

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

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

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