

# Ivy

## Vadszóló

in memoriam Arseny Tarkovsky

Like ivy-tendrilled walls, I'm overgrown  
and held together by my memory.  
I am because I was, that's all there is –.  
I shut my eyelids and begin to see.

When every road is closed that leads outside,  
my inner spaces grow, intensify.  
There, arching over mountains and the steppes  
a cosmic burdock-leaf hangs, it's the sky.

The sun will rise and set. In gloomy towns  
long shadows roam in every alley-way.  
I know them all. No living soul is more  
alive, no dead one is more dead than they.

All those who talked to me will stay with me  
as talk, as youth, that I'll commemorate  
until my walls must tumble down beneath  
an ivy-tendrilled lifetime's heavy weight.

*Translated by Peter Zollman*

From **Selected Poems** by István Baka

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