



“It is easier to die for the woman one loves than to live with her”

Lord Byron

THIS COLLECTION OF POEMS IS DEDICATED TO THE SUPPORTERS OF MY WORK AND, ESPECIALLY, TO MY TEACHERS, ▯ABBOT GERASIMOS AND ZESES ECONOMOU, AS WELL AS TO NICK THE MULE, JOHNNY OF THE EAST, CHARDALOUMBAS OF ANAVRYTA, GIANNAKAS OF MISSES DINA, XENIA, OUR LITTLE XENIA (KSENAKI), WHO MAY HAVE FANCIED A CARRERA, BUT SHE WAS KILLED ON A BEETLE, TO POETESS MARGARITA, TO TAKIS DERVENIS AND TO CAPTAIN MICHAEL.

*We, the heroes of men,
Will win our wildest battles when we are dead.
From "HEPHAESTION"*

1

IF YOU'VE FIXED
 YOUR HEART AS A
 COMPASS
 ON THE BRIDGE OF YOUR SHIP
 AFTER KEEPING AND NOT LOSING
 IT THROUGH THEFT,
 THEN, MY FRIEND
 YOU'D BETTER
 NEITHER EXPECT
 OLD, LAZY RIVERS
 NOR CELESTIAL HEAVENS.

2

WEEP THEE NOT
 FOR THE LOST YEARS
 FOR THE DEPARTED LOVES
 FOR THE JOYS THAT COULD HAVE COME
 FOR COMRADESHIPS THAT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN
 FOR THE FLASHES OF CARELESSNESS
 SINCE THEY DIDN'T ASK BEFORE COMING
 BUT THINK OF AND CARE FOR
 WHAT'S STILL TO COME, WISHING
 THAT IT'LL BE GREAT.

3

WHEN JUSTICE SURGES OUT LIKE LAVA
 FROM THE HEART OF YOUR HEARTS,
 THEN, GUIDE AND FIGHT
 WITH ALL YOUR BEING

.....
 SCORNFUL LAUGHTER
 AND THE QUASI PROPER DEAD.

NEVER COUNT THEM
 FOR THEY ARE POWERLESS BEFORE YOU

4

YOU CAME TO MY LIFE
 AND SO DID YOUR GREAT LOVE
 YOU SUDDENLY CAME TO REMIND ME
 THAT JOY AND SORROW
 FAIL TO KNOCK ON THE DOOR
 BEFORE ENTERING YOU.
 YOU CAME NOISELESSLY TO ME.
 YET, THE SECRET SPARKLES
 OF OUR HEARTS' BIRDS
 SHIMMERED IN YOUR EYES
 DESPITE WANTING THAT NOTHING BE SEEN
 DESPITE WANTING, BY SECRETLY LOVING,
 TO SUFFER LESS FROM THE BLOW OF LOSS,
 AS YOU THOUGHT AND I, HANGING
 FROM YOUR SWEET EYELIDS FOR COUNTLESS DAYS,
 WERE LEARNING ABOUT LOVE.

To Annie, my great love.

5

WHEN PEOPLE YOU HAD GREATLY BENEFITED
 DENY YOU AT THE DIFFICULT MOMENTS OF YOUR LIFE
 AND YOU CLOSE YOU DOOR TO THEM LIKEWISE,
 THEN, LOOK AT TRUTH STRAIGHT IN THE EYES
 WITH A TIGHTENED HEART AND FIRMLY-CLOSED LIPS
 AND IF YOU SEE THAT YOUR MISTAKES
 ARE COUNTED IN THEIR THOUSANDS AND YOURS IS
 A HELPLESS COMPANION LIKE YOU YOURSELF,
 YOU SHOULD ADMIT THAT YOU'D WISH
 YOU LOVED SOME OTHER, PERHAPS, MORE HANDSOME,
 PERHAPS WITTIER BUT, ANYHOW,
 UNTRUTHFUL PEOPLE
 IF YOU WANT TO LOVE
 IF YOU WANT TO SUFFER
 IF YOU WANT TO LIVE AND,
 THEN, SEE THAT EVERYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES
 IS IN THE WAITING WITHIN SOME OTHER PEOPLE
 AND BEND AND PICK IT UP.

