

PULVAXMAG

ONLINE CONTENT

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Hungarian Astronaut and Other Poems
by Dániel Dányi

hungarian astronaut

_space dust crackles dead into the mix
and we mingle with Berci where the techno still kicks
and the world spins at RPM 45
croaking broken Hungarian words as we dive

_smoke crashing down screaming into the grind
and dreaming last rights right into the wind
the catapult lacks a black confessional box, so
it's just us cross fading into the East Wind below

_under us to point out there's that very plane
over life mapped out over a jungle terrain
high but not high enough, a fuckin GPS scan
and every Radnóti looks up according to plan

_wonder if the first ancestral Hungarians saw
this, if those cosmic father Astronauts
had their crash-Land, an industrial home
where Farkas Bertalan is spelled correctly on our stone?

_this vinyl I'm holding always launches the first
Hungarian in Space under a diamond
stylus
piercing screaming crashing we're
defying historic gravity up here

archipelago pt.1

little toy factories line the coast
tiny conveyor belts powered by solar cells
executives try not to step on them
but one or some crunch under Gucci soles
under suit heat howling corporate gravity
beneath lidless shadows pondering product dreams
their rushing shapes bare billboard-depth cutouts

streamlined gray polystyrene dolphins
flop themselves up onto faraway nude beaches
their rubbery cellfoam skins all sandcaked
when molded plastic hotel furniture
crawls up to the mass suicides
offering luminiscent cocktail straws
against the backdrop sunset paradise

and the sea recedes and waves and waves

archipelago pt.2

oh the construct harmony
of each fine-honed luxury
gazes mingle with the sea
frigate birds all muted out

every detail indistinct
all-inclusive with the drink
and the folk-tradition thing
sunglasses left on the shore

tender echoes welling here
radiating from the pier
replicas simply sincere
and the same time on TV

fuzzled rainclouds, filtered days
edited for future laze
movie set gild shines always
on the pre-recorded sky

archipelago pt.3

torrent suckles overcooked black tarmac
the birdman squawks thunder in the storm
over crackling air traffic transmissions

a winged serpent pouring through the wind
tail hacks blind airliners to the ground
giant soulless birds come through uncreated

waking silence on the wake of the sound
the eye passes heaping the reddened beach
with dead offerings impregnating the litter

rainbow-edging deadly adaro lap into surf
rearrange self-scaping grains of rusty sand
into everchanging patterns of eternity

metropolitan streets seethe shark-infested
quicksand paces all along the walk
festering the myths preserved in nothingness

archipelago pt.4

paradise is what you think
get a life or get a drink
glaze and raze your point of view
when in Rome do what they do
call it home

is it you or is it me
one of us is on TV
viewers flicker on and off
in an ocean of applause
thunderclaps

fish-forked lightning overshines
dangling entangled minds
from a net of knotted hope
channeling somewhere remote
vacant sea

archipelago pt.5 night

sun's passed, it's cold and wet now,
last signpost to the center, maybe it was
the disorientating pivot changing place
like our technical angles, our implements
precisely as chance leads to in fake Eden
mock-artificial heaven in mento waltzing standstill
denizens mill with disinterest and

dust settles concentric grooves. the tree
is dark and deep and tall, fruit bitter and bright
in this yet unfocused thicket of
creation and recreation
a squawk electric flies.
it bleeps of death, but a morning
is already on the agenda

Dániel Dányi is a twenty-five-year-old translator and poet from Budapest, Hungary. His translations have been included in the Canadian bilingual anthology "Kristálykert/Crystal Garden" 2001 (www.voxomat.com/kristalykert) and in György Mezei's "Holocaust Remember" 2004.