

# RECAPITULATING HISTORY IN A PRAYER

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BY

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(Its first half was written in London on Christmas Day, 1964;  
then completed in New Jersey on Easter Day, 1973;  
then revisited and amended, circa 2005,  
and finally set and translated into English in Athens  
during the last days of May, 2010.

In the English version a serious effort was made to keep the word flow  
and meaning as closely, faithfully and exactly as was possible  
to the original, as it was set in Greek.

Translating this sort of works is never easy!

The translation is always a compromise!

For easier comparison, the Greek and English versions are here set side by side.

The Reader is requested to forget the current language's norms  
and to follow this seemingly odd syntax if he truly desires to follow the flow  
of ideas demanding to be set down in such an order as to guide  
the Spirit and the Soul to the Ultimate Meaning.

The present attempt is here offered in the hope that  
we all amend our thoughts, beliefs and actions  
to face at last the Eternal!

Everything else is totally unbecoming the Sacred Person that in Greek is called  
Ἄνθρωπος!!!

(Dear Reader, after you have loaded the material on your own computer,  
kindly set it so that you read the pages side by side:  
this way, with the Greek on the left and the English on the right,  
you shall be in the best possible position to comprehend the meaning, line for line.)

ATHENS  
2010

## Ω ΚΥΡΙΕ, ΕΙΣΑΚΟΥΣΕ ΜΕ ΚΙ ΕΛΑ!...

“Όταν ἐγεννήθηκα δὲν ἦμουνα τυφλός!  
Καὶ ὅμως, σπάνια ἐπέτρεψα στὸ Φῶς  
τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν τὸ νεῦρο νὰ κεντρίσῃ!  
Ἄπλως δὲν ἠθέλησα, σχεδὸν ποτέ, τῆς Ὁρασης νὰ κάνω χρῆσι!

“Όταν ἐγεννήθηκα εἶχα τὴν Ἄκοή!  
Φθόγγοι καὶ τόνοι δὲν εἶσαν ἄγνωστοι στ’ αὐτί!  
“Όμως μὲ τοὺς καιροὺς πίσω ἄφησα τὴν Μουσική!...  
Καθὼς οἱ γόοι κι οἱ θρήνοι ἐγέννηκαν σύντροφοί μου,  
ὁ ἦχος τῶν βημάτων μου καὶ ἡ κοφτὴ πνοή μου  
σαῖν δυνατὲς σφυριεὲς δοιοῦν τὴν ὑπαρξί μου!  
Πάει σχεδὸν καὶ ἡ Ἄκοή μου!...

“Όσο γιὰ τὴν Ἄφή;  
Στῶν μωδιασμένων δακτύλων μου τὴν ἄκρη περιωρίσθη ἡ πτωχή,  
καὶ μόνο πόνοους βρίσκει νὰ αἰσθανθῇ!  
Γιατὶ καθὼς τοὺς πόρους ἐφράξα τῆς ψυχῆς μου,  
τῆς ἄλλης ὁμορφιάς ἐστερήθη ὡς καὶ ἡ Ἄφή μου!...  
Ἡ Ὁσφρησι κι ἡ Γεῦσι; Ἀμβλύνηκαν κι αὐτές!  
Γιατὶ προτίμησα τὶς βρώμες ἀπὸ τὶς εὐωδιές,  
κι ἀπὸ τὶς γλύκες τὶς χολές!...

Τῶν λουλουδιῶν τῆς ἀνοιξης ἐμίσησα χρῶμα, καὶ μυρωδιά,  
τῶν θερινῶν καρπῶν τὴ γλύκα καὶ εὐωδιά!  
Καὶ τῶν πουλιῶν τὰ ἐωθινὰ κι ἐσπερινὰ τραγούδια  
πάει καιρὸς ποῦ τᾶκουσα γιὰ ὑστερινὴ φορά!  
Γιατὶ καθὼς ἡ μέρα ἔρχεται λαμπροφόρα  
ἐγὼ στοῦ ὕπνου δίνωμαι τὰ φοβερά σκοτάδια!  
Ἄβυσσαλέος ἐγέννηκα δραπέτης τοῦ φωτός!  
Καὶ πρὶν γενῆ σκοτάδι ποτέ δὲν εἶμαι ὀρθός!  
Παρέα κάνω μὲ τῆς νυκτιᾶς τὰ γρίμια!  
Καὶ γιὰ τροφή μαζὶ ξεθάβουμε ψοφίμια!

Ἡ ὑπαρξί μου πολὺ μ’ ἀπασχολεῖ!  
Τῆς φύσης τὸ μυστήριο ἀγωνίζομαι νὰ λύσω!  
Μὰ τῆς ζωῆς μου τὸν σκοπὸ πῶς νὰ προσδιορίσω  
ἀφοῦ τὶς πύλες τ’ Ἄδη ἔχω πιά διαβή;...

Πατέρα κάποτ’ εἶχα τὸν ἴδιο τὸν Θεό!  
Ποῦ γιὰ δικὴ μου χάρι στὰ δυὸ Του Χέρια ἀνέμειξε χῶμα καὶ νερό  
καὶ στὸν πηλὸ ἀφοῦ ἔδωσε τὴν ἴδια Του μορφή,  
μὲ μιὰ πνοή Του μέσα μου μοῦδωσε τὴν Ζωή!...  
“Όμως ἐγὼ ἀρνήθηκα τὴν Χάρι  
χαρούμενος νὰ φέρω τὴν εἰκόνα Του πολύτιμο φορτίο!  
Σχεδὸν ποτέ μου δὲν ἐρρίχθηκα στὴν πάλι  
νὰ ὁμοιωθῶ μ’ Αὐτὸν στὸ Θεῖο μεγαλεῖο!...