6

EH, WELL,
 YES!
 THE POPLAR TREE BENT
 TO THE OTHER SIDE
 OF THE RIVER.
 IT WASN'T ONLY
 THE RELENTLESS
 UNDERMINING POWER
 OF THE TRANSPARENT
 WATER
 ON THE BANK;
 ALSO THE NORTHERLY
 WINDS
 DID CONTRIBUTE TO IT
 SOMEHOW.

.....
 BUT IT IS THE ROOTS THAT
 HOLD IT EVEN MORE STRONGLY NOW.

7

WELL, IT'S NICE
 THAT HERE WE ARE THE
 TWO OF US TODAY,
 YOU AND I,
 WITHOUT A MIRROR.
 WE TWO ARE ONE
 LIKE TWO PIECES
 OF INCANDESCENT IRON,
 WELDED INTO ONE
 AFTER THOUSANDS OF
 STROKES.
 HOWEVER, NOT EVEN
 A SINGLE LINE
 WILL, ANY LONGER,
 SEPARATE US TODAY.

8

WHAT A COMMOTION,
 THE CHILD GOT INJURED!!!
 HE WAS SCRATCHED
ON HIS KNEE.
 WHAT A GREAT UNHAPPINESS!
 ALSO THE DOG WOULD SNEEZE
 AND WE'VE RUN SHORT
 OF ASPIRINS FOR DOGS.

*I'M VERY SORRY!
I DON'T BREATHE THE FRESHNESS
OF THE FLOWER
I WAS NEXT TO.
I'M NOT SO SURE
IF IT'S REAL OR ARTIFICIAL.*

*.....
FOR ONLY ONE THING I'M SURE OF:
THAT THIS AND THAT AND THE OTHER
WITH SWINGING LEAVES
FROM THE GOLDEN POPLARS
REMIND OF AUTUMN.
THE PILES ON THE RIVER BANKS
ARE AS TALL AS HILLS
THE SAME AS THEY WERE LAST YEAR
AND ALSO QUITE THE SAME THEY'LL BE
DURING THE COMING AUTUMN.*

9

*I'M WRITING YOU
SO THAT YOU'LL HAVE
A TASTE OF OUR CHAINS.
DON'T BE TAKEN ABACK THEN;
I KNOW SOMEONE WHO HUNKERS
FOR A FRIENDLY WORD.*

*.....
WHILST A WOMAN OPPOSITE
ENDLESSLY CURSES ME
BECAUSE, SHE SAYS, I'M INDIFFERENT.*



10

THOSE WHO VOWED FOR THEIR TRANSFORMATION
INTRUDED MY PRIVACY AGAIN
AND, HAVING ACCEPTED THE RIGHTS OF THE FLOCK
ALONG WITH THE OBLIGATIONS OF COURSE,
INTRUDED ANEW,
ASKING FOR MERCY FROM ME,
THE LOST SHEEP.
HE STANDS UNFAMILIARLY
ON A HILL
STREWN WITH FLOWERS.
THOUSANDS OF SUNS AND MOONS
SHINE ON HIS FACE.
HIS GLANCE REFLECTS
THE STRENGTH OF ALL HISTORY'S
EAGLES TOGETHER.
HIS HANDS WILL PAINT THE SKIES WITH MUSIC SCORES
AND, IF THEY SO WISH, THEY CAN SMASH GRANITE.
THE BEAUTY OF THE DAWN
IS PICTURED ON
HIS FOREHEAD.
HIS SMILE REFLECTS
ALL MOTHERS' LOVE
AND SHOULD HE TALK TO YOU,
NOT THAT HE NEEDS IT VERY MUCH
SINCE A VEHEMENT STREAM
WILL SURGE OUT OF HIS EYES.
IT'S THEN WHEN YOU'LL FEEL
THE FIRST BREATH OF YOUR BIRTH.

12

AND EVEN IF YOU'RE HURT
BY THE HARDSHIPS OF LIFE
AND EVEN IF WILD HURRICANES
WILL CHILL UP YOUR SOUL,
YOU ARE NEVER TO FORGET
THAT YOU,
AT ALWAYS THE RIGHT MOMENT,
ARE A FOUNTAIN
POURING ITS OWN WATER
IN HISTORY'S WATERMILL.

