

## Requiem for the river Tisza

Only my mother, father, and my brothers I spoke to as many times as you got into my mind, Tisza, you river that can be compared to nothing, I adored other waters from a hundred bridges, but the top was always you. You are not water anyway, You are the flood of the immortal time, wich gathers my motherland's veins and the tears, take these to the sea to cleanse, to the grand saint ocean, where Ady had his way too.

As a child, all my stories were started with you, happend on your shore, lights of Attila's treasures, break on your waves, your bellow, your playful lights charm me to sleep into this dreamland for today. Since our destiny gives us, to live together, but now the mallard falls into you now, seagull, cormorant, because it drank of your water, ate from your almond smelled fish, like eagles, foxes on your coasts. Forgive me, that I mourn you in my room only. I did not look at my mother when she was dead, because I want to remember her smile always. I did not pull my boat out onto the coast, for I wanted to slide on you in the late winter, too.

*My first poem appeared being about you:*

*Boat slides on Tisza, Like on snow  
the sleigh Away, away downwards,  
Scatters pearl in front of herself.*

*An old fisherman is sitting in it,  
Dilapidated, alone, His paddle  
splashes in water, Soft carcass  
splashes on his punt.*

*His fish - if is - hardly, for what,  
He cooks it for nobody anyway...  
his harbour not far already, his  
shroud is the moonbeam.*

Your shroud the spreading almond fragrance, that morass to do is struggling along, but back the life will go yet into you, like hollows out a bed for itself the rock pebble breaking water. I carry fish from the lakes, from springs, from your branches that were dead earlier, that nurse life.

You are not only a fishing place for me, but you are going steady in parallel with me, in your bed, and you will survive all of us, who mourn you now. You can't flow back into your branches, as we may not be youngsters again, you cannot sweep away the mine digging your grave with your waves, because the eternal law forces bind all of us down. Down, down into the sea, into the endlessness that melts as the Hungarian, as the Romanian grief, that petrified, and your water may not have lifted it till now from our heart.

Your whirlpools swirl only according to the laws of the physics yet now, but I know it, there will be resurrection. Than you'll give back my nursed fish, and bird echo above you, boats slide on your water, the people dip again on your coasts because you will be the source of the life, and hope.

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