



COME BACK

Come back often and take hold of me,
sensation that I love come back and take hold of me—
when the body's memory awakens
and an old longing again moves into the blood,
when lips and skin remember
and hands feel as though they touch again.

Come back often, take hold of me in the night
when lips and skin remember...

KONSTANTINO P. KAVAFIS (1863 – 1933)

Translated by Edmund Keeley/Philip Sherrard

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