

To Miklos Radnoti

Here on a palm-fringed beach in lovely blue
You may well ask why think of you
Shot in sight of mad Serbian mountains
Christ-like in your "unwinding visions".

Somehow your image, that cigarette, death, stays
Alive in your corruptible hexameters
Just one more soul dismissed without memory
Oh no! you speak for a new Hungary.

The wine- drinking friends are reassembled
(as you promised)
More devils with flutes have replaced you
The wives are young again without war
You in death have restored the meridian.

You can answer is it so transient
Your lines have given you immortality
You went from jew to catholic
That tells me something about eternity.

Now your bones harden near Abda
"Tell us Jerusalem is"
Your telling me loudly above the demons and fancies
Your coming from somewhere imaginable
Your here, you were right, here's my hand.