

## **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*