

Andras Gerevich

ANYTHING SUPERFLUOUS

Anything superfluous
went out the window: the scraps
of his dinner, his shoes, socks,
pens, by the evening, books
strewn across the lawn and hedge,
once even a shirt hanging
from a branch as if missing
a body, a singular fruit in the wind.
He nailed a cross above his bed,
went round and round the ever emptier
apartment, treading the paths
of a winding maze in his head,
searching for something already dead,
arguing with people long gone.
One day he tripped on the doorstep
as over a margin.
We found his teeth in the garden.

Translated by Andrew Fentham from Hungarian