

NOT ON HER OWN AND OTHER POEMS

By Gabor Gyukics

with lowered wings
the wind appeared
she didn't blow anyone's hair
didn't flutter the leaves on the trees

she swayed beyond the fence
in early sunset
camouflaged herself as a reflection
as if she couldn't decide
whether she wanted to be sensed or seen

she jumped over the fence a few times
looked around I think
and before an outside force
flew her away
she ran a fast round
leaving her scent behind

DOUBLE IDENTITY

living in two centuries
not an easy task
you think
while still riding
very much in the
twentieth

hoping for a cure for all
we step over the border of time

I don't know
what you are waiting for
I know
I'm waiting
for the earth
to loose her
magnetic force

PATCH ON THE FOGHORN

under the wings of a dead angel
the moon is making love
to the sun
the negative of their bodies
lie in every river bed
mountain range
dirt road
next to your footprint
in every ditch

by the walnut tree
you'll find a piece
of the moon
and not far from it
under the plum tree

shines a broken part
of the sun

Bio

Gabor G Gyukics (b. 1958) Hungarian-American poet, literary translator is the author of 7 books of original poetry, 4 in Hungarian, 2 in English, 1 in Bulgarian and 11 books of translations including *A Transparent Lion*, selected poetry of Attila József and an anthology of North American Indigenous poets in Hungarian. He writes his poems in English (which is his second language) and Hungarian. His latest book titled *a hermit has no plural* was published by Singing Bone Press in the fall of 2015. He had lived in Holland for two years before moving to the United States where he'd lived between 1988-2002. At present he resides in the isle of Csepel in Budapest, Hungary.