

Gethsemane

Gecsemáné

For years I have been saying my good-byes
and I'm still here You're playing games with me
the more to humble me oh Lord You think
that I'll be persuaded in the end
that I will stay alive and sleep at nights
and then but only then a single flick
of Your almighty finger will despatch me
to join the worms no way no way no way
You cannot fool me I have packed my trunk
strapped-up it has been standing by the door
for quite a while I am prepared to go
My wine bottle keeps company at night
my eyes half shut I have no dreams to dream
but I can see the future far ahead
as I am gazing in the empty darkness
I see You now as You have never seen me
- what can You see if You are Sight itself -
I know that my cup cannot pass from me
so I will wrench it from your angel's hand
myself then it will not happen Your way
not as You willed it but the way I want it
as I want it as I want it oh Lord.

Translated by Peter Zollman

From **Selected Poems** by István Baka

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