

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT
FACTS OF LIFE**

Bob Dylan's questions:

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Just in case someone didn't know this one detail I add that as a friend told me the expression "blowin' in the wind" is a reference to (Celtic too?) Druid tradition where Druids, the oak tree sorcerers, could tell the future by the wind's signs e.g. the sound of tree leaves as the wind blew through them etc. Not so long ago demonstrations in US could shake unworthy governments off the back of the American people by just singing the questions Bob Dylan asked. Now maybe one will need to sing the answers too. Hopefully, just singing them will be sufficient...

The Beatles' questions:

ELEANOR RIGBY

Aah, look at all these lonely people!
Aah, look at all these lonely people!

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in a church where a wedding has been,
lives in a dream,
waits by the window, wearing a face that she keeps in a jar by the door,
who is it for?

All the lonely people, where do they all come from?
All the lonely people where do they all belong?

Father McKenzie is writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear,
no one comes near,
look at him working darnin' some socks in the night when there's nobody there,
why does he care?

All the lonely people, where do they all come from?
All the lonely people where do they all belong?

Eleanor Rigby died in the church she was buried along with her name,
nobody came,
Father McKenzie is wiping his hands from the dust as he walks from the grave,
no one was saved.

All the lonely people, where do they all come from?
All the lonely people where do they all belong?

Where do lonely people come from and where do they belong?. As far as our DJ-ing up to here goes the only conclusion is that the answers to these questions, too, are blowin' in the wind...Hopefully not also "gone by the wind", yet, as another saying goes...

FATAL
or
LES HOMMES FATALS' QUESTIONS:

Inside the dirty, dark and grim bar
among swears, tired looks, puffs and smokes
a juke box near a rusting pinball
we drank without songs, laughs or jokes.
Typical night like every other
drink blues away and say «don't bother».

Crowded, against each other pressing
somebody spitting on the floor
thinking just how much more tormenting
life can become if we live more.
No matter how you squeeze your brains
you can't remember better days.

Sun, sea deep blue and sea of white foam
and depth of prodigal blue sky
oh flowers of dawn and flowers of evening
flowers of sunset and of night,
far you shine on and off without us
and never enter our heart's high bars.

The settings with which the unfamiliar public got acquainted through the books by Charles Boukowski (or "Blowjobsky" as some youngsters like to call him in jest) Same subject as in some of Beckett's plays but from a different perspective, like also "Eleanor Rigby" is a different perspective on the same subject (the teenagers' view of Beckett's heroes)

A tentative answer by John Lennon, Yoko Ono and Arthur Janov's "Primal Scream Therapy":

WORKING CLASS HERO

As soon as you're born they make you feel small
by giving you no time instead of it all
till the pain is so big you feel nothing at all.
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

They hurt you at home and they hit you at school
they hate you if you're clever and they despise a fool
till you're so fucking crazy you can't follow their rules.
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

When they've tortured and scared you for twenty odd years
then they expect you to pick up a career
when you can't really function and you're so full of fear.
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

Keep you doped with religion and sex and TV
and you think you're so clever and classless and free
but you're still fucking peasants as far as I can see.
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

There's room at the top they're telling you still
but first you must learn how to smile as you kill
if you want to be like the folks on the hill.
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be

If you want to be a hero, well, just follow me
If you want to be a hero, well, just follow me.

This does attempt some answers, however confined they may be within the insights of the Janov period of Lennon. The way those same insights could be applied towards a tentative answer in the form of a song going like "Ruling Class Hero", dedicated to the actualized American dream followers and the clientele of Janov in Beverly Hills, is left to anyone's imagination to improvise. Something tells me that the counterpart to the last verse, if written like "If you want to become a hero, well, just don't follow me", will sound both as a frank piece of advice and as a threat. By the way, guess why I had a slip of pen once and wrote "folks on the hill" as "fox on the hill".

Questions of third world citizens in the past and of all world's citizens now:

WHO'S AFTER MY LIFE

(lyrics by the composer himself)

Who's trying to track my life down in this night
and put it with the rest in separate boxes?
In nets I'm caught and pulled just like a fish
the fishermen I see but not their bosses.

For someone in the world it's now too late,
who's trying to catch my life in this fishnet?

Who's trying to be the shadow of my life,
who starts to shoot at world's pass when I'm near?
Where is he who would know what to say,
where is he who would know what to hear?

For someone in the world it's now too late,
who's trying to catch my life in this fishnet?

Same questions, equally unanswered, but formulated in the way they were asked in the (financial) "periphery" frequently ruled by juntas encouraged by the (financial) "metropolis". Whether sung as "The fishermen I see but not their bosses" or as "...but not the foxes" or as "the fishhooks I can see but ..." the essential thing is that the question when asked like "Where is he who would know what to say, where is he who would know what to hear?" did become answerable by man in all such countries, in all ages. And it is to this answer that the rest of this DJ-ing devotes itself:

IN THIS COUNTRY TODAY

Extinguished fire that's always burning/gravestone that covers grave with no dead/
looks from some eyes that are full of dried tears/ people's thoughts hidden nodding to you/
Beliefs and hopes that their last are breathing/Spirit and Truth that are now in jails/
Holy endeavors floating like shipwrecks/Voices of people nodding to you/
A grain of wrath to the soil is falling/A struggle's message breeds pairs of wings/
A sparkle's light shows up in the darkness/New fights and struggles nodding to you/

THE FIRST DEAD

The funerals are over. Shed no more tears/The first dead are going to be leaders of hope/
The rest they now need is unity and struggle/Beginning of struggle have become the first dead/
The first dead are now fertilizers of freedom/A flower of fire comes out of their graves/
The answer to this message is unity and struggle/Beginning of struggle have become the first
SLAUGHTER HOUSE /dead

