

## Nanos Valaoritis

### Cornerstone

We split apart like two angry villages and see there  
Hanging clouds like look-outs on the hills  
And slowly the cart passed with horses  
That said to one another: Will it rain or won't it rain  
Perhaps the boss is getting married perhaps he's divorcing  
How long will we have trouble with the foals  
We have no god with a horselike face  
With a mare's tail and with a galaxy for a mane  
To pension us from hauling  
Let's hurry at a gallop on the downward slope

Do you hear Greyspot do you hear how it's breaking  
The switch of the air? I don't hear Oxhead  
I went deaf in the war from a burst of shells  
And I don't hear out of my left ear  
The lady of the house ought to be here but she's away  
You remember we put her in a wooden chest stretched out  
In a place that seemed like a farm but there weren't any trees  
Only boards that looked like trees nailed together  
And a wall all around plastered  
With a tiny church in the middle  
Let's go over there so the lady can throw us a little hay  
And spread straw on the ground in the stable  
So we too can lie down and sleep a bit

So spoke the horses that don't know death  
And they said whatever passed through their empty heads  
Pointless words to kill the time  
Which the wind would take and scatter  
On the fields and ditches  
On the vineyards and haystacks  
And the day the great thing proceeded  
Bound hand and foot to the weather chariot of Zeus  
And the water in the ditches  
Hurried along to get there in time.