

Poems by *Claire Angelides* (translated from Greek)

Last Word

Keep the key safe. It's the key to the house.
When you get there, use it to open the door.
Keep it in a safe place
And clean it from time to time.
It must not go rusty. It should be ready, as
soon as they tell you to go back...
I double locked the front door.
You have to push it outwards
don't forget...
I won't be returning, as I had expected.
You are the one to go back.
You will see the orchard and the walnut tree
I planted...
Take care of the key.
The garden will be full of the sweet scent
of jasmine.
The vine will certainly be laden with fruit
It's just that no one has pruned it for so many
years.
When you go, get Minas to prune it.
And don't forget the basil in the pots.
Our garden will look beautiful.
Don't cry.
Just keep the key safe.
Do you realise the difficulty you will be in if
you lose it?
Where will you find a craftsman to change the
lock,
when you return to the Town?

That House

That house buried in citrus
lilies and jasmine
that house has become one with my soul
one with my dreams
That house buried in citrus
lilies and jasmine
has become one with my soul
my dreams
Every corner is a song
Every step a longing.
That house has a soul
that house has a soul
it weeps endlessly and bitterly at night
That house in Ammochostos
is my house.

