

ANGEL'S GREETING

It is sitting on the top of a tree, where its rhythms are faster. There is a meadow around the tree, and this is all growing out from the head of a bird. The color of the bird is unknown on earth. Like it was always moving away from itself to return to the same place through solar systems and galaxies. Water stretching on its foot, instead of skin. Tiny fish swims in its legs between snails, flower-animals and medusas. A book fall out of its hand, opening up page by page forcing us to read during the long tumble. For a moment its fell asleep and while dreamed, said something. We perceive everything through its interest.

WITHOUT ME

I like your life, lived without me:
your footsteps in the unknown city,
the flavor of your apple, the color of your night;
I like your weather, the drooping rain in your face,
your fight against your winter,
your diving into the strange river;
I like the world of your glance,
your coming tomorrow,
when you will give me what you lived without me.

OUT OF DATE

I like walking down on the streets of my
childhood, and ask for bread at the store,
in the same language, like thirty years ago;
I like to see the gentle faces again and again,
greet the musing girls, startling of their greetings;
I like to walk in the cemetery, stand by a grave,
I know from my father who was the most beautiful
woman of the city;
I like to visit benches, where I touched somebody's hands or breasts,
my moves are repeated in her dreams;
from here, I like to travel to fare cities,
and when I return, meet Kornél Esti,
don't say: it is hopeless to live here.

CLOSE

My poem was never so close to anyone
then to you, when you read it naked
rounded by the circle of the street lamp;
your nipples pointed out the keywords,
and the lines came together in your lap
after stroking down your skin;
no wonder, if I'm moulding your body again,
and the round letters are sounding like our breath;
when my words animate what was already lived,
and the white breaks can't be anything but the time
passed between our lovemakings.

TUNNEL

I am not sure, where I go day by day
below the steel bars of the station, among the people
flowing to and back from the train;
swept away by the stream of chocolate scented women,
and the girl is sitting on the terminal's bench like
she was expecting the arrival of love instead of the train;
or is this Prague,
where the revolution formed the girls even more beautiful,
and they don't look at you in the reflection of the mirrors,
but face to face?
I am not sure,
from where I'm returning home,
in which city I was amazed of a girl,
and is it my son or grandson
who opens the door for me?

Translation by

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