A Road

Glory too is a road, he says:
the break in the road, along with the bridge,
there where you set down the basket with bread in it,
the knife, the napkin, on the low wall,
in an open place. And you, hidden,
behind the wall, towards sunset,
waiting for the first passerby to dine,
so you can see his teeth, his appetite,
hear the crumbs fall into the abyss
as he brushes the back of his hand
across his lips (or your lips) without
unfolding the white napkin.

Short Review

Newspapers: titles, titles, deaths, births, wars, deaths, marriages—
the same ones we read about last year. The bag over there with the surgical instruments;
a long marble table; the other one, green: billiard table.
The good-looking boy with the tray listens behind the door.
Anatomy: didactic, tiring. The invariable. And anger all hollow.
Late at night a perforated moon comes up. The clouds run over the hills.
Old chimney sweeps sit on the public park benches,
quiet old men, with bronchitis, retired now. "A black hole," they say,
"the world is a black hole." They're quiet. They cough. They don't get angry.
Analysis of soot, dissolution, blackness reconstituted. Across the street,
behind the curtains, the light comes on. A little girl is playing the piano.

translated from the Greek by Edmund Keeley

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