

# **“I was called a bastard.”**

(a poem by Spiros Angelaki II)

I was born in a place.

I asked the people, “How could this ever be possible?”.

Most replied, “It was merely by luck, or chance, but we are in darkness.”

I witnessed a flame burning brightly, near which there was no darkness.

So, I turned toward a man near to it named Moses,  
he was notably greater than me in every capacity I was able to think of,  
and my lips lost my words before I could ask him.

His party with him was notably small in number,  
all with eyes like moons and suns;  
and they were still;  
unwaivering.

Before I could attempt to speak again,  
his firm right hand gripped tightly onto my right shoulder;

I no longer felt gravity,  
and all I could see was the flame burning brightly behind him;

he placed my feet firmly on the ground by pushing me downward;

I had no option but to witness his beautiful face,  
I squirmed, fearfully,  
as I feared him and loved him,  
and I could almost not live to bear witnessing his beauty.

He forced me to gaze at his eyes that shined like ten thousand suns at their deaths.

The only words he gave me were:

“Leave me, and go to him.”

His party did not change,  
and they did not look at me.

He lifted his right hand and pointed his finger at a man far away from us;

His hand glowed brighter than the fire,  
but only for a moment.

Somehow, I walked,  
all I could see was the fire;

he must have turned my body forcefully in a direction;  
because it was not possible for me to move on my own,  
in sheer terror and incapability;

I simply could not understand;  
I wondered if he moved my feet for me as well,  
because surely,  
I simply could not feel them;

yet I walked, and I walked.

And so, I reached this man,

and immediately I was blinded;

I could not see;

but he glew light around him, he must have;

because otherwise I would not have seen him amidst the darkness;

and this light certainly outshined the fire;

I had almost forgotten it.

My feet no longer walked;

I became still.

I felt a familiar bliss that I could never understand;

My knees cried and screamed at me, claiming they would break,

but then they were still.

They did not know The Truth.

He had grabbed me by my shoulders,  
with both of his hands,  
and held me;

securely;

for a moment only, I did not move.

I did not know this man,  
but I loved him like no other,

and he terrified me;

I could not possibly believe that I was a man,  
if this is what a man was.

I could, almost, not bear looking at him.

And then, he let me go;  
he released me.

I no longer had any sort of security,  
whatsoever; and once again, I was blinded,  
  
and I simply could not see.

I then saw his voice remove the darkness on my face;  
and it cleansed me, fully;

and yet, I still could not understand.

He gave me words that I can still remember.

I was not capable of looking at his face,  
but I knew it was more beautiful than mine.

And then, I noticed, he was encompassed by a great war,  
made of many wars within, yet,

he did not fight;  
and somehow,

his enemies near fell quickly,  
propelled downward;  
thrust beneath his untouched feet;

and there was light pouring from his toes;  
it showed me where he stood,  
and that he did not move, ever.

He did not move; ever.

I, almost, could not live to bear witnessing his perfection,  
he excelled past me in every capacity,  
I could not enumerate the ways that he was clearly greater than I;  
  
surely, I could not be a man, there was no way.

His right hand raised from the darkness,  
he pointed his finger in a direction;  
and, only for a moment,  
I could see.

I could not see the fire,  
because he had too much light;  
and I almost did not remember it.

And I was, again, turned around, forcefully.

I only saw his right hand, to the right of my vision,  
and ahead I only saw darkness;

I feared him and I loved him,  
but I did not know who he was;

I trusted him as if I had belonged to him;  
I could not imagine something similar to him,  
surely, it was clearly impossible.

I felt the weight of something that I thought would crush me,  
surely,  
it would be the end of this,  
and I did not know.

It was because he told me:

“Leave me, and go to him.”

And then his right hand left my vision,  
and again, I was in darkness;  
I could not see.

But, somehow, I walked.

And I was able to walk.

And so, I walked in the darkness.

But, I could remember him;  
and I loved him.



And then, suddenly, there was light;  
and I could not escape it.

I saw everything; for the first time;  
yet, I could understand nothing of it.

I was completely overpowered;  
I was encompassed by the Light;  
yet, somehow, I did not know.

I did not know The Truth.

This light came from a man;  
he was sitting, patiently;

very far in distance from me;

I longed to cross oceans in attempt to become nearer to him.

All I could see was him;  
sitting patiently.

I wanted to run towards him;  
it was my only desire, but my feet would no longer move.

My feet would no longer move.

And then, it became dark;  
once again.

And, I knew, assuredly, he was a great distance away from me;  
and that I was alone.

I do not know for how long I stood there;  
wishing to see him again.

Suddenly, there was light;  
once again;

and I could see;  
fully.

There was no darkness; and I had almost forgotten the fire.

And the light came from him.

He was near to me; sitting patiently;  
smiling at me like a well-dressed moon.

I did not understand how he could smile at me;  
whatever I was.

He did not move,  
he did not speak,  
but I could see him;

and I knew that he loved me;

I felt as though he was my father;  
but he was not.

He told me things that I was not capable of understanding;  
And I can not count the amount of words that came from him;  
and I knew they were not his own.

I saw Fear in his eyes;  
Though, all I could fear was him;  
Towering over me in absolute greatness,  
and perfection,  
besting and toppling me in every capacity,  
as he sat and I stood.

I was one who did not understand.

He removed me from the darkness,  
singlehandedly, yet, somehow,  
he explained to me that he did nothing;  
but that he loves me.

I owe everything to him, or whoever he sends me to.  
And I love him, blessed is he, better than me.