(KNOCK THREE TIMES ON THE WALL IF YOU'RE STILL LIVING)

The scent of thyme filled up the slaughter house we live in
the red of sky filled up the ceiling of our cell
you know the reason guys like you or me are living
we're cattle raised just to be slain each in its turn.
This noon again they came and took you to their office
I'm counting blows to know exactly how much blood
they'll bring you back and we'll be near behind just one wall
tac-tac you knock, tac-tac I knock
and what could mean this wordless message in between?
I still hold strong, I still hold good.
Then in our hearts begin parties and celebrations
tac-tac you knock, tac-tac I knock
tac-tac you knock, tac-tac I knock
The scent of thyme filled up the slaughter house we live in
the red of sky filled up the ceiling of our cell.
The scent of thyme filled up the slaughter house we live in
the red of sky filled up the ceiling of our cell....

1023

There's two of us, are you uptight?/the clock is striking eight at night/
the guard is near, turn out the light/I knew they would be back tonight/
Now I can hear, it's the headguard/the rest are near, the aisle is black/
silence in dark before they start/what is well known and they're good at/
The blows are two, the blows are three/they are one thousand twenty three/
that hurts in you, that hurts in me/but who's more hurt we can't yet see/
but who's more hurt in time we'll see/But we are two, but we are three/
we are one thousand twenty three/we ride the weather and the time/
weather with rain and time with pain/counting the hours with blood's drain/
A LITTLE BIT HIGHER /and with the feel of our wounds' nail...

Let's go a little bit further, let's go a little bit further,
to see the almond trees flower, to see the almond trees flower, to see the almond trees full of
Let's go a little bit further, let's go a little bit further, flowers.
we're going to see the marbles, they're shining in the sunlight, the sunlight will make sea waves
glitter

A little bit higher, let's now rise higher,
let's raise ourselves a little, let's raise ourselves a bit, a little bit higher still.
A little bit higher, let's now rise higher,
let's raise ourselves a little, let's raise ourselves a bit, a little bit higher still.

IN THIS COUNTRY TODAY

Answers (in the form needed for the (financial) periphery) begin: E.g. the verse “where is he who would know what to hear?” of the previous song is answered by the activist poet of the present song who hears hidden thoughts of people, feels reality’s nod to him as a nod beckoning towards struggle and sacrifice etc).

THE FIRST DEAD

The activist poet writes this when his brother, an army officer who had deserted the army to oppose the junta and thus serve his country is arrested and murdered. The poet, a student of electrical engineering, who then was a soldier had also deserted to serve his country and had learned how to use explosives. Thinking “alas to a nation that with every tyrant does not give birth to a “tyrannocide” ” he tries to blast his country’s dictator who has a narrow escape, but the, thus turned activist, poet only **almost** has a near escape from his followers and torturers* In an interview after his release, years later, he says he was happy he missed his easily replaceable target, his point was to show that one can stand everything it takes to disobey orders. After all, killing all policemen is not a solution, the solution is for soldiers not to obey orders against the people. “I am a fighter , not a killer” he said. Is resistance to physical pain activism or “passivism”? In a poem of his he addresses a fellow-prisoner who is passed in front of his cell on his way to torture and says “Let the proud sobs of your pain come out free. But clench your mouth to all their questions. Don’t tell them anything. Complete your offer. Go on feeling pain”. With what voice could such phrases have been spoken? Most probably with a voice like that weightlifting coach’s when shouting to the Olympic champion he had trained “Hold strong! Stand under that baar!”. What exactly did that poet mean? Far more things than just mock executions happened to him after his arrest, maybe Falacci does say, but here let’s only say that that he lived two Chinese proverbs: 1) May God not give you the things that you can stand 2)If you put truth in jail then the jail’s walls will become loudspeakers (in this case some of his guards seeing what he chose to go through and did go through unbroken, felt like so total zeroes that they risked sharing his fate, smuggling his verses out of the prison.

JUNTA YEARS’ REMAKE OF KNOCK THREE TIMES ON THE CEILING IF YOU WANT ME

Funerals over and tears shed for the dead in the previous poem, action (as just described) begins, prisons get filled with political prisoners, the real title is “Slaughter house” and its lyrics, as also the next song’s, are written by a world renowned composer and activist who participates in the resistance and fate of his fellow citizens, is imprisoned and writes these songs to be sung by prisoners to their friends when they are tortured to hearten them. Guards want prisoners to hear the howls of the tortured as psychological warfare on the rest awaiting their turn but acoustic contact also works the other way, making possible for the tortured to hear these songs.

1023

Self explanatory.

A LITTLE BIT HIGHER

Remembering smell of thyme and red of sky, even if sunset’s red comes from freely associating with blood, helps to stand torture unbent, same goes with almond tree flowers and waves and marbles glimmering, sung to one’s friend tortured some doors aside, with “a little bit further” meaning “stand it a little bit longer”. The initial context of the poem was not exactly that (as its melody composed in the style of the two previous songs might suggest) it was “patience, this climb under burning sun to that ancient temple on that crest may be tiring but, take my word, reaching there you’ll see the merge of the physical and the metaphysical we were talking about” (the poet is one of the two Nobel Laureated fellow citizens of the above poet and composer activists). But even that original meaning is clearly not that far from the prison application we have just seen.

