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Elegy

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Elegy

BY NIKOS STANGOS

Sing for me
In the dark breast of the moon
Unfolding your eyes in ecstasy

I have been dropping with the rain
Remembering the early breath of the Spring-earth
And the new seed
Transformed into a new rose.

Sing for me
In the dark breast of the moon
When I stood naked
Clasping the seven winds in my hands
Altering the pace of the birds
Which return always from the brown sun of Egypt,
The moment when my hands part the clouds
Offering the sun from old bottles of wine
The moment when my pulse surrenders to the infinity of my heart

O how can I remember all the days
How can I remember the moments
(And there was no moment to sing like a dead canary)
How can I remember
The unfolding light
Bathing my eyes in forgotten shadows of statues
How can I remember
The dark rooms where I liked to cry from fear
And the prayer forming itself on the dark lips of darkness

But still

I know that you wait somewhere

There, behind the corner of this street

Where I expect to find a face

And where I find another street

You are there, I know and I will never forget

Taking the flower or the sea in my broken fingers and crying

I know that you are waiting there, everywhere

Around and over and between and within

Sing for me

And brush the dust off my tears