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Three Sirens*

Adin Ljuca

for Christina Pluhar

I let the sirens' voices lead me

and began a new day. Even not knowing the words

I know this is how one sings of love and freedom.

We have run a long road, from morning to dark.

Régimes have changed as seasons do,

people fallen like leaves. Odysseus had been warned:

Plug your ears, they'll seduce you! They have always

told you nonsense, roped you in by talk of freedom.

They report: he died in prison, on the gallows,

by firing squad. They leave out that he died a free man. And that

in this world a dead end is not the only road.

In the tunnel of horrors from entry to exit is a mere

few dozen steps, only optical illusions

and trickery make them harrowing. If you are to see, you must

learn not to believe your eyes.

In the hall of mirrors you won't find your own faces, come out

– and the warped world view fades. Cut loose

from the masts where you had tied yourselves, pull

the wax from your ears, don’t fear the alluring sirens’ song.

Shut your eyes and follow the wingbeats of the lost birds.

(Syracuse, 31.12.2022. – 1.1.2023.)

Translated by Wayles Browne

[*] Tres sirenas. L’Arpeggiata – Christina Pluhar, Vincenzo Capezzuto – alto, Raquel Andueza – soprano, Katerina Papadopoulou – voice.

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