Τοῦ Παραδείσου οἱ πύλες πίσω μου καθὼς ἔκλεισαν  
καὶ τὰ πτωχὰ μου μάτια τὸ δάκρυ τους ἐστέρεψαν,  
ἐγὼ ἀντὶ μετάνοια στὸν Πλάστη νὰ προσφέρω  
καὶ ὅλα στὴν ζωὴ μου σ’ Ἐκείνον ν’ ἀναφέρω,  
στὴν Δικαιοσύνη Του ἐστράφηκα ὁ δύστυχος ἀπέναντι!...  
Ἦταν μοιραῖο ἡ ἀπόστασι νὰ γίνῃ πιά ἀπέραντη!...  
Χιλιάδες χρόνια πέρασαν, κι ὦ φρίκη, Τὸν ἐξέχασα!...

Τὸ ἄμεσ’ ἀποτέλεσμα ἐκείνης μου τῆς ἀρνήσης  
ἦταν μιὰ νύκτα ἀτέλειωτης καὶ μαύρης περιπλάνησης.  
Χιλιάδες χρόνια πέρασαν μέσ’ στῆς σκλαβιάς τὰ βάθη  
καθὼς τοῦ φόβου καὶ τῆς ἀγνοίας μὲ εἶχαν ζῶσει πάθη!...  
Στὰ ποῦ καὶ στὰ γιατί ἀπάντησι προσπάθησα νὰ δώσω  
πασχίζοντας μὲ μαγικὰ τὰ πύθμενο κενό μου νὰ πληρώσω!...  
Κι ἄλλοτε πάλι, στὰ ἴδια μου τὰ ἔγκατα ἔψαξα νᾶβρω ἀπάντησι  
καὶ κάποιων πολιτισμῶν συνέθεσα μιὰ ψεύτικη συνάρτησι  
μ’ ἰδέες μεγαλόπλευρες καὶ λόγια χωρὶς οὐσία!...  
Ἄλλὰ στῆς Ἄρετῆς τὸν στίβο δὲν εἶχα καμμιὰ προάσκησι!  
Μοιραῖα λοιπὸν οἱ πολιτισμοί μου ἔγιναν στάχτη, τὰ ὄνειρα οὐτοπία!...

# O LORD, HEARKEN TO ME AND COME!...

When I was born I was not blind!  
But even so, rarely did I let the light  
the eye nerve to prick!  
Quite simply, I did not want, almost never, to use the sense of Vision!

When I was born I did have the sense of Hearing!  
Sounds and tones were not unknown to the ear!  
Yet, as the times went by, behind me too did I let the Music!...  
As moaning and wailing became my companions,  
the sound of my steps and my panting breath  
as heavy hammer strikes do they shake my existence!  
Almost gone is my Hearing too!...

As for the sense of Touch?  
At the ends of my numb fingers has it confined itself, poor thing,  
and only pains does it discover to feel!  
For as the pores have I blocked of my soul  
of the ethereal beauty deprived has been left my sense of Touch too!...  
As for the Smelling and Tasting? They, too, have become numb!  
For I chose the stinks over the fragrant scents,  
and over all the sweetnesses, only the bilious bitternesses!...

Of the flowers of Spring I have hated both their color and fragrance,  
of the summer fruits their sweetness and refined smell!  
And of the birds' the morning and evening songs  
it has been long since I heard them last!  
For as the day just begins to dawn all bright,  
I surrender to the sleep's awesome darkness!

An abysmal have I become fugitive from light!  
And before the night returns, I never stand up!  
Companionship I keep with the night's wilds,  
and with them for food do we dig out corpses!

My existence keeps me very concerned!  
The nature's mystery do I struggle to solve!  
But my life's purpose how can I determine  
since the gates of Hades already have I gone through?...

Father I once had God Himself!  
Who for just my sake in His two hands He mixed soil and water  
and to the mortar after he gave His own form,  
with a breath of His inside me He gave me the Life!...  
But I refused the Grace  
gladly to bear His image as a priceless burden!  
Almost never did I throw myself into struggle  
to become like Him in the Divine grandeur!...

As the Gates of Eden were behind me firmly shut  
and my poor eyes could no longer pour any more tears,  
I, instead of offering repentance to the Maker,  
and referring to Him all that concerned my life,  
against His Justice, in wretchedness, did I stand!...  
Inevitably, the distance became unbridgeable!...  
Thousands the years went by, and O horror, I forgot Him!...

The immediate result of that my denial  
was a night of endless in pitch blackness wandering.  
Thousands of years went by in the slavery's depths,  
as of the fear and ignorance had girdled me the passions!...  
To the wheres and the whys an answer did I try to give,  
striving by witchcraft the bottomless void inside me to fill!...  
And then again, in my own bottoms did I search to find an answer  
and of some civilizations did I compose a false function  
with concoctions of grandiose deception, and words having no content!...  
But in the field of Virtue I had no training!  
And so, inevitably, my civilizations turned to ashes, and the dreams to utopia!...

Χιλιάδες χρόνια πέρασαν  
καὶ ὦ φρίκη μου!... Πατέρα μου, Σέ ἐξέχασα!  
Τῆς Θείας μου καταγωγῆς ἐγέννηκα δραπέτης!  
ὦ Κύριε, Σὺ δὲν ἔπαυσες ποτὲ νὰ εἶσαι ὁ Εὐεγέρτης!!!  
Τί κι ἂν ἐγὼ Σ' ἐξέχασα Θεέ μου;  
Τὸν Λόγον εἶχες δώσει:  
τὸ ἔργο τὰνυπέβλητο τῶν Θεϊκῶν Χεριῶν Σου,  
τῆς Θείας Σου Πνοῆς τἀτίμητο τάλαντό μου ποτὲ νὰ μὴ χαθοῦν!!!  
Πῶς νὰ τὸ ξεχάσω αὐτὸ ἐμπόρεσα Θεέ μου!;...  
Γυρεύοντάς τα ἦλθες,  
τὸν μαργαρίτη τοῦτον τὸν ἄσωτο νὰ σώσης  
πού ἔχασε στὴν λάσπη, στὸ σκοτάδι τοῦ Γυρισμοῦ τὸν Δρόμο  
κι ἄλλος κανεὶς δὲν ἦταν πῶς πίσω νὰ γυρίσει νὰ τοῦ δείξει!

