

Nikos Karouzos (1926 - 1990)

Ode Nocturnal and Neolithic to Kronstadt (1987)

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Stuttering universals as
Reality limps and as
Freedom huddles in white-nested affectionless ice
We supplicate for redemptive thaw.

(Let's see if Spring will sustain our dreams.)

ONE SAILOR: How is the mind softened at the Urals?

ANOTHER SAILOR: What's your point? I don't understand.

The phone moulds; Eudaimonia

--Full power to the Soviets! That's all.

Правда

--Can you cut a rose from the word
'rose'?

--Ask them this question.

Правда

--Which logic begins with them? [A third sailor.]

--I see something else; the logic of power is perpetuated.

INDEED

--We'll die or we'll bring revolution to its meaningfulness!

--That's all.

I yearned for the minerals my speechless

Mammalian sacredness

And revert to the sleep that saves me

It is the easy death

A crumbling clock

With nothing before and nothing after;

I didn't come I won't go I will stop.

--Power is the diarrhoea of History.

--In my village, it's called arse-loving.

Правда

--Gennady, you rhyme with Hades.

--I enunciate terror. And in the end what do you think ideals are? They are flouraround the fish before being fried.

--Where is our truth?

--In the revolution.

THAT IS THE TRUTH

--Listen to my yester night's dream. It was as if I was up in Olympus. Jabbering goddesses eternally mocked the greed of circularity, with a most obscene moon just further above. --Path of ambiguation; I process the unknown--, said I. And suddenly they appeared in front of me out of the murky bronze and the mindless iron, Hephaestus and Aphrodite, bleeding nudities. 'What did you imagine', Hephaestus told me. 'This secretly married and brash woman is responsible; deep down she is Hera the nymphomaniac; she is espoused to power exuding the sheen of impeccable morality.' I woke up, disturbed.

You butterfly, enslaved to light; wings and fluff

In extraversion.

Jupiter the dissolute holds inalienable thunderbolts

Unfired yet

Satisfied with visions of stupidity

Presiding over all cosmologies.

And the face of Phaethon's horses against

The void foaming with cosmic matter.

Quickly, an ambulance for King Lear!

We exude fragrant madness.

The brakes aren't working; immersed we are in

Zeno's divisibility.

ANNA (coming closer): Any news from reality?

NIKOLAY (picking up the phone): In the next stroke, the time will be 17 and 21 and three seconds.

GENNADY: Ah, bugger! You can only count cigarettes but not smoking.

NIKOLAY: I am afraid, comrade. And the assault is imminent. Lenin Is enmeshed with destiny.

--Very expensive stitching.

--Tellurian frenzy.

--Phallocide.

--Utopia.

--But we refuted the forest.

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-Motherly rains...Oh wretched...

Look at the miserable sun! A disease
 In the firmament of the sky.
 Yet, what?
 Stellar sparks of solidarity again
 With nil consequences;
 I remember once in Tzia a certain donkey
 Devouring glittering daisies;
 Success of solitude; that's always
 The situation.
 Getting over your nerves verbatim.

--I am arrested by a truth: I surrender. Another one clutches me. I surrender to this one too. Rushing through mental rawness. I say: the blood of fleas and immediately smell of rum.

--You veer off. But my eyes claimed the unity of vision; the emptying of tragedy. I never succumbed to contradictions. I flow interstitially, but no!

--Unbridled imagination.

[That day I was born by myself; I had no biological precedent. I crawled to the shack of elementary mathematics. Therein shining I hearkened bones.]

Insolent light, you, impotence of Eros!
 What to say ... The poet is the psychiatrist of his self
 With pure alcohol.
 Mainly I would say, a god-dripping and ascending wasp.
 It will turn blue again.

--But there is another Eros, the sexual one.

--To no avail... If you like, he will add some ice-cubes
 To my melancholy.

[Memories unforgettable since I remember myself; beauty is not an easy thing despite being so contagious through words and theories. And opti-

mism, that eel: it slips to the next stage always. Olives ask for sorrowful soil...The drama of quality.]

I wish I never existed;
 The heartbeat is dark; a vagabondage.
 Even if I recently called life the objection of the worm
 Still within me desperation smoulders
 Chaotically.
 Either beast or saint, the only cost is absence.
 With teeth and nail in the fire amongst turbulent cinders
 Years and years
 I created my stature blooming sublimity
 Without consultation
 Malevolent dream-books and foggy oracles.
 I never considered risks; I became ashes.
 I believed in chrysanthemums I swore in the grass
 And as affectionate wind roars out of rainy
 Conclusions
 I re-emerge in the red ruins of the sun
 And recount my sanguine kidneys.

