

**translated by James and Viera Sutherland-Smith**

## Summer

The sun smashes our windows.  
An urgent song reaches us from the street.

On the cellophane sky  
steam condenses.

Unconfirmed reports are reproduced  
about the wind.

The trees are the first to begin to talk  
about the two of us.

## A Shot

The moment air stops  
close in front of your face  
and checks the size of your lungs,  
the moment the sun addresses you  
with the agreed secret word,  
then it'll be clear to you.

The horizon could be crossed  
and other matters considered.

The heights furiously disclose  
the concrete constructions of their peaks.  
In the crowns of trees the telephone switchboards rattle.

You ripen an octave higher.

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You emerge from beyond the horizon,  
heedlessly towards darkness  
and inattentive towards smothering dreams.

You lend an ear to silence  
moderately  
like the most distant thunder.  
It has already been heard how you sound in the motionless bells.

You always dawn astonishingly the same.






Mists, lost within themselves, hesitate,  
trust neither earth nor heaven.

All creation loses speech, dumbly move its lips,  
startled so that the words flow back  
within,  
to make blood brighter,  
to make pain,  
to make them wholly incomprehensible,  
neither outcry nor buzzing.

Thus nature copies you  
Always from the outset  
indirectly, insufficiently,  
fervent about you  
disappointed in itself,  
It imitates current and circulation.

Softly you reproduce your portraits  
- one after the other.  
With a regular motion  
you manage time.

### **Circling**

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it dreams about itself.  
The old unbearable fan.  
  
Its head makes the circles  
of a drunkard's breath.  
It imagines it is a propeller.  
It circles.  
It observes.  
It sees and hears.  
It knows more than the others.

Through its racket  
regardless it takes the words  
of the speeches of the café tribunes.






For so long it has belonged to the technical museum,  
but not till now has it entered literature.

### **Unsent Telegram**

Inside me a little bit of  
a blue Christmas begins.  
in the hotel room it's snowing  
a misty scent - of your  
endlessly distant perfume.  
We're declining bodily  
while in us the price  
of night calls rises,  
waves of private earth tremors  
and the limits of an ocean of blood  
on the curve of a lonely coast

### **The Last Four Bars of Silence**

It's getting dark in the revues,  
in the carmined eyes of the dancers,  
in the centre of the cleavage  
of a monumental bosom

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in flower pots  
and botanical gardens.




The lights go off in the last windows  
of ministerial offices  
made of cardboard, telephone lines  
and salary cheques.

The wind delivers  
Autumn leaves  
of strictly secret material  
into the unvetted hands  
of nightwalkers,  
Sensitive lovers  
are on guard in the parks  
armed to their teeth  
with rapid firing sentiments -  
calibre forty-five.

And it always dawns.  
over the pages of newspapers  
the moulds of white hot dreams hiss  
on contact with the icy air.  
Mutes enthusiastically play  
their leading role  
and the powerless director  
with his head in his hands  
and bust fuses in his head  
repeats to the point of madness  
the last four bars of silence.

### **I'm With You**

It's completely me -  
height 180 centimetres,  
measurements 108 by 83 by 107,  
weight 73 kilos,  
five military qualifications  
and even more civilian,

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of the Hungarian Uprising,  
bashful and christened,  
married with three children.  
I don't beat out a rhythm in English,  
but I'm of the world.

Send me fan mail,  
postcards and gifts,  
books and pictures,  
busts and bacon,  
booze and flowers.  
Support your poet  
who, instead of you, behaves  
like an idiot.  
Write to my European address -  
Slovakia.

Call me,  
all of you, who love me,  
who can't live without me,  
or least die.  
Call the number 314 212,  
my automatic telephone  
will pick up 24 hours a day.  
Don't be ashamed of your feelings.  
God is watching you -  
at last do something stupid.  
Send some dosh to my account  
SSS 3478228.  
Remit to my pristine account  
your dirty money,  
I'll launder it day and night.  
You can rely on me  
to spend it all on myself  
as opposed to other

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