

Balaton

I didn't want it to be autumn once
more here we are the garden too
nods in agreement time running
through forbidden territory came
to a halt conveyed us into the
beyond we should stay longer a
whisper everything's OK the elder's
nodding too you stare into the low
sun slowly get up make your way
down onto the makeshift platform
the deck-chairs are inside the el-
ectricity's switched off it is
autumn afternoon we have to rush
but where to still my bag
is packed sooner or later we
are going to forget something here
the wall is warm our stolen day
burns in the autumn sun just as
our bodies did only a while ago

I didn't want it to be autumn once
more here one long hair needs to be
pulled out and I am thirty-three
what should we do you say it needs
to be pulled out but how much longer
are you going to love me I'm
getting older like the garden, bit
by bit nobody notices though not
now while my head's lying in your lap
the reed is flattened I have never
caught time unawares before just when
the leaves are changing colour your
eyes too are sometimes brown sometimes
when love reveals itself and I am washed
up on the lake shore with a dark green wave

I didn't want to be autumn once
more here let it catch up with us
the taste of overripened fruit
the road has turned the trees are shedding
endlessly departure that's
what matters but don't let it catch
hold of me here take me with you if
it turns if catching up is crucial
well let there be an end of it let what
invites to linger pass on though
not us now let the leaf's passing not be
useless magic let what keeps us still

fall from us – the road cannot find
the way back to itself can only step
like your foot on the surface of the water

Translated by Cristopher Whyte