Πρὶν δυὸ χιλιάδες χρόνια στὸ μέσο τῆς νυκτιᾶς  
τὸν ἴδιο τὸν Θεό μου ἐγέννησα στὸ βάθος μιᾶς σπηλιάς!  
Καὶ ἦταν στ' ἀλήθεια μαγικὴ ἡ ὥρα ἐκείνης τῆς Γέννας  
γιατὶ ὁ Θεὸς τοῦ σύμπαντος τὴν θαλπωρὴ ἄφησε τῶν σπλάχνων τῆς Παρθένας  
καὶ στὸν πλανήτη τοῦτον ἐφάνη ταπεινὸς  
ἐμένα νὰ διδάξει νὰ γίνω φωτεινός!

ὦ Ἐποχή, κι ὦ Τύχη!  
Εἶδα ξανά τὸν Πλάστη μου καὶ ὠμίλησά Του!  
Τὸν εἶδα νὰ ὀμιλῇ, Τὸν εἶδα νὰ σιωπᾷ,  
Τὸν εἶδα νὰ θρηνηῇ, τὸν εἶδα νὰ γελᾷ!  
Εἶδα τὸν Ἰδρωτὰ Του, εἶδα τὰ Θαύματά Του!  
Τῶν Ἁγίων Δάκτυλῶν Του ἐνοιωσα τὴν Ζωοδότρα Ἀφή,  
Τῶν Θεϊκῶν Χειλιῶν Του ξανάκουσα τὴν Φωνή!  
Καὶ κείνων τῶν Ματιῶν Του ἀντίκρυσά τὴν Ὁψι  
πού ὄριο γνώρισε ἐπάνω νὰ προσκόψῃ!

ὦ Ἐποχή, κι ὦ Φρίκη!...  
Τὸν εἶδα καὶ Τὸν ἄκουσα, ξανά μαζί Του περιπάτησα!  
Στοὺς χρόνους τοὺς παλιούς πού ἐλάχιστες στιγμὲς Τὸν περιπόθησα,  
ποτὲ δὲν ἔψαξα νὰ βρῶ  
πῶς πίσω θὰ ἐρχόταν στὴν γῆν αὐτὴν ἐδῶ!  
Γι' αὐτὸ καὶ ὅταν ἦλθε, ἐγὼ Τὸν περιφρόνησα,  
Τὴν Θεία Του μορφὴ ἐγὼ, τυφλὸς μὰ καὶ κακός, δὲν ἀνεγνώρισα!  
Ἄρνηθηκα, αὐτὸς ἄσωτος ἐγὼ, στ' Ἀφεντικό,  
τάπολύτως δικὸ Του Δικαίωμα ὡς Αὐτὸς μόνος ἤθελε  
ν' ἀναδιαθέσῃ τὸν Ἄγρό Του,  
καὶ ν' ἀναδιανείμῃ τὴν Χάρι Του,  
νὰ ὀρίσῃ μόνος Αὐτὸς τὴν Ἀλήθεια,  
μαζὶ μὲ τὴν Ἀγάπην καὶ τὴν Δικαιοσύνην Του,  
καὶ νὰ σταθῇ, ἔτσι, Αὐτὸς μόνος Κριτὴς  
κατὰ τὸν Αὐτοῦ μόνου ἀδέκαστον Λογικὸν Νόμον!  
Ἦμουν βυθισμένος στὸ πάθος, τὴν βρώμα, τὸ σκοτάδι,  
ἀλλὰ ἐπάνω Του δὲν ἄργησα νὰ μὴν εὐρῶ ψεγάδι!  
Ἄλλοίμοιο, αὐτὴ μου ἡ διαπίστωση,  
δι' ὅλους τοὺς λόγους τῆς πλήρως ἀπούσης ἀπ' ἐμοῦ καθαρότητος,  
μ' ὠδήγησε στὴν τύφλωσιν  
χάριν τῆς σκοτασμικῆς μου κακότητος!  
Τὸ ἐν ἐμοὶ σαταικὸν σκότος,  
καταυγασθέν, πλὴν τὰ μέγιστα ὀχληθέν, οὐ πως χαρέν,  
ἔδοξεν ἑαυτὸ ἱκανὸν καταπιεῖν καὶ κατασβέσαι τ' Ἄναρχον Φῶς!!!

Ἦλθε νὰ μοῦ προσφέρῃ Ἀγάπην, Φῶς, Ἀλήθεια, Ἐλευθερία,  
κι ἐγὼ Τοῦ ἀνταπέδωκα ἀστήρευτη κακία, μίσος καὶ προδοσία!  
Στῆς Ἁγίας Του ζωῆς τὴν Θεϊαν Ὁμορφιά,  
ἐγὼ ἀντιπαρέταξα τῆς μαύρης μου ψυχῆς τὴν καταχνιά!  
Κι ἔτσι πού εἶχαν τὰ πράγματα, δὲν ἄργησε νὰ ἔλθῃ ἡ μέρα  
τὸ Φῶς νὰ σκοτεινιάσῃ στὴν Πλάσιν ὅλην πέρα!  
Αἰτία ἦταν ἡ Φωνή, τὸ Βλέμμα Κείνων τῶν Ματιῶν,  
ὁ γλυκύτατος, οἰκειότατος, φοβερῶτατος ἐλεγχος πού ἐνοιωσα ποτὲ τῶν μαύρων σωθικῶν!  
Ἐκεῖνος ὡς δούλου ποδιὰν ἐζώσθη τὴν ταπεινώσιν!!!  
Ἐγὼ στῆς μοχθηρότητος ἔφθασα τὴν κορύφωσιν!!!

