



*“It is easier to die for the woman one loves than to live with her”*

***Lord Byron***

*THIS COLLECTION OF POEMS IS DEDICATED TO THE SUPPORTERS OF MY WORK AND, ESPECIALLY, TO MY TEACHERS, ▯ABBOT GERASIMOS AND ZESES ECONOMOU, AS WELL AS TO NICK THE MULE, JOHNNY OF THE EAST, CHARDALOUMBAS OF ANAVRYTA, GIANNAKAS OF MISSES DINA, XENIA, OUR LITTLE XENIA (KSENAKI), WHO MAY HAVE FANCIED A CARRERA, BUT SHE WAS KILLED ON A BEETLE, TO POETESS MARGARITA, TO TAKIS DERVENIS AND TO CAPTAIN MICHAEL.*

*We, the heroes of men,  
Will win our wildest battles when we are dead.  
From "HEPHAESTION"*

1

IF YOU'VE FIXED  
 YOUR HEART AS A  
 COMPASS  
 ON THE BRIDGE OF YOUR SHIP  
 AFTER KEEPING AND NOT LOSING  
 IT THROUGH THEFT,  
 THEN, MY FRIEND  
 YOU'D BETTER  
 NEITHER EXPECT  
 OLD, LAZY RIVERS  
 NOR CELESTIAL HEAVENS.

2

WEEP THEE NOT  
 FOR THE LOST YEARS  
 FOR THE DEPARTED LOVES  
 FOR THE JOYS THAT COULD HAVE COME  
 FOR COMRADESHIPS THAT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN  
 FOR THE FLASHES OF CARELESSNESS  
 SINCE THEY DIDN'T ASK BEFORE COMING  
 BUT THINK OF AND CARE FOR  
 WHAT'S STILL TO COME, WISHING  
 THAT IT'LL BE GREAT.

3

WHEN JUSTICE SURGES OUT LIKE LAVA  
 FROM THE HEART OF YOUR HEARTS,  
 THEN, GUIDE AND FIGHT  
 WITH ALL YOUR BEING

.....  
 SCORNFUL LAUGHTER  
 AND THE QUASI PROPER DEAD.

NEVER COUNT THEM  
 FOR THEY ARE POWERLESS BEFORE YOU

4

YOU CAME TO MY LIFE  
 AND SO DID YOUR GREAT LOVE  
 YOU SUDDENLY CAME TO REMIND ME  
 THAT JOY AND SORROW  
 FAIL TO KNOCK ON THE DOOR  
 BEFORE ENTERING YOU.  
 YOU CAME NOISELESSLY TO ME.  
 YET, THE SECRET SPARKLES  
 OF OUR HEARTS' BIRDS  
 SHIMMERED IN YOUR EYES  
 DESPITE WANTING THAT NOTHING BE SEEN  
 DESPITE WANTING, BY SECRETLY LOVING,  
 TO SUFFER LESS FROM THE BLOW OF LOSS,  
 AS YOU THOUGHT AND I, HANGING  
 FROM YOUR SWEET EYELIDS FOR COUNTLESS DAYS,  
 WERE LEARNING ABOUT LOVE.

*To Annie, my great love.*

5

WHEN PEOPLE YOU HAD GREATLY BENEFITED  
 DENY YOU AT THE DIFFICULT MOMENTS OF YOUR LIFE  
 AND YOU CLOSE YOU DOOR TO THEM LIKEWISE,  
 THEN, LOOK AT TRUTH STRAIGHT IN THE EYES  
 WITH A TIGHTENED HEART AND FIRMLY-CLOSED LIPS  
 AND IF YOU SEE THAT YOUR MISTAKES  
 ARE COUNTED IN THEIR THOUSANDS AND YOURS IS  
 A HELPLESS COMPANION LIKE YOU YOURSELF,  
 YOU SHOULD ADMIT THAT YOU'D WISH  
 YOU LOVED SOME OTHER, PERHAPS, MORE HANDSOME,  
 PERHAPS WITTIER BUT, ANYHOW,  
 UNTRUTHFUL PEOPLE  
 IF YOU WANT TO LOVE  
 IF YOU WANT TO SUFFER  
 IF YOU WANT TO LIVE AND,  
 THEN, SEE THAT EVERYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES  
 IS IN THE WAITING WITHIN SOME OTHER PEOPLE  
 AND BEND AND PICK IT UP.

