

2. Χειρόγραφον, παραλλαγή τοῦ "Λαζάρου",
τελευταίου ποιήματος τοῦ Δ. Καπετανάκη.

2. MS. version of "Lazarus", D.C.'s
last poem.

Εν 9ε6η

II-21

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This version of D.C.'s
last poem was sent me
on January 22nd, 1944,
before he went to hospital.

J.C.

8-2

LAZARUS

This knock means death. I heard it once before
As I was struggling to remember me,
Just one thing, crying in my fever for
Help, help. Then the door opened, yet no Son

Came in to whisper what I had to know.
Only my sisters wetted me with tears,
But tears are barren symbols. Love is slow,
And when she comes she neither speaks nor hears.

She only kisses and revives the dead
Perhaps in vain. Because what is the use
Of miracles unheard-of, since instead
Of trying to remember the great News
Revealed to me alone by Death and Love,
I struggled to forget them and become
Like everybody else? I longed to move
As if I had been never overcome

By mysteries which made my sisters shiver
As they prepared the supper for our Friend.
He came and we received Him as the Giver,
But did not ask Him when our joy would end.

And now I hear the knock I heard before,
And strive to make up for the holy time,
But I cannot remember, and the door
Creaks letting in my unambiguous crime.

Note: Demetrios felt that this poem was 'full of mistakes'
and did not really want it to be published. This he
told me the last time I saw him.

W.C. G.3.44.