

Lehoczki Károly

Abroad

My tears trickle right to the sun.
Sizzling steam rises high from it.
In the fire of the iridescent morning light
burns the chill of the dawn.

Tiny winds lurk inside me
hissing. I am alone. A man.
Stirring from the landscape
my day-dreaming sight shifts away.

And suddenly the hill grows a crest.
Shadows sharpen on the road.
And I, stumbling on a stone,
kick it away – almost at home.

Translated by Kay Channon