

ALBANIA

Lindita Arapi

Memory

The aging stations of memory
Drip in the rain
So far away, like the lonely.
The walls have lost their colour,
For the weather has turned cold.
Images of time gone by rusting on open platforms
Unattended.
Memory,
Holes in my head,
Empty
Sad-looking trains,
They leave the stations, but never arrive.
Only their lights quiver in the distance.
Relieved of the weight in my head,
That unearthed ancient skull,
Only echoes
Resound.

PŌΣIA

Alexander Pushkin

The Name

What is my name to you? 'T will die:
a wave that has but rolled to reach
with a lone splash a distant beach;
or in the timbered night a cry ...

'T will leave a lifeless trace among
names on your tablets: the design
of an entangled gravestone line
in an unfathomable tongue.

What is it then? A long-dead past,
lost in the rush of madder dreams,
upon your soul it will not cast
Mnemosyne's pure tender beams.

But if some sorrow comes to you,
utter my name with sighs, and tell

the silence: "Memory is true -
there beats a heart wherein I dwell."

ΕΛΛΑΔΑ

Andreas Embiricos

Winter Grapes

They took away her toys and her lover. Well then she bowed her head and almost died. But her thirteen destinies like her fourteen years smote the fleeing calamities. No one spoke. No one ran to protect her against the overseas sharks which had already cast an evil shadow over her like a fly staring with malice on a diamond or a land enchanted. And so this story was heartlessly forgotten as always happens when a forest ranger forgets his thunderbolt in the woods.