

# MYSTIC PASSAGE

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## FIRST PASSAGE

### The Agony of Matter

Winter will find me naked  
In a dilapidated room  
With time welling up through the holes of the floors  
Winter will find me stirring the ashes of my poetry  
A handful of words -- like star or blood  
Like I wander or oath -- like  
Souls can smell -- I burn them to warm myself.

\*

Winter will find me barefoot wandering  
Up and down the one and only abyss  
The soil is soft I sink into it  
Mud from ancient stars  
"I will get through," I say  
Branches of the azure in my hands  
And the tree officiates over the silver of the desert  
Odor of the boundless void  
My pained matter that I inhabited.

I raise my poetry before  
Garment stained with blood  
I burn it to warm myself.

\*

And it rains and rains in my tattered room  
Which sways a reward for fire  
It rains full moon and ancient blood  
Crystals laden with my centuries.

I bend over to look at myself in the most,  
In the most deep well of cracked crystal  
My face perplexed and mournful  
And it rains and rains silver deserts on the sacred icon  
My body is an odor of night's shudder  
And the archangel standing in the window  
Fashions a sensuous curve from God and Universe  
I wrap myself in the boundless azure  
To pass through.

\*

Winter will find me dreaming  
A rose sprouted on the storm  
With paradise shifting like a mirage  
and Time still prophetic  
liberating the stars from my flesh.

Winter will find me in the desert  
Marching like a revelation  
And Age, the Exterminator, melts like  
A scented candle  
With the seven flames kindled in my body  
Sites of nascent whiteness  
With a fragrance of burnt pine-needle for recognition  
A rose that prays forgotten  
At the edge of the storm

I walk no longer  
I sink down like a prophetic dream.

## SECOND PASSAGE

### The Agony of Memory

One by one, I loose the bonds  
The dream will be the last to be uprooted  
The dream the dream torments me -- joints  
That groan lost azure in the deepest depths  
My body  
The odor of sky and of frigid star  
Is lost in my millennia of a flowing  
Pagan dream.

I have not yet loosed all the bonds  
Moonlit nights oaths diaries and farewell  
The earth rejects me, a foreign body  
I will avenge myself, I say, with lucidity my weapon  
I will pass beyond time like the flash of incubated crystal  
I will pass like the silver of the desert  
That outwits the darkness  
Holding in my hands the mark:  
Odor of birth-blood.

\*

The dream will be uprooted last or I  
I  
Some hand will uproot me from the dream  
Like a flower trodden by Time  
What did I dream? What did I dream?  
I will no longer remember

\*

My house is uninhabited  
Only memory remains among the crumbling walls  
I hear its heavy footsteps -- something  
Like a cry in the dark  
I wear it next to my skin with my first abyss  
A flower whitened by my tears  
And death laden with paradises  
A window forgotten in the night  
Illuminating the other life.  
Death twisting  
Climbing up my body  
Displaces the boundaries

I am the burning memory that flows toward the Light  
I no longer own the matter given me  
I turn it into a poem  
To pass through.

\*

My soul ever more alien  
Embraced by the abyss  
I recognize it by the  
Odor of night that riddled it like rust  
A strip of azure  
Pierced through by my sleep  
I am left alone  
With my soul erect  
Bidding farewell to the old mooring

With tears I rinse time off the form of my Soul  
With my blood I rinse the abyss off its fissures  
To take it with me.

### THIRD PASSAGE

#### The Agony of Fire

Alone the white full moon like a prow  
Illumines the forgotten paradises  
O Earth of unexplorable depths  
With your fragrant tree and rock of pearl  
All captured in the rose of the fissure  
Rose of my cosmic night  
The stalk arising from many abysses  
Dawns and fragrance  
Validates my hallucinatory night  
To step over the distances  
Alone  
Like a law or an analogy of the deep,  
Ocean of my unknowing,  
Innocence

\*

Soul erect  
And in the depth spirits of the dead await me  
Naked like a flash that bends over the twinkling of the unknown  
And the silence of my centuries  
Deepens the passage

I bend over and feel pain  
To find the other dimension  
To lean upon the light  
I bend over and look at myself  
A flower of the abysmal night  
To pass my body through to the other Time

To pass through like a vision of the pained matter that contains me  
In this Descent before  
Before  
Time is impassable

\*

Impassable and mournful  
I alone am its fissure.

