1978

Evening Profile

Yannis Ritsos

Edmund Keeley

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2361
Afternoon

The afternoon is all fallen plaster, black stones, dry thorns. The afternoon has a difficult color made up of old footsteps halted in mid-stride, of old jars buried in the courtyard, covered by fatigue and straw.

Two killed, five killed, twelve—so very many. Each hour has its killing. Behind the windows stand those who are missing, and the jug full of water they didn’t drink.

And that star that fell at the edge of evening is like the severed ear that doesn’t hear the crickets, doesn’t hear our excuses—doesn’t condescend to hear our songs—alone, alone, alone, isolated totally, indifferent to condemnation or vindication.

Evening Profile

Her hands still young, tormented by expectation and by twofold time, pale against her black dress. She was sitting alone in the courtyard, gazing in isolation at the ships that were vanishing. Suddenly all the sunset sparkled on her ring as on the windows of a village high on the hill. She then covered the ring tenderly with her other palm, closed her eyes first, then smiled.