

# The King of Asine

Varathron

We looked all morning around the castle  
Starting from the shaded side,  
There where the sea  
Green and without luster - breast of a slain peacock.

Received us like time without an opening in it  
Veins of rock dropped down from high above  
Twisted vines, naked, many - branched, coming alive!!!!

Hollow in the light  
Like a dry jar in dug earth

At the water's tough, while the eye following them  
Struggled to escape the tiresome rocking,  
Losing strength continually  
On the sunny side a long open beach  
And the light striking diamonds on the huge walls.  
No living thing, the wild doves gone  
And the king of Asine, whom we've been  
Trying to find for two years now,  
Unknown, forgotten by all, even by homer,  
Only one word in the Iliad and that uncertain,  
Thrown here like the gold burial mask  
You touched it, remember it's sound??

Hollow in the light  
Like a dry jar in dug earth

The same sound that our oars make in the sea  
The king of Asine, a void under the mask  
Everywhere with us, everywhere with us,  
Under a name:  
And his children statues and his desires  
The fluttering of birds, and the wind  
In the gaps between his thoughts,  
And his ships anchored in a vanished port,  
Under the mask... a void!!!  
Behind the large eyes the curved lips, the curls  
Carved in relief on the gold cover  
Of our existence!!!!

A dark spot that you see traveling like a fish  
In the dawn calm of the sea.  
A void everywhere with us  
And the bird that flew away last winter  
With a broken wing a bode of life,  
And the young woman who left to play  
With the dogteeth of summer,  
And the soul that sought the lower world  
Squeaking, and the country like a large  
Plane - leaf swept a long by the torrent  
Of the sun with the ancient monuments  
And the contemporary sorrow... sorrow!!!

Shield bearer, the sun climbed warring  
And from the depths of the cave  
A startled bat, hit the light

As an arrow hits a shield:

Could that be the king of Asine.

And the poet lingers, looking at the stones,  
And asks himself, does there really exist  
Among these ruined lines, edges, points,  
Hollows and curves, does there really exist  
Here where one meets the path of rain,  
Wind and ruin, does there exist  
The movement of the face, shape of the  
Tenderness!!!!

Of those who've shrunk so strangely  
In our lives,  
Those who remained the shadow of waves  
And thoughts with the seas boundlessness,  
Or perhaps no, nothing is left but the weight,  
The nostalgia for the weight of  
A living existence!!!

Shield bearer, the sun climbed warring,  
And from the depths of the cave  
A startled bat, hit the light  
As an arrow hits a shield:  
Could that be the king of Asine!!!!

There where we now remain unsubstantial  
Bending like the branches of a  
Terrible willow - tree heaped in  
Permanent despair  
While the yellow current slowly  
Carries down rushes up - rooted  
In the mud image of a form that  
The sentence to everlasting bitterness  
Has turned to marble the poet a void!!!

Behind the large eyes the curved lips  
The curls, carved in relief on the  
Cold cover of our existence!!!  
A dark spot that you see  
Traveling like a fish  
In the dawn calm of the sea.  
A void everywhere with us  
And the bird that flew away last winter  
With a broken wing abode of life.

We've been searching for so carefully  
On this acropolis  
Sometimes toughing with our fingers  
His touch upon the stones.

The king of Asine, a void under the mask  
Everywhere with us, everywhere with us,  
Under a name:  
And his children statues and  
His desires the fluttering  
Of birds!!!

Shield bearer, the sun climbed warring,  
And from the depths of the cave,  
A startled bat, hit the light  
As an arrow hits a shield:

Gould that be the king of Asine!!!  
King of Asine, king of Asine!!!