\*

“Where,” I say, “where will I pass through  
What particles of matter will dilate  
To make room for memory”  
Drops of blood my marks  
To take with me.

\*

“Where,” I say, “if  
If your sullied hand erases the passage  
And I remain outside  
wandering forever  
Upon the mane of the desolate waves”

No, not  
The mistaken move is distance of fingers  
Upon buttons  
The hyacinth will take its revenge on you

Upon the moist flame  
Which pours forth  
My footsteps will etch  
The pangs of memory  
NO, not  
NOT, I say

“As flares of fire” they will take their revenge on you  
the centuries of my darkness  
The flowers that will bloom will judge you implacably  
Knots of blood my footsteps  
Upon the flaming abyss  
Abysses of blood my hand  
And my voice stentorian  
Will ally itself with the hyacinth  
Of Judgement.

#### **FOURTH PASSAGE**

The Little Child that Went Away

The Agony of Blood

"A dream erect  
Upon the abyss."

\*

You said you will come  
Perhaps with the autumn leaves or the rain  
Perhaps with the sound of the knife on the heart  
With the shudder that terror leaves on the flesh  
You know the mystic passages

You will come  
To show me the way  
Flesh from my flesh once  
Blood from my bitter blood  
You keep the traces from your mystic passage within me  
Signal bearers  
For the dawning night.

\*

Now that the circle is closing around me  
And it grows dark  
Now that time  
Trapped in my flesh  
Illuminates the frontiers  
You come from your mystic passage  
Alone  
Your memory the smell of blood on my body  
And my hands  
Wound around the flame that burned  
Your face  
My hands laden with absences  
Seek you  
Rose of blood  
And of Night.

\*

You come like an oracle of the Unknown  
Dilating the particles of matter  
For me to pass through.

\*

To pass through to the other Dimension  
To the other Time  
To be able to touch you beyond  
My perishable words beyond  
The stony tears  
Fragrance of the Soul  
That the blood intuits.

\*

Dilating the particles of matter  
You open for me a path of light  
To find you  
In your upper world.

\*

"You went away  
And my soul broadened  
In the infinite," I said  
But I did not know then -- then yet  
What it means to demagnetize silence  
The inner space  
To change your body into vision  
I did not know, did not know what was hidden  
In the depths I carried to my ephemeral landscapes  
And now there  
My body of jasper and sard  
I settle like an echo of the deep  
With sound no longer  
A vessel of shining soul.

\*

"Thank you that I loved you  
in death," I said  
But I did not know then  
Did not know, little child,  
That this love  
Made the abyss to flower

And my soul was emptied within me  
To evangelize the desert  
At the hour when your cry  
Rent the universe,  
Tender star.

And I was seeking a flower for the parting  
I was begging the night  
To bring me back my cry  
And raising a wooden cross  
At the root of the world.

\*

A dull glass between us the other time  
And I cannot master fate  
And I cannot master the ages that entwined you  
In your upper paths.

\*

"I do not write you with perishable words," I said  
But piece by piece I fracture eternity  
To send you a sign  
Piece by piece I fracture my soul  
To open the way

I do not write you with letters that are consumed  
In the first flame  
But piece by piece I fracture death  
To pass through.

**FIFTH PASSAGE**  
The Agony of Brilliance

Here am I  
And you hidden in things  
In the red of the anemone or the sound of the deep  
I stop in the midst of the dream and  
I listen to you -- then  
Shake sleep from my body and seek you  
Crystals of the Incomprehensible  
And my body becomes a cry  
A naked rose of the desert

I become an absolute rose  
Aroma of the unknown  
To touch you.

\*

To contain you  
Quality of my ailing star  
Precipitous like your truth  
To become a sliver of your Brilliance  
And then to roll over triumphantly  
Like whispering water of paradise

I am a knot of blood that has been purified  
By the wailing  
A knot of soul  
That stretches toward the Brilliance

Here am I  
And you hidden in my sacrifice  
You pay with silence  
The rending of the Impossible  
You pay for my poetry with bitter crosses.