6

EH, WELL,  
 YES!  
 THE POPLAR TREE BENT  
 TO THE OTHER SIDE  
 OF THE RIVER.  
 IT WASN'T ONLY  
 THE RELENTLESS  
     UNDERMINING POWER  
 OF THE TRANSPARENT  
     WATER  
         ON THE BANK;  
 ALSO THE NORTHERLY  
 WINDS  
 DID CONTRIBUTE TO IT  
     SOMEHOW.

.....  
 BUT IT IS THE ROOTS THAT  
 HOLD IT EVEN MORE STRONGLY NOW.

7

WELL, IT'S NICE  
 THAT HERE WE ARE THE  
 TWO OF US TODAY,  
 YOU AND I,  
 WITHOUT A MIRROR.  
 WE TWO ARE ONE  
 LIKE TWO PIECES  
 OF INCANDESCENT IRON,  
 WELDED INTO ONE  
 AFTER THOUSANDS OF  
 STROKES.  
 HOWEVER, NOT EVEN  
 A SINGLE LINE  
 WILL, ANY LONGER,  
 SEPARATE US TODAY.

8

WHAT A COMMOTION,  
 THE CHILD GOT INJURED!!!  
 HE WAS SCRATCHED  
 ....ON HIS KNEE.  
 WHAT A GREAT UNHAPPINESS!  
 ALSO THE DOG WOULD SNEEZE  
 AND WE'VE RUN SHORT  
 OF ASPIRINS FOR DOGS.

*I'M VERY SORRY!  
I DON'T BREATHE THE FRESHNESS  
OF THE FLOWER  
I WAS NEXT TO.  
I'M NOT SO SURE  
IF IT'S REAL OR ARTIFICIAL.*

*.....  
FOR ONLY ONE THING I'M SURE OF:  
THAT THIS AND THAT AND THE OTHER  
WITH SWINGING LEAVES  
FROM THE GOLDEN POPLARS  
REMINDE OF AUTUMN.  
THE PILES ON THE RIVER BANKS  
ARE AS TALL AS HILLS  
THE SAME AS THEY WERE LAST YEAR  
AND ALSO QUITE THE SAME THEY'LL BE  
DURING THE COMING AUTUMN.*

9

*I'M WRITING YOU  
SO THAT YOU'LL HAVE  
A TASTE OF OUR CHAINS.  
DON'T BE TAKEN ABACK THEN;  
I KNOW SOMEONE WHO HUNKERS  
FOR A FRIENDLY WORD.*

*.....  
WHILST A WOMAN OPPOSITE  
ENDLESSLY CURSES ME  
BECAUSE, SHE SAYS, I'M INDIFFERENT.*

10

THOSE WHO VOWED FOR THEIR TRANSFORMATION  
INTRUDED MY PRIVACY AGAIN  
AND, HAVING ACCEPTED THE RIGHTS OF THE FLOCK  
ALONG WITH THE OBLIGATIONS OF COURSE,  
INTRUDED ANEW,  
ASKING FOR MERCY FROM ME,  
THE LOST SHEEP.  
HE STANDS UNFAMILIARLY  
ON A HILL  
STREWN WITH FLOWERS.  
THOUSANDS OF SUNS AND MOONS  
SHINE ON HIS FACE.  
HIS GLANCE REFLECTS  
THE STRENGTH OF ALL HISTORY'S  
EAGLES TOGETHER.  
HIS HANDS WILL PAINT THE SKIES WITH MUSIC SCORES  
AND, IF THEY SO WISH, THEY CAN SMASH GRANITE.  
THE BEAUTY OF THE DAWN  
IS PICTURED ON  
HIS FOREHEAD.  
HIS SMILE REFLECTS  
ALL MOTHERS' LOVE  
AND SHOULD HE TALK TO YOU,  
NOT THAT HE NEEDS IT VERY MUCH  
SINCE A VEHEMENT STREAM  
WILL SURGE OUT OF HIS EYES.  
IT'S THEN WHEN YOU'LL FEEL  
THE FIRST BREATH OF YOUR BIRTH.

