

## Editor's Page

### Ithaca

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*As you set out for Ithaca  
Wish that your way be long ...  
The Laistrygonians and Cyclops  
Angry Poseidon, do not fear them ...  
Arrival there is your destiny ...*

*C.P. Cavafy*

**T**hose born on small islands talk of travel, far countries and turbulent seas.  
They track the signs of the seasons, praying to saints and scheming with demons.  
Destiny swells their soul, colours their dreams, sustains those who wait and heals wounds, be they shallow or deeper.

**T**he way holds no hesitation, nostalgia or weariness.  
Those are human, like sickness, decay and death.  
Bodies worn out are abandoned.

**A**nd, when dawn comes late along the way, when doubts dwell beside the nightmares, then are the hopes, voluptuous, voracious, vigilant daughters.

**B**lessed be the Sirens, Circe, Kalypso.

**H**eirs to the Colosseum, remorseless spectators, those whom Argos cast out will sing the victor's praises.  
From their heights the Augustans bow down.

**F**irst those formless ones must be appeased.  
Then it is time to take stock.  
All that was endured on the way is called to account today.

**P**ay tribute to the humble anchorage and the lighthouse on the rock.  
To the oarsmen.  
It is their light, their endurance, their proud faith, Ithaca.

*P. Vardas, June 28, 2010*