

Prelude

Прелюдия

[*Prelúd*](#)

in memoriam Sergei Rachmaninoff

Trains stand there stranded on the silent dark

Tracks stationary sooty-smelling blind

Trains

and in its
moon-epaulettes cloak

of clouds upswells the wind the Baltic wind

Like icicles from darkest hell so rises

The evening skyline of your obelisks

Oh city stabbed by future's sharp incisors

You split

like a swing-bridge in the midnight mist

Trains stand there stranded on the lonely silent

Tracks and the winter's epileptic froth

Invades the points' clenched teeth in a violent

Vomiting spate

oh North white Lady North

Wound of the Neva cleft of Eve

you yield

Inertly to the wind's hard breathing beat
Your frozen buttocks' curve is half-revealed
Trough Winter's blood-and-sperm-besplattered sheet

Translated by Peter Zollman

From ***[Selected Poems](#)*** by István Baka

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