ANDROMAHI'S JOURNAL

Translated and Transcribed by John Espinosa, her grandson



TRANSLATOR'S BACKGROUND

John Espinosa grew up in Lowell, Massachusetts where he was raised by his Greek mother and grandmother and Mexican father, all immigrants. After struggling in school for many years and dropping out at age fourteen John received his GED in 1999. John then set his sights on college and began working full-time as a paralegal to pay his own way through school. He earned an Associates Degree from North Shore Community College in 2004 and Bachelor's Degree in paralegal studies from Suffolk University in 2006, both with honors. John Espinosa graduated from the University of Michigan Law School in December 2009 and is currently awaiting results from the February 2010 Massachusetts Bar Exam. John is particularly interested in education law and children's legal issues. John can be reached at johnespi@umich.edu for questions and comments.

INTRODUCTION TO ANDROMAHI'S JOURNAL

This work is an ongoing labor of love. It is the start of my attempt to transcribe and translate my grandmother's poetry, written in 1936 (at age 22) on the island of Skopelos, village of Klima, Greece. These are her most intimate thoughts and feelings from that time. Her experiences highlight a vital part of the Greek legacy during one of the most trying times in Modern Greek history. The pains of unrequited love expressed in her words are timeless, and very Greek. I have included here only a small selection from her journal that totals over one hundred pages. Selections are presented here in the following order: (1) copies of original

journal pages including her drawings; (2) my typewritten transcription in proper Modern Greek with corrections for spelling, grammar, and other clarifications where appropriate; and (3) an initial translation to English that captures much of the meaning, and hopefully some of the spirit of my grandmother's poems.

My grandmother passed away in 2000. I found this journal at her house in Greece in 1997. It contains over one hundred pages of poetry. At the time I could not read Greek, I simply enjoyed her drawings. She gave it to me and let me keep it. I knew it meant a lot to her but I had no idea what it said. In 2007 I finally started learning how to read and write in Greek at The University of Michigan, something I had always wanted to do, thanks to the Modern Greek Program. It was my first year of law school but I made extra time to self-study and go through the entire first year Modern Greek curriculum with the help of Artemis Leontis. I returned to my grandmother's journal with my newfound knowledge of Greek but could still make little sense of it. While taking the second year Modern Greek courses I sought the help of Panagiotis Pafilis during his office hours. I was surprised that even he had a hard time reading my grandmother's handwriting. It turned out that my grandmother, having very little formal education, made many spelling and grammatical errors. At times her handwriting can be very difficult to read, especially portions written in pencil, but I learned how to make sense of it and set out to continue the translation on my own.

I have been going through the journal, first transcribing her handwriting into proper Modern Greek with corrections for spelling and grammar, and then translating that into English. At best this is a literal translation, though I have tried to capture the spirit of her poems as much as possible. The material is presented in the order in which the pages appear in the actual journal, with appropriate page numbers noted. Footnotes clarify some words where necessary. Copies of the original journal pages are enclosed for reference; my grandmother's beautiful illustrations on several pages bring her words to life.

The selections below are merely a starting point. There is still a great deal of material I have not gone through and I intend to continue working on the effort. During this process I have learned a lot about my grandmother, things that no one in my family knew, and I feel closer to her than ever before. I thank the Modern Greek program for helping to make that possible.

Picture Greece in 1936. Metaxas gained power in Greece, dissolving parliament and ruling as dictator. The world was on the brink of World War II, and within a few short years Greece would be occupied, first by the Italians and then the Germans. On the small western Aegean island of Skopelos, in the village of Klima, a 22-year-old unmarried girl was writing in her journal. She was a self-taught seamstress who, starting at age 14, expressed her intense creative passion through intricate needlepoint work and embroidering by hand. She and her mother lived alone; like many Greeks at the time her father and younger brother had immigrated years before to work in the United States, leaving mother and daughter by themselves in the small village. That young woman was $Avtpo\mu\acute{\alpha}\chi\eta$ $K\alpha\lambda\iota\alpha vo\acute{o}$, my grandmother. Like most young women in her village she wanted desperately to get married. She was in love with a man who she was unable to be with. In the Greek tradition her loneliness and pain drove her to write. These are her words.