12

AND EVEN IF YOU'RE HURT  
BY THE HARDSHIPS OF LIFE  
AND EVEN IF WILD HURRICANES  
WILL CHILL UP YOUR SOUL,  
YOU ARE NEVER TO FORGET  
THAT YOU,  
AT ALWAYS THE RIGHT MOMENT,  
ARE A FOUNTAIN  
POURING ITS OWN WATER  
IN HISTORY'S WATERMILL.

*To Angela Davis*

13

WE SALUTE YOU OH, SUN  
 AND RAISE OUR SONGS  
 SO THAT THEY'LL JOIN  
     THE UNIVERSAL  
     INFINITE  
     CHOIR  
 OF YOUR SONGS  
     AND OF THE MOON'S,  
     OUR NEIGHBOUR'S,  
 AND OF OUR COSMOS'S GALAXIES,  
 WHERE COUNTLESS HUMAN VOICES SOUND FROM.  
 WE ARE THE TORCH BEARERS  
     OF YOUR FIRE.  
 WE BURN ALL DARKNESS  
     TO OUR HEART'S CONTENT,  
 SUBMERGING  
     THE ETERNALLY  
 RENEWED  
     TIP OF BOLDNESS  
     INTO IGNORANCE.

14

BEHOLD MY BODY  
 TRAVELLING IN THE INFINITE SPACE  
 OVER THE GRAIN CALLED EARTH.  
 BEHOLD MY GLANCE,  
 STOPPED  
 ON FOUR WALLS.  
 BEHOLD MY SPIRIT,  
 IMPRISONED  
 BY IGNORANCE AND VICE.  
 .....  
 BEHOLD MY SPIRIT,  
 A DIAMOND DROP  
 OF THIS ENDLESS RIVER  
 CALLED MAN.  
 BEHOLD MY GLANCE,  
 WATCHING WITH ASSURANCE  
 THE ARMIES OF THE CHILDREN  
 WHO WILL RULE THEMSELVES.  
 BEHOLD MY SPIRIT,  
 EMBRACING THE OUTER SPACE  
 AND OUR COSMOS WITH LOVE.



15

AND AT THIS POINT  
 OF OUR BODY  
 WE CALL AS PLANET EARTH,  
 I CREATE MY THOUGHT.  
 BECAUSE I DESIRE  
 ALSO HERE  
 TO FREE  
 MY BEAUTY CONSCIENTIOUSLY...  
 THEREFORE, GO AHEAD MY COMRADES  
 NOW THAT WE FEEL  
 OUR OMNIPOTENCE.  
 NOW THAT WE FEEL,  
 THROUGH OUR THOUGHT.  
 OUR ENTIRE COSMOS  
 BE TOUCHED

16

BY THE SOUNDS OUR DEPARTED  
 COMRADE DESIRES AND  
 AT THE BEAT MY FRIEND  
 WHO'S TO BE BORN DEMANDS,  
 I'LL SING HYMNS  
     TO THE RESURRECTION  
 OF MOTHER NATURE'S  
     THOUGHT  
 WHO WAS COVERED BY A GRAVE STONE  
 OF PROPERTY IN OUR HOUSE  
 A FEW THOUSAND CENTURIES AGO.  
 IT'S AN INSTANT,  
     BEAUTIFUL  
     GAME  
 IN OUR INFINITE COURSE THROUGH TIME  
 OH, YOU GALAXIES, MY BROTHERS!

