# 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

Lyrics: Vassiliki Rapti
Kostas Rekleitis


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Vl. I



v.



Vl. I
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v.

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\text { With a mur-mur of the heart with-in me now } \quad \text { I } \quad \text { cry } \quad \text { out: } \quad \text { "My Des-ti-ny__ is al-ways to caw: } \quad \text { __s_ }
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Vl. I
V1. II
Vla.
vic.
cbs.
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Vl.


