

From the book of poems

“Philosophy of flowers”

by Nikiforos Vrettakos

GENESIS

This carnation, which I am holding
between my three fingers
and raising it to the light, spoke to me and
in spite of my common mind I understood it.
A chain of unending milkways collaborated,
crossed on the earth down illuminations
– the whole universe took part in the birth
of this carnation.
And what I am hearing is the voices
of the craftsmen in it.

* * *

SEMINAR

If I am seen standing, still
among my flowers, as it happens
this moment,
one would think that I am teaching them. But
it is myself who is listening
it is them, that are speaking.
Having me in the middle
they are teaching me the light.

Translation: Manos Tselikas