

Jozsef Tornai · *Hungary*

WITHOUT VOICE, WITHOUT HOPE

I shall never know more of stone  
than that it is stone and dust,  
nor of the body's pulse,  
than that it is pulse and an icy coagulation:  
blood on ground and sand.

I climb the mountain,  
but I know the mountain is descending  
until it is wholly in the plain,  
inside the world's belly, within the world's mother,  
in my birthplace, in the green flower of my birth,  
where stones crumble to sand.

Everything speaks. How many voices;  
grass-voice, acacia-voice, horizon,  
transfiguration, lapwing-voice, that  
birdprint in the mud. I merge with them,  
flow into them, but my words are so much foam,

I disintegrate, without voice, without hope.

*translated by the author and Daniel Weissbort*