

Message from New-Hooligania

Üzenet Új-Huliqániából

for Győző Határ

This is one-week land one-week revolutions
and one-week love affairs we are a state
of throw-away cheap tissues into which
more favoured countries blow the foul pollutions
that dainty Europe has to dissipate
and even goods for sale are best to ditch

in one-week-land no guarantees apply
for they are crushed by caterpillar tracks
or chewed up by a caterpillar worm
to nest her eggs there till a butterfly
of fairy wings and dazzling ballet acts
is born for one week her allotted term

faith lasts a week but where are the believers
be blessed or cursed here by the hand of fate
which like a crooked moneychanger's hand
is stuffed with paper cut to look like fivers
among the good ones it will con you mate
so keep your eyes peeled or go down the pan

it is still your land but a stepmotherland
don't die for it survive it if you can

Translated by Peter Zollman

From [Selected Poems](#) by István Baka

