We send you a small part of poem written by the great Greek poet Yannis Ritsos (1958) after the loss of

his two y.o. beloved Fotinoula (Y. Ritsos was her godfather). (Translated by a friend).

Dead offspring never forsake their houses,

they saunter home, entangled in their mothers' dresses

while she's preparing dinner eavesdropping to the boiling water

like pondering steam and time. Always there -

And the house gets a special narrowness and wideness

similar to a light drizzle

at desolated fields in the middle of the summer   
Dead offspring never leave. They remain at home.

having a special preference for playing in empty corridors

and in our hearts they grow, so much

that the pain we feel inside us is not of deprivation,

but of expansion.

And if once women let out howls of pain in their sleep

it's only because they travail in birth again

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 From time to time a deep, strange serenity covers the house

as if a huge shiny anchor rises from the seabed

and the boundaries of right here and over there are left unguarded.

 We feel it then that you haven't gone, it's only us that cross the border.

No, you haven't gone!

It's only us that are always absent, delayed by trivial pursuits,

always feeling that we're late... you just wait...

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