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Depth

Odysseus Elytis

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Odysseus Elytis

DEPTH

We began a word in which the sky cannot fit but which oppresses the ease of wind as it bursts forth against the seashore struck by expectation's brine or against cold wharves where for centuries the disinherited shadow of forgetfulness paces. Sworn country! Ancient birds filled with clouds, now toward the west that incises swamps of ennui on our breast, now toward the immature heart that stubbornly seeks to enter nature . ..

We still remember the rags of a magnanimous fire, the experiments of a paper kite that perplexed our fingers high in the air or at the beginning of a road where we stopped to seek a woman filled with responses, filled with shadows of affection suited to our bold heads. We still remember the purity that we had thought so enigmatic, washed in a dawn that we loved because we didn't know that even deeper inside us we prepared other bigger dreams that were to hold tight in their embrace more soil, more blood, more water, more fire, more Eros!

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