

*AMONG DUSTY STAGE-PROPS*

By Kinga Fabó

Once again I looked at myself  
in the mirror.

Once again I was overcome by  
self-pity.

Where are the hard manners I demand  
from myself?

I take hold of my mirror  
and leave.

(Translated by *N. Ullrich Katalin*)

*EVERYTHING ARISES IN THE SUDDEN EMPTINESS*

I was getting down  
to basics,  
when the telephone

began to ring.  
I didn't dare

touch it. Ominous  
silence before the holiday.

(Translated by Michael Castro and Gábor G. Gyukics)

***IT GOES TO THE GRAVE WITH THE BEARER OF THE SECRET,  
WHILE MOTIONS FREEZE IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS BODY***

As if oozing from the the edges of  
fissures.  
Couldn't get beyond the stains.

Sitting in a soft garden, in a semi-circle.  
In the tiny crack between truth  
and falsity.

(Translated by Michael Castro and Gábor G. Gyukics)

**Bio:**

Kinga Fabó is a published Hungarian poet (linguist, essayist), author of among others such books as "On the Verge", "Anesthesia", "I am Enough to Know it". One of her poem has six Indonesian translations. She has an essay on Sylvia Plath as well. Fabó lives in Budapest, Hungary.