

NEW YORK — OLYMPIA, 25-8-2007

The Saturn's hill in the Grape picker bramble admiral's fly ship  
in the Jupiter's sacred enclosure crosses of rams.  
Some people said for the jumpers bad omen.  
From a small screen of Gargantuan the Fifth Street  
i make a glass in Aeschylus tetralogy the Fourth Speech.  
The statues exhale this deadly cloud of dust.  
Not of our grand fathers' but of the profane invaders,  
of the descendants of the Ancient Greek civilization without any idealism.  
I am included to them.  
It is untoouchable the star of the Dog.  
Manuscripts are burning down the olive trees'  
they are not in the reproductive thought of Flora's list.  
The Fifth Avenue uninhabited from acorns  
The sky is cloudy.  
From Babel's sharpeners ruled.  
Skyscrapers more deep soiled than the birch trees.  
The Technician's Knowledge inhabits here.  
Not there where presocratic and half gods they had been a heritage  
to us from the halo grounds.  
For all those beggars who had a rosary in their hands  
these were the glorious achievements of men.  
The pyramid of Heaps buys off these trees and the  
New Order the magazine.  
George Washington wasn't he made off carved trunk?  
The skypales of New York.  
Very rich' with bodies of Titan's' arrogant.  
From their kaleidoscope they see Olympia's burning.  
Olympia had been embroidered by  
Atlanta' spindles.  
In the avenue kneeling down you will  
have only bitumen in your hands.  
Not soil.  
Aspen doesn't have mandrake there. Only in the ground.  
In the cement you don't haunt mythologies' only fashion shows.  
Their mantle I feel in the teeth.  
Fermented in the gutter fire' asphalt.  
You can not touch something good there  
only from the Microsoft's system corroded hearts.  
It is difficult for Hercules to breath.  
He was entrusted with 12 deeds' but no one to me.  
In the sandglass of memory I recalled a young man'  
zigzag line -branch from his father tree.  
I can not contempt the sky any more.  
His dove tailed wings had turned into these clouds...  
The quarry's catacombs his brothers.  
The skypoles psalms.  
The headlines of the magazines his paternal gods.  
In Talmud he had found rest.  
Saturday is away.  
But you should learn that God even if he seems to winter near is  
light of years away from us.  
The winged sparkling Michael's uniform quadrille.  
In the parasites of TV my eyes again will be a submarine.  
72 demons dead.

Once people knew everything.  
But do humans have parents?  
Or only the Gods received exclusively a benefit from this?  
In New York the 7 skies gun carriages piles.  
It is 6 o' clock in the morning.  
All orphans.  
The fog disturbs the skystakes and  
Olympia in which elevated there was poisoned by this cloud.  
The surplus you 'll see...  
It doesn't let you the telescope to be revealed....  
A book with Olympia's museum in my pocket  
had been pulled up...  
Oenomaos and Sterope cut pines for torch in between.  
Hippodamia is inactive.  
Is Pelops in the ashes laureate winner?  
"THOSE THAT GOD UNITED NO MAN SHOULD  
SEPARATE"  
Today the social transparencies are the navels of earth.  
In the eyes of Pelops contraction I can see.  
A heart flood by an illegitimate arrow now is withdrawn.  
I realize that human beings are transient living statues  
that they had been tamed.  
Some of them cripple by the archeological spade,  
others inscrutable and some elaborated all around us  
I 've made a thought ...At least these were not be plundered  
by museum Getty neither by the mercenaries republicans  
like in Baghdad or the Buddha's statues by Taliban were desecrated.  
I look closely the light of freedom's torch into a double convex alternative  
Screen .A conic meteoric stone glittering spider.  
In the darkness he is searching anarchy.  
It seems to me that the armies were always be made of  
alabaster and winding sheets ...  
I remember...A depilated recruit from the Athenian School  
His lips in repression.  
For something important he wanted to speak.  
Maybe the amputation of Gordian Bond.  
The sailor's heart can not be a knot 'it is not a rope.  
It has a private grammar by its own.  
Idioms to the universe's Abderites amulet  
The first time of an emigrant that political asylum asks....  
He was waiting the transfer and the leave of exit  
by an ignorant of the explosive shells and pacifist.  
Heart is a play mobile  
It flickers between truth and wig.  
In the end of life the characterizations of tails are wiped of.  
The smiling and the sport games.  
Love is the letters of checkers for all those that never had been said...  
Love letters are Wednesday's trains.  
From a foreigner the celebrations of Delphi he expected.  
Heart is the Mirror's hall in salamander's life.  
Ignorance doesn't want people to be happy.  
I remove my sight in the screen again.  
From the fire in the shadow of pines I see through chaos to paint  
your missionary light.  
You should learn that the sun crown has trousers...  
No one deserves to be in the kiln ' only those that light give.  
The new city's long winged with the rain they are poisoning

me like a sulphur.  
I pay attention to a Third Screen.  
Ashes from the skies get married with Athenian streets.  
The Conceptual Etna covered up the capital city of Greece.  
Human beings suffocate they hold masks in their facades.  
Hemlock when the Nature is flatten by arsonists .  
The water, the rivers and the streams by that poison in the banks  
have been drawned off and sealed.  
Themis is fainted and weak on the seat.  
Cogito...Gods in this undefiled land must not dwell in.  
"I prefer Olympia more than New York!"  
I remembered that with the Metropolitan Museum of Art  
the previous morning we were engaged.  
I sound the philosopher's statuette....  
That look in his eye is in decrease.  
For the house that he offers hospitality to him  
modest seems to be.  
Miles away from home.  
The sunbeams don't caress him.  
These marbles once were our protection  
our property.  
They become cosmopolitans shallows in absence of departure.  
He seemed to carry:  
Ideas. Problems. Solutions.  
He gave birth to Pythagorean theorem.  
His manlike hand in the mountain Ruler of the seas.  
He wanted the arrest of magician of Oz.  
In the ground the dream.  
Who said that the dreams are not sylphs by mud?  
In his "Phaedra" moderate  
As if he was saying :"Do not disturb my conformation".  
Now I run through my archeognotive guide  
The philosopher's memory will be fulfilled by the  
old man who is in agony in the pediment of the Great East.  
Will he have the same destiny with Oenomaos that hardly breaths  
and he is surrounded by the ashes?  
The books are set on fire sometimes by foxes market.  
Conflagrations that burn history.  
No one can exists with out Mnemosyne, Kleio, Life and Fantasy.  
With out pine-needles you do not have oxygen and no one can read  
these books, these stories...  
From the Respiration's Testament to this of Life.  
Olympia doesn't have sky nails.  
It is said that once in the island of Pelops the Hand of the Living God had  
been imprinted.  
Never will be taught in the school books something like this.  
Finally I stop a taxi-driver in the street  
having in my chest this guide.  
I cry out: "I prefer Olympia more than New York!"

POET WROTE THIS POEM FOR THE DESTRUCTION  
OF SATURN'S HILL IN AUGUST OF 2007 BY THE  
HUGE FIRES OF PELOPONNESUS. IT WAS THE LEAST  
THAT HE COULD DO FOR ALL THESE PEOPLE WHO  
LOST THEIR PROPERTIES, THEIR LIVES OR RELATIVES  
BY THE GREEK FIRES OF 2007 THAT WERE OUT OF ANY

CONTROL AND CAUSED AN ENORMOUS ECOLOGICAL  
DESTRUCTION