

# Yorick's Arse Poetica

[\*Yorick arsch poeticája\*](#)

These times are anus-faced in Elsinore  
my Arse Poetica has blown my mind  
the Prince is dead my Muse a withered whore  
foul winds of sadness follow me behind

I'm standing on the walls a lowly heart  
the taster-keeper of dark evening wines  
I muse away and launch a lonely fart  
which glides off like a stork and then declines

my low vulvarity upset the court  
- you use your penis for a pen - they laughed  
self-censorship shall be my last resort  
I'll have it like a condom on my shaft

and turn my verse into a tender rose  
or into herbs of sweet exquisite scents  
to tempt a fine aristo's dainty nose  
to lakeside walks where scented sentiments

will send the man to take his lover's arm  
a boy's or girl's - why bother to confirm -  
until the partner giggles with alarm:  
what's dribbling on me could it be your sp...ittle

these times are anus-faced I'm warning you  
my Arse Poetica blows hard again  
my laurels are not rotting but I do  
my flesh is dying I am wrapped in pain

above me hangs the Damoclean blade  
a rusty old Norwegian knife to wit  
but I'll remain myself divinely made  
I'll never mix up blood with bloody shit

*Translated by Peter Zollman*

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

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