Clemency Clause

Kegyelmi záradék

Like somebody whose final wish was granted who ate his food the last he'll ever get who drank his last wine as much as he wanted who even got a final cigarette

and watched the smoke clouds drifting there forlorn the way his frightened little soul will float when he'll be strangled in the early dawn and dangled on a rope around his throat

Condemned to death I've known this gloomy cell but now I'm in the yard the sun's ablaze I have to rub my unprotected eyes

which still belong there to that blackest hell You make me itch you noxious sunny rays my clemency was such a strange surprise

I felt let down my soul wanted to sleep
it wasn't even half a twitch before
I could have reached the bed's inviting deep
to stay there and to sleep for evermore

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From <u>Selected Poems</u> by István Baka
Translated by Peter Zollman
according to the known clemency clause
we're locked up lifelong at our normal site
we all receive life sentences because
my ship goes down but just seconds to spare a griffin lands and flies back with me where
I'm both deck boy and legendary knight
I watch the tossing shadows of the sea
my crow's nest on my mast from overhead
to settle high up in the canopy
I climb the mulberry tree when I am fed
of sugared rye bread is my portion and
late summer's day on the cool porch a slice
the far bank of pain was my Paradise grandfather's yard was the warmth of a hand
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