Elos 0 7936 In tegn los Cogosuos lo Axins reapriso was by to togos andusernow to gare 20 yearn gairo -Poreoupou yeen texnon year la pasarogo reage leagousna Juscea sou acoa as ton nap Snapor -Nexuon years years to prograw va years to he oceray ma maximum va natory va onvlarions rollo do la jerroga avana es exerce va reasonatole un so Un exo seas wi acratreaven sor yearouse da un lete yona la se auta pearouneva Ja ne Vom vour blevcovoc Tosole la bulguorpor osolar la Juanasas v exu enja areava gouthea va that va now yearing va now thing tolk wo In me Sundon was us to lyes my reach va boying lo vograssion

Έτος 1936

Στην αρχή του τραγουδιού το αχ είναι γραμμένο και στο τέλος μάτια μου το βαχ ζωγραφισμένο.

Δεξί μου χέρι άρχισε γράφε τα βάσανα μου, γράφε τραγούδια θλιβερά μέσα απ την καρδιά μου.

Άρχισε χέρι μου χρυσό το βίος μου να γράφεις το τη περνάς για μια ψυχή, να κάτσεις να συντάξεις.

Αυτό εδώ το λεύκωμα ανήκει σε εμένα, να γράφω κάποτε και εγώ τι έχω περασμένα.

Η χείρα αυτή η γράφουσα θα κείτεται στο χώμα, τα δε αυτά γραφούμενα 2 θα μένουν στον αιώνα.

Άγνωστε το βιβλίο μου οπόταν το διαβάσεις, έχω φίλα άγραφτα ελεύθερα να γράψεις.

Και να μου γράψεις να μου πεις το τι ποθεί η καρδιά σου, και στο τέλος της γραφής να βάλεις το ονομάσου.

The Year 1936

At the start of the song one sigh is written, and at the end, my darling, another is drawn.

My hand begins to write my troubles, sorrowful songs from inside my heart.

My golden hand, begin to write my life, put together what I have gone through for just one soul.

This journal belongs to me to write what I have gone through.

Long after my hand lays in the dirt these writings will remain forever.

Dear reader, when you read my journal, remember I have left blank pages for you to write in.

Write to me, tell me what your heart desires, and at the end sign your name.

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¹ Numbered as 1 in journal

² γραμμένα

away Doja vadao In war war der der nou do omyor 194 my

Χίλιες κόλες σου έγραφε το δροσερό χέρι, και άνοιξα την καρδίτσα μου σαν το γαριφαλάκι.

Την μαργαρίτα έκοψα αν με αγαπάς να μάθω, και εκείνη μου είπε δια γραφής έχω πολλά να πάθω.

Την ανθοδέσμη σου 'στειλα⁵ δεμένη με χρυσάφι, και τόσες μέρες χωρίς το αα, δεν έκαμες νισάφι.

Διαμάντι δακτυλίδι φοράς στο χέρι σου, και πάνω γράφει η πέτρα πως θα γίνω ταίρι σου.

Το κεφαλάκι μου πονάει, και ποιος θα μου το γιάνει; Ένας λεβέντης μερακλής όπου το λενε Γιάννη.

A thousand pages I wrote to you with my tender hand.

I opened my little heart to you like a carnation.

I pulled daisy petals to learn if you love me.

It told me I still had a lot to go through.

I sent you flowers tied with golden ribbon.

All you gave me was days of silence.

The diamond ring you wear says I will become your other half.

My little head hurts, but who will fix it? A proud young man named John.

³ Unnumbered in journal; this page was written in pencil

⁴ γαρίφαλο ⁵ έστειλα

⁶ θεραπεύσει

his welver vapola · legrapauls and or viendas era him oceration, o vivor la glipa anaro

Θα κάνω σίδερο καρδιά και μολυβένιο χέρι να βάλω στην καρδίτσα μου ίσος και τα υποφέρει.

Ήθελα να ήμουν άνεμος ψυχρός στη καμαρά 8 σου, να δροσίσω το στήθος σου την πέτρινη καρδιά σου.

