

Sakis Serefas
"The Passing of Time"



Translated by Amalia Tolios
Modern Greek Student
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So we were in a museum
in a dream
a door suddenly opens on its own
“here is the Chamber of Time”
says a voice
and what do we see
in an enormous spring
breasts, backs, necks silently stirred in the steam
naked young women in nonchalant poses
with hair in a Belle Époque style, full of tiny curls
one was slowly inhaling from an ivory pipe
another was surveying the ceiling with a clouded gaze
another was feeling the water with her fingers
“Time is measured here, gentlemen”
said the voice again
I sat down for a while because something was bothering me
“alright, I am leaving now, bye” I said slowly
I had to wake up, I had thousands of responsibilities
to feed the worm meat so it becomes bloated
to irrigate my pomegranate tree with poison so it rejoices
to sing songs to the black wolf so he can forget himself
oh but what a different day dawned
the worm blossomed
my pomegranate tree cried out to the passers-by
the wolf said “stay by my side”
and he shouted a wonderful rhythm, a melody
a hymn of happiness from his murderous flesh.

