An

Dimitra Galani

she hangs about her garden
she's chatting with the flies
avidly reads the classics
she never ever sighsa cigarette is always
extension of her time
gives her a new lease of life
to find the perfect rhymeshe now enters the bedroom
unmakes the bed, lies down
studies Sylvia Sexton
and tightens her night gownthere is a curse around her
she explains to her gas fire
that feminist production
was not to take her highermi mou milas gia agapi (=do not talk to me about love)
(she hangs about her garden)
mi mou milas (don not talk to me)
petheni to oniro mas (=our dream is dying)
(she never ever sighs)
mi mou milasmi mou milas gia agapi
(san klene ta poulia) (=as birds are crying)
mi mou milas gia agapi
(stin ermi akrogialia) (=at the lonely coast)
petheni to oniro mas
(stin adia akrogialia) (=at the empty coast)mi mou milas gia agapi
(san klene ta poulia)
mi mou milas gia agapi
stin ermi akrogialia)the gas stove in the kitchen
warms up her lettered past
of fantasies
of lovers
that rose and baked fastmi mou milas gia agapi
(mi mou milas)

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