Έλα πουλί μου έλα το βράδυ το Σαββάτο, να πέσουν η εχθροί μας όλοι σε θάνατο.

Μην αρνηθείς αν δεν μεν δεις τα μάτια σφαλισμένα, την Παναγία στο στήθος μου τα χέρια σταυρωμένα.

Με τα δικάσου τα φτερά στους ουρανούς πετάγω, 9 με τους αγγέλους κάθομαι και με αυτούς κουβέντα κάνω.

I will make my heart like iron and my hand like led, so I can put this inside my little heart and try to bear all of my pain.

I wanted to be the cold wind in your room to cool off your chest, your stone heart.

Come, my bird, come tonight so we can make all our enemies fall dead.

Don't forget about me if you don't see me, my eyes will shut with my arms crossed holding The Virgin Mary against my chest.

With your wings I fly to the sky and sit and talk with the angels.

⁷ Unnumbered in journal; this page was written in pencil

^{ຼັ} δωματιο

⁹ πετώ

Togges In exo des nacona olar or de ouparou sopor luger la naturasor sta palna la Surrogion-Nignov grale proporegla Inporque ojo corra orgina male va servito acquella Sa nongreva dyuso) man sasap 11660

Πες μου τη έχω στην καρδιά όταν σε δω κοντά μου, πες μου τη λενε τα ματιά σου στα μάτια τα δικά μου.

Πες μου γιατί μέρα-νυχτιά θυμούμαι όλο εσένα.

Πες μου γιατί να σε κοιτώ με μάτια δακρυσμένα.

Αν ίσος και σ' απαρνηθώ γλυκύτατο πουλί μου, ο ουρανός να ρήξη πυρ να κάψει το κορμί μου.

Tell me what I have in my heart when I see you near me.

Tell me what your eyes are saying to my eyes.

Tell me why, day and night, I think of you always.

Tell me why I will look at you with tearful eyes.

If, perhaps, I forget you, my sweetest bird, may the sky throw fire to burn my body.

 $^{^{10}}$ Unnumbered in journal; a drawing of a person appears on the bottom of the page in pencil

(2) hulale lu nactorgaper vos exer natur hor pe and ownla garnon of cess exu Temonon Es O Eporlag uve sidn sla norma Inperos na en xvele oar mearle Ta Juna In o lenoualapaneroj O Deo las me sush en poctor bowna Flariounia an urc enjoyers acoa peroj mai oloy 30 la enja my noesnoy are andersos ly more nos noc scens essened chocos rion loca Jeor Do In Theres and for now marke har paloenja If not Ser exo enjose o cess olin napolnopor non our also cocha unos seno cuocaco (re pondua proceso un seos souros ng hur naciona you. goes way Inva yna voi lov uscendos as lu macha nar oay av or not lov byoyo

Κοιτάτε την καρδούλα μου πως έχει καταντήσει με μια σαΐτα βλαβερή ο Έρως έχει τρυπήσει. Ο Έρωτας είναι παιδί στα κόκκινα ντυμένος, και ρίχνεται σαν κεραυνός ο τρις καταραμένος. Ο Έρωτας είναι παιδί στα κόκκινα ντυμένος, και στους ανθρώπους της καρδιές είναι περιπλεγμένος. Σαν βάτο ρίζα ρίζωσε ο Έρως στην καρδιά μου και σαν κισσός περίπλεξε μέσα εις την καρδιά μου. Πολλές φορές προσπάθησα για να τον ξεριζώσω για να τον βγάλω απ την καρδιά και σε άλλον να τον δώσω. Αλλά γλυκά την ρίζα του, βαθιά είναι ριζωμένος, μέσα στα φύλλα της καρδιάς είναι περιπλεγμένος. Και τώρα πλέων έσφαλα, και γιατρειά δεν έχω, μόνο από εσένανε ¹² βοήθεια γυρεύω.

