

“Black Mountains”

by

Odysseas Panatsias

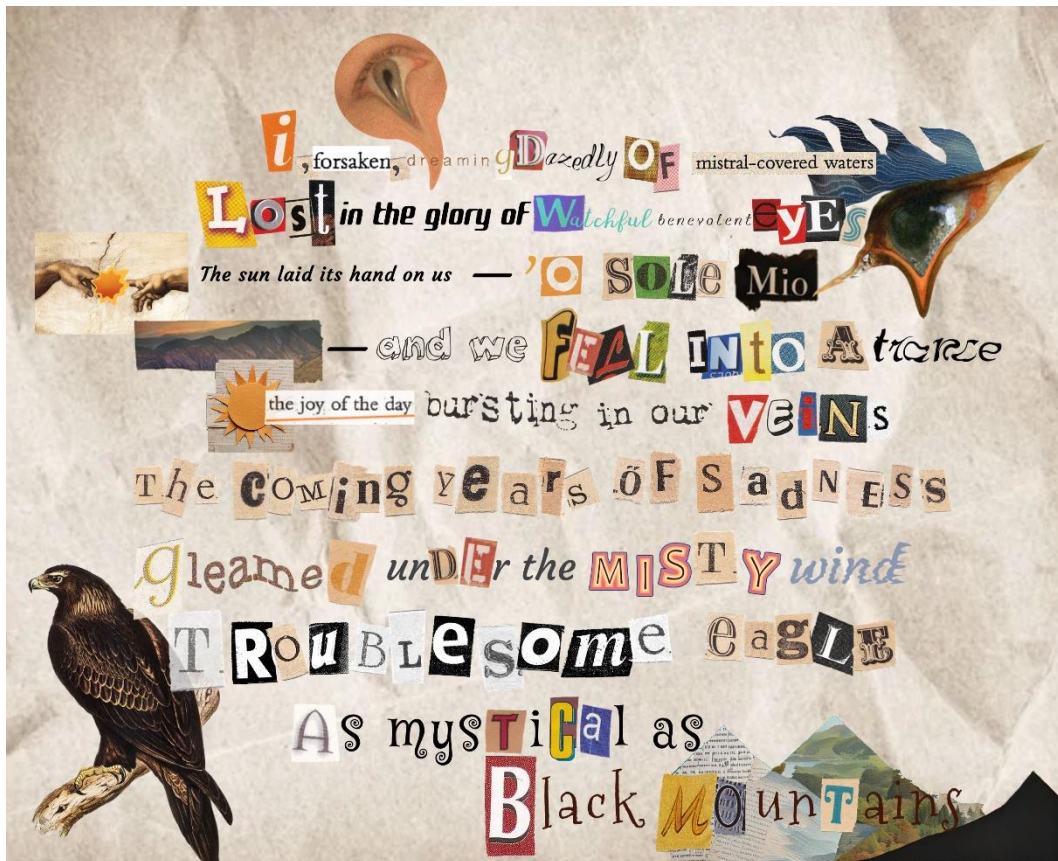


Figure 1 ‘Black Mountains’ is based on Eve Langley’s *The Pea-Pickers*. Created using Adobe Photoshop.

Textual version of the poem

[i], “forsaken”, “dreaming dazedly of [...] mistral-covered waters” / where waves whisper secrets to the restless winds / Lost in the glory of “watchful[,] benevolent eyes” / their gaze anchoring me amidst the turmoil / “The sun laid its hand on us” — “[o] [s]ole [m]io” — and “we fell into a [golden] trance” / “the joy of the day” surging, “bursting in our veins” / Yet, “the coming years of sadness” loomed / “gleam[ing]” faintly “under [the veil of] the misty wind” / A “troublesome” eagle

circling above / its shadow cast long and heavy / above the “[b]lack [m]ountains”
/ “as mystical as” a fog-shrouded forest at dawn.