17

WELL THE MOMENT HAS COME  
 AND IT'S HERE  
 WHERE I'LL DRAW MY THOUGHT  
 WITH MY OWN HAND  
 ON A SHEET OF PAPER,  
 THAT I ENVISAGE YOUR BODY  
 THROUGH THESE PRECIOUS  
 EYES MIRRORING MY COURSE,  
 I FEEL NOW  
 THROUGH MY DEAR BABY

.....  
 YET, I,  
 MOTHER NATURE,  
 DISTINGUISH  
 THIS VERY INFANT,  
 WHO'S FEELING NOW WHAT  
 BEING DETACHED  
 FROM MY WOMB, GROANING  
 WITH PAIN,  
 KNOWING ONLY SOME OF ITS WAY,  
 GROPING IN THE HALF-DARKNESS  
 OF HIS MIND MEANS,  
 FROM ALL MY CHILDREN .  
 AND HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS  
 WHEN IT SHINES IN  
 ITS WEAKNESS,  
 ACCUSING ITS OWN SELF  
 -HOW MUCH OF A CHILD IT IS!-  
 BECAUSE IT IS AN INFANT.  
 MIXED IN IT,  
 THERE IS AN OLD, DARK  
 AND BRAND NEW THING  
 THAT STILL HASN'T FOUND  
 THE WORD TO EXPRESS  
 THE SENSE OF "MOTHER".  
 AS SIMPLY AS IT SHOULD.

.....  
 THEREFORE, IT'S YOU  
 MY DEAR,  
 YES, IT'S YOU  
 THAT I ENDOW  
 WITH MY SPIRIT.

.....  
 AND ALL THE OMNIPOTENT  
 AND THE ALL-WISE  
 SECRETS ARE YOURS  
 MY BABY.

18

*THE GREAT MYSTERY  
NATURE HIDES  
WAS ALL ULYSSES'S  
QUESTION*

.....  
*NAVIGATION ACROSS  
DARK, UNKNOWN OCEANS,  
THEY WOULD GIVE HER  
THE KISS OF DEATH  
BECAUSE THEY WOULD SEE  
THE PRICE OF THIS ANSWER  
IN ITS EYES.*

.....  
*AND NATURE WOULD ALWAYS HONOUR  
THEM WITH TWO WORDS  
THAT WERE AS DEEP AS ITS SUBSTANCE,  
ENORMOUS AS ITS ENDLESS PRESENCE  
AND BEAUTIFUL AS IT PROGRESS  
FOR EVER AND FOR EVER:  
GO AHEAD!*

19

*SO, MY FRIEND,  
FLYING OVER  
OUR NEGATIONS,  
WE'LL EMBRACE EACH OTHER,  
FEELING, DEEPLY  
IN OUR HEARTS,  
HOW MUCH ETERNAL WE ARE.*

.....  
*MY DEAR  
FRIEND.  
YOU, THE PRINCE AND HERMIT,  
HOW LOUDLY  
I HEAR YOU TALK TO ME  
AS IF MY HEART, INVULNERABLE  
FROM THE DECAY OF OLD AGE,  
DASHES TO HUG YOURS,  
CHANTING  
THE ETERNAL HYMN  
OF MOTHER NATURE:  
"GO AHEAD!  
"GO AHEAD!*

