

PENELOPE

With the right hand I am trying to separate the sea's drop from its competitor. I filtrate something. I can not. Stiff and deformed the time of divorce. the mark is century. Your lips were expressed in the sea shore's clay. They will be disappeared. I know... Triton's meander will be the hooded. In the sanctuary of my cells tirelessly I will hold.

Unmade, Radiant, Pure Flowing, Running, Sincere, Stone Built, Dressed in White, Unremitting, Gold, Stormy, Immortal dreams. Feathered Olympian Divine Society's dreams.

OEDIPUS

Do you remember when you were eating from the wine of my shadows?
I remember that I was drinking the bread of your vibrations.
The God like a rival in love in Himalaya was sprinkling us with the chords of his harp and he was smiling.
The consolation of a deposed soul into cracks with out crutches.

CLYTEMESTRA

Game of force, tax of disgrace. The much desired circles that I built in the chess quadrangles of vice. My black pawns in the space between two opposing armies. The white ones belong to the others. But I forget.... To keep a distance from the others I neglect. Would to God the pain could be a sea shell.

An admonition's paper into the empty bottle.

The gloriously triumphant castles with out boughs that we had formed them, the Coin with the different white light took up lodging in the mire , the theatre's storms, the hallucination's compass boxes, the chain's expiration into the heart's wheel.

Laughter's the waves of the others. Sardonic, impetuous, indicative... They are laughing with out anything funny. the skies with their virtual icebergs. Everything is funny . I don't laugh. The breathing of a moribund for an unblessed purpose. And you are finishing up... Slowly... Painfully... Irrevocably... For Nature's sake because when it makes everything perfect it must level them down.

ERATO

"Do you remember when you told me that in paradise there were not any mirrors?"
In the sand of my silence you were writing to me shapes of mine and yours.
Excellent, writings, without charm, embroidered, powerful in the mind, you were publishing my surface.
Palimpsest, impregnable, delicate, Ionian, cleanly border, imperial cycle's wild olive – tree of a smog's archer without forks, a parrot's opal summer's noon.

ASKLEPIOS

In the sand hill of silence you were suffering, but you were waiting the end of ships to face their starting point, to resound judicial speeches far distant twice told. From me a kiss of an airy hermit, a semiliquid daydreaming into hawk's wing from a yearning's enamel a smell's escort nightflower of the day.

ATLAS

You were waiting . you were hurting a half-dead dog satiated from a high drug selective cascade, facsimile your repayment the director decided in one act which you were holding my hand deservingly. Your candle you mistook for fan in stretched thread.

You were a kouros with a rob and a card subjugation's of a ship inspection, the titles, the praises, the prizes for a huge all or nothing into a logical park of animals and sapphires.

Experiments with different name pianos of peakfulness.
From the kaleidoscope, I oversee an old man holder of a club and a bath having contractions on the table.

The plates ended up nameplates. Hand-knife-depression-fork.
Saturn's gargle a traffic policeman's total love.

THALIA

I remember... "Do you remember when in the life's pier the sand looked like grass made by garlands?" "Do you remember when the sea was a church and a dream?" "Do you remember when a lake made of water lilies was a float and real dovecot?"

EUTERPE

The untransferred new moon high priest and unidiomatic substitute of small town.

Luminous cycles from our heads the planets that we had celebrated.

Brudial accompaniment's harmony the Bohemian newly baptized fragments.

Unshaken supervisors in the ceremony the impersonal notorious corals . then we
striked out the snow from snowmen...

Sharks were washed up miles away from us. The beach in its dominion was all ours. The horsetail of a not rhythmic shepherd's pipe an utensil of doubtful delight. Dissonance in our weird celebration with splendid gifts the traces of Dark bathing tasteless of rancor, our deciduous cloven pebbles.

You were the ebb tide of my sleep . I was the high tide of your passions into an unregulated game of sobbings from the fear's unchanging drowning.

Inconstant your cape into the island of my purifications. Your diadem disproportionate and hyper-unprofitable replacing of my penny into my retina's inconsequent flood.

The arrogance glaucoma of a Troian shield, unsettled spear point of a commercial film:

"MODELINVISIBLECARTOONANIMATIONONBOARD"

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