

# Toast

## [Pohárköszöntő](#)

The ruby wine is gloaming in the glasses  
decaying gliders of the dying sun  
must soon collapse and night will fall on us  
the slimy skinned convulsive earth is  
already struggling with the angry storm  
the lakes are sparkling like uprooted fish-scales  
swept on the counter by the stripping knife  
the chalky traces of a stroke of lightning  
inscribe upon the sallow sullen sky  
the judgment of a hand we cannot see  
SO LET US RAISE OUR GLASSES  
for we shall never slip a card again  
between the bowstrings of the gypsy fiddler  
instead of banknotes and when twilight comes  
the suckling piggy clouds will not be holding  
a full moon apple in their snouts because  
we have become the lakes from which the dawn  
was scooped out and we are the snowy  
footprints of almighty God  
our blood is gloaming in the ruby wine  
SO LET US DRINK THIS IS THE FINAL GLASS

*Translated by Peter Zollman*

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From [Selected Poems](#) by István Baka

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