20

"GO AHEAD!  
 TO HUG YOUR BROTHERS,  
 SO THAT I'LL HAVE YOU RESURRECTED  
 "GO AHEAD!  
 AS ONLY IN THIS WAY  
 AM I ALSO RESURRECTED.  
 MOTHER NATURE  
 ASKED ME  
 TODAY  
 ABOUT THE BIG LIE  
 SERPENTS HAD CONCOCTED  
 AND I ANSWERED THAT,  
 WHEN HER CHILDREN  
 DESTINED TO CARRY  
 HER SPIRIT  
 FOR EVER AND EVER  
 CLAIMED PROPERTY RIGHTS  
 ON HER,  
 SHE PASSED THEM THROUGH  
 THE PURGATORY OF THE CLASS STRUGGLE  
 AND SHE TOLD ME NOT TO BABBLE ABOUT  
 WELL-KNOWN THINGS.  
 AND I,  
 WITH ALL THE METTLE GIFTED  
 TO HER CHILDREN WHO CAN  
 ENVISAGE HER BODY  
 THROUGH THEIRS, SAID TO HER  
 SIMPLY AS ONE DOES TO ONE'S EQUAL  
 THAT I KNEW IT.  
 AND THEN,  
     WE SOLILOQUISED  
     TOGETHER,  
 "THE BIG LIE  
 SERPENTS CONCOCTED  
 DURING  
 THEIR LATENT, COMPULSORY EXISTENCE  
 WAS THAT THOSE WHO KNOW ABOUT AND LOVE  
     THEIR SUBSTANCE  
 WOULD NEVER LOVE LIFE  
                     WILDLY,  
 AND, THEN, SHE TOLD ME  
 TO GO ON,  
 AS SHE LIKED HEARING  
 OTHERS NARRATE HER BEAUTY IN DETAIL,  
 AND I RETORTED THAT'D SPEAK  
 IN THE NAME OF ALL MY COMRADES  
 WE WORSHIPED HER THOUGHT



22

IT IS REALLY ABSURD AND FUNNY  
 THAT ANTHROPOID SHADOWS  
 STRUGGLE TO SPLIT AND RE-SPLIT  
 THE EARTH, WHO TOLERATES THEM  
 MAGNANIMOUSLY AND WITH EXCESSIVE CARE.  
 LIKewise AND EVEN MORE, THE HEART  
 CANNOT BE SPLIT TO  
 DIVIDE HER CHILDREN INTO OURS AND  
 AND INTO ALIEN ONES.  
 THOSE ANNOYED  
 BY OUR CHILDISH CAREFREE SMILE  
 TELL US AGAIN AND AGAIN  
 THAT FAMILY  
 IS THE RACING TRACK  
 BY WHICH WE'LL BE WREATHED  
 AS PARENTS,  
 AND AS LOVERS.  
 WE TELL THEM, IN TURN,  
 THAT WHOEVER HASN'T SYMPATHISED  
 WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD,  
 HE'LL HATE HIS ONE CHILD,  
 THAT WHOEVER HAS DESPISED  
 ALL PEOPLE OF DAILY TOIL,  
 TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF HIS OWN MOTHER  
 AND DOESN'T LOVE  
 ALL THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD  
 RAPES HIS OWN WIFE.

23

POOR MISTER T  
 HAD RETAINED IN HIS MIND WELL  
 FROM HIS WEDDING CEREMONY  
 THAT HIS WIFE  
 WOULD LOVE ONLY HIM  
 AND NOBODY ELSE  
 AND HAD IMMEDIATELY  
 A LITTLE BEE IN HIS BONNET.  
 WHEN HIS QUASI CURT,  
 INDIFFERENT GLANCE  
 WOULD CATCH HER  
 IN THE PHASE OF  
 A TACIT, SECRET, INVISIBLE  
 EROTIC MOOD,  
 HE WAS ALWAYS WONDERING,  
 THE POOR THING, WHETHER  
 HIS CHILD HAD TAKEN AFTER HIM

BECAUSE HE NEVER OPENED HIS HEART  
 TO STARE AT THE WORLD  
 AND SEE, AMONG MANY OTHER THINGS,  
 HOW UNSCRUPULOUS  
 NATURE CAN BE WITH YOU  
 WHEN YOU ANNOY HER SHAMELESSLY  
 IN HER INNER CHORES  
 BY OFFENDING HER MAGNIFICENCE  
 AND BY QUESTIONING ITS COURSE.

