



CHECK UP TO HOMER

Poem of Café

Translated by Shkëlzen Meçaj

1

I invited for a coffee in the forum of Caesar,
you, Homer, indigene
of Kio stone galaxies;
I am waiting for the giddy scoop,
prepared to wait indefinitely.
It has come the time
to exchange two words, my delight,
and the lucky meeting means more than a coffee.
On my shoulders, I carry the burden of your myths,
and in pockets, scribbles on Iliad and Odyssey.

The only problem is how to dredge you,
with e-mail
or certified mail.
Up above
or low below
is the recommendation working,
or a courier,
who just left the cypresses downhill,
be enough.

And then it would be the doubt of address:

Hell,

because you immortalized the invaders of Troy;
because you divined those
who burnt down the town of Cassandra,
who offered as homage an artwork,
the destructive wood
shaped like a horse;
because amalgamated with the same clay

murderers and fighters for homeland,
vandals who raped the Holy Temple
with who stoically expected punishment from heaven.

Paradise,

because you praised the most noble tears
cried by a father for his son,
not in vain called Priam,
kneeled
in front of lifeless Hector;
because you sang the most gracious feelings,
the most refined,
between Achilles and Patroclus,
as it was the heartfelt gratitude of Peleus
and not a blind vengeance.

Or Purgatory...

for this I will empty a Teroldego pitcher
in Rovereto
with Dante Alighieri, called Divine,
in "Ruin" bar,
the place of solitary beats by wings,
and boulder murals
decorated by crazy writes.
Obviously, if he agrees surrender
to the corrosive smog
of car acceleration
behind suffocating curves.

I will tell my friend Dante:
in "Hell",
the fourth song,
the first circle,
Limbo,

Homer, the "sovereign poet", finds home no more,
perhaps because he was rebelled
by the bizarre presence of brats,
or perhaps the room was too small,
and he-
oversized.

However, he is chewing
a monologue
stuffed with stellar food,
and to be courageous,
is taking few drinks
as an abstinent
who has decided to sin.

2

The marble that speaks of you, Homer,
upsets me
to see you like Tiresias,
with leaden eyes.
There is still the emptiness
instead of the glow,
but certainly no lack of genius.

However, we can browse Iliad
and evaluate the history that you sacred.
We can afford to be frank
and not too emphatic,
as in the verses of your superpoem?

Trying to realize that in the tenth year
of the infamous demolition of Troy,
good-natured Priam was already cooled by the sword,
and Troy was under the heels of Greeks, Homer,
and its artworks snatched way.

Cassandra availed herself by the Geneva convention
as exile in an allied country,
Hector gravely wounded by an air attack,
Greeks packed at Andromache's home
as international peace army.

And Achilles? He didn't care at all for Briseis,
and was never withdrawn from the battle,
unless for those small skirmishes expenses
denied by Intendance.

Peleus finally realized that Achaeans
couldn't stay out of the banquet,
if so, goodbye precious war booties
for those who went away from loot.

There were no duels;

Patroclus' throat was already torn
in a suicidal routine ambush,
while the others deposited in homes
horror films and ancient relics.

According to tradition, Agamemnon
did never appear
to fight with the troops himself;
he chaired the match
from the oval table in Greece,
and was seen amid the swarm
only for the feast of sacrifice
turkey offered to the gods.

While blood was shed,
Zeus,
without objection,

moved from Olympus
to the glass palace in Athens,
even though struggled paying the rent
to landlord Agamemnon.

And let himself to Poseidon's allure
that Trojans conspired behind Greek's back.
As a pander was Hera,
who wasn't Goddess at all,
but at the head of secret services,
handsomely rewarded,
gathering "evidence" on behalf of Agamemnon
to flatten the rebellious Troy
with the preventive war and secret weapons.

And how did hero Hector die,
if not stoned,
shortly before Priam,
from the hands of the faithful to Paris?
The fratricide reigned as quisling for many years
through democratic elections,
proclaimed by the invaders,
transplanters of freedom
into ballot boxes offered with altruism
and surveyed by their Big Brother.

We can also write more, Homer,
to the fate of less important,
slaves of Troy,
converted into Helots
even under the Greeks and their allies;
for people with dreams remained always larvae,
for those who were forbidden
to become butterflies,
for those who will never reach the sky
because were designed to born crippled.

... This is all I vindicate,
the supreme poet,
I don't cheer what glorious is not,
but only the secular
liturgy
of the most powerful
that arrogantly dares to stifle anyone
according to sympathy,
interest
and hate.

If the most Herculean
heads solitary,
garnished with international geisha,
and the planet degenerates
in one party parliament,
that crushes dissent,

poor people democracy!

[...]