--We cry without pentagram; vultures are swarming in the
 Air whirling geometry impeccably. We conquered the smallest word
 SOVIET—

--Alas, comrades, fantasiolexia!

--Heterolexia of the party; a sailor contradicts.

PLEASANT CEMETERY; WE THE EXECUTED STILL LIVE.

Deep in the Finnish Gulf.
Now the multitude of those who believed were of one heart and one soul; neither did anyone say that any of the things he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common.
 Deep in the Finnish Gulf.

--I am thinking of walking briefly. Until the kitchens. Two three days now that I haven't seen the little chook; she works as a cleaner, Anna. Any work here brings you to ecstasy here.

As the sun hunches and becomes
 The mucus of light
 I ascend red with the psychical glasses of sadness
 Playing second voice to matter
 Staunchly defending causality
 against
 this vulgar Universe.

--Either asleep (pax) or awake (croax) swiftly I am named *moriturus*.

--That's about it. Are you interested in my last dream? I took my typewriter to the dentist's. 'A rotten tooth?' he asked me. I don't know what happened next, but the doctor told me calmly: 'Bring her back next week.' I took her in my hands and proceeded to the elevator. Then the typewriter screamed; 'I will go by myself!' and fell down some winding stairs which nevertheless were gigantic orange peels.

--Meanwhile we were biting our nails deeply. And we heard *weltanschauung* resonating with loosened bells [Imprimatur.]

--But it should ...

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Thrombotic foliage; I dine
 With the flowers;
 I cross through the weddings of shrubs
 Conflagrating my writing through inarticulate
 Dawns

And by lying upright I am unfortunating
 despair.

[We approach oxygen. 'One day, Nasreddin Hodja was asked: -- is the sun more useful or the moon? -- The moon, said the Hodja, because the sun comes up when it dawns. While the moon lights the world when the night falls.' (From the French.)
 With visual logic we would shine incomparably. Would you say no?)

Frequently I claim that my kidneys will overcome.
 Yet I constantly tutor myself in horror
 Every night I ponder that no! I won't
 Wake up:
 Every morning I cough up phlegm suffering
 A wild nausea which is never completed
 And I shudder
 Certain nights with voluntary blackness certain nights
 Of enormous bloodthirsty moons
 So that I will totally deplete my white
 Hair till the apocalypse.
 I never remember thyme that wouldn't always
 Exude its fragrance
 Under mountainous suns evocations of memory.
 I don't know what my liver does I don't know
 What my heart does
 I am plagued by guilty vision and accelerated
 Penury
 Consonants I carve and pronounce vowels horrific.

--Religious affair. And now time is not the tape-recording of eternity. Science is trumpeted; all counted. But it is impossible to pinch the sea. History ultimately converses with statues; is it not so?

My typewriter is called a piano;
 From the other bank, it orchestrates our death;
 It beautifies Trotsky's signature.
 And Zinoviev from the other side on the same keys

In red chasuble
 in blue tunic
 conspires the pleasure of our liquidation.

--Well, I remember a sky-rock in the motherland. Like this one, I was thinking, Lenin is creating beauty; like this big rock out in the country.

--Sometime you called clear skies machination.

--I guarantee no word.

--Imagination devastated us.

--But the shining also consecrates us.

--But what is shining?

[The man in costume and loud necktie who comes out at the centre of the church between the chanters and recites the 'Creed' – what blabbering, o God; what foamy mindlessness!]

--Who decided about our corpses?

--Our visions are brimming. Enriched we are with immortality.

--Bridegrooms, the rodents of hope.

[We all shine in Kronstadt. In this most proud geography.]

Death is small
 Love is tall.
 No sun shaking its

midday yellow
 In dark vermin; no terror!
 One way or another we die.
 And the lamb constantly lowers into indefatigable
 Grazing.
 God, inter-god; my angelic abysses; horrible song
 Yes and no;
 As it dances with grace and ugliness
 The ultimate question;
 Violence is
 The midwife of History
 Or is it
 The ever new
 Infant of History?

(Dance makes you dizzy.

But we deserve a song.

Tempests roar since ever

To spread

Wings and so the sea can fly

In the active heights.)