Look at how my heart has ended up! With one poisoned arrow Eros has pierced it. Eros is like a kid dressed in red. He falls on you like a bolt of lightening, oh that cursed Eros. Eros is a kid dressed in red. He ensnares people's hearts. Like weeds Eros made roots deep into my heart, like ivy it overgrew inside my heart. Many times I tried to uproot Eros from my heart, to take him out and give him to another, but his sweet roots are deeply rooted and intertwined. Now I've stumbled; doctors can't cure me of Eros, only your help do I crave.

 12 εσένα

¹¹ Numbered as 2 in journal, a drawing of Eros appears in the middle of the page

legge avolor ce la marlo For mortour O ee vlag her von ovejen lou Tavalor uno ones soulove pocésce in Ser Geor ujuator

Page 6¹³

Όποιος τον Έρωτα είπε πως θέλει να αγαπήσει, τρελός από τον έρωτα και αυτός θα καταντήσει. Ο Έρως είναι παιδί, αδελφός του θανάτου, και όποιος με αυτόν μπερδεύετε δεν βλέπει την υγειά του.

Anyone who has ever told Eros that they wanted to fall in love will only end up crazy from lust. Eros is a kid, the brother of death himself. Whoever gets caught up with Eros will never be well again.

¹³ Unnumbered in journal

togor som der durana losar voc sor yours lasynnageor ovapa va Deagnalogness 6 low maron low ocparous lo olina baonyusy vasor procenosc to oceavor conous Myn mooly der Invoice and la va 000 now nown gros aslegnow Eva Vero sar la jugusor your sar le repossor na we unactorpor our Tyy xacros hav beganiona realing motor to India maying machina our onder vag a vocre 6 hvarions a nar sagur avagrasla ar Igus va Thou in rayy nactual our outcoo varpor avcolorousing wayer on avayvolla olanochoc ofugo

Θα σε λατρεύω 15

Ήθελα πλην την δύναμη το παν να σου χαρίσω, τα γλυκά μου όνειρα να πραγματοποιήσω.

Του κυανού του ουρανού το στέμμα βασιλίσσης, να σου χαρίσου ήθελα τον ουρανον επίσης.

Πλην τίποτες δεν δίνομε τίποτα να σου δώσω, μου μένει όμως αστέρι μου ένα αστέρι να σου αφιερώσω.

Ωραίο σαν τα χείλια σου γλυκό σαν το ονομάσου, και είναι η καρδούλα μου σαν θέλεις χάρισμα σου.

Όταν το λεύκωμα κρατείς κι όταν το διαβάσεις, πρέπει να έχεις καρδιά σαν σίδερο να μην αναστενάξεις.

Αλλά και πάλι αναγνώστη αν θέλεις να διαβάσεις, πρέπει να έχεις καρδιά σαν σίδερο να μην αναστενάξεις.

Και πάλι σε αναγνώστη σταμάτησε λίγο, και διάβασε με προσοχή τη γράφει το βιβλίων μου.

I wanted to give you everything, the gift of my sweet dreams to make them real.

My king of the sky, I also wanted to give you the sky.

I have nothing else to give you, my star, but there remains one star for me to offer you.

Your lips are lovely, sweet like your name. If you want my little heart, it's yours to take.

When you hold my journal and read it, have an iron heart so you don't sigh at my pain.

Reader, if you still want to read my words, you must have a heart like iron so you don't sigh.

And again, reader, stop a little and read carefully what my journal says.

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¹⁴ Numbered as 3 in journal

¹⁵ Title appears on upper right corner of the page above a drawing of flowers

Men facedy avagrase oligo so yearera Oxo oln portura proces ous low magsha Exagrera Thea pyaru na yeara la tosa pasava por Snavasa Tha va noty be book basowapar-Mesaugneros outagous acking a ejognyeena sceno do peen to xaple un ejosceanor Na geargo lois someous mangous own weens That oura sou Ser la ocease navny oute ajuj p avay good Exa soja nej oliv napsna soja sesa olov vouse sagained pacadinar la enjulou parrayer Know you make owner alynoth note end va ou me pears palnagor Sir Un xopour fuljua Thedyo Toea ogur sprodu as lur ouwer lor nogpor vaxuso nøgsennar jo ana

Page 8¹⁶

Μην βαρεθείς αναγνώστη ότι έχω εδώ γραμμένα. Έχω στιχάκια λυπητερά απ την καρδιά μου βγαλμένα.

