

Even There Even Then

[Akkor is ott is](#)

In the grey prison-uniform of the clouds
pale and timid girl you pick your way
across the gulag-yard of a meadow along the light's
barbed wire fence from east to west
the shower of your hair is shaven off the pink-violet
crocus of your crotch at the violators' mercy any time
you toss and turn at night on the plank-bed of the hills
sleepless under the sweep of the moon's searchlight
do you remember me at times like this me who once
plucked out your lightning hairgrips and bathed
my cheeks in your earth-caressing mane
are you still thinking of me or only of the treadmill
of tomorrow or the day after which emaciate you into
denuded forests until you waste away and turn entirely to ashes
in the
sunsets but I will
sense the scent of your skin
even in the crematorium-smoke of the evening mist
I will repeat aloud your name *even there even when*
an officer with a bored wave of his hand
decides my onward destination to the right or to the left

Translated by Peter Zollman

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

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