



Then suddenly they saw
 The myrtle of the hero lying at
 his last step.
Is it here, by his gun, on the green,
 near his last threshold,
 That he dies?!

Here, does he die here?
Here and now, at noon sharp?
Now, when with the final sign of
 victory his fingers shook
 the gate of the old house
 and the walls of the island.

Now when he directed the last steps
 towards the door...
 and concluded the journey
With the return of our dead.
Beneath the windows of small houses
 the sea slept

... You sea! We have not sinned much
You ancient sea, listen!
Don't give us more than the others!
We know that the sacrifices are much more.
We know that the waters are clouds at the end.
... They remained the same.

They used to return and ask grim fate:
Does growth of vision, increasing the
 stars on our banner by one,
 require the death of a hero?

They failed to add a rose to the end,
They failed to alter the course of the
 ancient myths

 The anthem remained the same:
No choice! A hero has to fall
 on the verge of victory
 when the anthem is at its peak.

... You hero... a little patience!
Live another night!
Let's reach the end which bears an
 incomplete beginning crown;
Live another night!
Let's complete the bleeding dream-journey,
You crown of thorns, you crowned fairy dawn,
With an endless beginning...
A little patience, you hero!
Live another hour!
Let's begin the heavenly dance of victory!
We haven't won yet
Wait you hero, wait a bit
Why leave
An hour before arrival?
Wait!
You hero
In all of us
Wait!

... They still carry from their exile
 the autumn of recognition.
They still maintain a path to exile...
 Rivers running with no banks
There is still in them the feeble
 Narcissus, afraid of dying

Still they maintain what can alter them
If they came back and failed to find:
 The same red anemones
 The same soft fuzz of stubborn quinces
 The same daisies
 The same apricot tree
 The same tall ears of corn
 The same elder tree
 The same clusters of dried garlic
 The same oak tree
 And the same alphabet.

... They were about to approach the
 atmosphere of their houses...
Of what dream do they rise?
Of what dream are they dreaming?
Through what way do they enter
 gardens with gates
 while exile remains exile?

... They know their way to the end
 They kept dreaming,
Come they did from tomorrow
 to their present and they knew
What would happen to the songs
 in their throats...
 and they dreamed

Of the roses of the new exile
 on the house wall
 and they knew
What would happen to hawks
 after settling in palaces,
 and they dreamed
of their daffodil's battle with
 Paradise converted to their exile,
 and they knew

What would happen to the swallow
 when burnt by spring,
 and they dreamed
of the spring of their image
 which comes and doesn't
 and they knew

What would happen when the dream comes
 from a dream
 When the dreamer realizes
 that he was dreaming;

They know, they dream, they return,
they dream, they know, they return,
they return, they dream, they dream, and
they return.