

The Separated

for Andréas Embirícos

The river the dream the nettles and fear
were scattered in this meadow
and the beautiful woman with her rod of passion
torments her eyes torments her soul
let the horse wander to the mare's voice
let the nettles find her feet
let the great fear wear a mask
let the river leave blood in other streams
and let the dream fill her heart with other light
her own heart and those of other people

And her lover the brave severe god
returning at night with great ships
was thrown into the street like a white handkerchief
in the middle of the night amid trees and stars
to find her in a street to find her in a house
with famous old mothers and weakened boys
to find her in the wound in her scar of passion
when she alone raises the rod
so the river the dream the nettles and fear
may come together in this meadow once more