

Flower Beauty

A bud of beautiful, lovely flowers, all kinds of flowers,
The most vivid colors you'll ever live to see!
I tied you up and locked you in a wooden chest,
I buried you and I planted them there.
No one will ever begin imagining to suspect
The ugliness underneath...
What a rich fertilizer you are! if only you could see them grow!
They sprout in dozens, there'll be thousands by next month,
And their roots will drain your evil, till it is no more...
None of them took after you, none is dark,
None will tear down people and leave them stark,
But they all have your pretentious smile
And, for the world, that's enough...

And you'll never compare to what lies beneath the olive grove!
There rest the fatigued bodies and souls
Of humans, not people but men.
They're those you tortured and watched burn.
From the branches hang their bitterly black tears
And from those you squeezed out the key ingredient to your sick happiness,
The one that made your existence make sense,
For as long as it had endured.

[Response to Mary Kyriazopoulou's «Ελιά, νησί» and
«Ορτανσίες», 'Women in R. E. D.' exhibition.]