are now resurrected  
In Justice.

330

This is no dream but a dream's dream  
A dream's dream and the promise of glory  
Glory continued in freedom  
Which is an ascent of freedom beyond sleep  
If we did not destroy our sleep we could lie down and rest  
In such a dream's dream we only know to keep going  
Sweat is moist and feet tread lightly on the hard soil  
Destroying the fortress of sleep  
Blunt wine of freedom like a girl's bosom offering  
an intoxicated blessing  
Here one can think fight and win  
This is neither the thought of your self in such freedom  
But the ever present thunder striking darkness with light  
This is neither the hope of your self in such freedom  
But the comrades leading the way and pronouncing  
The chaotic beauty of young children with their blood  
    Destroying sleep  
    Only a mystical reality  
    Opens up a dream's dream

340

No sleep  
Dead sleep  
Thunder  
The mystical dream lighting us from above  
Destroying the grey idea of sleep itself  
Not serenity  
And fertile vigilance

350

But the grey reality of sleep  
Where noon and night become one in a vital reality chanting  
Comrades forwards comrades forwards forwards forwards  
But we have now destroyed sleep

Who is the one with the red carnation always walking beside us?  
When we cower, it is just us and sleep ravaging us 360  
But when we stir towards the coming glory  
He comes a fellow traveller the one with the red carnation  
Walking proudly through the smokes of war intact  
You cannot tell anymore whether he is alive or dead  
But who is the one with the red carnation guiding us?

What is that cry breathing in the air  
Breath of a love swallow  
Who are those wrecked white-clad hordes  
On the horses of justice, galloping on green fields  
Ringed by a clean aura and the fire of good 370  
What is this glorified land  
It is born and breeds and is always young in a respectful dim light  
The heroes remain awake  
Luxemburg Gramsci Bukharin  
Zachariadēs Pouliopoulos  
Resurrected

A rebel shook his rough hair and rough beard  
And fiddled drunk music on this broken bone  
And as a January day rose and set red blood-blessed flags  
Flowed subduing duration 380  
And were hoisted proudly at the top of History's tree  
And the branches were rich and lush  
Tolling and announcing the young heart  
And voices were singing out of cemeteries and places of exile.

In this wrecked hideout in the forgotten mountains  
Under an enraged moonlight, the People attend mass;  
Nameless they flare up like churches  
There is the thunder's chapel, home of the resurrected.  
Human windows, and the door open to the future,



A thousand dead a thousand alive you can no longer tell. 390  
 A skylark stood on the rooftree, chanting  
 Death to tyrants  
 In the dim flash of lightning. Then a sound of annunciation  
 Bringing the message

The great river flows, and the orange trees from Epirus  
 Blossom in light, and those who fought against the celebrations for free-  
 dom

Are hidden deep, behind the world.  
 Night spread again, subdued, timid,  
 And the thunder stroke the great letter

*E* 400

*Epanastasē*<sup>3</sup>: what have we offered?  
 Comrade, blood quickens in my heart  
 The sweet daring of a life's revolt  
 Which an ancient prudence can never retract  
 By this, and this only, we have existed  
 Which no one will tell our children  
 And only we will know and the pallbearer cricket  
 And tomorrow a subdued humanity will create  
 With the trace of our bodies.

*E* 410

*Erōtas*: I heard your steps  
 I felt your hand on my hand  
 Denying the other, you confirm your prison  
 Feeling the other's loneliness, you destroy your prison  
 Only now at dawn, a tear  
 Revives for an instant Penelope's terror.

*E*  
*Elephtheria*<sup>4</sup>: The boat responded  
 Gaily, to the hand that turns it  
 The invitation was serene, your heart responded 420  
 Gaily, when invited, dominating, whilst dominated,  
 The ultimate dominion.