Thousands of years have gone by  
and O horrors mine!... Father mine, it has been Thee that I forgot!  
From my divine descent did I become a fugitive!  
O Lord, Thou never did stop to be the Benefactor!!!  
How could it matter that I forgot Thee my God?  
Thou hadst given the Word:  
the work the best of Thy Holy Hands,  
of Thy Divine Breath my priceless talent, that they never be lost!!!  
How to forget that did I Lord?...  
After them didst Thou come,  
this pearl the prodigal to save  
who lost in the mud, in the darkness the Way of his Return  
and there was nobody else to show him how to return!

Two thousand years ago, in the middle of the night  
my God Himself did I bear in the depths of a cave!  
And truly was magical the hour of that Birth  
because the God of everything the warmth left behind of the Virgin's bowels  
and on this planet did He become visibly humble  
in order that He teach me how to become truly bright!

O what a Time, and O what a Fortune!  
Once again did I see my Maker and did I speak to Him!  
I saw Him speaking, I saw Him silent,  
I saw Him lamenting, I saw Him smiling!  
I saw His Sweat, I saw His Miracles!  
Of His Holy Fingers did I feel the Life-giving Touch,  
Of His Divine Lips did I hear again the Voice!  
And of those His Eyes did I face the Look  
that never met a limit upon which to stumble!

O what a Time, and O what a Horror!...  
I saw Him and I heard Him, again with Him Did I walk!  
During the old times when at only few moments did I truly desire His Presence  
I never did seek to find  
how indeed He would return to this very earth!  
And so, when He came, I disdained Him,  
His Divine Face I, blind but also evil, did not recognize!  
I denied, I this prodigal, the Master  
His own absolutely exclusive Right, as He alone disposed  
to redistribute His Field,  
and re-dispense His Grace,  
to define He alone the Truth,  
together with His Love and His Justice,  
and so to stand, He alone the absolute Judge  
according to His own incorruptible Logical Law!  
I was in the depths of my passions and dirt and darkness,  
but on Him it did not take me long to find no fault!  
Alas! This, mine, ascertainment,  
for all the reasons of the completely absent from me excellence,  
led me to blindness  
for the sake of my abysmal malevolence!  
The satanic darkness in me,  
having met the Absolute Light, and been thereby annoyed, not in the least rejoicing,  
thought of itself capable of swallowing and extinguishing the Light that had no beginning!!!

He came to offer me Love, Light, Truth, Freedom,  
and I repaid Him endless malevolence, hatred and Treason!  
To His Holy Life's Divine Beauty  
I countered the thick dirty fog of my black soul's entrails!  
And as things so stood, it did not take long the day to come in which  
the Light would darken over all the Creation!  
The cause was that Voice, the Look of those Eyes,  
the sweetest, most familiar, most terrifying examination that I ever felt of my black entrails!  
He as slave's apron girded the humility!!!  
I the utmost reached of wickedness!!!

Ἐκεῖνος πού οἱ Ἄγγελοι μπροστά Του γονατίζουν  
κι οἱ κόσμοι καί τὰ σύμπαντα στήν Χούφτα Του πασχίζουν  
οὔτε στιγμήν ἐδίστασε τὰ γόνατα νά κλίνη  
κι ὦ προσφορά, τὰ πόδια μου τὰ βρωμερὰ ἐζήτησε νά πλύνη!!!  
Ὁ ἔλεεινός! Τά Χέρια Του τὰ ἄμωμα ἐδέχθηκα νά πλύνουνε τήν βρώμα  
πού ἤξεραμε κι οἱ δυò πῶς ἦλθ' ἀπό τόν δρόμο στής προδοσιᾶς τò δόμα!  
Γιατί καθώς Ἐκεῖνος τò μαῦρο μου ἔσερνε κι ἀσήκωτο φορτίο  
καί στήν θυσία πού εἰτοίμαζα μεθοδικά ἐβάδιζε σάν ἄκακο ἀρνίο,  
ἐγὼ ἀπό τò μῖσος μου τὸς εἶχα πορωθῆ  
πού μέ τοὺς ἱερεῖς Του μαζί εἶχα συσκευθῆ  
καί τήν τιμὴ τ' Ἀτίμητου Θεοῦ γρήγορ' εἶχαμε ἐρευνήσει  
καί στὰ τριάκοντ' ἀργύρια σ' ἀνατολίτικο παζάρι εὐκόλα συμφωνήσει!...

Τò Σῶμα Του καί Αἷμα προσέφερε σέ μένα τὸν ἀχρεῖο νά γευθῶ,  
στήν ἀγαπημένη Φλόγα τῆς Θεότητος ἕως τὰ κρῦα σωθικὰ νά ζεσταθῶ!  
Ἄλλὰ ἐγὼ ἀντὶ συγχώρησι ἀπὸ τὸν Πλάστη μου Πατέρα νά ζητήσω  
καί τ' Ἅγια Πόδια Του δακρύβρεκτος πῆσω καί προσκυνήσω,  
[Ὦν ὁ ἦχος ἐν παραδείσῳ ποτὲ κατετρόμαξέ με  
μολύναντα τὸν παράδεισον διὰ τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν τοῦ καταστήναι μ' ὑπὲρ τὸν Θεὸν  
τὴν ὀδηγήσασάν με εἰς τὰ πρὸ τοῦ Παντογνώστου ἀγενῆ ψεύδη  
χάριν τοῦ ἀποκρῦπτειν τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν ἐκείνῃν,  
ἅπερ ὠδήγησάν μ' εἰς τὴν ἐκείθεν δικαίαν ἀποβολήν μου,  
πάντων ὧν ἡ ἀνάμνησις,  
ἀλλ' οὐχὶ κάκεινῃ τῶν ἐν τῇ ἐξορίᾳ συμβάντων μοι,  
τόσον ἐξῆψαν τὸ μῖσος μου ἐναντίον Τοῦ ἔτι ἀγαπῶντος με]  
τόσον ὅσον ποτὲ ἄλλοτε ἐξεμάνην  
πού, καί μέ τῆς Ἁγίας Του Μπουκιᾶς τὴν Γεῦσι μέσ' στὸ στόμα  
οὔτε στιγμήν ἐδίστασα στής ἰταμότητος νά φθάσω πλὴ τὸ τέρμα:  
Τὴν Ἁγίαν Ὁραν τῆς ὑστάτης ἐν ἀγωνίᾳ εὐχῆς  
τὸν ἄρπαξα στὸν κήπο τῆς Γεθσημανῆ!!!  
Μεῖγμα μίσους μαζί καί ἐκτίμησις χύνοντας μέσ' στής ἀγάπης τὸ θεϊκὸ σημεῖο  
στήν Ἅγια Παρεῖὰ Του ἀπέθεσα τῆς πλάσης ὅλης τ' ἀσήκωτο καί βρωμερὸ φορτίο  
κι ὦ φρίκη, σέ παρωδία δίκης ὠδήγησα τὸν Κτίστη!!!

