

Poetry Series

**Antonis J. Kazantzoglou**  
**- poems -**

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# Antonis J. Kazantzoglou(1970)

I born in the shadow of mountain Olympus.

## 'And When...'

And when all ends  
in the shadow of a myrtle tree  
bitter shall be the fall  
do not grieve, just pray.

Your breath spread on my body  
as Spring on the camomiles  
but the hour came for the wind  
to transform our secrets to music.

And above the waves  
the way of farewell  
black soul, a yellow plain  
the sun went out.

And when we grew drunk from the sun  
we received the holy host beneath his rays  
and the lilies fell in silence final  
in pastures green and when...  
... you came again, `light brilliant  
powerful hope of life  
you passed by  
slant glance.

Lost for always winged angel  
sibling of the fallen hosts  
daughter of Michael Angelo living  
like a vision in a mourning temple. And when...

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# 'Children Of The Earth - Poetical Sketce'

Those Luminous children  
of the earth  
with multi-coloured clothes and empty  
heads  
with robust torrential bodies  
withour heart.

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# 'Epitaphs'

Strange coincidence Death- Death made manifest

the creator's death- is his rebirth tonight

this day it came- the fatal invitation.

Secret bells toll- Secret funebre they knell

mute light of mist cocooned us- stifled this dark earth of ours

blood sprinkled- the sunset our ears.

Earth widowed mother- Mother of repeated sorrows

you know the terrors- weave them with tears

the black of widowhood-don the veil.

Descend from the mountains- Descend on desolate squares

and search for the laurel leaves- of the crowned days of old

that perhaps you may not find - but braid your hair.

[To the memory of innocent war victims]

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# 'Eternal Sea'

Oh black universal sea  
my joy is your dignified calm  
sweet my passage on your waters  
nothing rocks me...  
battalions of beauty and colors  
sunborne sounds peculiar  
creatures there celebrating  
what but infinite joy filled from nothing.

Oh milky universal sea□  
my entirety is your order  
alone with you lover□  
how I long to be seen by all with you  
there where you've always been and for always  
no rocks nor islands  
no storm no ship  
neither fish nor men.

Oh onrushing universal sea  
my hope in flight  
how I desire you our mutual love  
to swim the waters of your ignorance  
there where lies all knowledge and nothing,  
to dive your bottomless depths  
so you can embrace me tenderly  
for ever and never.

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# 'Festive Dream'

Strangely and thoughtlessly I summon grief  
as if immaculate joy will dawn.

Christmas and Easter approach for all  
who may not even come this year.

Maybe the Magi will repose in Arabia  
and the shepherds will be lost in the snow.

In the street the blind beggar  
and in the cardboard box the dog freezing.

The magistrates pass through bands with light  
and extend wishes to the afflicted.

The benevolent passes out envelopes  
empty of compassion.

The children with their musical triangles are ashamed  
and gape before the idiot-tube.

It's just struck twelve and all has ceased  
silence fills the houses and the earth.

From afar a trembling song is heard  
not in a stable but on a dry bridge.

It is the orphan breathing his last  
as the 'Glory Halleluyah' rises in praise.

The lights faded and hymns resounded  
laughter filling the earth.

The birth of the Sacrifice restored joy  
in the impotent hearts of stone.

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# 'For The Four-Legged Birds'

Poetry speaks of winds  
as she herself is the wind Sirocco.

Lashes the soul with dew and ice  
never warms her as she burns.

Addressed her only to the birds  
who live in the winds alone.

Perhaps few men are worthy  
to have for themselves the frugal food.

No comment about the gluttonous reptiles  
or any four-legged creature that can't fly.

It is for poetry that birds live  
and we for them.

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# 'Litany'

The doves rooste there  
in the temple watching  
the litanies  
of man  
in memory  
of the innocents  
the girls follow beside  
the mothers□  
- childless mothers  
mothers who makeup the great mother  
this mother Greece this mother Irak this mother America  
numberless mothers  
and our grandmother earth  
there beneath  
the mosaics  
the sun  
is grand  
the world  
full  
love  
work  
laughter  
but what a shame  
they disappear in the great mystery  
the real mystery this  
death  
and where to after the fall  
of deliverance.□

How ironic we men are  
ironic inside our own tragicness  
wing-born or loathing after love  
still only there do we all suffer, yes all  
before the ultimate mystery.

Truth is that the sun still sets at dusk  
arises and falls as it has endured  
cyclical or shapeless.



# 'Macbeth Sin And Desire'

Man, Virus, Macbeth kouros  
father and son of old mother' s wail  
Mon Dieu, God, Lament  
the last flockflight of falconlions cry  
Ave Antonio silent one  
blessed is the fruit of your brithing seed.

You killed brilliant macbethian lepers  
with your anima seeming lame  
ah, sweet mocked sin of mine  
it is written that I be breathless at your command  
HAIL my gravedigging life  
cursed the tracks of your body.

In my vineyards you entered bishop  
the wine young but glorius  
Macbeth drink from my blood  
let their desire hold for eons  
fill my genital chalice  
which was always moist.

