

DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS

EMILY DICKINSON

I STAND like a deserted church
That would much rather be
A garden with a hopping bird,
Or with a humming bee.

I did not want eternity,
I only begged for time :
In the trim head of chastity
The bells of madness chime.

Their song blows up a monstrous bee
With burning eyes and beard.
If bees don't look as big as God,
They look at least as weird.

My nights are haunted circuses
Where deadly freaks perform
The trick of stabbed eternity,
The triumph of the worm.

While in the fertile fields of love
Industrious farmers plod,
My days are brooding on man's doom,
The meaning of the rod.

But thought is vain. Man cannot find
What stupid monsters mean.
One night of wrath I closed my door
On God, and called Him mean.

And so I lost Him for a bee ;
He lost me for a freak.
Ah, in the grip of boundlessness
The joints of reason creak.

I stand as boundless as a church
That has no door for God,
While in the fruitful fields of love
Ignorant farmers plod.

~~IV~~ 14

Mus. 5986, Ext.