

Psalm

[*Zsoltár*](#)

I never asked you nor would I this time
for I was so shy when I met you Lord
just hoping while you fiddled with your files
that I'd be noticed but I was ignored

The moon was covered with rubberstamp-craters
one couldn't find an inch to spare but still
you stamped away and I felt so uneasy
among your bowing-scraping clientele

I didn't want to serve you this petition
but now I think I ought to hand it in
Forgive me that I loved so much have mercy
my virtues are outbalanced by my sin

I breached sometimes your ten important guidelines
and minor clauses not worth the quibble
My mortal sins have caused my mortal danger
I am to blame you aren't responsible

You know it all too well that I don't love you
and asking favours hasn't been my wont
but let me live and I may learn to love you
and let me live Lord even if I don't

Your duly signed and stamped authorization
could save my life oh bureaucrat on high
I cursed you God but now I'd glorify you
for those who live all curse or glorify

Translated by Peter Zollman