24

I'LL DENY THE TOUCH  
 WITH THE GREAT LIE  
 OF PERSONAL HAPPINESS.  
 I'LL DENY THE LIE  
 THAT MY BLOOD  
 IS NOT EXCITED BY  
 THE PULSES OF MY FELLOW  
 HUMAN BEING.  
 I'LL DENY THE TOLERANCE  
 OF GUILLOTING  
 MY BROTHER.  
 I'LL DENY THE CONNIVANCE  
 IN INFANTS'  
 MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.  
 I'LL DENY THE COWARDICE  
 OF FOLLOWING LIFE  
 IN ITS INCESSANT COURSE  
 TOWARDS MYSELF.

25

LET'S SING OUR BEAUTY  
 SOFTLY  
 AND SWEETLY  
 TONIGHT.  
 BEAUTIFUL IS  
 THE CIGARETTE SMOKE  
 IN MY FRUGAL,  
 FILLED-WITH-MY HEART  
 BEDROOM.  
 BEAUTIFUL IS THE CUP  
 WITH THE HOT DRINK.  
 BEAUTIFUL ARE THE MOVEMENTS  
 OF MY HANDS  
 AS THEY TOUCH AND TRANSPOSE  
 MY TWO COMRADES OF TODAY.

BEAUTIFUL IS MY  
 ASCETIC CORNER OF TODAY  
 AS IT IS CONTINUALLY  
     REMINDING ME,  
 CRYING WITHIN  
     ITS SILENCE,  
 'CHANGE ME  
     FASTER  
     MUCH FASTER'

26

SO, MY COMRADE,  
 DURING THE  
 YEARS MEN JOIN  
 IN ORDER TO BECOME GODS,  
 WE BLESS  
 THE RESURRECTION,  
 GROPING.....  
 AND ALWAYS PRETENDING  
 THAT WE AREN'T HURT,  
 YET, NEVER EXPECTING  
 COMPLIMENTS  
 AND REGRETS  
 EH, EH,  
     YOU RIDER  
 OF THE FUTURE!  
 OUR EYES ARE LIKE THE FLAME  
 THAT IS ABLAZE  
     THIS DAY  
 SO THAT OUR HEART,  
 MAY BE HOT;  
 THIS CRAZY HEART THAT  
 WANTS TO BREATHE  
 THE AIR OF TOMORROW  
 EH, YES!  
 WEARING  
 THE  
 GOLD-GILD ATTIRE  
     GIFTED  
 BY THE BLOOD OF MY HEART,  
 I'LL SING  
 AN ODE  
     THAT  
 ALL THOSE LIVING TODAY  
 CAN HERALD  
 "ON FIRE MY COMRADES,  
 HASTEN,  
 SET OUR ROTTEN



CENTURY ON FIRE;  
 THE FIRST  
     CENTURY  
 FROM THE BEGINNING  
     OF THE RESURRECTION.  
 SET IT ON FIRE QUICKLY  
 OUR TORCHES  
 CAN'T REMAIN ON FIRE".

*To Lord Byron  
 with national pride.*

27

"WHAT IS IT  
 THAT MAKES MAN??  
 SAID THE FIRST PRINCE.  
 "THOUGHT!",  
 REPLIED THE WIZARD.  
 SO, WE START FROM IT",  
 HE SAID TO HIS CANDIDATE MINISTRIES