*Biographies written about him have titles like “The cell of poems”, “Rehearsals of death”. The one by Orianna Falacci, in the ’70s, has the title “A Man”

THE LETTER

I'm fine, I'm well, I'm well, I'm fine, thank you, thank you,
I wish the same to all of you.
To all who ask just give my kisses and my love,
my love and greetings the most warm.

Your parcel came two days ago, ago, ago,
please don't spend all that much for me.
My whole life was like open doors, open doors, open doors
when I was near you and you near me.

Tomorrow only half of us are staying here
I will be leaving with the rest,
maybe for islands, maybe land away or near
let it be what God thinks is best.

Your parcel came two days ago, ago, ago,
please don't spend all that much for me.
My whole life was like open doors, open doors, open doors
when I was near you and you near me.

YOU'LL SEE THEM AGAIN

Each one you see now you're going to see again, maybe on another ferry,
one's name may then be Tom or Dick, another's Harry.
Each one you see now you're going to see again, the way to tell it is them
will be a prouder way to walk on all roads of this world.

Each one you see now you're going to see again, again you're going to hate them,
one, strong and youngest won't be found,
for the most bitter turn he's bound,
the lonely one, lonely and brave and the most beloved.

This one you'll never find again, this one the world now misses,
you will not torture him next time nor his big heart tear into pieces.

This one you will not see again, this time he's safely guarded,
the stars are guarding him from you, his sun and moon are watching, too,
now that they've taken him from here,
the lonely one, the young, the brave, the one the most beloved,
for him only I,
I, I, I, I am waiting.



FACTS OF LIFE TO A KID OF 19 IN THE '40s

You're just a kid of eighteen or nineteen years,
you're just a kid but hairsnow already's near,
hard times have just knocked on our door.
You're going to walk on the edge of rough unbound waves
as sea starts swelling, foaming and turn wild,
don't let the blows of slavery bend proud ways,
hold on the clarity of your mind,
don't let the blows of slavery bend proud ways,
hold on the clarity of your mind,
you're just a kid of eighteen or nineteen years.

Don't sit and wait for help from gods and fathers,
don't sit and wait for truth to come from others,
it's you who'll walk up Golgotha.
At nights the scent of flowers comes out heady
as breeze spreads all 'round their desire for life
and that's just what we also will be spreading
in peace, in fight, dead or alive,
and that's just what we also will be spreading
in peace, in fight, dead or alive,
don't sit and wait for help from gods and fathers.

Keep straight in times like this, in times of hardship,
keep straight in times of storm like times of fascism,
some people see you as a guide.
Just arm your thought with knowledge and its powers,
ask some old timers with experience in such fight
and from your sad defeat just fight to raise like towers
the beauty of victory and of right,
and from your sad defeat just fight to raise like towers
the beauty of victory and of right,
keep straight in times like this, in times of hardship.

FACTS OF LIFE TO A BABY IN ARMS

Sleep calm my little angel love, my baby nanny-nanny,
sleep to grow fast like tall plane trees,
so hush and nanny-nanny.

Sleep as to grow a man in body and mind
so you can walk straight and keep on the road of right.
Sleep calm my baby with my song,
sleep sweetly in mine and in God's love.

Sleep calm my little angel dove, my baby nanny-nanny,
to feel your heart grow big like Christ's,
so hush and nanny-nanny.

Grow not to ever say "I just cannot"
and be like steel if you must lift a cross and walk.
Sleep calm my baby with my song,
sleep sweetly in mine and in God's love.

THE LETTER

Having taken the “trimming” mentioned above in town or in torture islands, the unrepenting among them are taken to exile sites, frequently on islands. Written and sung by the composer activist of the previous songs too*. His was also the voice singing the two poems of the previous activist poet mentioned.

YOU’LL SEE THEM AGAIN

If the extenuating circumstances are over, the exiled and imprisoned will return to the waiting arms of their own people but the ones whom their own will not be waiting for, because they will have long been sent a death note, are already waited for by Poetry Herself.

FACTS OF LIFE TO A KID OF 19 IN THE '40s

A guerrilla song of the '40s. If “fascism sounds exaggerated for today’s recontextualization one can just use “thug-gism”.

FACTS OF LIFE TO A BABY IN ARMS

The only thing in this lullaby that is not self explanatory (to dangerous moronic thugs led by necrophile zombies) is the following explanation: Babies in arms means babies in the arms of their mothers and not babies carrying guns.

*By the way, having written the music for the well known Zorba film this composer had been offered by Hollywood the opportunity to enjoy the well known type of creation-oriented conditions (house on the hills, swimming pool, limo, wild parties, conducive ambience, contact with equally talented artists, etc) but he declined having as a free association the saying of his country “Would one leave the wedding to go for hollies?” meaning, among other things (things not including most probably the thought that Hollywood means wood of hollies, he speaks French but not so good English) that at the time he was heading the activists’ organization bearing the name of the deputy whose murder is well known from the film “Z” (Z, thus, not standing for Zorba nor Zorro), an involvement which along with his past led the composer again to imprisonment when junta came.



LIVE MAN WALKING

As he was walking down the street flying like an eagle
the neighborhood was just admiring from their windows
two fires like sun were sparkling in his black eyes
live man was striding, striding to his death.
His calm and angry eyes reflect a cloud that's passing
his steps are straight just like the iron in his heart
the sun gets ready to be covered with blood running
his death was striding, striding to live man.
Eyes close and also tight are shut all hearts and windows
as death comes dashing riding on wild black horseback
when they're back open they see live man dying
dying and smiling, smiling their known smile.
Who goes or comes today below in everyone's death's land?
Both neighborhoods are all too full of preparations.
Why are the mountains, plains and sky so voiceless?
Live man is striding, striding to death's land.