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3. Revolution

4. Freedom

I came out of the amphitheatre  
Awakening, the masses all over me  
Let's unsettle the world's order.  
Wolf, are you here?  
I will sing of well-founded Earth, mother of all.  
How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand  
In front of battle for their native land!  
A curse, a curse on Fatherlands again!  
Dry human bones, in them I breathed flesh and soul.  
Today the sky is shining, today the day too  
Today the eagle gets engaged to the dove. 430  
Epanastasē Erōs Elephtheria  
Thanatos Thanatos Athanatos

Comrades

## NOTES TO ERĒMĒ GĒ

Nasos Vayenas' text "Patroklos Yatras or The Greek translations of *The Waste Land*" («Πάτροκλος Γιατράς ή Οι ελληνικές μεταφράσεις της Έρημης Χώρας», 1976), which talks about a supposed – but no less possible – re-reading (or miscorrection?) of *The Waste Land*, was the starting point for writing this poem. I also have to refer to another historical work which influenced my generation significantly, namely *The Second Rebel Movement* (*Το Δεύτερο Αντάρτικο*). Let me add here that the narration takes place during one January day – apart from the fifth part which deals with the long time of night. In reality, the first four parts represent the dream of a working historical reality, while the fifth part, a dream's dream, is reality itself. Let me finish by saying that the poem's title refers to Solomos' "The Destruction of Psara" where Glory

A crown upon her brow she wears –  
Made of the scant and withered weeds  
The desolate earth in silence bears.

(Translated by E.M. Edmonds)

### I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

12. See C.P. Cavafy's poem "Epitaph of Antiochos, King of Kommagini" as well as these lines by George Seferis's "Last Stop":

the little state  
of Kommagene, which flickered out like a small lamp,  
often comes to mind.

(Translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard)

20. Kōstas Varnalēs, «Οδηγητής» ("Leader")

24. Angelos Sikelianos, *Ειδυλλιακά*, I. ("Idyllia")

31. *Iliad*, Book VI, l.429-30.

37. *Iliad*, X, 395-404.

42. *Iliad*, Book VI, l.448.

49. See the short story by Christos Levantas, «Η Αφρόδω του λιμανιού» ("Aphrode of the port").

52. Nikos Ploumpidēs' sentence. For anthropological (i.e., historical) reasons, I provide here extracts from the Greek Communist Party's decision over Nikos Ploumpidēs the provocateur (25.7.52):

The Greek Communist Party

- a) Expunges Ploumpidēs from the Party (KKE) and denounces him to the people and the Party as an informer, provocateur and traitor.
- b) Calls on all party and non-party members who knew Ploumpidēs to send in any evidence they have...
- c) Surrenders Ploumpidēs to the people's contempt and asks them to treat him as an informer and traitor who sent N. Belogiannēs and other members of the Party to their execution...

54. Belogiannēs. See Yannis Ritsos' "The man with the carnation" (1952). See also Picasso's drawing.

76. Embedocles, "Katharmoi", 112.

## II. A GAME OF CARDS (PREFA)

Title: Since I do not know of a booklet explaining the rules of the Greek card game of Prepha, I ask the reader to go to the nearest cafeion. To learn the game well, one needs to spend some money and enough time. For this game you need at least three players.

81. Miltiadēs Malakasēs, «Σε τρεις στίχους» ("In three lines")

103. See the known guerrilla song:

To arms, to arms  
to the fight,  
for precious  
freedom...

136. See Cavafy's "Monotony":

One monotonous day follows another  
equally monotonous. The same things  
will happen again, and then will happen again,  
the same moments will come and go.

141. See Psalm 24:7:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

### III. THE FIRE DAYS

182. Psalm 137:1:

“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.”

199. See the folk song:

Still in this spring,  
*rayas, rayas,*  
this spring,  
poor Roumelē,  
till the Moscovite comes,  
*rayas, rayas,*  
to bring liberty to  
Morea and Roumelē.

