KOSTAS REKLEITIS

KORES

FOR SOPRANO AND STRING ORCHESTRA

Op. 43



A POEM BY

VASSILIKI RAPTI

KORES

Kores.

Your limps and lyrics belong to me. Out of my own sweat and breath I weaved you.

Your thread is the ichor that always flows through the cracks of my mind.

Ino You

the first to leap in the light Look there: Labito, Izambo and Melano slowly dragging the elegiac dance around the embittered marble.

And I threw myself into a crazy dance that only the wind can recognize whirling my long tresses like a golden beetle searching for honey.

And I kept hiding behind the embittered marble. For every smile and tear of mine a bitter grape on the lips of Melano and Ino.

Kores, out of seaweeds I sculpted you and mineral essence of Parian marble. With tears I anointed you from the saltiness of the Aegean.

Dewey now
in my memory
I look for all of you
I, Penelope, Damon and Phidias.
With patience and faith I weave through time
the gentle web of memory.

With a murmur of the heart within me now I cry out: "My Destiny is always to caw:
But, where has your beauty sunk?"

St. Louis, April 28, 2002, International Symposium on the return of the Parthenon Marble.

Kores









