**The Grave-1898- Kostis Palamas (Detachment )**

One the journey the black Horseman takes you, be careful not to accept anything from his hand

Feeling thirsty, don’t drink water of oblivion in the world below my poor plucked spearmint

Do not drink lest you forget us fully forever leave nicks so as not to lose the way

And, being light and small like a swallow, with no warrior’s weapons clashing round your waist

She how you can trick the Sultan of the night, slip away gently secretly, and fly to us up here

Come back to this empty house, my precious boy turn into a breath of wind us a sweet kiss