Στὴν ἴδια Του τὴν κτίσιν ἦλθεν ἐπισκέπτῃς  
δούλου μορφὴν λαβών, καὶ ὄχι σάν Αὐθέντης!  
Καί ἐγὼ, ἀπορρίψας καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν ὑπαιγιμόν,  
ἐνόμισα πῶς βασανίζοντας τὸ Ἅγιο Κεῖνο Σῶμα,  
ἀπὸ τοῦ Παινεπόπτη θὰ λυτρωιῶμουνα τ' Ἄκοίμητ' Ὁμμα!!!  
Ἐμπτυσμοί, κολαφισμοί, ραπίσματα ἦταν τὸ εὐχαριστῶ μου!  
Χλαμύδα, κάλαμο κι ἀκάνθινο στεφάνι ἐνέδυσσα τὸν Θεό μου!  
Καί κεῖ στὸν Γολγοθᾶ,  
ἐπάνω στοῦ ἐξευτελισμοῦ τὸν βάρβαρο καὶ βλάσφημο σταυρὸ  
Αὐτὸν τὸν ἴδιο τὸν Θεὸ ὕψωσα μέσ' στήν ἀπελπισία μου!  
Ἄλλὰ χωρὶς νά τὸ σκεφθῶ, Τίμιον ἔκανα τότε τὸν Σταυρόν,  
(σημεῖον ἀντιλεγόμενον ἐσχάτης κατασχύνης χυψίστης τιμῆς),  
καί Κεῖνον ἔστειψα τοῦ Ἰσραὴλ γιὰ πάντα Βασιλεῖά μου!  
Πρόσωπον ἀμφιλεγόμενον ἀπ' ἀνυπαρξίας ἕως ἐπὶ τοῦ Θρόνου τῆς Δόξης!  
(Πῶς ἀληθῶς ὁ ἄνθρωπος, οὐχὶ γε τὸ δίπουν,  
αὐτοκαθορίζεται καὶ καταφαίνεται κατὰ τὴν ἐπ' ἀγαθῷ ἢ κακῷ αὐτοῦ πίστιν!)

Ἡ φύσις ὅλη ἐσκίρτησε κι οἱ πέτρες ἐρραγίσαν  
τάπόγευμα ἢ νύχτα ξαναγύρισε καὶ τᾶλογα ἐθρηνήσαν  
καθὼς ὁ ἥλιος ἔσβησε τις ἄσβεστες φωτιές!  
ᾧ φρίκη! Θηρίων πόσες βρέθηκαν ἀνάληγτες καρδιές  
μπροστὰ στὸν τόσο Πόνο νά μείνουνε νεκρές,  
στήν Ἄπειρη Συγγνώμη νά στρέψουνε ἀγέρωχα τὰ νῶτα,  
ὅταν ὁ ληστής ἔπαιρνε τὴν ὑπόσχεσι πῶς πρῶτος θὰ γευθῆ τὰ ἀνεκκλάλητα τοῦ Παραδείσου Φῶτα!!!  
ᾧ Κύριε! Πῶς νά περιγράψω τὴν ἄπειρη δικὴ Σου Καλοσύνη,  
πού ὡς καί στήν Ἀνάστασι δὲν ζήτησες καμμιὰ μεγαλοσύνη  
κι ἐλεύθερο γιὰ δυò χιλιάδες χρόνια μ' ἄφησες  
τῆς πίστεως μου νά κάμω ἐκλογή,  
παρ' ὅλο πού ἐγνώριζες πῶς θὰ συνέχιζα  
αἵματος καὶ ψευτιᾶς νά κάνω συλλογῆ;!!!

He in Whose front the Angels bend the knees  
and the worlds and universes in His Palm do what they can,  
not for a moment did He hesitate the knees to bend  
and, O His offering, my feet, the dirtiest ever, did He request to wash!!!  
The wretched me! His Pure Hands did I accept to wash off the filth  
that we both knew how it got collected from off the pavement to the house of treason!  
Because, as He my black and heavy pulled and lifted burden  
and to the sacrifice, that I methodically had prepared, did He walk as an innocent lamb,  
I had been so saturated by my own hatred of Him  
that together with His priests had sat down to consider the matter,  
and the price of the priceless God had we hastily examined  
and to thirty coins of silver, in a middle eastern bazaar, had we easily agreed upon!...

His Body and His Blood offered to me the wicked to eat and drink,  
in the beloved Flame of Divinity all through to the cold inside to warm up!  
But I, instead of forgiveness from my Maker and Father to entreat  
and His Holy Feet, falling to the ground filled with tears to kiss,  
[the sound of which in Eden did have once terrified me  
for defiling the Garden  
by my desire to establish myself above the God  
that in the Face of the All-knowing had led me to base lies  
for the sake of hiding that my desire,  
all of which had led to my expulsion from there,  
all of which the remembrance,  
but not also that of all that I suffered in my exile,  
did so much inflame my hatred against Him Who still loved me]  
did get, as never before, so furious  
that even with His Holy Mouthful the Taste in the mouth  
not even for a moment did I hesitate to reach of baseness the limit:  
During the Holy Hour of the last in Agony prayer  
did I grab Him in the garden of Gethsemane!!!  
A mixture of hatred together with appreciation pouring in love's divine symbol  
upon His Holy Cheek did I deposit the heavy and filthy load of all creation  
and O horror, in a parody of justice did I lead the world's Maker!!!

