

PILVAX

Issue Four Winter 2007

David Hill translated lyrics for an English CD by the Kistehén band, to be released in February by Eastblok. During 2006 he had poems published in two anthologies, *The Book of Hopes and Dreams* and *The Poetic Principle*, and gave readings in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Seattle, and Eger. His website is www.davidhill.biz.

Poems

by David Hill

Resort

We waited for the public bus one hour
(The private ones are frequent, but cost more),
And used this time to slander those in power
And reaffirm how righteous are the poor.

The thermal pools were packed on our arrival -
So many fools prepared to pay that price!
Then, since we'd brought some cake to aid survival,
We crouched beside a bar and shared one slice.

We would have loved to sip a Segafredo,
Regaled by many a disco-beat CD;
Instead, we hiked up to our usual meadow:
A-strewn with stinking litter, true, but free.

There, half-undressed, and turning deep vermilion,
Lulled by the tolling of a sleepy kirk,
We talked of soaps Peruvian and Chilean
And cursed this wretched life of endless work.

The Plumber

Today, I called a plumber round.
But, though I didn't know it,
It turned out that he used to be
A literary poet.

The first suspicious sign was that
He turned up with a friend:
A plumbing critic, I was told,
Who knew each school and trend.

They sat down in my armchairs
And started to converse
About the different plumbing styles -
What's better, and what's worse.

The critic asked what plumbing meant
In this one plumber's mind,
And "as what type of plumber he
Would like to be defined."

What is the role of plumbing
In this, our modern age;
Which plumbers influenced his style,
His progress through each stage?

The critic praised the plumber for
The winning of some prize,
Awarded not by clients, but
By other plumbing guys.

Well, after half an hour of this
My brain was pretty numbed.
For all this talk of plumbing, still
The plumber hadn't plumbed!

But still the conversation droned.
They went on to debate
Why plumbers aren't sufficiently
Co-financed by the state.

Yet - since we've mentioned money -
At no point did they say
How I could try this plumber's work,
For which I'd gladly pay.

He didn't seem to want to sell,
But merely, nice and warm,
To sit and talk about his skills,
Not actually perform.

When all the chat was over,
He had some cakes and tea,
And left me, a most thoroughly
Dissatisfied plumbee.

What do you name a plumber,
A famous one or not,
Who doesn't serve his customers?
An amateur, that's what.

Underground

Don't go to hear the Beethoven sonata.
You'll find you need a piss and can't get out.
Don't go and see a film with Bonham-Carter.
This evening you can bear to do without.

Go down into the underground, it calls you -
Its damp graffiti caverns are all yours.
Go down and see what escapade befalls you
Amongst the legless beggars and the whores.

Hill rescues art

Since meeting her, I've found my sensitivity
In matters of fine art and creativity
Becoming more refined and more acute.
At concerts I remark on how the flute
Was used in movement two, or give a lecture
On points of neo-Gothic architecture.
And she, intensely, theorizes back.
And then we always end up in the sack.
Which proves (if proof were needed) that the mystic
Or other-worldly view of things artistic,
Philosophy, high culture, is plain shit.
Permit me, please, to rescue art; for it,
By virtue of its uses in seduction,
Contributes to the cause of reproduction.

More of David Hill's poems can be found in the WINTER 2007 issue of PILVAX. Locally available in Budapest.