\*

In the ashen room  
That continuously moves -- unfastening  
My members from the azure  
I wander  
Like the nakedness of the frozen star  
To find an echo  
Of the unknown universes that inhabited my body  
To become a secret crypt of the rose  
That you were for me -- and in my flesh  
The oracles breed paradises

Here am I  
My soul small white flames  
entirely aflame  
Radiates like a Resurrection  
And skies sprout upon my shoulders  
For you to pass through

But you, hidden in my tears  
radiate the April of loves  
And your truth is a hidden light  
On the abyss -- how to find you?

\*

I hear your footsteps in the garden

A silver tremor on the waters  
And I gaze at the fissure:  
A row of dry halos  
From the heads of Saints who have grown grassy  
And it smells of first-rain again

But you are nowhere  
You slide like dew off the flower  
And leave in my eyes  
Burning, the form of Brilliance.

\*

Not again your two-edged oracle  
Bloodied drops, markings to find you  
But you are not  
And my heart, allotted the impossible,  
Wraps itself in the separations  
To open a way to the Uncertain  
A way to the burning Brilliance  
Which governs all.

## SIXTH PASSAGE

### The Agony of Transparency

And time falls off me in pieces  
Unfastening the flesh  
Perfumed once

My sleep full of fissures  
Like old clothes  
Illuminates the dreams  
And pushes me continually toward the inner side---where  
Silence, solid,  
Stirs, bottomless  
I am afraid, I say  
I fix my eyes wide-open  
In sleep, a living man is in contact with the dead, he said

\*

I can no longer hide in sleep  
I am transparent  
And my dreams flow from the flesh  
Full of expropriated paradises  
I shine  
Like used time  
Eroded by my tears -- one  
Good Friday  
As they were taking my soul down from the Cross  
And night broke  
A solitary rose  
Like the child that went away  
Naked  
To its upper world  
And my body filled with stars.

\*

One Good Friday  
I saw light flowing from the wound  
And the naked child upon the Cross  
Evangelizing the world

I am the mother of the Crucifixion, I  
And my eyes, full of blood  
Seek the light

I am the mother of the bitter parting  
And my hands, wounds,  
Illuminate all the mystic passages  
That I may find you  
In your upper world

\*

One Good Friday  
I slept upon the Cross  
And my sleep filled with heavens  
Immobilized  
My blood flows azure lilies since then  
And the abyss nestled in the wound  
Liberates the myrrh  
The abyss, solid  
Like pagan amber  
Dissolves the brilliance  
To liberate my flesh

\*

I saw the blood flow in the streets  
Sweeping away the child's eyes  
I stood amidst the crowd  
A desert  
My hands still being interred  
And an smell of Chaos covered  
The perfumed corpse.

Good Friday, 1988

## SEVENTH PASSAGE

### The Agony of Prophecy

Loosed from my flesh  
I tread  
In my star-studded sleep  
And have no fear of the wound  
I make it into a passage of light  
To pass through

And I bend like a flower touched by  
The lightning  
speaking mirthlessly

My life falls, broad drops  
Burning  
I am a stuff  
Precipitous  
Cracked  
And the oracles shine on the ancient stones as  
The seven of the abyss bleaches them.

\*

And I go about star-studded  
With eyes dredged in the ancient earth  
Where I was Sibyl  
Chewing laurel and wild roots  
And the Number, enchanted, consumes  
My stony face  
I go about ethereal like the flow of the Universe  
To detach the rock of oracles  
To pass through.

\*

I laid the stars down  
And slept  
And my sleep falls, broad drops  
Burning  
Upon my days  
Echoing passings of the unknown  
I have no earth to stand on  
My feet sink into the azure  
Reversed

I lean against the wing of my angel  
And listen  
Someone is packing my days  
To take them with me  
Emptied of symbols  
A light package  
Like the negative of my soul  
Revealed in abundant light!

My flesh is redolent with fragrant autumn  
I seek to decipher time  
My visage welling up ever  
Like an oracular response that flows to the sacred Three  
From fissures unseen

I listen one by one to the words I learned  
To desymbolize my body

Waft of a deserted garden  
And paradise passed by of old  
Like music of the Number that I was  
A magical code  
And I do not own the paths of the Archangel.

