

## The Self

*by*

*Eirini Polychronaki*

Under the smog of your  
purchased Olympus  
there is an  
underworld  
with venereal hot air  
and sticky mud,  
nothing but  
cavernous blank walls and  
fading shadows.  
Sinister whispers come and go,  
cracking flames of hellfire  
and the cries of mirologistres  
fill the air but no concrete shape  
is to be seen beyond the line of  
petrified Prometheuses.  
A hole at indefinite height  
emits babies now and then;  
more coal for the infanticide.  
When did this happen?  
Is this what we dreamt of  
at the barricades?

### Poet's Note

This poem is the product of a period of vicissitudes and realization. It was inspired by rage, which was channeled to its creation. The only challenge was to capture this spite towards status quo, hypocrisy and vanity, in a concise and balanced allegory, preferably with specks of Greek culture.