

# Pygmalion

## [Pügmaliön](#)

for Tünde

1

Rise from the stone! My days are nearly gone;  
I cannot wait much longer and in vain.  
Be ecstasy itself or else be pain, -  
Be Galatea, something, anyone!

The snail-moist sunrise-smells of earthiness,  
The wilting summer roses' drowsy scents,  
The juices of mad vintage incidents,  
The snow flakes: they are perfumes you possess.

It makes no odds if I have sculpted you  
Or you have shaped me with your hand so white,  
We shall become flesh: you from marble-stone

And I from clay. Our worldly days are few,  
No matter if I dreamt you up one night  
Or you dreamt me and fashioned me your own,

2

To take me, and inside you help me see  
How can the infinite possess the space  
To wallow in this tight and steamy place



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

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