

Lehoczki Károly

You are a child again

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Your fragile body becomes distinct from the crowd
reflects autumn's shine.
I'm twinkling as I look at you,
young, splendid and moribund
in your September end's self-sunshine.

Beyond the battles
your dark eyes radiate with otherworld peace,
like a child that is to his own nonexistence so close.
Let me settle down on your breast in its heat
and instead of missed caresses
fiddle with my tight remembrance of your skin.

Let me be your latter autumn friend! Could I be?
Let our naughty glances play
and absorbed in your beauty I shall leave.
Through the scrambling mass descends my sloping way
and going down on that unsearchable road
let me embrace your shivering tiny shoulder.

Translated with the assistance of Anne Hartley