To His own creation He came as a visitor,  
adopting the form of a slave, and not that of the Master!  
And I, rejecting even that suggestion,  
thought that by torturing that Holy Body,  
from the All-Seer's Eye would I at last free myself!  
Spittings, slappings, smackings were my thanks  
With a chlamys, a reed, and a wreath of thorns did I dress my God!  
And there on Golgotha,  
on the last humiliation's the barbarous and blasphemous cross  
the very same God did I lift up in my despair!  
But without much thinking Sacred did I thus make the Cross,  
(an ever since disputed mark of the most base shame and the highest possible honor),  
And Him did I then crown of Israel to be my King!  
A Person disputed between non-existence and sitting upon the Throne of Glory!  
(How indeed oJ a[nqrwpo~, not just the bipedal,  
is self-determined and become visible, according to his benevolent or malevolent faith!)

The entire nature shuddered and the stones cracked up  
in mid afternoon did the night return and the irrational lamented  
as the sun turned off the ever-burning fires!  
O terror! How many were the unmoved wild-beasts' hearts  
that even before that much pain remained stone cold  
and before the Infinite forgiveness could only turn haughtily the back,  
while the thief was getting the promise that he first would taste  
the indescribable Light of Heaven?  
O Lord! How am I to describe Thy own infinite Goodness,  
that even upon Resurrection Thou didst not demand some proper recognition  
and free for two thousand years didst Thou let  
of my faith to make the choice that pleased me  
even as Thou didst know that I would continue  
of blood and falsehood to build up collections????!!!?

Γιὰ κάμποσο καιρό ἀπό τοῦ ἴδιου μου τοῦ ἑαυτοῦ κατώρθωσα  
νάβγω τὴν δορά,  
καὶ τότε δὲν ἐδίστασα στῆς πίστεως τὸ βωμὸ τὸ πρόσκαιρο σαρκίῳ  
νά δώσω προσφορά!

Ἄλλοίμονο! Ὅταν μὲ τὸ αἷμα μου στὸν κόσμον ἐκυριάρχησα,  
ἐπὶ αἰῶνες γιὰ λόγους μου προσωπικοῦς τὸν κόσμον αἱματοκύλησα,  
νομίζοντας στὴν τύφλωσι πὼς ἦταν δικὸ Σου τάχα τὸ Θέλημα  
ὡς τὸν λαιμὸ νὰ βουτηχθῶ στὸ ψέμα καὶ στὸ ἔγκλημα!...

Τῶν παρανόμων πράξεων ἐξήγησι προσπάθησα νὰ δώσω περισσὴ,  
κι ἐπάνω Σου νὰ ρίξω τὴν εὐθύνη ἐνόμισα πὼς βρῆκα εὐκαιρία,  
γιατὶ στοὺς ἄλλους ἔχοντας πάντα ἀρνηθῆ τὴν Θεία Ἐλευθερία,  
ἐπίστευσα πὼς τὴν ἀρνήθηκες σ' ἐμέ καὶ Σὺ!...

Κι ἔτσι, χωρὶς καμμιά συναίσθησι,  
ὄλης μου τῆς βρωμιᾶς ἐγὼ ὁ ἀποτρόπαιος Ἐσένα βρῆκα ἔνοχο!!!  
Τὸν ἑαυτὸ μου ἀπήλλαξα ἀνὰ ἀπὸ γενετῆς ἀδύναμο συνένοχο!!!

Κι ἐσκοτισμένος στὸ "φῶς" αὐτῆς τῆς "ἀνακάλυψης",  
τὶς ἀναμνήσεις μου προσπάθησα στὴν νάρκωσι νὰ πνίξω  
Ἐσένα ἀπὸ τὸν Θρόνον Σου πασχίζοντας νὰ ρίξω,  
κι ἔγιν' ἐγὼ τ' ἀπαίσιο θηρίο τῆς Ἀποκάλυψης!...  
Ἀπὸ τὸ ὕψος Σου σ' ἐγκρέμισα, ἐνόμισα, Θεέ μου  
καὶ ψεύτικους θεοὺς ἀνέβασα ψηλὰ καὶ προσκυνῶ,  
ἀχρεῖα ὁμοιώματα τῆς ἀσχημῆς καὶ ἄρρωστης μορφῆς μου  
κι ἐνόμισα πὼς ἄθεος ἐλεύθερος πὰ θὰ γενῶ!...  
Ἐλεύθερος, ἐνόμισα, πὼς μπόρεσα νὰ γίνω  
τῆς Χάρης καὶ Ἀγάπης Σου συντρίβοντας δεσμούς,  
καὶ δούλος, ἄλλοίμονο κατώρθωσα νὰ μείνω,  
ὄλους τοὺς προαιώνιους τινάζοντας Θεσμούς!

Ἐνόμισα πὼς ἔγινα σοφὸς τῆς Κτίσεως βλέποντας τὴν τέλεια ἁρμονία,  
πού ἦταν τῆς Ἀγάπης Σου ἀνυπέβλητη καὶ Θεία Μαρτυρία!  
Ὁ ἄσφοδος! Διαλέγοντας νὰ μείνω ὀρφανός, καμμιά δὲν εἶδα ἀδελφότητα,  
κι ἀγέρωχος στὴν ἄγνοια τὴν εἶπα ...σχετικότητα!...

Κάποιων νόμων ἀνυπαρκτων εὐρήκα, ἐνόμισα, ἀπόδειξι,  
καὶ δίχως νὰ διστάσω τὸ ἔργο Σου ὀνόμασα τῆς τύχης μὴν ...ἐξέλιξι...,  
πού κύλισ' ἀπὸ τὸ μηδὲν χωρὶς καμμίαν αἰτία  
καὶ θὰ γυρίσῃ στὸ μηδὲν χωρὶς καμμίαν αἰτία,  
κι ὁ πόνος καὶ τὸ δάκρυ μου ἄδικα κύλισαν καὶ κυλοῦν,  
χωρὶς καμμίαν αἰτία!

