

1985

Night Episode

Yannis Ritsos

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AIDS

I can't complain, he says. Yes, I know
the demolished houses. I know
the others due to be demolished, those
with the two clay Caryatids standing
on either side of the entrance. Last evening
I saw the old man walking alone,
rapping the osiers with his staff,
his motion so young and beautiful,
as though all others were gone from the world.

NIGHT EPISODE

He nailed the nail on the wall. He had nothing
to hang there. He gazed at it
from the old chair opposite. He couldn't
think of a thing, remember a thing. He got up,
covered the nail with his handkerchief. Suddenly
he saw his hand blackened, painted
by the moon standing in the window. The murderer
had lain down in his bed. His feet—
bare, strong, the toenails impeccable, a corn
on the little toe—extended well beyond the blanket,
and the hairs there curled erotically. The statues
always sleep that way: with eyes wide open,
and there's no reason to be afraid of any dream, any talk;
the faithful witness you needed, you now have—
the precisely spoken and discrete. Because, as you know,
the statues never betray, they only discover.