

# The Shoot

## [Körvadászat](#)

Birch and its lakeside reflection: a playing card.  
God and Satan are playing on the table  
of the autumn scene – God loses and pays:  
a staggering stag, a hare hit hard.

The shooting party arrives, even their eyes  
are gun-muzzles; the map of Europe spreads  
on a blood-sodden bag: bloodstain towns open  
their mouths – bone-whitened trenches materialize.

Along the lakeshore dead fish disintegrate,  
they lie there like gouged out eyes – the waters have gone blind,  
the hunters arrive, the horizon, a fish's mouth, shuts close,  
on the cross-hair of compass points the game stop and wait.

*Translated by Peter Zollman*

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

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