To Angela Davis

13

WE SALUTE YOU OH, SUN
 AND RAISE OUR SONGS
 SO THAT THEY'LL JOIN
 THE UNIVERSAL
 INFINITE
 CHOIR
 OF YOUR SONGS
 AND OF THE MOON'S,
 OUR NEIGHBOUR'S,
 AND OF OUR COSMOS'S GALAXIES,
 WHERE COUNTLESS HUMAN VOICES SOUND FROM.
 WE ARE THE TORCH BEARERS
 OF YOUR FIRE.
 WE BURN ALL DARKNESS
 TO OUR HEART'S CONTENT,
 SUBMERGING
 THE ETERNALLY
 RENEWED
 TIP OF BOLDNESS
 INTO IGNORANCE.

14

BEHOLD MY BODY
 TRAVELLING IN THE INFINITE SPACE
 OVER THE GRAIN CALLED EARTH.
 BEHOLD MY GLANCE,
 STOPPED
 ON FOUR WALLS.
 BEHOLD MY SPIRIT,
 IMPRISONED
 BY IGNORANCE AND VICE.

 BEHOLD MY SPIRIT,
 A DIAMOND DROP
 OF THIS ENDLESS RIVER
 CALLED MAN.
 BEHOLD MY GLANCE,
 WATCHING WITH ASSURANCE
 THE ARMIES OF THE CHILDREN
 WHO WILL RULE THEMSELVES.
 BEHOLD MY SPIRIT,
 EMBRACING THE OUTER SPACE
 AND OUR COSMOS WITH LOVE.

15

AND AT THIS POINT
 OF OUR BODY
 WE CALL AS PLANET EARTH,
 I CREATE MY THOUGHT.
 BECAUSE I DESIRE
 ALSO HERE
 TO FREE
 MY BEAUTY CONSCIENTIOUSLY...
 THEREFORE, GO AHEAD MY COMRADES
 NOW THAT WE FEEL
 OUR OMNIPOTENCE.
 NOW THAT WE FEEL,
 THROUGH OUR THOUGHT.
 OUR ENTIRE COSMOS
 BE TOUCHED

16

BY THE SOUNDS OUR DEPARTED
 COMRADE DESIRES AND
 AT THE BEAT MY FRIEND
 WHO'S TO BE BORN DEMANDS,
 I'LL SING HYMNS
 TO THE RESURRECTION
 OF MOTHER NATURE'S
 THOUGHT
 WHO WAS COVERED BY A GRAVE STONE
 OF PROPERTY IN OUR HOUSE
 A FEW THOUSAND CENTURIES AGO.
 IT'S AN INSTANT,
 BEAUTIFUL
 GAME
 IN OUR INFINITE COURSE THROUGH TIME
 OH, YOU GALAXIES, MY BROTHERS!

17

WELL THE MOMENT HAS COME
 AND IT'S HERE
 WHERE I'LL DRAW MY THOUGHT
 WITH MY OWN HAND
 ON A SHEET OF PAPER,
 THAT I ENVISAGE YOUR BODY
 THROUGH THESE PRECIOUS
 EYES MIRRORING MY COURSE,
 I FEEL NOW
 THROUGH MY DEAR BABY

.....
 YET, I,
 MOTHER NATURE,
 DISTINGUISH
 THIS VERY INFANT,
 WHO'S FEELING NOW WHAT
 BEING DETACHED
 FROM MY WOMB, GROANING
 WITH PAIN,
 KNOWING ONLY SOME OF ITS WAY,
 GROPING IN THE HALF-DARKNESS
 OF HIS MIND MEANS,
 FROM ALL MY CHILDREN .
 AND HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS
 WHEN IT SHINES IN
 ITS WEAKNESS,
 ACCUSING ITS OWN SELF
 -HOW MUCH OF A CHILD IT IS!-
 BECAUSE IT IS AN INFANT.
 MIXED IN IT,
 THERE IS AN OLD, DARK
 AND BRAND NEW THING
 THAT STILL HASN'T FOUND
 THE WORD TO EXPRESS
 THE SENSE OF "MOTHER".
 AS SIMPLY AS IT SHOULD.

.....
 THEREFORE, IT'S YOU
 MY DEAR,
 YES, IT'S YOU
 THAT I ENDOW
 WITH MY SPIRIT.

