

Pehotnij's Resurrection

Sztyepan Pehotnij feltámadása

I'm back again, having found myself no grave,
With earth beneath my feet, though no sky above.
If such there was would it do me any good?
That so-called heaven is devoid of God.

In my time I knew the odd angel or two –
A handful perhaps, though no host, it's true.
Their words left me in the cold, frostbitten –
Neither in their care nor yet forsaken.

I was who I was, am who I am now,
Though I will never be – that much I know;
Nothing else I know with any certainty.
Judge me thus. Absolve me of my frailty.

$$\frac{1}{n} \sum_{i=1}^n \left(\frac{1}{m} \sum_{j=1}^m x_{ij}^2 \right)$$

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Translated by Bill Tinley

From ***Selected Poems*** by István Baka

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