

Ὁ Ἔρως

[ALEXANDER R. RHANGABE]

Ἴδὲ, ὦ φίλη μου, τὸ πᾶν διακοσμῶν ὁ πλάσας,
Τὴν γῆν μας κατεσκέυασεν ἀπὸ δακρῶν ζύμην,
Ἐἰς δάκρυα τὴν ἡδονὴν, εἰς δάκρυα τὴν φήμην,
Ἐἰς δάκρυα συνέμιξε τὰς ἀπολαύσεις πάσας.

Περᾶ μ' ἀγῶνας ὁ θνητὸς ἠπείρους καὶ θαλάσσας.
Περᾶ καὶ δὲν κατέλιπεν οὐδ' ἴχνος οὐδὲ μνήμην.
Δακρῶν πρὸς τὴν ἄναυδον προστρέχει ἐπιστήμην,
Καὶ πρὶν σπουδᾶσθαι τὴν ζωὴν, ἀπέθανε γηράσας.

Οἱ πόθοι τοῦ ἀμφίβολοι εἰς μαῦρον πλέουν χάος.
Ἐλπίζει, κ' αἱ ἐλπίδες τοῦ μαραίνονται ἀκαίρως.
Σκιὰς διώκει πτερωτὰς, πλὴν φεύγουν ἀενάως.

Ἐνὸς δὲ μόνου πρὸς αὐτὸν εἰρηνικοῦ ἀστέρος,
Ἐρπει ἄκτις ἐλλάμπουσα διὰ τοῦ σκότους πρᾶως,
Ἐν μόνον τὸν παραμυθεῖ μεῖδιμα, — ὁ Ἔρως.

LOVE

Lo, my beloved, the One who fashion lent
To all the world our earth from tears did raise;
Mid tears delight, mid tears he mingled praise,
And with tears blended he each heart's content.
Contending, men cross sea and continent;
Aye, cross and leave no memory or trace.
Through tears men seek on Science mute to gaze
And die grey-grown, yet know not what Life meant.
Man's yearnings dim adown dark Chaos sail.
He harbours hopes, but they untimely fail.
He seeks winged shadows that from him e'er move.
Yet, to his view, the rays of one still star
Down gleam, borne gently through the gloom afar;
One smile alone assuages him : 'tis Love.

SKULI JOHNSON