\*

My body smells of burnt time  
A landscape whitened by tears  
Bloodstained  
I lay it down carefully -- later  
I anoint with oil the wounds that float like stars  
To transform it into prayer (which defeats the oracle)  
To pass through.

## **EIGHTH PASSAGE**

Of Asia Minor

To my Ionian Father

I hold thee high  
Where the glow flows unchanging  
Sacrificial blood, I called thee  
Homeland of jasper and myrrh  
Of a night of weeping

From this glow of thy age  
From this sacrificial blood  
Was I born.

\*

Homeland of a flowering pearl of prayer  
With the footsteps of Homer  
On thy silver sands  
And the manuscripts of Heraclitus  
In thy chapel  
Thou art my history  
Written from the knots of blood  
That fell upon thee drop by drop  
From my centuries

Homeland of unexplored beginnings  
Archetypal initiation of my visage  
I carry thee with me rising up in my ephemeral landscapes  
To demagnetize the cry  
Raising blood  
Homeland of blood and of Helios  
Thou, rolled into my own time  
Where memory, bloodstained, ebbs  
And the abyss blossomed within me, a rose,  
My flesh  
My life rising up  
From the earth that slumbers  
At my root.

From this wound of memory  
From this ebbing  
Was I born

\*

Homeland contained in an icon  
Never lost  
Only undelivered  
Undelivered still  
I find thee beneath my mortality  
Full of fissures that rend my sleep  
To let the blood flow

I return to thy sources  
Land of my identity on earth  
Land of my visage that blossomed with  
An initiatory vision  
Ionic sun flows in my veins  
And frees the words from my flesh

From this fissure of time  
Out of this Ionic truth

Was I born  
That is why my eyes brim with  
Paradises of times gone by.

\*

Footsteps of Anaxagoras or of my grandsire  
On thy sands  
Beside the deserted footsteps of the hospitable gods  
The spirit cannot be expatriated, I said  
The soul cannot be exiled  
I inhabit thee centuries now  
My soul a wanderer three  
Millennia  
Wrapped in white abyss  
With voices of green metal and root-blood

Watery the time of my ebbing  
I inhabit thee,  
suspend thee on my thoughts  
Pure white chapel  
Illuminating the night of the world  
Thou alone  
Exuding incense of sleeplessness  
Memory of burnt rose  
From this pure white fragrance  
From this odor of memory  
Was I born  
That is why I keep in my blood  
Traces of the great roads

\*

I hold thee high  
Never will I break free from thy earth  
Thou art my final passage  
My final cosmic truth  
Thou, laden with my centuries  
Waves of the Ionic Logos  
That ebb as they break on my soul  
Ages abolished by the flame  
Thus I walk revealing myself  
A rose growing  
In a fissure of thy time  
To find thy secret ways  
To find the great exit  
To touch thee

Because through this glorious gateway  
Through this Apocalypse  
I will pass through with thee

\*

Behold the desert  
Dismembered beneath my centuries  
With thy earth welling up  
With the blood of the Crucifixion  
Behold the flaming desert  
It lights the sky to the chapels

Behold the third Woe comes swiftly  
And the first angel has sounded the trumpet  
And there was hail and flame mixed with blood

I hear the voice and the trumpet call  
Erect on thy earth  
I await the third angel  
Destined  
To sound the trumpet

From this din of tears  
From this trumpet-call about to be  
Was I born  
That is why in my blood flows  
The night of the Cross

\*

My Ionic age shudders within me  
Layers of existence beneath my existence  
I hear the oars on the banks of my sleep  
The rowboats that orphaned thy households  
And thou, spreading thy stony hands  
Earth in their earth  
A dark shudder in my veins

Behold the fulfilled time  
Wavers between blood and omens  
Whitening the chapels for the Resurrection

The fulfilled time  
Flashes silver chalices  
And one by one, the voices  
Of the departed waken  
To chant "Come receive. . ."

