

To the Poets of the Millennium

[A századvég költőihez](#)

The red sunset, like meat that decomposes,
is overrun by star-maggots - one tries
to chop the moonlight into onion-fries,
but still the rotting smell sticks in our noses.

Translated by Peter Zollman

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

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