'Silence of time's last litany  
my mother beheaded me  
my father kicked me with love  
my lover deflowered with my deathbed's candle  
my brother showered me with spit  
but only you Macbeth shed tears of blood'.

And if in bed I remained a ghost  
I would recognize you beloved Macbeth friend  
you kissed me on your forehead with your loves  
and for my battle you moved wounded  
you took only my mule for a suvenir  
knowing that it too would die.

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# 'Magdala'

- My she-angel of Christ.

So real the terrible Magdala  
her smile caused furors  
to the newripe soul of my stars  
singing her soul.

They spoke of her incredible beauty  
her firm hand generated hopes  
in my journey's solitary breath  
stroking her Magdala hair.

So unexpected the wondrous moment  
her warm mouth echoed confidence  
in the cyclical hour of my spirits  
emitting the balms of her sap.

They spoke of her unexpected flight  
her portrait a body filled with splinters  
in the unforeseen moment of my desiring  
angelical withdrew to her Magdalan lament.

- She-angel of Christ.

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# 'Morning Breeze'

In the court of the rose  
at the watermill of the gods  
blows the morning breeze.

At the courtgates of the house of winds  
on the street with the blooming acacias  
it stops to rest

(But rises sunscythed freshly awakened)

At the lake with the waterfowl  
in the domain of the pomegranate tree  
breathless the morning breeze.

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# 'Nightmare'

Self-deception speaks  
slowly to the vigilant soul.  
Before the day break  
the deth - sleep  
drugged the body.  
The voice of terror  
brought the wealling tears.  
The joints of the body dissolve  
are lost in the dark.  
Fears nested deep in me,  
and I decame nightmare.

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# 'Nocturnal Gutter Of Bodies'

A cage dreamwoven nautically eternal  
there young bodies laid out  
without senses nor colors.  
Half-naked bodies with wet dreams  
slipping through grooves of struggle  
watering the sheets with sweat.  
All original pieces in decline  
created you'd think by Khali  
pity she does not live to eternate them.  
Lonely hours lusty hunger  
with tears remote feminomaniac  
filling the vessel.□  
Night passing with awe over the bodies  
and Luna won't leave the crevices  
she too is crying with the drained sailordogs.

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# 'Perhaps Tomorrow - Poetical Sketche'

Metal tree of heart  
and world of wrong hoping  
mountains of titanium and chromium  
skin from plastic tissue  
souls taught WINDOWS  
love in plastic dolls  
headless animals with only udders  
tomorrow, perhaps tomorrow.

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## 'Poetic Motif'

The street deserted and long  
the alleys in shadows  
loneliness in the company of a box of matches  
in quest of the solitary candle.

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# 'Sapphodea - Satyricon'

Beneath the Akropolis the holy temple  
in the pure alleyways of Plaka  
with painted ageing queens  
and faux bijoux wigged whores  
lonely girls swishingly stroll by  
you brought me silently one night.

The place froze and your glance with a glint  
your sealed lips asking me if I love you  
and I cry out to you dictum of an ancient man  
'If I speak not truths I merit Death'  
but with vulgar irony you answered  
'I shall bring your sepulchre'.

My soul jolted my body through and through  
at once lascivious love retrieved his arrows  
and sent me the muse to sapphodize  
with the ancient utterance of an old hag  
'Forget little gallant your self and turn back'  
so I ran to find her in the bosom of another maid.

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# 'The Apocrypha Of Life'

In the mind's dark hoping her love  
detestful young lost in foreign lands  
roughrichgoldcrestofplumes sinfully ripe  
from the beauty of prostrate bodies.  
Gallants with lasses – and she a trap of the sun  
longing to become everyone's quest  
slaveing to be his nymph without a grumble  
baring bitch's teeth and eagle claws agately fierce.  
The hour of the great childbirth passed with pain  
broken bones of angels before her lay as food  
sweet the odours of her soul beside the decay of the old  
merciless her desire inflamed before their own.  
Torn now her garment but her body new rose  
and her soul's passion there beginning  
thunderbrightdiffused the love of loves she saw  
where aches yielded none but desires and nymph chambers.  
Soft fresh members joined her  
grand hymns rose in their pantings  
angels sorrounded her about the divine bed□  
there she was one with bride and groom.  
Her being welled with words and thoughts  
absolute mystery and pleasure shuddered the senses  
sweetly the lips became bright light as they joined  
and she saw her bridal moment alive.□

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# 'The Art's Final Hour'

I close your books, o god of theirs  
because my judge she is grander than you  
grief humble before her mercy  
as when she asks me who are you, why write  
you yet another indifference in the set.

I gaze at your pasts, o god our god  
and poetry is more powerful than myself  
the pen minute before her might  
when she shows me who you are, why indifferent  
you the great infinite nullness in the universe.

The hour of my dying is not far  
it is coming with the death of the arts  
I light candles at your windows; o god their god  
when the others cheer my crucifixion  
before the truth of man's new era.