From this roar that wakens  
From the omens that whiten  
was I born  
That is why I keep in my blood  
All the creaking of thy earth  
And all the sighs that have haunted thee

To remember the day  
the One  
that is coming

\*

I hold thee high  
Beside the Holy of Holies  
Never will I break free from thy earth  
Smoldering flesh that seeks its truth  
Seeks the flash of the lightning bolt  
That burns  
And redeems  
Bell of Hagia Sophia  
Bit by bit may thou break the silence  
And once more may the new ages sound the Resurrection  
May an azure glory sprout  
Upon the lamentation of the ruins

From this glory of thine that will come  
From this flash of the lightning bolt  
was I born  
That is why my voice, too,  
Is a loosened bell  
That still weeps.

## **NINTH PASSAGE**

### The Three Irises

I was born with three irises, she said,  
Three irises in each eye  
One atop the other  
Stretches of sky entered  
The air thickened with azure  
And the angels sat to the right  
Transforming the vision into a shrine.

Now I look at the world and know  
That behind Paradise there is  
My childhood full of stars  
Forgotten on my body  
And a vein of whispering water that flows  
The other landscape  
With the tearful eyes of the Virgin  
And the three silver deserts  
One upon the other.

I look now at the sky and know that  
It is the site of my lost Iris I know that  
There I wander dreaming  
To find the first paradise -- before  
The sacrifice  
To find my first Passage -- when  
My mother gave me a rose of blood  
Lest I lose my way.

## TENTH PASSAGE

### The Dreams

Always at the same point  
The house hanging in the void  
With the windows open to the full moon  
And I emptying time with an old bucket from the Occupation  
“How did I get here?” I say,  
“I’ll fall...” and I am afraid.

Below the night abysmal  
With silver footsteps -- as if  
Someone passed by not long ago  
And on the banks a dry moon -- centuries  
Piled on top of the deserts

I look at the faces flowing from the cracks of the wall  
In the white and black of absence  
Like the negative of matter  
Alien  
And they exist in another time  
An unknown distance between us  
And I have no voice or movement  
“It must be a dream”  
And Father in the mirror  
Smiles unmoving

I stretch out my arms to touch him  
The white shirt is empty  
“You are gone,” I say, and in my arms  
The absence pains still -- as  
The place started to melt even within him  
My life came out  
Painful pieces  
With an odor of burnt Soul.

\*

He would have been seven  
Seven times April  
In the same night  
A stone flower stretched out in a hanging garden  
And I climbing some old stairs  
A feeling of certainty that he is there  
I crane my neck to see -- blood  
From my blood once  
The stairs are slippery  
“I will fall,” I say, and hold on to the azure  
Climbing  
But the garden shifts as in a dream  
And suddenly a lake that is crossed  
By white shadows  
And I am an echo of the deep  
And sink quietly as if asleep  
With the seven of the abyss engraved like a wound on my eyes

And a sense of persistent presence  
“It’s here,” I say, “here”  
As if death became an echo of the deep  
On the same parallel as the dream  
And a powerful brightness  
Sweeps time along  
To reveal a band of Paradise  
But not

“Where here?”

And my eyes ache from the mark.

\*

The room is empty  
As if a corpse passed by not long before and --  
It smells of Paradise  
I sit cross-legged and listen

My sleep has grown old full of fissures  
And I am able to watch the movements in the next space  
Some people are packaging a glass box  
Full of my days  
I gaze to make it out  
“It is I,” I say, “I” and shudder  
A pile of dreams in white paper  
Like a desert cut up by my hands  
Or like sunflowers of the night – that  
Were whitened by the passage of the angel  
And the blood flowing -- ancient blood  
On the glass like tears  
“I am ready,” I think  
“Packaged and ready  
For shipment”

A feeling of sleep breaking  
Like a glass box  
And my days fall  
Light and bloodless  
Bending like a sunflower of memory  
And I am no more

The room transforms itself into smell of corpse  
And I exist like  
A feeling from a lost Paradise or like  
The white of the abyss.

\*

I know not the place  
Have never seen it and yet it is mine  
I have lived here, I say, and try to remember  
A wall of a house once  
And the garden full of mysterious plants that gaze at me  
“In what time?” I wonder  
And I am lost behind time  
I become a feeling of permanence and lost pain  
But not  
And the place melts like tears  
With that odor of burnt soul.

