

PYGMALION

For Tünde

1

Rise from the stone! My days are nearly gone;
I cannot wait much longer, all in vain.
Be ecstasy itself or else be pain, -
Be Galatea, anything, anyone!

The snail-moist sunrise smell of earthiness,
The wilting summer roses' drowsy scents,
The grapes of a mad vintage dalliance
And winter snows are perfumes you possess.

It makes no odds if I have sculpted you
Or you have shaped me with your hand so white,
We shall become flesh: you from a marble seam

And I from clay. Our worldly days are few,
No matter if I dreamt you up one night
Or you created me in such a dream,

2

To take me, and inside you let me see
How can the infinite possess the space
To wallow in this tight and steamy place
Where life is never maybe but to be,

And though the true one may fall in the mud
Your twin-Olympus bust will never wane...
Oh Galatea, carve me new again!
And marble-vein my body with your blood
And love me like his nymphs made love to Pan,
Or lick me like a lump of marzipan,
Absorb me in your passion through and through,

You grumpy loving sweet and lonely you;
I'll make you sit on top of me, abased -
But once or twice descend with me, to taste

3

The fever that was your creator too!
I'd tumble like a broken piece of clay,
Like rubbish on the heaps of yesterday,
Oh, flesh and marble, dearest love, for you.

I'd be a bone that Cronos chewed away,
The jilted phallus of a satyr boy
Who never found a naiad's well of joy
But sometimes you'd console him, anyway.

And who created whom? It's all the same.
I'd say: you did, to end the argument.
Who came first? altar or communicant?

Who cares? But I want you to catch my flame!
Trust me, I need so little. My concern
Is nothing but to burn, to burn, to burn.