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Famous Night . . .

Odysseus Elytis

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Odysseus Elytis

FAMOUS NIGHT . . .

... In the flowerbed, near the musical complaint of your hand's curve. Near your diaphanous breasts, the uncovered forests filled with violets and broom and open palms of moon, as far as the sea, the sea you caress, the sea that takes me and going off leaves me with a thousand seashells.

I taste your good moment visible and beautiful! I say that you communicate so well with men, that you raise them to the level of your heart so that one can no longer pray to what belongs to himself, to what emerges like a tear at the root of every herb at the tip of each reached branch. I say that you communicate so well with the springtime of things that your fingers match their fate. You are visible and beautiful and at your side I am whole! I want boundless paths at the crossroads of birds and right men, the stars that shall reign together. And I want to catch something, even your smallest glowworm that jumps unsuspecting into the skin of plains, so I can write with certain fire that nothing is transient in the world from the moment we chose, this moment that we want to exist above and beyond the golden opposition, above and beyond the calamity of death's frost, in each wind's direction that marks our heart with love, in the sky's superb prickling that night and day is shaped by the stars' goodness.

Translated from the Greek
by **Jeffrey Carson and Nikos Sarris**