A flower of fire comes out of their graves

HAIR'S TOUCH LIKE LOVE'S

Hair's touch like love's in my palms every time I stayed at your side
to fill my soul with your sleep's smile in darkness filled with your sight.

Eyebrow like supple twig, like arc, eyebrow like drawn by painter
carved arch in which my eyes could nest in warmth and rest forever.

Calm drowsy eyes that inside them could mirror clear blue sky
to keep tears' spears far I would fight, for such eyes shouldn't cry.

Precious lips full of flower scent, your chirp made flowers blossom
made blossom stones and dried up trees and songbirds danced and stopped songs.

ONE SUNSET

Sunset was in flames, sunset was in flames, sunset was in flames
when on the cross they had you nailed,
they had you nailed at your hands, they had me nailed at my entrails,
they tied a black band around your eyes, oh-no, they tied a black band around my soul.

Sunset was like you, sunset was like me, sunset was like me and you
just when they broke me in two,
when they removed my sense of touch, when they removed my vision,
and only left my two eardrums, oh-no, and only I could hear you.

Now find a sunset, now find a sunset, just find a sunset now
and just like an eagle from up there,
dash right through air and reach the seas, dash right through air and reach the plains,
make mountains flower and turn green, oh-yes, make people glad and happy.

IMMORTAL WATER

God how I wish I had that flask, that flask of living water, to give you a new soul f'r just a glance,
to wake you for a moment
To come and see and laugh with joy, your whole dream real and live, standing up full of life and
pride and smiling at your side

PAIN FLARED UP

Well, world, you're both unjust and small, you did flare up my pain
but you don't have that much of room that could my sigh contain

LIKE A FALLING STAR

Into my arms like a star fall tonight till you sleep there
there's no hope left in the world, hopes are gone without trace
as night herself now embroiders your body with kisses
pain is no measure, don't leave our treasure be lost out in space.

If I can't make it to your dream
then try to make it to mine
I'll wait to hear you come whistling a streetsong like always
like every summer when starlight is brighter to wear light and shine.

YOU WERE STANDING AT THE WINDOW

As you were looking out of the open window
I was looking at your shoulders strong and broad
as they were barring all the view of the horizon
the view of waves, of sea and of fishboats.

Your shadow like our childhood's guarding angel
flooded our house with the cool breeze of gentle wings,
right by your ear I saw the first of sunset's fires
like our garden's flowers sparkled just like an earring.

As you were standing looking at the sunset
lighting and flaring all its flames for you and me
you just looked great and grand and dressed up like a captain
and our poor little room felt like a fancy ship.

After those flames, in the starlight so warm and bluish
just as with aye-aye's and yo-ho-ho's when out of bay
your calm and gentle steer just rocked me as if in cradle
and sailed me through the silence of our Milky Way.

And our window was our door to God's whole creation
our secret key he gave us to unlock his worlds
and led his guests straight to the Paradise he promised
where stars were flowers and their shine came from your glance.

And our ship sank just leaving no lifeboats above waves
and its steer broke in bits afloat or down
and in the bottom of the sea alone I wander
for no destination and direction ever bound.

Yet I don't seem to manage to get drowned
nor can I get back to the sea surface
I grope to reach for something to hold on to
all I grab is seaweed that can't be a staircase.

The seaweed breaks and ocean waves just drag me
sometimes to places where no humans have been found
and I can't tell even such simple little things like
which way is up or left or right or which way is down.

Sun of Justice

Sun of Justice living, living in and above our mind
and you myrtle glorious leaf of praise and prize
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my, my planet
her name is Earth.

Her volcanoes have rows of vines with blood-red wine
her high mountains are proud and eagle-like
and her houses when painted white
and her houses when painted white
and her houses when painted white shine
when her sky is blue and bright.

(The verses in parentheses can be sung in the same melody but are not sung in the cassette)
Though it touches Europe and America on one side
and though it touches Asia and Africa alike
still it hangs in space and turns and roams
still it hangs in space and turns and roams
still it hangs in space and turns and roams the world's ether
all by herself.

There's no other planet to make some thoughts like these for her
and soon there won't be any such thoughts by her own dwellers left
there will be only death, dead and past fight
there will be only death, dead and past fight
there will be only death, dead and past fight
and relentless light.)

I reach with my two bitter hands behind old Time
Holding in their strength the Thunderbolt of Right
and I call my old friends and pals
and I call my old friends and pals
and I call my old friends and pals
shouting threats and splashed with blood.

*(Yet all blood has gone flat or shed in blind despair
and all threats and hopes have been chopped to claims of mud's fair share
and what winds now hunt when they blow
and what winds now hunt when they blow
and what winds now hunt when they blow is only
is only other winds like them.)*

Sun of Justice living, living in and above our mind
and you myrtle glorious leaf of praise and prize
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my, my planet
her name is Earth.

ANALOGIES

(The following can be sung in the melody of the previous song)

Seattle '99

Why we are here

(By anonymous activist poet who circulated it in the streets)

Because the world we imagined, the world we've always known is leaving
and the sun brings cancer and the planet's getting hotter
because the sky now has too many planes
because the kids are starving in the shadows
in the shadows of yachts and top meetings
we're here to tell you that we want something else
because your coded world is unreal we're here to tell you
we want something else to buy.

What we want is not by your money even recognized
we want to save live nature and to see our world humanized
we don't want some cheaper trees
we want trees that are alive
we don't want our food with fancy genes we want our food
to live and grow in our neighborhood.

This is not a mere political protest
we're not here to patch up your laws or see if they fail some test
we're here to change ourselves and you
change you and ourselves from inside to outside
thus this is an awakening and an uprising
of spirit and of mind.

