



Z J GALOS

ATHENS ELEGIES

A Poet's Lament

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BOOK I

DAYS 1 to 7

1

THE DAY OF ARRIVAL

The winged air ship's body
Had landed soft-footed and
Then rolled onto the land of
My ancestral home, the land
Where all Western culture
Stems from.
I had joy in my heart and a tear
Welled in my right eye
For I did seek a beloved to
Stand and be there when the
Doors bi-parted and I would
Emerge within the masses of
Milling people who also seek
Someone
Who'll take them into his arms
And human warmth will well
Deep inside and spread in a
Rush of vibes that could be felt
Even by those
Who stand around and about
This early time of morn'
When the crack of dawn
Ca still be seen on the eastern

Horizon

As a sure appearance for another
Sunlit day, and we, who have sailed
Above the clouds all night
Now sweep along the highways
Into the city's bowl and wonder
About the crystal clear face of the
Temple-the grand old temple-
That'll shine into our room
Well-lit and defined
The white knight in his shining
Marble's armour, or hers, as it is
At least a woman's triumph
That has reverberated all around
Planet Earth.

This is the time I feel her presence
Although I know she'll sleep and rest
And I am here to love her, console her
And give her all I have to give and
Much more.

Even more, so much that it'll not
Spoil this love,
Whatever happens,
But then there's love besides
Compassion
Besides the way the cookie
Crumbles.

And then what will anybody say?
It's too early to speculate about
All scenarios and the voices are
Attached to such findings
Besides, I wish sometimes
We would be caught in the
Act of love, as I have dreamt
About.

But such just emerging thoughts

Are here to be written about
Here to be speculated about
In the lands
Love had the proper expressions
Of people to love and to be all
Together in Love at times of
Celebrations
When group-sex was called:
Symposium.
And now we are all civilized and
Yet we yearn for some adventure
Some unusual thing to happen
That drives us wild, or to the
Edge
To test our human conscious
Existence.
And here I am ringing the doorbell
And enter to her place: Ne?
And slip up the marbled stair and
Fall into the hands of her spouse
Who greets me with a brotherly
Hug's hello and then I kiss the
Woman I desire
The one I loved and love and still
Want to be with
Almost more than just formally
Married
More than just a sexual buddy
One I love to do it with
One who gave me everything she
Had inside and screwed me so
Intensely.
One who I desired so much that
Lewd thoughts came about when
We just touched
Whenever she gave herself totally

To the motions of my dedicated
Lovemaking.

And now as I take her out and
Drive her to the place of her desired
Electronic needs that give her an
Edge over her illness
An edge to her everyday life that
Now as I have arrived
I will have to nurture with her
Together
Nurture like my love she slowly
Feels
And then will come to react upon
Even if delayed or with less fear
Of being known to her spouse and
Family.
She has that eeriness of slow-mo.
And that is due to her habit
Changing infusions that are due
Every week once
But now she's got another three
Day's grace on top
Three days in which there' no
Chemistry
But solely the overlaying one from
Me
And I know I have to be the only
Patient
Her deep reactions are due to
Come.

I want to be with her. Oh Aleta,
Ana, Anetha, my Muse that has
Like a flower wilted a bit in the
Dryness of her suffered times

Since the day of discoveries
Digging deep into her fragile being
Something rare and unexpected
Immediate
And like a dark cloud that spun
Itself into the clearness of the
Skies
Between a radiant young sun and
A clear and polished azure-blue of
Stones
Rising majestically and high into
The endless skies of eyes
Into desires deep in you -
These rays of my awakening
That lied unused and fallow in the
Grooves of cold and dusky nights
Of dryness
Suffocating in their overflowing
Lust of tremors and shakings
Like an abandoned child in storms
Of puberty and fevers of his bod's
Shivers
Shaking of skins
Burning in its own fires of
Self-absorption and deep fried lust
That has on the tongues of Sirens
Tasted as delicious cum
Juices from a burning body of grapes
Wine from the lap of gods and life
To be tasted and sipped
Drunk to the sounds of sweet
Slurping.
And then the first kiss that comes
Naturally and wanted as soon as
There is some space of confidentiality
And the loneliness of two pulsing

Bodies that swill
Like new-found hearts together
In the sweet stickiness of time
That has them embroiled in a fast
And fleeting kiss.
Ah! The first tasting
The first touches
Skin and back now partly bare
Lie on the sliding of his palm
And the sighs from her lips that part
And desire- like his lips - the unfolding
Of her dried-out body
That slowly steps into this
Third-time-cycle of love again
Now and then again
And all the fears have been beaten
Back.
There's the font that had dried-up
And the spring that has started
Flowing again
The trickle that broke the surface
Of the ivory sand and
The leathery crust of the earth
Keeping the tongue wet and the body
Cooled down from the fires of sweet
Waters
That emerge from her body
A spring from her eyes that flows
Across her lips
And spreads onto her breasts
Trickling down her belly and further
To her warm welcoming thighs.
He loves her
This poet of erotic senses:
I LOVE HER. ILOVE HER...
He repeats like a chorus deep in

His heart.
And when he rushes back to his base
Below the precipice of the
SACRED ROCK
He listens to his heart beat...
I have arrived at my ISLAND OF LOVE
I know now.
It does not matter if we had had so many
Sleepless nights and painful hours
We are together again
At last!

2 THE SECOND DAY (Monday)

Once I had met her, touched her, felt
Her presence, even if slightly detached
The first day
Yet the coals of love that had endured
Many lonesome hours and
The yearnings in a stealthy love
That might be almost sensed by our
Closest dependents
It's nethertheless building up
Tensions of desires and a want of lust
Still to be had
To be still yearned for in this condition
Of a jet-lagged seasoned traveler and
His beloved friend and Muse
His best confidant and greatest love
Someone he has only to touch
To spread the spark of lust inside
Into the flame that will draw itself into
His own and melt and fuse
And like a moth seeks the candle

Of his lust
That will turn him into ashes
In his lascivious ways that thrill him
With her together
Again and again and
Ever let go
Never fade
Until they will die in small little
Deaths together
In small exhilarated bursts of
Explosions inside
In Greek Fires they have lit
And are prepared to consume
Again and again.
This is the time of life, not death,
Not yet, never will, never dies.

There was a sign and a bell and
Then the message appeared:
Where are you my love, where?
I responded deeply stirred
Almost like a man who has a woman
He cannot do without
But to see her daily and like from
A spring
To sip the water of youth.
I sprang away as a deer that had
Been stirred by the hunter
Who had broken the twigs below
His tiring feet
Which had lost control for just a
Moment
For just one time he left his life
To become a story with a life
Of its own
He thrives on tensions of the