--But if the truth won't become bald, it will never mature...

A SAILOR (sneezing): That's what I call truth.

(Laughing): Sneezing: total rejection.

In loud memorials of devouring and innocent barbarity with flocks
 of birds in the lowly skies until the early rains take over until the
 autumn barrel of urine rains.

It must have been last year. Semantic reveries; the torture of cough-
 ing; a skeleton internal.

My poor lungs have no strength

And life hovers around as life does and in all sorts

Of truth.

It must have been last year.

And then in the dense forest follows serenity a look alike
 To the stuttering of existence
 The ultimate silencing with the bright swellings
 Like the swift-talking waters in the foliage
 Like the youth of birds, the unknown, the angel-eyed youth.
 We don't wait in the pit we wait not in Hades
 Neither in numberless snakes nor innumerable vipers
 Only in a frightening scale which weighs under oath
 The incorruptibility of matter.
 My bones desire their freedom from my flesh.

[It's getting dark in the text. Precipitation of dusk: maturity.]

--If the ice thawed; if the Spring caught up with them...

-- There would be any outcome?

-- For further reflection.

--Maybe decide to discuss?

[The steps of the newly-born Buddha were counted to be seven, and seven days later Queen Maya died. Time flows and one night *Siddhartha monte a cheval et les Dieux font un tapis de leurs mains sous les sabots de cheval pour qu'il puisse abandonner la ville sans etre etendu ni vu de personne*. The secret animal fires up in the jubilant darkness *sous un arbre de pipal*. Neither wealth nor woman anymore nor his own child; he left everything behind; he abandoned all for better or worse (sun and moon). An enormous nudity; in the beginning, tortuous; eating *un grain de riz par jour*. When the illumination came, he was reborn.]

My chest, I never filled you with coins and when
 The sun ignores its departing beauty
 Acts impeccably
 And when also it pours
 A darkening into so much inflammation and touches

The nocturnal clitoris.
 Terrified little candles on the graves; the night
 Wind frightens them.
 With a branch of vine tree over me vast blueing
 I enjoy the sculptural finesse.

[Proletarians
 Expectarians]

Flowers recline lymphatic rain
 And in my breathing breathes
 the infertile presence
 I learn my wings
 My teacher is the wind
 It betroths the gum tree amidst the impenetrable white
 Leafage
 There are no limits to the eloquence of the Crucifixion
 Or to the orange colour that blinded me
 In phosphorescence
 But I disinherited language
 I collect no indulgences I dawdle in savagery
 Those burning scarlet decades
 Of global mentation
 And jump out of the cauldron of destiny
 Seething bubbles.
 Moon of mine gouged eye I muse
 On your whiteness.

[Poetry is an old rag; let's call it torments on shoes. Not bad. Do we perhaps see the revolution refracted? Has it really lost its way?]

--Blackness excels.

--What do you mean?

--Close your eyes: all forms disappear;
if you open them they are all back.
That's all.]

--Give me as a memento the definition of power.

--According to me it is the irradiation of the
beast.

--Tick tock; tick tock; tick tock --

--But why are you making fun of me now comrade?

I never surrendered to numbers or other

Cymbals

I never called humanity a beautiful species;

But it is true; in the craggy solitude flying

Looks like acquittal and our mind always

De-scales the Poseidon of oceans a prickly

Deception

Within the bitter timetables of agony;

The full-moon is a spectre and the senseless sun above

The instigator of my shadow ceaselessly.

You are kidding! --the sun, gentlemen, is indebted to us;

Without doxologies!

All blossoming jubilate *sen masse* and despite surrendering to

Scenting

To myrrh to motherhood to insouciant jasmines

Nevertheless I was always annoyed by the hours of Socrates

Before his luscious death

And the imperiously bellowing thunders arresting the midnight

The boyars of heaven

With merciless swords gleaming swords

Disembowelling the night.

Well as for me, I, dazzled, dilating galaxies with my hand

And ascend oneirically

Suspending the real and barely remembering

That artery of the invisible
The braid of smoking in anodyne
Altitude. Here, we all persist.

--Anna, what is happening?

--The offensive has begun.

--Anna, farewell! We will die.

--Nikolay, I loved, totally.

--Another time; it will happen again, Anna.

[...*et les Dieux font un tapis* this time with ice under the soles of the comrades
from the opposite side; so that they cross over, oscillating.]

and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need.

KRONSTADT.