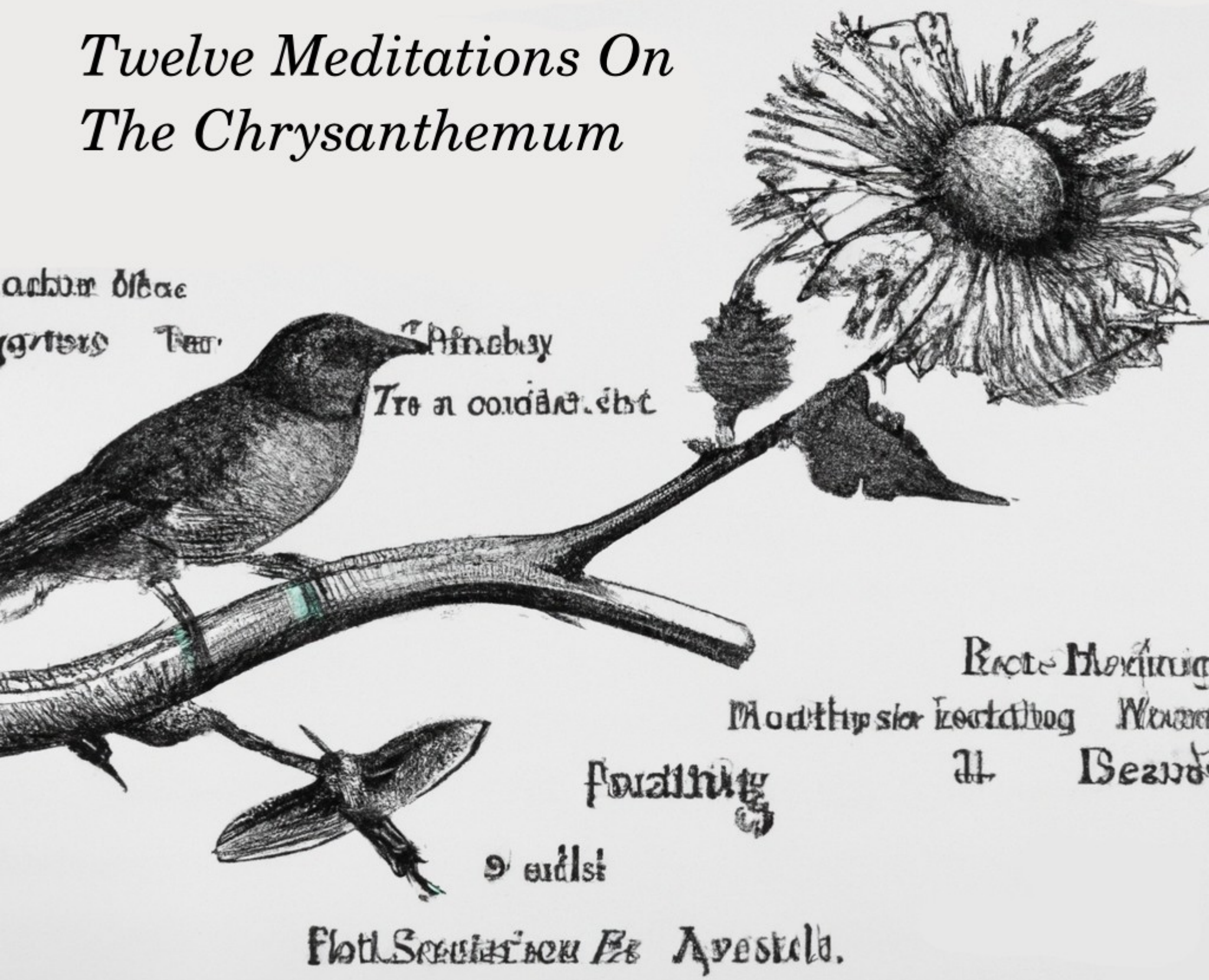


Zorba's Gardens Երանոսի Երկր

Twelve Meditations On The Chrysanthemum



աշխարհ Երկր

գրեց Եր.

Դիմեցայ

Դեռ և օրհնեցի

Երեւոյն

Մարտի տեղեկաց Երեւոյն

Ա Երեւոյն

Բարեկամ

Եւրոպայ

Բոլոր Երեւոյն Եւրոպայ.

