

The Curtain

by

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What blooms in hiding, becomes
a hiding place.

A nurturer of clouds,
ghost-gray, diaphanous.
A water lily: it floats at the command
of the wind's breath, a pattern
rough to the touch,
yet tender.

Long waves of weightless lace
in the sheer half-light.
A fine cloak that twirls
with sun's chamber orchestra;
thick folds unravel; now they
brush against each other, now they
drape and crush
onto the wooden floor.

The unforgiving white of the
watchman's eye:

pleated like an accordion,
serpentine, musty-scented.

What are we to do with
those ivory veils so skilled in vanishing?
They are just half-cracked
prison cells that succumb
to mere strings.

How are we to forgive their white noise,
their whirlwind of inverted lines,
black beads and crystals?

In the night, they are refuge:
hollow-formed, crevice-mute,
a dove nest that hushes
and stirs.

Poet's Note

The poem places at its center the mental image of a curtain as an object capable of both revealing the essence of things and hiding it. With this particular poem, I tried to describe the curtain during the day, and during the night, creating thus a space for my chosen object to unfold. The aim of the poem is to approach as concretely as possible the physicality of a curtain, as well as capture the psychological manifestations it can have on the human psyche, when seen as a symbol of quiet reflection.