

## **Κένosis [Κένοση]**

by [Scott Cairns](#) in the [January 2023](#) issue

—ΕΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΚΕΩΩΣΕΝ

Even now, as prelude to

*for*—what is yet to come,

beneath the din and clatter

the heart's, even the *heart's*,

unto that stillness dwelling

It's a little dark, and yes,

bleak. Within that dim arena

a measure of despair.

attains a strange and

as if the ache itself becomes

that hollow might obtain

Many years ago, I chanced

—as preparation

the pilgrim must descend

of the mind, beneath

manifold distractions

solely in the *nous*.

not just a little

one also meets

Here, this ache, familiar,

a curious agency,

the tool by which

a nascent hallowing.

upon the ruins

of *Phílippi*, accompanied  
who led me to that void  
spoke quietly, or not at all  
as we wound amid  
debris, the fallen

The effect was efficacious  
an answering emptiness,

George was two years past  
diagnosis, a fate to which  
with a swim of more  
Beach to Thasos, which  
emptying of mind,  
of energy. Thus emptied,  
the Thasos shore for days  
continued, and he sank  
himself. Today, he walks  
ruins, and so today  
of what a dread despair

by George Kaltsás  
of marbled rubble. We  
as we wended,  
discrete lacunae, amid  
artifacts of erstwhile lives.  
producing in the gut  
and surprising calm.

what had been a terminal  
he had responded  
than twenty miles, Kavala  
he found to be profoundly  
of heart, of every ounce  
he lay still upon  
as his dire emptying  
beneath all consciousness,  
with me within the ancient  
he shares with me a glimpse

for one whose solitude  
solitude. The God,  
but he has had a taste  
came to offer . . . what?  
it proved more than that,  
expectation, the trembling  
drawing near, meeting

can serve, facilitate  
opens to an answering  
he says, remains quite hidden,  
of how his own erasure  
Comfort? Consolation? No,  
more a deep tremor of sudden  
thrill of a fullness  
one's own becoming emptiness.

*—for George Kaltsás*