

ICHOFOS (*HXOΦΩΣ*)

To Michael Paouris

Light transmuted into sound,
sound transmuted into light,
as
myriads of lyric birds
spring forth from his hands
and set forth toward infinity—
swift-winged birds
flying into the continuum of time.

With dawn-born, honeyed melismas
and luminiferous harpings
they disperse the darkness.
With measured peckings,
with glaucescent strokes of wings,
they dismantle the night.

Light transmuted into sound,
sound transmuted into light,
as
rivers rich in tonal hues
rush forth impetuously—
sweet-voiced and swift-flowing,
golden and fire-bright rivers
issuing from his fingers.

Through musical photonic flow
and the sounding breath of the ether
they refract oblivion.
They partake of the Logos of the heavens,
they minister to sacred Truth,
enchancing the multitudes.

The song of his rivers—
an ever-luminous sonority.
The fluttering of his birds—
a finely proportioned harmony.

It is the psalm of his soul,
the melody of the cosmos:
a convergence
of sound and light,
a hymn divinely bestowed.

A gift of the Muses—
the cosmic sound-light,
delight of gods and mortals alike,
the joyous sound-light.

Dionysios Christoforatos