Πήρα μελάνι και έγραψα τα τόσα βάσανα μου. Διάβασε δια να δεις τα τόσα βάσανα μου.

Με δακρυσμένους οφθαλμούς, με χείλια φλογισμένα, παίρνω στο χέρι το χαρτί με την φλογερή μου πένα.

Να γράψω τους πικρούς καημούς όπου περνώ για σένα που δεν τα πέρασε κανένας αυτά άλλης μάνας γέννα.

Έχω πολλά μες στην καρδιά, πολλά μέσα στον νου μου, παράκαιρα μαράθηκαν τα φύλλα του ματιού μου.

Κοινή ζωή για μια πικρή ατελείωτη ιστορία να σου την γράψω, μάτια μου, δεν την χωρούν βιβλία.

Και θέλω τώρα, πριν σβήσω από την σκηνή του κόσμου, να χύνω η δύστυχη εγώ, με μια σπίθα από το φως μου.

Reader, don't feel weighted from what I have written here. I have sad poems that come from my heart. I wrote all of my tortures here in ink. Please read so you can see all of my troubles. With tearful eyes and burning lips I take my hand to the paper and my burning pen to write the bitter sorrows I have passed for you.

I have a lot inside of my heart and mind. The leaves of my eyes dried up before their time. Light of my eyes, books can't contain the bitter, endless story of my common life. Before I turn off from the scene of the world I want to shed my pitiful self with a spark from my light.

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¹⁶ Unnumbered in journal

hannar your olar acranea wondinger son able suchape sujognope upo avesterajo Nouvo l'égropies mai suave l'e novligh vai herr malaca yezen poi engon aso la xingu Le dingous givo los nargos sou exe din maesnapor pa sé ne onorove yeja la Ou man geage narcres sole Sa le Juan ago eron savla do xaela lous daxous va Juavazo ofounce lux natariens los respo los espor non reputo la olixarinapor rias lon Locentocopy -Hy year to me sacasoro you to pasorano us to tegos by reavery to oronograce To granto resagasoro oja la forsaragion mon man pago los aso yearns olo jungan cwoevo May n

Καμία φορά στην μοναξιά η δύστυχη που γράφω, σκέφτομαι, συλλογίζομαι, κιόλας αναστενάζω.

Αφήνω το εργόχειρο και πιάνω το κοντύλι και πριν κατάρα φλογερή μου φεύγει από τα χείλια.

Σε στίχους χύνω των καημών που έχω στην καρδιά μου μα δε με σηκώνουνε ψηλά τα αδύνατα φτερά μου.

Ότι και αν γράψω κανένας ποτέ δεν το διαβάζει. Μου αρέσει πάντα στο χαρτί τους στίχους να διαβάσω.

Φοβούμαι την κατάκριση τον κόσμο τον φοβούμαι, και γράφω τα στιχάκια μου και έτσι παρηγορούμαι.

Αχ, τα γράφω με παράπονο όλα τα βάσανα μου, και ως το τέλος της γραφής το όνομα μου βάλω.

Μάχη

Sometimes in my solitude, when my pitiful self starts writing, I think, recall, and sigh.

I leave my needlework and take up the pen.

Before the burning curse it leaves from my lips.

The lyrics help shed the sorrows I have in my heart.

No one will ever read my lyrics, but I still enjoy them.

I am afraid of criticism and of people.

I write to console myself.

I write with sadness all of my pain and tortures, and at the end I sign my name.

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¹⁷ Numbered as 4 in journal

Low asoSavo to togos Jacon blo pou apor Douro va ou aso Tavy con mon ogo ay asovaro hordinga low organor his color how monperialado exec Conlactor Golfor acrea nes a Toe ando va josn to equipor perpersone organiques To X do En Duxunou Jacoura via avaco Teragger 6 as Compound our los les may se diasaye les es la mopanos argument polind avair inaplace non nega to reconaring niga la colenania. Mascon Langango riolerara a Jante havepa bouter Jonnoc Javo harranos

Page 10¹⁸

Σαν αποθάνω ποίος θα έρθει στο μνήμα μου επάνω; Να πει, απόθανες εσύ και εγώ ας αποθάνω.