.....
 AND ALL THE OMNIPOTENT
 AND THE ALL-WISE
 SECRETS ARE YOURS
 MY BABY.

18

*THE GREAT MYSTERY
NATURE HIDES
WAS ALL ULYSSES'S
QUESTION*

.....
*NAVIGATION ACROSS
DARK, UNKNOWN OCEANS,
THEY WOULD GIVE HER
THE KISS OF DEATH
BECAUSE THEY WOULD SEE
THE PRICE OF THIS ANSWER
IN ITS EYES.*

.....
*AND NATURE WOULD ALWAYS HONOUR
THEM WITH TWO WORDS
THAT WERE AS DEEP AS ITS SUBSTANCE,
ENORMOUS AS ITS ENDLESS PRESENCE
AND BEAUTIFUL AS IT PROGRESS
FOR EVER AND FOR EVER:
GO AHEAD!*

19

*SO, MY FRIEND,
FLYING OVER
OUR NEGATIONS,
WE'LL EMBRACE EACH OTHER,
FEELING, DEEPLY
IN OUR HEARTS,
HOW MUCH ETERNAL WE ARE.*

.....
*MY DEAR
FRIEND.
YOU, THE PRINCE AND HERMIT,
HOW LOUDLY
I HEAR YOU TALK TO ME
AS IF MY HEART, INVULNERABLE
FROM THE DECAY OF OLD AGE,
DASHES TO HUG YOURS,
CHANTING
THE ETERNAL HYMN
OF MOTHER NATURE:
"GO AHEAD!
"GO AHEAD!*

20

"GO AHEAD!
 TO HUG YOUR BROTHERS,
 SO THAT I'LL HAVE YOU RESURRECTED
 "GO AHEAD!
 AS ONLY IN THIS WAY
 AM I ALSO RESURRECTED.
 MOTHER NATURE
 ASKED ME
 TODAY
 ABOUT THE BIG LIE
 SERPENTS HAD CONCOCTED
 AND I ANSWERED THAT,
 WHEN HER CHILDREN
 DESTINED TO CARRY
 HER SPIRIT
 FOR EVER AND EVER
 CLAIMED PROPERTY RIGHTS
 ON HER,
 SHE PASSED THEM THROUGH
 THE PURGATORY OF THE CLASS STRUGGLE
 AND SHE TOLD ME NOT TO BABBLE ABOUT
 WELL-KNOWN THINGS.
 AND I,
 WITH ALL THE METTLE GIFTED
 TO HER CHILDREN WHO CAN
 ENVISAGE HER BODY
 THROUGH THEIRS, SAID TO HER
 SIMPLY AS ONE DOES TO ONE'S EQUAL
 THAT I KNEW IT.
 AND THEN,
 WE SOLILOQUISED
 TOGETHER,
 "THE BIG LIE
 SERPENTS CONCOCTED
 DURING
 THEIR LATENT, COMPULSORY EXISTENCE
 WAS THAT THOSE WHO KNOW ABOUT AND LOVE
 THEIR SUBSTANCE
 WOULD NEVER LOVE LIFE
 WILDLY,
 AND, THEN, SHE TOLD ME
 TO GO ON,
 AS SHE LIKED HEARING
 OTHERS NARRATE HER BEAUTY IN DETAIL,
 AND I RETORTED THAT'D SPEAK
 IN THE NAME OF ALL MY COMRADES
 WE WORSHIPED HER THOUGHT

22

IT IS REALLY ABSURD AND FUNNY
 THAT ANTHROPOID SHADOWS
 STRUGGLE TO SPLIT AND RE-SPLIT
 THE EARTH, WHO TOLERATES THEM
 MAGNANIMOUSLY AND WITH EXCESSIVE CARE.
 LIKewise AND EVEN MORE, THE HEART
 CANNOT BE SPLIT TO
 DIVIDE HER CHILDREN INTO OURS AND
 AND INTO ALIEN ONES.
 THOSE ANNOYED
 BY OUR CHILDISH CAREFREE SMILE
 TELL US AGAIN AND AGAIN
 THAT FAMILY
 IS THE RACING TRACK
 BY WHICH WE'LL BE WREATHED
 AS PARENTS,
 AND AS LOVERS.
 WE TELL THEM, IN TURN,
 THAT WHOEVER HASN'T SYMPATHISED
 WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD,
 HE'LL HATE HIS ONE CHILD,
 THAT WHOEVER HAS DESPISED
 ALL PEOPLE OF DAILY TOIL,
 TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF HIS OWN MOTHER
 AND DOESN'T LOVE
 ALL THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD
 RAPES HIS OWN WIFE.

