

St Euphemia College

Year 12 Farewell Dinner 2009

...and it isn't even summer

Poems by Nikos Theodorou published in December 2007 and translated by Linda Theodorou. In our Kosmos Plus section every Thursday we will be including poems from this book.

That Nikos Theodorou has materialized his thoughts into poetry comes as no surprise to me. I have long known him as an open minded person with social sensitivities, culture and a knowledge of what is right. I felt a singular joy studying these poems and optimism that in the implacable 'bad weather' of our times, as so aptly illustrated in *And it Isn't Even Sum-*

The Shore

Beside the imposing neoclassical facade of the seaside home where he retired, Panos abandoned the open air cinema, now drowned in ivy and the smell of jasmine. Aristos, the tireless worker, still walks over the cobblestones with hazy eyes and helpful cane. Yannis, on a clerk's pension, pushes forward with affectionate stoicism his helpless lady's chair. Panayiotis, the rebel, bedridden now, reminisces about equality, honour and a tolerant society. And Costas, the veteran of power and success is now empowered by four wheels. Barba Spiros has gone on the long journey but the salt wind's eroding breath still rusts his metal gateway to the core.

mer, poetry can still make us envision the possibility of an ethical world.

In *Amphictyonics*, he goes forth as a citizen in the ancient meaning of that term, - useful and connected to the community. In his constructed child's fairy tale of *Mister Long Legs*, Ulysses like, he contemplates the unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Many names and life stories - Vangelitsa, Panos, Kostas, uncle Spiros, Roberto and Alexandra - are touched upon in the poet's odyssey, an odyssey where the hour glass is always half full; never half empty. He visits the altar of tragedy in Kalavrita, Cyprus, and Constantinople, weaving into the dense fabric of each poem the timeless anguish of these events. These poems reflect not a poetry of narcissism, but a holding up of a mirror to a sad reality; - the reporting of the death of the young suicide in *The Curtain*, the renunciation of cruelty to animals in *Coup de Grace*, and the consoling of pained Cypriot mothers in *Remember*. The poet searches out the philosophical relationships of meaning in *Utopia*; he remains self-born in the consciousness of realities in *Where there is Earth There is a Grave*; and shows empathy for a world where man is condemned to entropy, where the salt winds eroding breath... rusts the metal gateway to the core.

Nikos Theodorou has taken Poetry,



this borrowed book of life and creation, and returned it, not only unscathed, but enriched and endowed with the fruit of his soul. In the beautifully rhymed stanzas of *Where Can It Be* he condenses the worth of his poetry. I am glad and optimistic because a friend and fellow citizen has offered us that precious gift of hope and inspiration, ultimately resisting the negative realities of the world of *And It Isn't Even Summer*.

*Panayiotis Koumbouras
Poet and Teacher*