We're here by authority of nature and upon insistence of our mind
thus we can rightly ignore what your recent laws can bind
if you doubt the authority of nature
if you doubt the rules of your mind's truth
if you doubt them for any amount of time then try not to breathe for just that time
keep for just that time your breath inside and you will know just
the strength of our desire.

So you see the reason we're here is that some memory in our blood
makes us hear a voice that says when awakening inside
you're not just a fund or a bank
you're the crest of a wave that went blind
a blind crest of a wave that forgot its basic source
and now mounts in greed and lies.

Against this blinded wave of greed we're here to honor
what's natural and what's real.

Against your mounting wave of greed we're here to fight for
what's human and must be freed.

LIVE MAN WALKING
HAIR'S TOUCH LIKE LOVE'S
Both written for people killed, of course

ONE SUNSET

For people who were not killed and buried in their neighborhood, as in the previous two songs, the composer himself writes lyrics less metaphorical and more factual

IMMORTAL WATER

A mother who longs terribly on behalf of her dead son to be filled by the sight of the realization, at last, of the things he died for, says she longs terribly for a momentary resurrection of his to see live his dream standing on his side and mixes, of course, that longing with her longing to momentarily see him alive on his dream's side

PAIN FLARED UP

Pain flares up when one realizes that the ones who gave most for the realization of a dream are exactly the ones who will not see it realized because they naturally became the most wanted targets and the first to be killed

LIKE A FALLING STAR

Poetry Herself addresses someone out to meet death, as a "Benevolent-Queen-of-Night", Night only referring to the fact that her kisses on his body are e.g. bullets

YOU WERE STANDING AT THE WINDOW

A mother to her dead son, a woman to her dead husband or fiancé or lover, written by an activist poet who saw in the papers the photo of a mother kneeling in the street over her son who had just got killed by police opening fire against people in a demonstration as policemen and civilians are running around. The poems "Immortal water" and "Hair's touch like love's" above are part of the same collection, called "Epitaph"*. Scenes seen and reseen and reseen in different times and places with titles like "Dying in Madrid, in Guernica, in Dahau, in Hiroshima, in Turkey, in Greece, in Pakistan, in Korea, in Ireland, in Vietnam, in Russia, in China, in Kent, in Chile, in Nicaragua, in...in...in... in Israel, in Palestine, in Yugoslavia, in Genova, in New York, in Afghanistan, in Iraq, in..."

Sun of Justice

In the original the poem goes "don't turn your eyes away from my country" and there is no verse like "her name is..." Written more than fifty years ago, part of Elytis' "Axion Esti"

Seattle'99

Why we are here
Self explanatory

*Regarding the ages of the activist poets mentioned, the poet of the "Epitaph" could be an older brother to the composer and the composer could be an older brother to the first activist poet mentioned. The work and life of the older shaped the adolescent years of the younger as it also shaped many other people's. They overlapped and interacted on the personal level, too, and the composer, who is still living, (and every two or three years is nominated for the peace Nobel) put to music all of the above and many other poems by them and by other poets, from his country or from other countries.

EPITAPH

You are not lost

My son, which fate had written down for you, which fate for me had all this written
such hurt, such pain, such flame, such fire, oh heart, such teeth to leave me bitten.

No son, my sweet you are not lost, oh god, within my veins you are now living
deep in the blood of everyone get in and live. Their veins they're giving.

Hair's touch like love's

Hair's touch like love's in my palms every time I stayed at your side
to fill my soul with your sleep's smile in darkness filled with your sight.

Eyebrow like supple twig, like arc, eyebrow like drawn by painter
carved arch in which my eyes could nest in warmth and rest forever.

Calm drowsy eyes that inside them could mirror clear blue sky
to keep tears' spears far I would fight, for such eyes shouldn't cry.

Precious lips full of flower scent, your chirp made flowers blossom
made blossom stones and dried up trees and songbirds danced and stopped songs.

God were you good and sweet

God, you were good and you were sweet, you had the nicest graces
all wind's caresses had your touch, all flowers your embraces.

Your lightstepped foot at our doorstep just like a tender baby deer's
left just a light and velvet trace that had the shine of diamond beams.

Your youth gave second youth to me, your smile could keep me smiling
old age to come I feared no more, from death I was not hiding.

And now what can I hold on to, where can I stop or move or go
now that I stand like dried up trees on land all covered with iced snow.

A fine day in May

You left a fine day in May, a fine day in May I missed you
a day in Spring like those you loved and went where sun could hit you
and in that blaze you looked around and hungry like in my arms
you sucked like milk the light of God's world through innocent, clear and wide eyes.

And you kept telling me in a voice strong, sweet and warm and manly
as much as the pebbles of the beach could not have been as many
and made me feel that all those stars one day will come to be ours
and now your shine has been turned off and ours are fireless hours.

Immortal water

God how I wish I had that flask, that flask of living water
to give you a new soul just for a lightning's glance, to wake you for a moment.

To come and see and laugh with joy, your whole dream real and live
standing up full of life and pride and smiling at your side.

You have set , my star

You have set, my sun, you have set, my star
since that hour the whole world has been setting
You have set my son and a black morning sun
has pulled back its light rays and stopped rotating

By people and soldiers I'm now stepped on
but no one turns an eye,
they just don't go to leave you alone
nor do they just pass by

Your faint last breath I still feel on my cheek
and it's warm not like your hand that I'm holding
and I see a light, it's a big floating light
at the end of the street and it's nodding.