Ρώτησα του ουρανού, τι έφταιξα τον κόσμο και όλοι με κατατρέχουν στο έρωτα σου φως μου;

Στα μαύρα μέσα θα ντυθώ να λιώσει το κορμί μου, για εσένανε¹⁹ αγάπη μου θα γάσω την ψυχή μου.

Με βάσανα και αναστεναγμούς περνάω εγώ την ζωή μου, σε αυτόν τον κόσμο ανάπαψη δεν είδε το κορμί μου.

Μαύρη και σκοτεινή φωτιά ανάβει στην καρδιά μου, και καιει το κορμάκι μου κι όλα τα σωθικά μου.

Αγάπησα τη απολάψω²⁰ κοντεύω να πεθάνω, και ση θα είσαι αφορμή που την ζωή μου χάνω.

Σαν αποθάνω μάτια μου και παω στων μαύρον Άδη, να λειώσω το κορμάκι μου για σένα παλικάρι.

As I die, who will come to my grave to say: now that you are dead, let me die too?

I asked the sky, what have I done to the world to deserve this? Everyone is against our love, light of my life.

I will dress in black to melt my body; for you, my love, I will lose my soul.

I endure my life with tortures and sighing. There is no rest for my body in this world.

Black and dark fire lights in my heart; it burns my little body and all of my insides.

I near death trying to earn your love; you will be the reason I'll lose my life.

As I die, light of my eyes, I will go to the black of Hades and my little body will melt for you, young man.

¹⁸ Unnumbered in journal

²⁰ Για να απολάψω την αγάπη σου

Lensonov Concedena aso vocana ra yyunor desas Xcendrao just lega Un vivoe Hera sor hou howager na va oc wo ounder basava ascendenta suasce oxu Teamion X Nocempaila ur la favara nergy w Coara ra ou la year o rathanor der la roccer Englia To moetha ter exo snow of orguen coon Woodn my coconer mass coagramoda Lagaso na liva nava une ricina va destare holier Ta judavoor sopolar macha fa abou 6 hove 6 houpenoc

Χρυσό Μου

Σκέφθηκα από καρδιά, τα χείλια μου γέλασαν, τα χέρια μου λυπητερά την πένα βάστηξαν.

Και να σου πει εσένα και να σε ειδοποίηση τι βάσανα απερίγραπτα για εσένα έχω τραβήξει.

Απερίγραφτα είναι τα βάσανα μεγάλη τυραννία, να σου τα γράψω μάτια μου, δεν τα χωρούν βιβλία.

Εγώ καρδιά δεν έχω πια ολόκληρη εδόθη, εδόθη σε εσένα για σε φαρμακώθηκε.

Σε αγαπάω μα τι να κάνω είναι κρίμα να αποθάνω, ύστερα θα μετανοείς πόνο στην καρδιά θα νοιώσεις.

Και όταν θα σου στείλουνε το μαύρο μου χαμπάρι, μεν λυπηθείς, πουλάκι μου, χρυσό μου παλικάρι.

Ξευρέτω²² πως απόθανα για λόγο σου πούλι μου, η πίκρες, τα βάσανα μου έλιωσαν το κορμί μου.

My Golden

I thought from my heart, my lips were smiling, my hand held my pen with sadness.

It will tell you the indescribable tortures that I have suffered for you.

My tortures are so indescribable, light of my life, that books cannot hold them.

I don't have a heart left, I gave it all, but it was poison for you.

I love you, what can I do? It's a shame to die; you will regret it when I am gone and feel pain in your heart.

When they send you the black news of my death, don't feel sad for me, my little bird, my golden young man.

You will learn that I died for you, my bird, that the bitter tortures melted my body.