Ὅλα γιὰ ν' ἀποφύγω Σέ, πού εἶσ' ἡ Ἁγία Αἰτία  
πού κύλισαν κρατούμενα μὲ Σχέδιο στὴν Χούφτα Σου τὰ πράγματα·  
καὶ πλάθουν Γλύκα τὸν πόνον ἀστείρευτη κι ἀδάμαντα αἰῶνιο τὸ δάκρυ!  
Σὺ μὲ ἔπλασες μ' ἀγάπη περισσὴ, καὶ ὠρises τοῦ ἔργου Σου νὰ εἶμαι κορωνίς!  
Μὰ γὼ πιθήκου γυιὸς προτίμησα νὰ γίνω καὶ μείνω ἀφανής!...

Τὸ Φῶς Σου τάπειράσβεστο ἐνόμισα πὼς μπόρεσα νὰ σβύσω,  
καὶ μὲ πυγολαμπίδες πασχίσω τὸ Χάος νὰ φωτίσω  
π' ἀφησες διωκόμενος στὰ βῆθη τῆς ψυχῆς μου!...  
Χωρὶς Ἐσένα πὼς ἄρα καὶ ποῦ θὰ βρῶ  
τὸν δρόμον τῆς φυγῆς μου;::;

Τῆς πρώτης μου παρακοῆς ἡ ἴδια πάντοτε μὲ σπρώχνει αἰτία  
καὶ γίνηκα σφετεριστῆς ἀδιάκοπα ζητώντας τὰ πρωτεῖα!!!  
Χωρὶς ντροπὴ τὸν ἑαυτὸ μου ἐβάπτισα μοναδικό, τάχα, δικὸ Σου ἀντιπρόσωπο,  
καὶ ὄλες Σου τὶς ἐντολὰς Σου τὶς πέταξα μ' ἀναίδεια στὸ Πρόσωπο!!!  
Στὸ στόμα μου τὸ βρωμερό, τὸ ὄνομά Σου τ' Ἁγιο ἔγινε βλασφημία,  
κι οἱ αἰῶνες καθὼς πέρασαν κι ἡ μνήμη ξεθωριάζει  
στοὺς οἴκους τῆς λατρείας Σου, οὔτε ψυχὴ σχεδὸν δὲν εὐωδιάζει  
καθὼς ἡ Εἰκόνα Σου καὶ ὁ Σταυρὸς τούτων τῶν καιρῶν δὲν εἶναι τὰ Σημεῖα!  
Μοῦ ἐζήτησες νὰ κάνω τὸ καλὸ γιὰ τὸ Καλὸ,  
Ἐσένα τὸν Θεὸ μου!

Κι ἐγὼ τὸ ἔκανα, ὅταν τὸ ἔκανα, ὄχι γιὰ Σέ,  
ἀλλὰ γιὰ νὰ βρῶ τὸν μισθὸ μου!...

Σπάνια ἐπεθύμησα στῆς Θείας Σου Δικαιοσύνης τ' ἀνέσπερ' Ἁγιοφῶς νὰ παίρνω τὸ λουτρό μου!  
Συνήθως ἐπροτίμησα τῶν κἀτερργων τῆς κόλασης τὸν φόβον, καὶ ὄχι Σέ, νὰ ἔχω σύμβουλό μου!!!

Only for a while out of my own did I manage  
to get thick skin,  
and then I did not hesitate upon the altar of faith of this transient body  
to make an offering!

Alas! After I thus managed to come out on top,  
for long centuries and personal reasons did I drench in blood the world,  
taking it for granted in my blindness that it was Thy Will  
that I swim up to the neck in falsehood and in blood!..

Of acts unlawful a plentiful explanation did I try to give,  
and on Thee to throw the responsibility did I think I found the opportunity,  
for as to all others I always have denied the Divine Freedom,  
I believed that Thou deniedest that to me too!...

And so, without any sense and consciousness,  
of all my dirty work, I, the abominable, found Thee to be responsible!!!  
And I released myself as if from birth a feeble and dim conspirator!!!

And blinded in the "light" of this my "discovery",  
my recollections did I try in my willful forgetfulness to drown,  
by attempting Thee from Thy Throne to throw,

and so did I become the awful beast of Revelation!...

From Thy Height I threw Thee off, I thought, my God.

and false gods did I raise on high and them do I worship,  
wicked likenesses of my own ugly and sickly person  
and I thought that by becoming Godless I would become free!...

Free, I thought, I managed to get  
of Thy Grace and Love by smashing the bonds,  
but only a slave, alas, did I manage to stay,  
by shedding off all the eternally instituted Laws!...

I thought I became wise by simply observing the Creation's perfect harmony,  
that was of Thy Love the insuperable and Divine Witness!  
The unwise! By choosing to stay an orphan, I nowhere did I see the brotherhood  
and arrogant in ignorance I called it ...relativity!...

Of non-existing laws I found, I thought, the proof  
and without hesitation Thy work I called of pure chance some ...evolution...,  
that rolled out of nothing without a cause  
and shall return to nothing without a cause;  
and my pain and tears unjustifiably rolled and roll,  
just like that, without a cause!

All these in order that I escape from Thee, Who art the Holy Cause  
that rolled, held by Design in Thy Palm, all things;  
and knead Sweetness inexhaustible the pain and diamond eternal the tear!  
Thou kneadedest me with Love inexhaustible and determinedest that I be of Thy work the crown!  
But I an ape's son did I choose to become and remain totally inconspicuous!...

Thy Light that is eternal I thought that I managed to put out,  
and with glow-worms do I now struggle to illuminate the Chaos  
that Thou leftest, chased out, in the depths of my soul!...  
Without Thee, how if ever and where shall I find  
the way of my escape???

Of my first disobedience always pushes me on the self same cause  
and I became a usurper interminably chasing after the place on the very top!!!  
Without any shame at all, I called myself Thy own unique representative,  
and all Thy commandments I threw shamelessly back on Thy Holy Face!!!

