**News of Your Death**

News of your death.

Tears, and the memory

of all the times we talked the sun down the sky.

You, Herakleitos of Halikarnassos,

once my friend, now vacant dust,

whose poems are nightingales

beyond the clutch of the unseen god.

*Callimachus, c. 300 – 240 B.C.*

*Trans. from Greek by Stanley Lombardo and Diane Raynor*