

***FIVE HAIKUS***

**By Kinga Fabó**

Ripens sweet fragrance,  
makes its fruits grow and gain weight -  
as the Moon's mask grows.

I'm forced on the shore  
by brackets of holidays:  
the world in-between.

Moon's rising upwards,  
I can't follow it that high:  
drags its solitude.

Neither swaggering,  
nor in all submissiveness,  
though it's uncommon.

It's throwing fake pearls  
- just a fountain not a spring -  
tears being stamped out.

*(Translated by Katalin N. Ullrich)*

***THE EARS***

As if my ears were the sacraments, a crowd  
appears, appears before them. Lucky  
I have nice big ears.  
Deep and hollow.  
The hip and breast sizes are coming.

Here comes the lonely one. She wants my husband.  
Here comes the housewife. She's married, frigid.  
When she doesn't come, she learns languages,  
travels.  
The lesbian? Doesn't come at all. Though

I would seduce her. If nothing comes of it, my  
Ears would perk themselves. (Big as they are.)  
Feminine women I don't invite on principle.  
Nor any men. I go  
to them.

But all they want is my ears.  
And the mouths? Nonstop talkers.  
And my ears? My ears are mute.  
I change only my earrings from time to time.  
My ears are mine.

(Translated by Michael Castro and Gábor G. Gyukics)

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**Bio:**

Kinga Fabó is a widely published, internationally known Hungarian poet (linguist, essayist). Her bilingual (Indonesian-English) poetry book has just come out. Further translations of her poetry into other foreign languages are being in progress. She has an essay on Sylvia Plath as well. Fabó lives in Budapest, Hungary.