In my dirty mouth, Thy Holy Name has become blasphemy,  
and as the ages got by and the memory fades  
in the houses of Thy worship almost no soul sheds off any more its aroma  
as Thy Icon and the Cross of these times are no longer the Signs!

Thou askedest me that I do what is good for the Good,  
and Thee my God!

And I did it, when I did it, not just for Thee,  
but in order that I get my due compensation!...

Rarely did I wish in Thy Divine Justice's the never setting Holy Light  
to take my bath!

Usually, I would much rather the fear of hellfires, and not Thee, keep as my adviser!!!

Τὴν ἱστορία μου ὅλη καθὼς ἀναπολῶ, σ' ὅλα λειψὸ βρῖσκω τὸν ἑαυτό μου,  
γιατὶ τὰ εἶδωλα καὶ ὄχι Σὲ ἐδιάλεξα νὰ ἔχω ὁδηγὸ μου!...  
Χωρὶς Ἐσὲ κι ἀφ' ἑαυτοῦ καμμιά δὲν ἔχω ἐλπίδα τὸν δρόμο μου ν' ἀλλάξω  
κι ἀπὸ τὴν μέγιστη δυσαρμονία τὴν Κτίσι ν' ἀπαλλάξω,  
καὶ σ' ὥρες εἰλικρίνειας πού δὲν εἶναι πολλές, ἀκόμη πιὸ βαθειὰ νοιώθω ἀπελπισία,  
γιατὶ χωρὶς Ἐσὲ τίποτε πιά δὲν ἔχει νόημα, οὔτε ἡ ἀθανασία,  
ἦν (ἔντρομος πρὸ τῆς ἐπικειμένης μετὰ θάνατον Ἀπολογίας) ἀναζητῶ  
δι' ἀρπαγῆς ξένων ὀργάνων, καὶ τρόπων δῆθεν ζωῆς "τεχνητῆς"!!!

ὦ Κύριε, εἰσάκουσέ με κι ἔλα!!!

Τέρμα παντοτεινὸ νὰ βάλῃς τῆς βρωμῆς μου!

Ἄλλην ἐκλογὴ δὲν ἔχω: Ὡς καὶ στὴν κόλασι Σὺ θάσαι γιὰ πάντα ὁ Βασιλεὺς μου!!!

Καθὼς τῆς δίκαιας ποινῆς μου θὰ ὑφίσταμαι τὴν ἔκτισι,

στὸν βόγγο καὶ στὸν θρῆνο μου σ' Ἐσένα θ' ἀνακράζω:

Νῦν καὶ αἰεὶ, Κύριε, δόξα Σοι!!!

Κι ἀπὸ μόνοι τους ὁ βόγγος μου κι ὁ θρῆνος, ἢ, ἀλλοίμονο, καὶ ὁ ἐκ μίσους μου τῶν ὀδόντων τριγμός,

ἀνέραστος καὶ ἄσπονδος τῆς Δόξης Σου ἂν μείνω,

θὰ γίνωνται κι αὐτοὶ τραγοῦδι τῆς Δόξης Σου ὑμνωδικό,

τῆς κόλασης πού εἶν' ὁ τρόπος

*secondo* συντραγουδῶντας μαζί με τὸ *primo* κι αὐτὴ νὰ συμμετέχη στὴν Δόξα τ' Οὐρανοῦ,

γιατὶ στὰ βάθη τῆς Ἀγκάλῃς Σου ἀλλάζει καὶ γίνεται ἡ Δρόσος πῦρ

καὶ ἐκεῖ ὁ Σὲ μισῶν πυροῦται,

καὶ πυρούμενος, ἔτσι ἀρνητικά, κι αὐτὸς φωνάζει:

Νῦν καὶ αἰεὶ, Κύριε, Δόξα Σοι!!!

Κι ἔτσι πιά γίνεται

ὁ Ὕμνος Σου ὡς μέσα καὶ στὸ πῦρ

γι' αὐτὸν Δροσιά,

ὄσῃν τοῦ ἐπιτρέπει,

καιομένου ἀλλ' οὐ δαπανωμένου, ἀκούοντάς τον,

τὸ μῖσος τῆς ψυχῆς του κατὰ Σοῦ,

Κύριε τῆς Δόξης τ' Οὐρανοῦ!!!

Α ⇔ Ω

As on my entire history do I now reflect, in everything deficient do I me find,  
because the idols rather than Thee did I choose to keep as my leader!...  
Without Thee and left on my own no hope do I have that I shall change my ways  
and of its greatest disharmony I shall at last willingly rid Thy Creation,  
and in hours of sincerity, that are not many,  
an even deeper do I feel despair,  
because without Thee nothing at all ever can have meaning, not even athanasia,  
which (terrified before that inescapable which after death I owe Apology) I seek  
by way of plundering foreign organs, and manners of a seeming "manmade" life!!!

O Lord: hearken to me and come!!!  
An everlasting end to set on my filth!  
in and by my groans and wailings to Thee shall I exclaim:  
Now and forever, O Lord, Glory to Thee!!!  
And by themselves my groans and wailings,  
or even, alas, my, on account of my hatred, grinding of the teeth,  
unloving of and irreconcilable with Thy Glory if I remain,  
they, too, shall become a song and hymn intoning thy Glory,  
as of the hell is the proper manner  
secondo co-singing together with the primo  
even it to partake in the Glory of Heaven,  
as in the depths of Thy Embrace the blissful Breeze changes and becomes fire,  
and there he who hates Thee is inflamed,  
and inflamed, thus negatively, even he shouts:  
Now and for ever O Lord, Glory to Thee!!!  
And thus does it finally get to be  
Thy Hymn even within the fire  
for him some breeze,  
as much as it allows him,  
burning but not ever being consumed as he, too, listens,  
the hatred of his soul against Thee,  
Lord of the Glory of Heaven!!!

A ⇔ Ω