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Loneliness of the Minotaur

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Loneliness of the Minotaur
MIROSLAV HOLUB

Walls. Walls. A voice. A word spoken weeks ago returns years after, pregnant.

Walls. Walls. Fear. Shadow of a shadow afraid of a shadow. Like us . . . We do not forgive.

Walls. Walls. Fragments of fragments, amphoras seven years pouring images of seas dry to the last murmur.

Walls. Walls. And perhaps not even them. I may be walking in an imaginary ground-plan and find no other way:

To turn aside means no Minos, no Crete, no Theseus. And on the cliff only an ageing Ariadne waits her fall.

Translated by Jarmila and Ian Milner