

# Isolde's Letter

Izolda levele

Tristan I cannot go today because  
A fever has attacked my little son  
Our son for I am certain he is yours  
He cries and I must stay my dearest one

Tomorrow we have Mark's established night  
He takes a bath and sprays expensive scents  
Should I neglect my duty then he might  
Have further doubts about my innocence

Next day we'll see the envoy of the king  
Of Burgundy it's whispered that he bears  
A matchless ruby as an offering  
I must be careful these are the state affairs

In three days time we'll give a ball we must  
Receive the Cornish aristocracy  
- those decked-out wives - then hiding my disgust  
I'll take their homage with due courtesy

I cannot go I'm busy as you see  
But heaven knows your wound torments me too  
I'll fly to you as soon as I am free  
And then my dearest I will die with you.

*Translated by Peter Zollman*

From **Selected Poems** by István Baka