

To the Poets of the Millennium

[*A századvég költőihöz*](#)

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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