

# The Mirror Has Broken

## [\*A tükör széttört\*](#)

The mirror has broken. From its fragments we  
may piece together something like a view,  
but earth and sky will not be welded – see,  
the darkness comes before the night is due.

The view has broken, from its shards somehow  
the mirror may be put together yet,  
but earth and sky have changed positions now,  
the dark has spilled over the day and set.  
My shadow lies beside my wife in bed;  
who squeezes through the needle's eye will find  
himself in hell.

The mirror has broken, from its shards or fragments  
some overview or map may yet be jiggled  
as in a puzzle, where all things have frontiers  
but get mixed up in between, in no-man's land,  
where a pin-cushion turns St. Sebastian,  
the bronze bells melt into artillery  
and we slurp a martial music in the pub  
through trumpet-coloured beer. We cannot tell  
the white-cloaked winter uniforms form snow.

The mirror has broken, the view has also broken,  
and whoever tries to put these things together  
confuses view with mirror, shard with fragment,  
where days are soaked in darkness and low weather,  
where women are impregnated by our shadows,  
where from the clamour of bells they pour the sound  
of long-range cannons with their distant grumbling,  
where every season comes in camouflage,  
and boots must be pulled on again. No strolling now  
across the broken world with unshod feet,

no marching to the martial stench of beer,  
the flames are bursting through the needle's eye.

*Translated by George Szirtes*

*Translated by Peter Zollman*

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

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