We were sat by the prow of the vessel, under the white sail, Homer, Ulysses, Chapman, Keats and me.

**TRAVELING TO GREECE**

Homer, the great Homer!, the blind poet, born in Smyrna. The most universal and influent of the writers all over the world.

O Ηόμερος, ο Μεγάλος Ήόμερος!, ο τυφλός ποιητής, γεννημένος στη Σμύρνη. Ο πιο παγκόσμιος και με τη μεγαλύτερη επιρροή από όλους τους συγγραφείς στον κόσμο.

Ulysses, the heroic hero, Ulysses!, born in ithaca, who has the transparent eyes full of tears because of his tender heart. In tears when he saw that we were leaving Ithaca, pushed by the furious winds (Song X).

Chapman, the bright Chapman, the magnificent translator born in the arms of Homer. We will never have words of gratitude enough for him. But Keats thanked in a beautiful sonnet.

Keats, the fabulous Keats!, the romantic poet, the British born in London, writing Chapman, ο Ακριβός Κέιτς, ο καταπληκτικός μεταφραστής γεννημένος στη χέρια του Ομηρού. Ποτέ η ευγνωμοσύνη μας δεν θα είναι αρκετή για αυτόν. Άλλα ο Keats τον ευχαρίσταμε με ένα όμορφο σονέτο. And me, the architect. The last one, from the side with them and you that Architecture.

All of us with the verse!

Alberto Campo Baeza
architect