

All Souls' Day

Halottak napja

A little schoolboy hurries through the park,
a see-saw shivers in the evening squall,
a faded raincoat rustles in the dark,
the moon - pawnbroker's ball - threatens to fall.

Along the plinth below the monument,
like feathers fallen from an angel's wing,
the candles tremble. Grey park, stone, cement,
steel-plated skies dishearten everything.

Like peeling city posters left to rot,
the terror has a smell of glue and wet,
I cross the autumn playground at a trot
with chestnuts in my pocket. I am eight.

Translated by Peter Zollman

From **Selected Poems** by István Baka

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