

Words

Csak a szavak

Just words nothing except for words
words have remained the only things
I'm swimming in the word of lake
in which a reed-grass sentence clings

to my body and drags me down
but down is a word too nothing more
call me by name and free that word
and it will safely reach the shore

nothing remains except the words
I cannot live on bread and wine
I am a soul but burdened by
my body I stumble on the line

between existence and the void
though line is but a word again
and straggling lost among the words
I'm frightened by this strange terrain

it may be good to stay alive but
what if I'm taken off the list
please put me in your book of words
then look me up and I'll exist

Translated by Peter Zollman

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