August, 1988

## ELEVENTH PASSAGE

### Of the Sea

From the Propontis my days have travelled  
Full of princely islands and the gold of tombs  
From there I come like a white wave  
Upright on the winds  
With a breath of the deep and silent time  
When the sea prophetic in my veins  
Dyed my vision sea-blue  
That is why the world I see is a  
Watery flow  
And I roll with it  
To reach the first source  
To be united with the water-drop  
That contains my visage sleeping  
Beneath the veins of other times.

\*

Smoothed like an ocean shell  
I carry the centuries whose silence lulled me to sleep  
When the sea still spanned the world  
And the newborn god, coming as Nous, with his finger  
Brought order to  
Chaos

\*

That is why I find you beneath my body  
When I encompassed you  
A word traced by a Mycenaean hand  
Upon the rock where I slept  
Centuries.

\*

I bend over the pile of unknown nights  
That flow into one another  
As if from fragments of age-old dreams  
And listen to the creakings  
My life turning, flowing round  
Dreaming of the landscapes where I was  
Before. . .  
Memory remembers all it has forgotten forever

And I ever digging the frayed borders  
So that the dark sea may well up  
To bring me from the depths  
My truth  
So that I may be absorbed by the liquid azure  
My final passage.

## TWELFTH PASSAGE

### Of Absence

If you do not exist how can I contain you, said I  
When my body strained under your weight  
But now that time has emptied my flesh  
And distance diminishes  
I hear the night stir like a wild animal  
A riddled shell and  
Your absence flows  
Like the whiteness of the Angel that promises  
Whispering paradises

I gather up the things I will take with me  
Some birth-blood  
Two drops of April from your eyes  
And a knapsack of moon for the journey

I gather my belongings -- baggage of "no value"  
A naked rose containing the desert  
And a fragrance of burning night  
In the midst of the sea  
And that poem unwritten  
Because it is wordless  
The ultimate banishment of Absence.

## THIRTEENTH PASSAGE

### Redolence of Sanctuary

My body ever changing  
Full of vigils and old incense  
A redolence of sanctuary from a banished time  
Like that of the memory I was before  
My last Descent  
On that divine journey that sleeps  
Unaltered  
Within my flesh  
And opens the way  
The One way  
To pass through.

\*

My body is transformed into a mystic window  
I gaze at the pane  
And watch the Saints pass  
Astride their mounts  
They lean on the worn ledge  
Their knapsacks full of God  
And fill my night with shuddering.

## FOURTEENTH PASSAGE

### Of the Final Hour

My body full of fissures  
And the abyss welling up  
I have no place to stand  
To be whitened like a flower of the deep and then  
To be lifted up bare like a vertical flame  
To become a prayerful vision  
To liberate the star that sleeps  
In my wound.

\*

My body prophetic  
Awaits the absolute Night  
Ultimate rending of our cosmic garment  
At the mystic boundary  
My final poetry  
Without words  
Only a music that I heard in other times.

\*

My body a garden that is soaked  
And sinking  
Crumbles softly  
Transformed  
Domicile of an unprovable time  
And my soul fragile and upright  
I sculpt light upon it like silver  
To light my passage  
I sculpt upon it my visage  
Lest I lose my way.

\*

I crumble ever to reach the One  
Dimension  
To fit into it  
My members fall, wounds  
Full of erotic nights and Junes  
Aroma of pine-needles at midday

My life falls, burning flesh  
Dilating the light for me  
To pass through.

## NOTES

- Page 2 Souls can smell (Heraclitus, fragment 98)  
Garment stained with blood (Revelation, XIX,13)  
A reward for fire (Heraclitus, fragment 90)
- Page 6 captured (Heraclitus, fragment 10)
- Page 11 was emptied within me (Job, XXX,16)
- Page 15 which governs all (Heraclitus, fragment 41)
- Page 16 In sleep, a living man is in contact with the dead (Heraclitus, fragment 26)
- Page 18 speaking mirthlessly (Heraclitus, fragment 93)
- Page 25 "Come receive [Light]. . ." are first words of the hymn chanted at the beginning of the Greek Orthodox Easter service.
- Page 31 Brought order to Chaos (Anaxagoras, fragment 42)