Thinking of the Chrysanthemum

If a novel spirit landed on the perch
Of my autumn mind, yearning but withering;
If a flighty obsession, though new to me,
Felt like some treasured thing I'd lost long ago,
That forceful ghost would need to find a body -
A thought, all-light and light, soaking through my mind
As though a cloud bursting quickly into rain
And inundating mixed-up earth.

Visiting the Chrysanthemum

I travel the way of memorious ghosts.

Aware of threats, of shaking wraiths and their haunts

In this smog-choked future-trapped city of want.

Still, passing gravestone skyscrapers hide a life.

I fear no evil, though I may be alone -

For do I not have all your thoughts here with me?

Do your lovely words not linger in the shade,

Stifled warm and velvet rustling?

Planting the Chrysanthemum

Wrong season, and wrong setting, rain in summer,
Sent to grow despite the spread of death in spring,
Stamped by customs' foreign seal, condemned by ink
To plastic gallows, and lightly tamped, engraved.
I lock myself away, join the seeds below
We're awaiting in the tomb the age to come
In a psychic pot-mix cauldron stained with moss
Where something unexpected blooms.

Facing the Chrysanthemum

Muggy skies, a smooth unglazed ceramic pink,
Midges flit about the edge of stolen leaves,
A heavy string thrums low in sweating distance.
Ensconced by blossoming ceramic,
Unquiet summer for the intimate vine
In that bed of earth; a white paper, waiting,
Evokes a silent laugh from some little ghost,
Frail as a single damp petal.

Displaying the Chrysanthemum

Everything you think you are you hid, shyly,
From all others, and from patient, wanton eyes.
These eyes held their gaze, expecting that your face
Would shift - let the stamen drop the roots' disguise.
I see just stillness - you're not trying to change,
You're marvelling at all the people you are!
And I wonder whether I should feel contempt,
But I like it despite myself.

Writing about the Chrysanthemum

When the pale pulp and the black octopus' blood
Become ridiculous, when the moths' scent is
Wafted from the room – you awaken anew.
Irony: you mourn your right to be depressed
As nature forces you to unfurl yourself
And look at the sun. Slowly, you twirl your dress,
Realise, and realise, and realise!
But - how to go about life now?

Painting the Chrysanthemum

Never used a technique like this one before -
Turpentine's stink, the soft rip of the easel
Baroque chapel light from the high white window
Colour a still life that fidgets now, an urge
Deep within it knowing there's a wind outside.
This hunched autochthonous life, musky, breathing
In newly-loosed soil, waits to be inspected.
It tastes, with summer-lust, spring air.

Questioning the Chrysanthemum

At the humid crux, when rebirth is expected
Revisions of ancient duties will appear.
I, androecium, falter, I question you:
Even if I knew what I was meant to do,
The whorl of our life would oblique and reveal
Perianth and leaves and stem, world-tree, below -
Could I understand your ambiguous smile?
My hands fumble, I question you...

Wearing the Chrysanthemum

This humidity! Hardly could I have thought
The sky would grow so dark, grey with sordid drops
The clouds would press with longing against the earth
And rain bring sweat, water engender itself,
And the world become one, whirlpooling, roiling,
At last drowning in apothotic deluge -
Leaves touching, reaching toward a hidden sun,
Made visible by ecstasy.

The Chrysanthemum's Shadow

When there's no hole in the pot's base, a flower
Rots from the root up. It's drainage, understand?
I'm lonely, so right now you need to get out,
Since that's the way loneliness really works.
The stalk you left me has grown beyond control
And become corrupted, and now corrupts in turn.
This stem that once held the bed of Ulysses
Is now tearing my roof away.

A Dream of Chrysanthemum

All our recollections are really dreams.
Memory tells nothing true – your life wanders
In half-light's dizzying world of reveries
Where your teeth fall out and you're oddly naked,
Your oldest enemy winks, understands now.
And here, on a white couch in a close chamber
With fond face obscured, someone waits patiently
To awaken you from your sleep.

The Withered Chrysanthemum

Six feet in the workman's boots and two in bed
Dawn's rosy red fingers reach through the window
Eyes sightless buds weakly curl in on themselves
Only to dream to dream to dream on and on
You've taken this life you led from nothing
From knowledge your learning now known to be true
I'll remind you when you leave in the morning
to take the *santouri* with you