

Didier Coste

Anonymous of Troy

from Part 2

3

The straits show another gallery where once the bellows of Aeolus
hollered, but their harshness now smothered.

The stillness of the mall, a starved flow of stars is not restrained
by the restless oily foam in the ferry's wake.

Flutes and cherries are lifted and blown to full flavour by Sezen
Aksu's song, snowing flakes of terse petals,

The tepid riches of an empire, when lost, take the accent of truth,
all underwater rocks are of the one make at core.

Hours circle the pier, complete their easy dozen and then we shiver
when this late spring begs its early winter.

The old bazaar is about to shut, our sleepy souvenirs entrusted
to the hazards of an evening, looting, rust,

Our voices, similarly hushed, no longer hoist netloads of fish
but float small, long-winged emotions instead.

The rest of the stroll

Lightly etched, our eyes touch the waning imprint of vacant chairs,
not all of them proceed from the same dream,

Some evoke teatime and some, made of tubes of imitation wicker,
can repeat the most banal patterns of feeling.

The fruit stalls, spilling out on the road, show no sense of limits
or strictures, Apollo is painted on the uneven

Walls of the heavenly cave, his liquor fills the canal of nations
while oval seeds stick to our buskins mildly;

This picture echoes the cavalier heart riding in alternate steps
the gigantic forest and a wench's thin skirts.

The hem still flimsy, the rosy skin under it tightens to the cold,
it shivers exposed to Troy's antique flames:

Your joyful world has invested my mind, the sore spirit surrenders
to the sketch of swell, the rest of the stroll.