My tears are wiped by light's soft palm
my eyes are almost drying
your voice like droplets has sprinkled my gut
your life has dripped in mine.

And here I am now standing up
but still my legs are here bound
a live joyful light, my strong brave boy,
has just helped me up from the ground.

With flags your friends now have covered you
just sleep and don't you mind
I'm heading for your brother pals
your voice is now mine.

You were standing at the window

As you were looking out of the open window
I was looking at your shoulders strong and broad
as they were barring all the view of the horizon
the view of waves, of sea and of fishboats.

Your shadow like our childhood's guarding angel
flooded our house with the cool breeze of gentle wings,
right by your ear I saw the first of sunset's fires
like our garden's flowers sparkled just like an earring.

As you were standing looking at the sunset
lighting and flaring all its flames for you and me
you just looked great and grand and dressed up like a captain
and our poor little room felt like a fancy ship.

After those flames, in the starlight so warm and bluish
just as with aye-aye's and yo-ho-ho's when out of bay
your calm and gentle steer just rocked me as if in cradle
and sailed me through the silence of our Milky Way.

And our window was our door to God's whole creation
our secret key he gave us to unlock his worlds
and led his guests straight to the Paradise he promised
where stars were flowers and their shine came from your glance.

And our ship sank just leaving no lifeboats above waves
and its steer broke in bits afloat or down
and in the bottom of the sea alone I wander
for no destination and direction ever bound.

Yet I don't seem to manage to get drowned
nor can I get back to the sea surface
I grope to reach for something to hold on to
all I grab is seaweed that can't be a staircase.

The seaweed breaks and ocean waves just drag me
sometimes to places where no humans have been found
and I can't tell even such simple little things like
which way is up or left or right or which way is down.

Sleep little angel

Sleep calm my little angel love,
my baby nanny-nanny,
sleep to grow fast like tall plane trees,
so hush and nanny-nanny.

Sleep as to grow a man strong in your body and mind
so you can walk straight and keep on the road of right.
Sleep calm my baby with my song,
sleep sweetly in mine and in God's love.

Sleep calm my little angel dove,
my baby nanny-nanny,
to feel your heart grow big like Christ's,
so hush and nanny-nanny.

Grow not to ever say "I just cannot"
and be like steel if you must lift a cross and walk.
Sleep calm my baby with my song,
sleep sweetly in mine and in God's love.

Hair's touch like love's



Your faint last breath I still feel on my cheek
and it's warm not like your hand that I'm holding

Happiness as Usual

(Business as usual in ordinary times for ordinary people:
Days of innocence, Paradise lost and Paradise Refound
in sweet old small personal life gains and losses such as
happy or unhappy childhoods, timely or belated teens, loves, quarrels, separations, reconciliations
etc etc
and not such as forms of happy ends about which we would tempted to say: "Operation
successful, patient dead")

THE BALLAD OF ANDREW THE HUNCHBACK

Andrew was sleeping rocked by sea,
cool in the shadow of his tent boat,
breeze just caressed him and his dream
was full of sun and full of girl's talk.

Jennifer, Kathryn, Marie and Joey,
Jennifer junior, Jacqueline and Erie,
oh how this life is full of joy,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry.

Hot summer noons Andrew and we,
a crazy bunch in scream and laughter,
we dived and swam in open sea,
never as glad before or after.

Jennifer, Kathryn, Marie and Joey,
Jennifer junior, Jacqueline and Erie,
oh how this life is full of joy,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry.

Then came old winter's bad long face,
our crazy team went back to city,
something pushed your heart out of pace,
hold on, old Andrew, what a pity!

Jennifer, Kathryn, Marie and Joey,
Jennifer junior, Jacqueline and Erie,
oh how this life is full of joy,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry.

MAGGIE MARGARITA LOVE

Margarita-Maggie my star, my love,
in sky in heavens like bird like dove,
all sky and heavens I see in your eyes
along with Venus, along with planets and stars above,
all sky and heavens I see in your eyes
along with Venus, along with planets and stars above.

Your mom's a witch and holds a broom,
she locks you every night in your room,
but then you drop me a silk rope and we know better
than just to weep and cry and just sit in gloom.
When under lock under key we're found by next dawn
we're pieces of silent booms.

Margarita-Maggie you are terrific,
a little boat rocked by the Pacific,
give me your winds, my Pacific,
your little waves and wish me to be a big open sea like you,
give me your winds my Pacific,
your little waves and wish me to be a big open sea like you.

Your mom's a witch and holds a broom,
she locks you every night in your room,
but then you drop me a silk rope and we know better
than just to weep and cry and just sit in gloom.
When under lock under key we're found by next dawn
we're pieces of silent booms.

I am your Maggie I'm planted here,
counting the hours till next time is near,
just take the bus and just know I'm longing, I'm fainting
for all that silent talk we do ear to ear,
just take the bus and just know I'm longing, I'm fainting
for all that silent talk we do ear to ear.

My mom's a witch and holds a broom,
she locks me every night in my room,
but then I drop you a silk rope and we know better
than just to weep and cry and just sit in gloom.
When under lock under key we're found by next dawn
we're pieces of silent booms.

THE MYRTLE

I had an open sea in mind
and a rose garden, open garden, of our sky,
and a rose garden, open garden, of our sky.

When I sailed out or thought I would
for our nearby neighborhood,
for our nearby neighborhood,
when I sailed out or thought I would
my open windows had a guest,
a smiling myrtle looked for nest,
my open windows had a guest,
a smiling myrtle looked for nest.

I no more felt I'd like that walk
I only liked her smile and talk,
I no more felt I'd like that walk
I only liked her smile and talk.

