

Circumderunt

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In memoriam H. G.

And twilight a gray rat appears
with razor teeth to crack the sun
and sweep the husks off with his tail
the last stray straws of light are gone

and night is an enormous wardrobe
with wide flung double doors where God
keeps his old discarded mantles
and the Saviour's rags of blood

in the cellar of this world
with God's and Satan's junk around me
as I wait for timely rescue
I seem to hear feet throbbing above me

in dreams I see my former flat
there's nothing else that I recall
but rats and shadows and the odd
stripe of light along the cloud-weebbed wall

Translated by George Szirtes

From [**Selected Poems**](#) by István Baka

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