

**John Benjamin D'Arkozi:
The Deadman amid the Living**

for Níkos Engonópoulos

John Benjamin D'Arkozi who died –
“in life” – and was resurrected as soon as night fell
slaughters his flock every evening – goats oxen and
countless sheep – he drowns his birds emptying
his rivers and on the deep black cross
set up in the middle of his room
he has crucified his love. Afterward he sits before
the open window smoking a pipe
poor and crying and thinking that
he too had flocks of oxen goats and countless sheep
he had rivers of swift clear water
he too admired the fluttering of birds
he too took pleasure in the warm breath of women