Myrtle just tell me a couple of words
how can I build a nest for birds?
How can I build a nest for love's birds?
Myrtle just tell me a couple of words.
Will soil and water be enough
if I just mix them with my love?
If I just mix them with my love,
will soil and water be enough?

When to my windows I went near
the smiling myrtle had a tear,
when to my windows I went near
the smiling myrtle had a tear.
When I sailed out and thought I would
for our nearby neighborhood,
when I sailed out and thought I would
for our nearby neighborhood.

INSIDE YOUR BLACK HAIR, LADY

In the well-known night neighborhoods of moon
I went out for some strolling
to see the eyes of sky and try
to kiss its lips and body.

Inside your black hair, lady, I see nests of stars,
of stars and white birds, of stars and hundreds of springs,
of spring birds that fly me on their wings.

Inside my heart just see that bird,
how much it longs and suffers,
suffers although it chirps and sings
and although its wings it flutters.

Inside your black hair, lady, I see nests of stars,
of stars and white birds, of stars and hundreds of springs,
of spring birds that fly me on their wings.

You're a real princess, a real queen,
your eyes are such a dowry,
nobility does not reside in
mansions of gold and glory.

Inside your black hair, lady, I see nests of stars,
of stars and white birds, of stars and hundreds of springs,
of spring birds that fly me on their wings.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER AND COOL

Saturday night is coming, say, mamma,
did I hear you say my white shirt had been washed and cleaned,
my friends that you know are already there and phoned me
to say that my Juliet at her balcony was seen.
Flower scent is coming from the balconies,
flower scent is coming from the yards along the streets,
flower scent is coming from love that's all around,
love, wave by wave, fills up the oceans, sky and ground.

We'll be passing from downtown, a boat will soon be found
and rowing we will soon be really out
and if we find a sailboat, we'll christen it a yacht,
shipowners will be jealous of our lot.

Saturday night is coming my princess,
tonight I'm a prime minister, a prince and a tycoon,
mine are all riches of the world and also mine are
sky, sea and heaven and the city's best saloon.
Mine is your balcony and your doorstep,
mine are your flower pots, your flowers and your plants
and if you look into my two eyes,
right away your faithful slave and subject I become.

We'll be passing from downtown, a boat will soon be found
and rowing we will soon be really out
and if we find a sailboat, we'll christen it a yacht,
shipowners will be jealous of our lot.

FIVE BY FIVE, TEN BY TEN

Five by five I skip stairs, ten by ten I'm flying over walls and floors
for two fires of magic, your two eyes of fire,
one look from them into mine ten stabs of desire.

Rocking boat at sea, rocking near the shore,
flowerpots in the balcony and flowerpots by the door.

Five by five my kisses, ten by ten all over I will give to you
and after I have drunk you and my kisses made you drunk
lullabies I'll make for you with my happy song.

Rocking boat at sea, rocking near the shore,
flowerpots in the balcony and flowerpots by the door.

Five by five stairs skip me, ten by ten they're flying me over walls and floors
immigration's here and I have no choice
and don't cry for me, they say, they'll find you better boys.

Rocking boat at sea, rocking near the shore,
flowerpots in the balcony and flowerpots by the door.

MY GAL'S NAME'S HELEN

My April month, my April-May months blond,
May-April full of flowers,
my heart how can you stand,
my heart how can
my heart how can you stand
in so much love and beauty,
in so much loving and flower scent!

Songs, kisses, sun and moon,
over our neighborhood,
my gal's name's Helen but she doesn't want
my gal's name's Helen but she doesn't want
my gal's name's Helen but she doesn't want
our secret to be known.

My silver star, my silver star in skies,
my moonlight beam in heavens
your eyes have caught my heart
your eyes have caught
your eyes have caught my heart
like twigtraps catch their birdies
stupid or clever, foolish or smart.

Songs, kisses, sun and moon,
over our neighborhood,
my gal's name's Helen but she doesn't want
my gal's name's Helen but she doesn't want
my gal's name's Helen but she doesn't want
our secret to be known.

My heady flo-, my heady flower rose,
my heady rose's fragrance
I'm coming to your folks
I'm coming to
I'm coming to your folks
to ask them for their blessing
and my match that I love and want.

Songs, kisses, sun and moon,
over our neighborhood,
my gal's name's Helen but she doesn't want
my gal's name's Helen but she doesn't want
my gal's name's Helen but she doesn't want
our secret to be known.

I HAVE A LOVE SHE'S ALL FOR ME

I have a love she's all for me,
my star my dawn my rose my sea,
one thousand men would not be able
to rock you as nice as I can rock you in my cradle.

Your eyes inside are full of flames
flaring at nights and sweet in days,
flaring at nights and sweet in days
your eyes inside are full of flames.

When on your lips I feel I'm flying
I can't care less if I leave dying,
when in your arms you set me cradling
then aye-aye lady in your sea I'm going sailing.

Without a boat and without sails
the world is mine with all details,
the world is mine with all details
without a boat and without sails.

You wear the sun like just a hairpin,
moon is a button of your apron,
your breast is home for singing crickets
that for all concerts of the world give us free tickets.

And from your kisses birds have learned
to sing and chirp to their girlfriend,
to sing and chirp to their girlfriend,
right from your kisses birds have learned.

MOUTHS FULL OF KISSES

With your mouth full of kisses and love
like a swallow, a pigeon, a dove
you fly and whistle your greetings to sun
every morning,
with your mouth full of kisses you bring
like an almond tree's flowers bring Spring
your hair, your eyes, your lips and I drink
your wind blowing.

