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Μ' ένα πουλί προσκέφαλο, ξάγρυπνος μένω νύχτες  
καί νύχτες.

MONOCHORDS

*Yannis Ritsos*

*with*

*Chiara Ambrosio*



With a bird for a pillow, I lie awake night  
after night.



Lamppost, statue, flagpole.

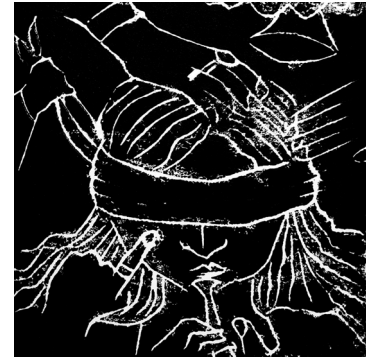


A white horse in the yellow field.



The words left out of the poem,  
they're scared.

I understood the trumpeter when  
I closed my eyes.



Dark glasses for the sun, darker  
than the night.



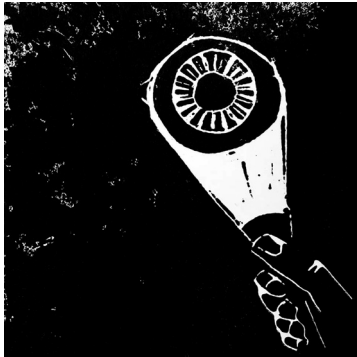
6

Saturday evening: lads with rakish caps,  
and pistachios.



7

If the light bothers you, it's your fault.



8

The miner's alarm clock on his chair.

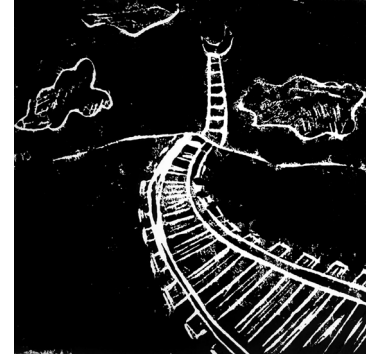


9

It plucks out a few feathers, to be lighter.



IO



The trains' lights, welding, welding—

II