

PILVAX

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Endre Ady is one of the most influential figures in Hungarian literature. His poetry, and particularly his work with the literary review *Nyugat*, revolutionized modern Hungarian verse. Born in Érmindszent (now in Romania), he worked as a journalist in the Hungarian provinces, until he moved to Paris, where he found his voice as a poet. He published eight books in his lifetime, but died young, of syphilis, not long after the outbreak of the 1919 Hungarian October Revolution.

Poems

by Endre Ady
(translated by Paul Sohar)

LEDA'S HEART

A gaggle of witches pelted me
With fear to which I did not hark
In somber wonders' amusement park,
Although my lover had taken flight,
My fair lost lover: youthful Smile.

The witches were laughing in tears.
The mournful fog was dusty dark
In somber wonders' amusement park.
Against a rain of hearts I had
to raise my hands to shield my face.

The witches pelted me with hearts
and fear to which I did not hark.
In somber wonders' amusement park
There I stood alone and forlorn.
The fog sent down a rain of hearts,
Unyielding, ugly, puny hearts.

Then suddenly the witches parted for
A cloud of tearful whiteness in the dark
In somber wonders' amusement park
A woman dressed in rays of light appeared,
And toward that light I turned my face.

She looked me in the eye, reaching in her chest;
On my face I still can feel her mark.
In somber wonders' amusement park
Into my face she flung her heart,
Her warmish, sickly, wretched heart.

AWAITING US DOWN SOUTH

Sultry winds keep screaming out
Down South Somewhere, so far away,
Awaiting us, awaiting us,
Somewhere by an ocean bay.

It was there that we first listened
To great blue waters roar and gush.
And we shall never, we shall never,
Hear anything as grand, as lush.

A boat is basking in blue waters,
About to sail for shores remote,
Should we miss it, should we miss it,
We shall never see that boat.

Sultry winds keep screaming out.
Amidst the blue waves of an ocean bay
Our boat is sailing off without us now
Down South Somewhere, so far away.

MATING ON AUTUMN LEAVES

We take off, migrate into Fall,
Screeching, weeping, we give the call,
A buzzard pair with flagging wings.

Summer is prey to new plundering,
Buzzards slam together wing to wing,
Clashing kisses rule the battlefield.

We wing our way from Summer fast,
In Fall we seek rest somewhere at last,
Our feathers frightened, still in love.

Tonight's the final wedding night:
We claw each other's flesh for a bite,
Then down we drop on autumn leaves.

More of Endre Ady's poems can be found in ISSUE 7 of PILVAX, locally available in Budapest.