28

SATRAP T,  
 OF YOUNG AGE,  
 ORDERED THAT  
 FLOGGERS BE FLOGGED  
 BECAUSE, HE SAYS,  
 THEY WOULD NOT DO THEIR JOB  
 WITH ZEAL.  
 BUT WHEN HE  
 SAW  
 THAT THE TRUSTWORTHY MEN  
 WE'LLHAD RUN SHORT,  
 HE WAS SEIZED WITH GREAT FEAR  
 LEST THE MOB,  
 AS THEY WERE TRYING LIFE  
 FREE FROM PAIN,  
 SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE.  
 THE GREAT SLAUGHTERER,  
 THE GREAT ARCHPRIEST,  
 LAUGHED, SEEING HIM  
 IN HIS WEAKNESS,  
 BECAUSE HE KNEW WELL  
 THE PASSIONS HE WAS STIRRING  
 IN HIS FLOCK  
 SO THAT IT'D BE FLOGGED  
 ON ITS OWN  
 WHEN ORDERS  
 WOULDN'T AFFECT HIS BACK.

29

*OLD ARCHPRIEST'S VOICE  
CAME DOWN, AS COLD AS MARBLE,  
WITH THE RULERS' CLANDESTINE COUNCIL  
IN THE ALTAR OF THE TEMPLE, SAYING  
"WE'LL ALLOW THEM  
NOTHING ELSE  
BUT THE RIGHT TO LAMENT  
THEIR DECADENCE"*

30

*WHEN PHARAOH T  
HAD HIS PYRAMID FINISHED,  
HE WENT INTO DEEP CONTEMPLATION.  
NO, IT WASN'T THAT!  
HE WOULDN'T THINK OF THE DAY  
HE'D HAVE IT FILLED UP;  
HE WAS JUST THINKING OF HIS SLAVES,  
WHO, EXHAUSTED NOW, SWEAT  
STILL WETTING THEIR FOREHEADS,  
WERE ADORNING  
THE DESSERT WITH THEIR BODIES,  
HE WAS SEIZED BY GREAT FEAR  
LEST THEY SHOULD GRASP  
THAT HE WASN'T A GOD  
UNTIL A  
"VERY SERIOUS HOSTILE SKIRMISH  
NEAR HIS SOUTHERN BORDERS  
SOLVED THE PROBLEM".  
AND, AS HISTORIANS ASSUME,  
HE SHARED HIS RELIEF WITH  
ALSO THE SOUTHERN KING,  
HIS FRIEND, WHO DEALT WITH PYRAMIDS TOO  
AND WHOSE SLAVES HAD STARTED  
SEEING HIM IN THE SAME WAY.*

31

*YOU'VE COME TO COMPLAIN THAT  
THEY WON'T UNDERSTAND YOU  
OR MAKE BELIEVE THEY DON'T.  
YET, YOU SHOULD REMEMBER  
THE CHILDREN DYING  
BECAUSE THEY FAILED TO FIND  
A HANDFUL OF FOOD  
AND THE COMRADES  
KILLED BY THE PEOPLE  
THEY'D LOVED.*

32

MY NEW COMRADES  
 WILL APPEAR WITH A HUGE PLACARD  
 ON THE SAME DAY WHEN  
 ALL PEOPLES  
 WILL CELEBRATE THEIR FREEDOM.  
 WE'LL SET OFF ON A COURSE  
 ROUND THE WORLD  
 WITH A HUGE PLACARD  
 TALKING ABOUT  
 THE SMILE OF THE CHILD  
 THAT WOULDN'T FIND MILK  
 ON HIS MOTHER'S BREAST,  
 TRUMPETING THE FINAL BATTLE  
 AGAINST  
 THE LAST  
 PARASITICAL MICE.

33

WE  
 NEVER DESIRE  
     ANY "HURRAY"  
 BECAUSE OUR GLANCE  
 REACHES THE DAYS  
 WHEN THE GREATEST  
 SACRIFICE  
 WILL BE MİRRORED  
         OPTIMISTIC  
             SMILE....  
 .....  
 . ..... MAY OUR STRUGGLES  
 BE A LIBATION TO THE DRUNKENNESS  
 OF THE UNIVERSAL LOVE  
 DAWNING ON US.