23

POOR MISTER T
 HAD RETAINED IN HIS MIND WELL
 FROM HIS WEDDING CEREMONY
 THAT HIS WIFE
 WOULD LOVE ONLY HIM
 AND NOBODY ELSE
 AND HAD IMMEDIATELY
 A LITTLE BEE IN HIS BONNET.
 WHEN HIS QUASI CURT,
 INDIFFERENT GLANCE
 WOULD CATCH HER
 IN THE PHASE OF
 A TACIT, SECRET, INVISIBLE
 EROTIC MOOD,
 HE WAS ALWAYS WONDERING,
 THE POOR THING, WHETHER
 HIS CHILD HAD TAKEN AFTER HIM

BECAUSE HE NEVER OPENED HIS HEART
 TO STARE AT THE WORLD
 AND SEE, AMONG MANY OTHER THINGS,
 HOW UNSCRUPULOUS
 NATURE CAN BE WITH YOU
 WHEN YOU ANNOY HER SHAMELESSLY
 IN HER INNER CHORES
 BY OFFENDING HER MAGNIFICENCE
 AND BY QUESTIONING ITS COURSE.

24

I'LL DENY THE TOUCH
 WITH THE GREAT LIE
 OF PERSONAL HAPPINESS.
 I'LL DENY THE LIE
 THAT MY BLOOD
 IS NOT EXCITED BY
 THE PULSES OF MY FELLOW
 HUMAN BEING.
 I'LL DENY THE TOLERANCE
 OF GUILLOTING
 MY BROTHER.
 I'LL DENY THE CONNIVANCE
 IN INFANTS'
 MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.
 I'LL DENY THE COWARDICE
 OF FOLLOWING LIFE
 IN ITS INCESSANT COURSE
 TOWARDS MYSELF.

25

LET'S SING OUR BEAUTY
 SOFTLY
 AND SWEETLY
 TONIGHT.
 BEAUTIFUL IS
 THE CIGARETTE SMOKE
 IN MY FRUGAL,
 FILLED-WITH-MY HEART
 BEDROOM.
 BEAUTIFUL IS THE CUP
 WITH THE HOT DRINK.
 BEAUTIFUL ARE THE MOVEMENTS
 OF MY HANDS
 AS THEY TOUCH AND TRANSPOSE
 MY TWO COMRADES OF TODAY.

BEAUTIFUL IS MY
 ASCETIC CORNER OF TODAY
 AS IT IS CONTINUALLY
 REMINDING ME,
 CRYING WITHIN
 ITS SILENCE,
 'CHANGE ME
 FASTER
 MUCH FASTER'

26

SO, MY COMRADE,
 DURING THE
 YEARS MEN JOIN
 IN ORDER TO BECOME GODS,
 WE BLESS
 THE RESURRECTION,
 GROPING.....
 AND ALWAYS PRETENDING
 THAT WE AREN'T HURT,
 YET, NEVER EXPECTING
 COMPLIMENTS
 AND REGRETS
 EH, EH,
 YOU RIDER
 OF THE FUTURE!
 OUR EYES ARE LIKE THE FLAME
 THAT IS ABLAZE
 THIS DAY
 SO THAT OUR HEART,
 MAY BE HOT;
 THIS CRAZY HEART THAT
 WANTS TO BREATHE
 THE AIR OF TOMORROW
 EH, YES!
 WEARING
 THE
 GOLD-GILD ATTIRE
 GIFTED
 BY THE BLOOD OF MY HEART,
 I'LL SING
 AN ODE
 THAT
 ALL THOSE LIVING TODAY
 CAN HERALD
 "ON FIRE MY COMRADES,
 HASTEN,
 SET OUR ROTTEN

CENTURY ON FIRE;
 THE FIRST
 CENTURY
 FROM THE BEGINNING
 OF THE RESURRECTION.
 SET IT ON FIRE QUICKLY
 OUR TORCHES
 CAN'T REMAIN ON FIRE".