“The Knife”

by

Odysseas Panatsias

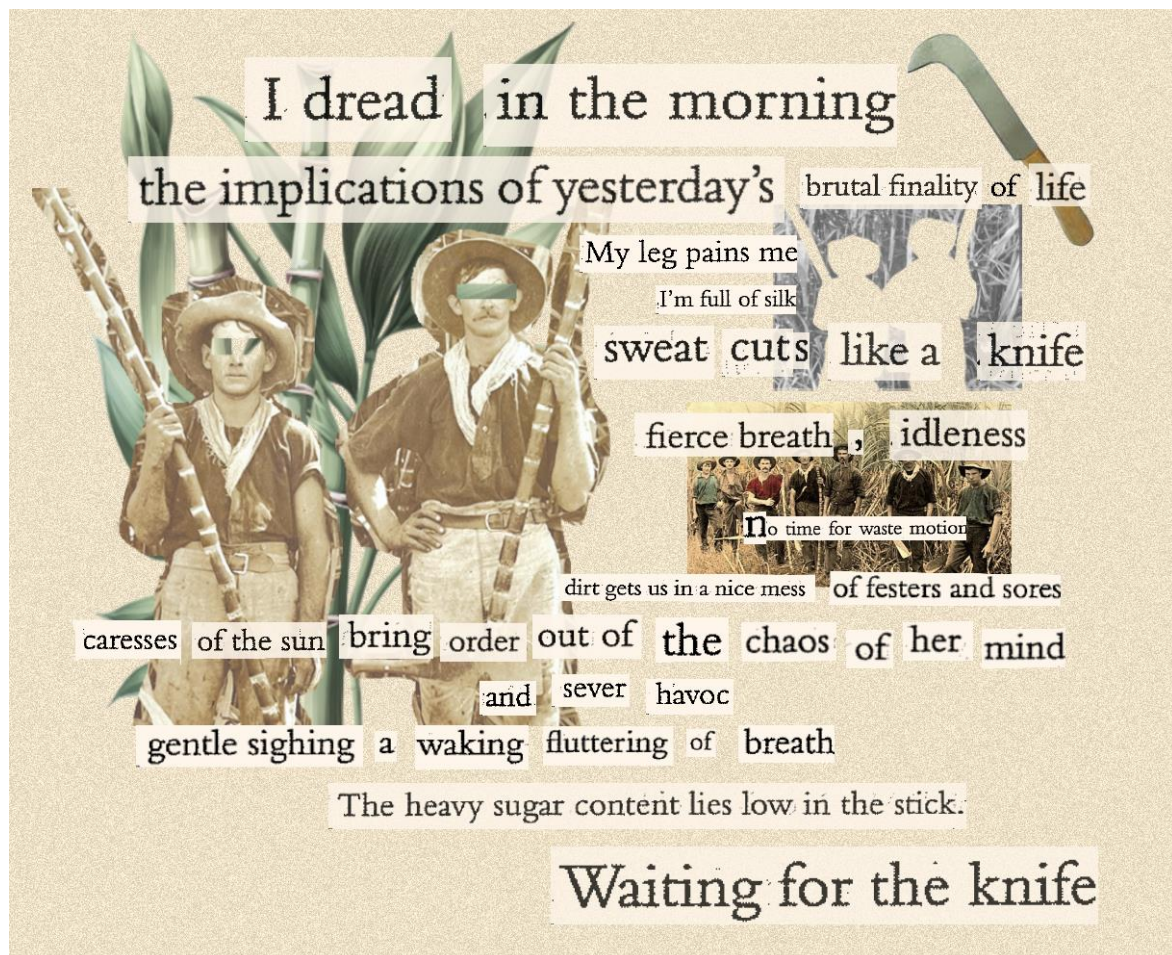


Figure 2 'The Knife' is based on Jean Devanny's *Sugar Heaven*. Created using Adobe Photoshop.

Textual version of the poem

“I dread” the arrival of the morning / “the implications of yesterday’s” “brutal finality of life” linger relentlessly / “My leg pains me” / a pain that is reminiscent of my being here / “I’m full of silk” / “sweat” “cuts” like a knife / stinging deep into the skin and bones /

“fierce breath”, “idleness” / “[n]o time for waste motion” / The “dirt [clings,] [pulling] us
in[to] a nice mess of festers and sores” / “caresses of the sun” “bring order out of the
chaos of her mind” and sever havoc / A gentle sigh, “a waking fluttering of breath” —
time and space stretch thin / “The heavy sugar content lies low in the stick.” / “[w]aiting
for the knife”