I hold their books, o god my god  
and their knowledge is greater than you  
and love insignificant before her matter  
when she allows me to see, the future  
this is the truth of the death of the arts.

I open their futures, o god our god  
because my time is shorter than you  
your truth eternal but still unbelievable  
as when it strikes me who are you, why not answer  
you who to me are always, yes o god of mine.

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# The Boy With The Flute

The boy with the flute  
thought that was painter  
upper in translation done a poet  
and upper in bench was a lover.

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# 'The Crow'

In the blue waters crow writes,  
for live and death  
of the old neighborhood  
always talking to the revolution  
after a night of crime  
when the nun fell into a coma  
and the child was flying lightning  
over the houses with foxes  
then we began the great adventure  
with the suspicion of devastation  
in the green hills with the warriors  
which lurk a child with bread  
to read stories of magic and action  
with the parish priest of  
who once armed with courage  
against the forces of bodies love  
and made the small state ghetto,  
the old neighbourhood, mud  
a male living dead.

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# The Gender

Wild the gender of persons  
scary  
and criminal  
it destroys  
his himself nature.

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# 'The Heart Eater'

In the darkness the heart eater  
Slowly rip the hearts  
only to eat.

How unhappy is the heart eater  
because each time brainwashed  
why can not keep  
live to eat hearts  
only dead  
as the fate of the states.  
Only dead hearts.

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# 'The Invisible Girl'

With sorrow I paid the light  
for the fleeting love.

Alone deep in Athens  
without knowing the streets  
to the winds that passed  
I talked about the invisible girl  
who unbraided her plaits  
cut them and gave them to us.

With sorrow I paid the light.

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# 'The Morning'

The morning has its own form of grief  
as it is obliged to present to the creator  
the destroyed earth.

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# 'The Night Of The Poets'

In my vineyard tonight a silence  
creatures strange and many  
contemplate  
the cause.

Creatures naked in rapture desiring  
voiceless only with stolen glimpses  
yellow, pale, black, crimson  
capture  
cause. □

They dance each one with his own God  
they speak softly in strange tongues  
they laugh with tragic tears  
shape  
that which is without cause.

With them I shared the milk of black stone  
to get night drunk with their glances  
that she may join my vine in wedlock.

In my vineyard tonight a turmoil  
the creatures give birth to the cause  
slowly the night passes again  
night of unborn mortals  
who celebrate  
the cause.

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# 'The Other Alexandria'

In the center of Attica the other Alexandria  
more bitter mor Kavafyesque more chaste more alone  
projecting a Venetian lumpen frame  
a place hostile where gods and goddesses reside  
a crystal pit  
with tension  
with aches  
with nations  
with trollops  
with demonstrators  
a coral pit  
a grazed sun where young men and women stand  
gazing at a fleeting lumpen wind  
the leper the blind the holy the happy  
in the vast of sky the other Alexandria.

Forgotten, even by God forgotten.

Even God forgot the other Alexandria

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# 'The Sacraments'

I lifted the head and saw green pastures  
armed priests approached me  
and covered the sacraments with the blood  
of the poor of world.

I veiled my eyes shut  
sweet-tongued orators salivated  
mocked poverty and humaneness  
with the ancestral word of Athens.

With couplets rhymed I beseech the Holy Mother  
send angels, but angels men  
to envigorate the mutfitude with penitence  
and found the new painless era.

Descend Thyself and take the veil  
from the sacraments Father Almighty  
and Just of times past  
with Thy rage and wonder the sacraments,  
the sacraments,  
the sacraments.

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# 'The Silence'

The silence is the most intolerable absence  
is the terrible experience of the pulse of time  
within the soul  
passing back from two open eyes.

Love is the perfection of silence.  
Amount understand the meaning of,  
grows in us both.

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# 'The Three Red Rocks'

../The most horrible thing in this world  
to live perfect, for a while./..

In this world three were born  
three benefactors who were women  
one was God-wishing Eve  
the other God mother Mary  
and the third God-fulfilling Eumartine.

Eumartina, Eumartina every man's dream.

In this fearsome woman co-existed three  
three who were admirable and fearsome  
one was divine knowledge  
the other maternal chastity  
and the ultimate coral beauty.

Coralina Coralina every woman's dream.

In this heart of mine trine lived  
trine that were the fullest moon  
enthusiasm full of love  
love full of affection  
and lastly love without love.

Love, Love of my very soul's dream.

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# 'The Troubadour'

All his life the troubadour  
spins and sings for life  
and for love  
paints the neverending love  
of his heart  
directs that perfect death of his  
in which he plays.

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# 'Whit What Light'

Whith what light, dear God  
will i light my steps  
in the evening of love?

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# 'Widowed Greece'

My Thersite died tonight  
my honour crucified alone  
no birds in the sky  
gods and histories extinguished  
in this ancient glorious land.

My country now pawned  
fall to your death  
with your feeble people.

Their sovereign took his life tonight  
and my bitterness rose with joy  
but virtuous youths are absent from this ground  
honourable men wasted hopes  
in this acheing widowed Greece.

My country of ancient hymns  
arise and be one  
with your own.

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