*To Lord Byron
 with national pride.*

27

"WHAT IS IT
 THAT MAKES MAN??
 SAID THE FIRST PRINCE.
 "THOUGHT!",
 REPLIED THE WIZARD.
 SO, WE START FROM IT",
 HE SAID TO HIS CANDIDATE MINISTRIES

28

SATRAP T,
 OF YOUNG AGE,
 ORDERED THAT
 FLOGGERS BE FLOGGED
 BECAUSE, HE SAYS,
 THEY WOULD NOT DO THEIR JOB
 WITH ZEAL.
 BUT WHEN HE
 SAW
 THAT THE TRUSTWORTHY MEN
 WE'LLHAD RUN SHORT,
 HE WAS SEIZED WITH GREAT FEAR
 LEST THE MOB,
 AS THEY WERE TRYING LIFE
 FREE FROM PAIN,
 SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE.
 THE GREAT SLAUGHTERER,
 THE GREAT ARCHPRIEST,
 LAUGHED, SEEING HIM
 IN HIS WEAKNESS,
 BECAUSE HE KNEW WELL
 THE PASSIONS HE WAS STIRRING
 IN HIS FLOCK
 SO THAT IT'D BE FLOGGED
 ON ITS OWN
 WHEN ORDERS
 WOULDN'T AFFECT HIS BACK.

29

*OLD ARCHPRIEST'S VOICE
CAME DOWN, AS COLD AS MARBLE,
WITH THE RULERS' CLANDESTINE COUNCIL
IN THE ALTAR OF THE TEMPLE, SAYING
"WE'LL ALLOW THEM
NOTHING ELSE
BUT THE RIGHT TO LAMENT
THEIR DECADENCE"*

30

*WHEN PHARAOH T
HAD HIS PYRAMID FINISHED,
HE WENT INTO DEEP CONTEMPLATION.
NO, IT WASN'T THAT!
HE WOULDN'T THINK OF THE DAY
HE'D HAVE IT FILLED UP;
HE WAS JUST THINKING OF HIS SLAVES,
WHO, EXHAUSTED NOW, SWEAT
STILL WETTING THEIR FOREHEADS,
WERE ADORNING
THE DESSERT WITH THEIR BODIES,
HE WAS SEIZED BY GREAT FEAR
LEST THEY SHOULD GRASP
THAT HE WASN'T A GOD
UNTIL A
"VERY SERIOUS HOSTILE SKIRMISH
NEAR HIS SOUTHERN BORDERS
SOLVED THE PROBLEM".
AND, AS HISTORIANS ASSUME,
HE SHARED HIS RELIEF WITH
ALSO THE SOUTHERN KING,
HIS FRIEND, WHO DEALT WITH PYRAMIDS TOO
AND WHOSE SLAVES HAD STARTED
SEEING HIM IN THE SAME WAY.*

31

*YOU'VE COME TO COMPLAIN THAT
THEY WON'T UNDERSTAND YOU
OR MAKE BELIEVE THEY DON'T.
YET, YOU SHOULD REMEMBER
THE CHILDREN DYING
BECAUSE THEY FAILED TO FIND
A HANDFUL OF FOOD
AND THE COMRADES
KILLED BY THE PEOPLE
THEY'D LOVED.*

32

**MY NEW COMRADES
 WILL APPEAR WITH A HUGE PLACARD
 ON THE SAME DAY WHEN
 ALL PEOPLES
 WILL CELEBRATE THEIR FREEDOM.
 WE'LL SET OFF ON A COURSE
 ROUND THE WORLD
 WITH A HUGE PLACARD
 TALKING ABOUT
 THE SMILE OF THE CHILD
 THAT WOULDN'T FIND MILK
 ON HIS MOTHER'S BREAST,
 TRUMPETING THE FINAL BATTLE
 AGAINST
 THE LAST
 PARASITICAL MICE.**

33

**WE
 NEVER DESIRE
 ANY "HURRAY"
 BECAUSE OUR GLANCE
 REACHES THE DAYS
 WHEN THE GREATEST
 SACRIFICE
 WILL BE MİRRORED
 OPTIMISTIC
 SMILE....**

.....
 **MAY OUR STRUGGLES
 BE A LIBATION TO THE DRUNKENNESS
 OF THE UNIVERSAL LOVE
 DAWNING ON US.**