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²¹ Numbered as 5 in journal; small drawing of flowers on top of page

 $^{^{22}}$ Wa deis

Volpfish 6 box lavegor volva The word of a favare) The MIXING de horas he had gent vacy into acts o had seem to he hop cove Le whoo Figore Xeros US a 6m TUDGET SOME 6 60 / ONLY US DY der lexi says 010 5pp) 15000 150po 10 4 CEC har nowage mon in

Αχ βρήκα το μαύρο σύννεφο το πρώτο έρωτα μου, και η τύχη μου φανέρωσε χίλιους καημούς μπροστά μου.

Σαν δεις ψηλά και έρχονται σύννεφα μαυρισμένα, ξέρε πως απόθανα, πουλάκι μου, για σένα.

Αχ να ερχόσουν στον τάφο μου να ανάβεις το κερί μου, εσύ που άναψες την φλόγα της ψυχής μου.

Πάρε μου Χάρε την ψυχή μου πάρε μου με την βία, να φεύγω από τα βάσανα και από τη τυραννία.

Παίδεψε, χτύπα, πλήγωνε, χρυσό μου δεν με λυπάσαι, ένα που δεν με σπλάχνεσαι²⁴ εγώ δεν λέγω πάψε.

Τη άλλο προς απόδειξη πως σε αγαπώ γερεύεις; Έλιωσα πια, σαν το κερί καίομαι, μα με παιδεύεις.

Δεν μπορώ πουλάκι μου να γράψω παραπάνω, βούρκωσαν τα ματάκια μου και κάθομαι και κλειώ.

Oh, I found the black cloud, the first love of mine, and my luck brought me only a thousand sorrows.

When you see the black clouds above, you will know that I died, my little bird, for you.

Oh, how I wish you would come to my grave and light my candle, you who lit the flame of my soul.

Death, take my soul, take me with force so I can escape from my tortures and my tyranny.

Make me suffer, beat me, wound me, my golden boy. Don't feel sorry for me, don't pity me; I won't stop you.

What other proof do you need that I love you? I melted by now like a candle but you still give me a difficult time

I cannot, my little bird, write anymore. My eyes have watered and I sit and cry.

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²³ Unnumbered in journal

 $^{^{24}}$ λυπάσαι

Esla of are doje na nos Janaloe Torny whavey Sho axoja sojna najan nar la crover o coolagne epinveye now Jose la epal povoca Tojuc a cloon sovnen 505 Try crory Ino rioce Ing low sayu non by eno nagrator 6050 60V Vy julia hay sos Ja resta vourali mus usu la gasc In boura Jashaso ma Jance Suro corvare ma love ox deer Ta mayo Oxu zue zuje edovna oxustna manna suo In oxo occurren Epses, olm wowashow

Έρωτα πλάνε δόλιε, μα πως τα κατορθώνεις! Πιάνεις δύω άχολα πουλιά μαζί και τα ενώνεις. Ο Έρως με ερμήνευσε, μούδωσε 26 τ' άρματα του και μούπε 27 για να πολεμώ με την παλικαριά του. Του είπα φονιάς πως θα γινώ 28 και τα βουνά θα πιάσω, για θα κερδίσω εσένανε 29 για τους εχθρούς θα κάψω. Όχι για ζηλοφθονιά, όχι για κακία, μόνο διότι έχω ορκισθεί εμπρός στην Πανάγια.

Έρωτα άσπλαχνε δόλιε με τόση πονηρία, πως της ενώνεις δύο καρδιές και της έκανες μια! Έρωτα πανάθλιος τύραννος, μα δεν με λυπάσαι!

Eros, how you manage to entice! You catch two birds and you match them together. Eros instructed me, he gave me his weapons and he told me to fight with his bravery.

I said to him, Eros how will end up?

I will go to war for love.

I will burn my enemies if I do not win you.

Not for jealousy or out of evil, but because I have sworn an oath in front of The Virgin Mary. Eros, you merciless trickster, with so much deception, how do you match two hearts and then make them one? Eros, you wretched tyrant, you do not pity me.

²⁵ Numbered as 6 in journal; drawing of Eros holding two birds in the middle of the page 26 μου έδωσε
27 μου είπε
28 γίνω
29 εσένα