202. Proclus' Hymn to Athena (“To Minerva”):

Pour thy pure light in measure unconfin'd;  
- That sacred light, O all-protecting queen,  
Which beams eternal from thy face serene:  
My soul, while wand'ring on the earth, inspire  
With thy own blessed and impulsive fire;

(trans. by Thomas Taylor)

203. See Donyśēs Savvopoulos' song “A little sea”.

218. The date dedicated to St. Athanasius the Athonite is July 5<sup>th</sup>. This is the date at which Patroklos Giatras is freed and begins his reading of *The Waste Land*. This is also the date of this writer's birth.

223. See George Phrantzēs' *Chronicle*.

257. See Yannis Ritsos' poem “Epitaph” as put to music by Mikēs Theodōrakēs: “You were kind and sweet of temper, all the good graces were yours...”

277. See the guerrilla song:

The girls who first had Germans  
now have English boys  
in short trousers  
followed by a bunch of Indians.  
Yippie ya ya, yippie yippie ya,  
yippie ya ya, yippie ya!

284. See Kōstas Karyotakēs' Strophes, 10:

“Bronze gypsy – tralala! – skips wildly over...”

#### IV. DEATH AND SEA

312. Direct reference to Ares Velouchiōtēs and also to Arēs Alexandrou's poem "Of the sun" («Του ήλιου»):

...the day shines red, warm and strong  
so that Ares can come to enjoy the sun, to rest  
from a night of pillaging, from the dens of death  
to start a guerrilla fight at golden dawn's bastion

...κι αστράφτει η μέρα κόκκινη, ζεστή και σιδερένια  
για νάρθει ο Άρης να λιαστεί, ναρθεί να ξαποστάσει  
απ' την κουρσάρικη νυχτιά, του χάρου τα λημέρια  
να στήσει τον αντάρτικο της χρυσαυγής την ντάπια.

#### V. WHEN THUNDER STRIKES

359. See line 54.

371. See line 60.

377. See the guerrilla song:

Black hair  
crow black,  
waving to the left,  
I loved you  
always and now  
and my poor heart  
weeps and hurts...

392. See Michalēs Katsaros' "Days of 1953" in *Κατά Σαδδουκαίων*:

Stop your hymns urban Greek poet Leivaditēs  
for loves homes and tranquillity  
no matter how human they are.  
Tomorrow you will have to shout out  
like before with me Death to tyrants.

Πάψε τους ύμνους σου αστέ ποιητή έλληνα Λειβαδίτη  
για έρωτες σπίτια και ηρεμία  
όσο ανθρώπινα κι αν είναι.  
Αύριο θ' αναγκαστείς να φωνάξεις  
όπως άλλοτε μαζί μου Θάνατος στους τυράννους.

426. I think this is from a book of the first grade (παλιό αναγνωστικό Α Δημοτικού):

- Wolf, are you here?

- I take my stick and I come after you.

427. See the Homeric Hymn to Earth:

"I will sing of well-founded Earth, mother of all, eldest of all beings. She feeds all creatures that are in the world, all that go upon the goodly land, and all that are in the paths of the seas, and all that fly: all these are fed of her store."

(trans. by Hugh G. Evelyn-White)

428. See Tyrtaeus' "Martial Elegy":

"How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand  
In front of battle for their native land!"

(trans. by Thomas Campbell)

428. See Kōstēs Palamas' *The Twelve Words of the Gypsy* (1907, Word 7, The Fair at Kakava):

"We refuse!  
Spoil not our festival; we celebrate  
the shattering of every bond and chain,  
Be they of diamond or of tempered steel.  
We are the great Affranchised of the Earth –  
A curse, a curse on Fatherlands again!"

(trans. by T. Stephanidēs and G. Katsimpalēs)

429. See Κοντάκιον εις Λάζαρον:

Μέγα θαύμα εφάνέρωσα  
εν τη κοιλάδι τω προφήτη μου  
ξηρά οστά όντα ανθρώπινα  
εν αυτοίς σάρκα ανέδειξα  
και ψυχήν και μετά νέκρωσιν.

430. Wedding folk song.