

# From the Book of Revelations

[\*A Jelenések könyvéből\*](#)

for László Darvasi

And darkness flutters like a lonely flag  
Together with the potsherds of the stars  
And groping for the hair roots of the dead  
Our south-wind sister stains them all with blood

And vintage wine cascades in heady showers  
From broached intoxicating altitudes  
And when the cask is empty tainted air  
Comes wafting from the barrel-vaulted skies

The stallion of the sea has stormed away  
The midnight mare is throbbing hard in labour  
Her colt is dead and soon the dawn-placenta  
Contaminates the wheatlands with its blight

And bone will never reunite with bone  
The sawdust of the Void will drink the blood  
That we have shed and like a gutted doll  
The Lord will let his horsehair stuffing show

The guests invited to the wedding feast  
Disperse their faces are like signet seals  
And we red sealing wax we'll have to bear  
That frozen image to the end of time

The potsherds of the stars are just a creak  
Beneath the halfmoon-plated army boots  
Where blood and wine are joined in holy wedlock  
And where the groomsman's wedding rhyme is death

*Translated by Peter Zollman*

---

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

[←](#) [Previous page](#) [Next page](#) [→](#)