

Zeitschrift: Der Kreis : eine Monatsschrift = Le Cercle : revue mensuelle
Band: 24 (1956)
Heft: 11

Artikel: Two poems
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DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-570812>

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Two Poems

by C. P. Cavafy.

To Remain

It must have been one o'clock at night,
Or half past one.

In a corner of the wine shop;
Behind the wooden partition.
Except the two of us the shop was quite empty.
A paraffin lamp hardly lighted it.
The waiter who had to sit up was asleep at the door.
No one would have seen us. But anyhow
We had become so excited
We were incapable of precautions.
Our clothes had been half opened — they were not many
For a divine month of July was blazing.
Enjoyment of the flesh in the middle
Of our half-opened clothes;
Quick baring of the flesh — and the vision of it
Has passed over twenty-six years; and now has come
Here in these verses to remain.

Their Beginning

The consummation of their lawless pleasure
Was done. They rose from the mattress;
Hurriedly dressed themselves without speaking.
They go out separately, secretly from the house; and as
They walk rather uneasily up the street, it seems
As if they suspect that something about them betrays
On what sort of bed they lay down not long ago.
But for the artist how his life has gained.
Tomorrow, the next day or years after will be written
The lines of strength that here had their beginning.

(From: *The Poems of C. P. Cavafy*, translated by
John Mavrogordato, The Hogarth Press, London.)

Book Review

«Maybe Tomorrow» and «Somewhere between the Two»
two novels by Jay Little (Pageant Press, New York).

«Make hay while the Sun shines», that's what Jay Little may have been thinking when his first novel *Maybe Tomorrow* met with some success. So, as the dust-cover informs us, he took up the first draft of a novel he had started writing earlier, and rehashed it. But what he succeeded by finishing *Somewhere between the Two* was — contrary to what his publisher says — writing a second