Nightfall, Armada

(Efthimis KARADIMAS 1995)

Led by my own will, I ruled !
Traces on a muddy path, I ruled !
The soul of a tree I got
paroxysm, megalomania, all ended so sadly.

The ictus of the last shovelful on my coffin's
wooden breastbone
...won't be my death

as a man ; as a soul ; as a king never begged
mine is the beauty of the earth
mine shall be the end...
...and I'm gone

kiss my icy lips at last,
idem still am I
burn these icing flowers for the past that has
gone
still, it has been cried far from the heyday my
star