And at night, yeah!,
warm, dark night, yeah!,
you're a matchstick that just catches fire,
and you burn me like a twig yeah!,
till next dawn my burned ashes retire.

With my mouth full of kisses and love
I feel just like those birds high above
I'm flying over stair-steps five by five,
yes, I'm flying,
with my mouth full of kisses and scent
that enwraps me the days that we spend,
as if drunk, as if stoned, as if mad,
as if dying.

And at night, yeah!,
warm, dark night, yeah!,
you're a matchstick that just catches fire,
and you burn me like a twig, yeah!,
till next dawn my burned ashes retire.

THE QUARREL

Tonight like kids we had again
that quarrel for whatever,
that quarrel for whatever.
You sat enough your turn to stand,
you talked enough now it's my turn,
now you leave and I remain,
the same old tune forever.
Quarrel one and two and three
and quarrel four and five,
I can't stand you, you can't stand me
our love just can't survive.

TIRED OF HOLDING YOU

I'm tired of holding you by the hand, you my own pain in person,
we two just walking side by side, me and you my joyless pain,
having a sad wind on our face as our only consolation,
like birds who just lost all their wings because they were battered by rain.

Patience my voice, my song keep still, just hold it for one more short minute,
forget the old pain and live again and let your soul play like we did.

I'm tired of listening to my pain talking about pain only,
I just can't stand my own sad voice talking about the wound,
talking of pain from here to grave, of dying and living lonely,
of things we did and things we lived and things we could or would.

Patience my voice, my song keep still, just hold it for one more short minute,
forget the old pain and live again and let your soul play like we did.

KNOCKING SHYLY

Gently and sweetly peel your beautiful pine tree
and let it drip its resin
put it in your wine this year, I think it'll make it sweet,
I hope the same for your pains and dreams,
for your pains and dreams.

Our road was long, just very long, your patience just too little,
I'm knocking shyly on your door, and a helpful wind just tilts it,
yes, it tilts it.

And if your fireplace had no fire those days and I,
and I those days was fireless
I saw it as a help from God that I couldn't cry
'cause tears would make me powerless,
really powerless.

Our road was long, just very long, your patience just too little,
I'm knocking shyly on your door, and a helpful wind just tilts it,
yes, it tilts it.

I WILL GIVE YOU A BALL MADE OF GOLD

(Translation of a translation (of the original by Brendan Behan))

I will give you a ball made of gold, you might play it with kids in the hall,
if you take me you take me you take me as your girlfriend and all.

I will give you the keys of my heart and my money no matter how much,
if you take me you take me you take me as your girlfriend and match.

I will give you a golden chain watch, you might call all the kids to show off,
if you take me you take me you take me as your girlfriend right off.

I will give you real gold real gold to fill whole lots of handfuls with crowns,
if you take me you take me you take me as your girlfriend right now.

I will make you a meat pie a meat pie, I will hide you until all tough guys go,
if you take me you take me as your girlfriend and you don't just say no.

But we first must see if we two really match, if we two really match the right way.

FIRST TIME

Our eyes so close, that star above, and we as free as never,
my God how would, oh if it just could, this hour should last forever,
my God how would, oh if it just could, this hour should last forever.

I feel your fever inside me, storm like pulsating fire,
earth's just too small, a tiny ball, can't hold me as I go higher
earth's just too small, a tiny ball, can't hold me as I go higher.

First time I've loved you, first time I've known you, first man who's heard me sighing,
it's the first time, it's in your arms, I feel being born and dying
it's the first time, it's in your arms, I feel being born and dying.

THE BALLAD OF ANDREW THE HUNCHBACK

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breeze just caressed him and his dream
was full of sun and full of girl's talk.

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Jennifer junior, Jacqueline and Erie,
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you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry.

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we dived and swam in open sea,
never as glad before or after.

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our crazy team went back to city,
something pushed your heart out of pace,
hold on, old Andrew, what a pity!

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you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry.

UPSHOT

(For the young to learn and for the old to remember)

Romeo and Juliet,

Make Love Not War, Knock Three Times, Sweet Nothings etc

in the Time of the Sexual Revolution

and

in the Time of Neopuritanism

MOUTHS FULL OF KISSES

With your mouth full of kisses and love
like a swallow, a pigeon, a dove
you fly and whistle your greetings to sun
every morning,

with your mouth full of kisses you bring
like an almond tree's flowers bring Spring
your hair, your eyes, your lips and I drink
your wind blowing.

And at night, yeah!,
warm, dark night, yeah!,
you're a matchstick that just catches fire,
and you burn me like a twig yeah!,
till next dawn my burned ashes retire.

With my mouth full of kisses and love
I feel just like those birds high above
I'm flying over stair-steps five by five,
yes, I'm flying,

with my mouth full of kisses and scent
that enwraps me the days that we spend,
as if drunk, as if stoned, as if mad,
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MAGGIE-MARGARITA LOVE

Margarita-Maggie my star, my love,
in sky in heavens like bird like dove,
all sky and heavens I see in your eyes

along with Venus, along with planets and stars above.

Your mom's a witch and holds a broom,
she locks you every night in your room,
but then you drop me a silk rope and we know better
than just to weep and cry and just sit in gloom.

When under lock under key we're found by next dawn
we're pieces of silent booms.

Margarita-Maggie you are terrific,
a little boat rocked by the Pacific,
give me your winds my Pacific,

your little waves and wish me to be a big open sea like you.

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I am your Maggie, I'm planted here,
counting the hours till next time is near,
just take the bus and just know I'm longing, I'm fainting
for all that silent talk we do ear to ear.

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