



*eltdown*

SÁNDOR HALMOSI



GONDOLAT KIADÓ

The light of the *Apocripha* “expires” in these verses, apocalyptic dehydration, exhaustion dominates the spiritual landscape, the dark night of the soul, where “weakness is the new force” and “everything dawns on our own image”. The nature of guest words and allusions creates insoluble contradictions in this razor-sharp critical poetry. There is still some humor, self-irony behind all the pruning and tearing, the masculine fire that is still light, despite being consuming, the so-called works, unfolding from the fiction generating self-constructions with a fictional community on mind, transforming them into such a flame that will eventually devour them. (“Where there are three of us gathered in my name,/ there are many of us. Many hungry mouths.”) This cleansing stream of flames licking up inner and outer spaces is the *Meltdown*.

*Enikő Sepsi*

SÁNDOR HALMOSI

# Meltdown

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SÁNDOR HALMOSI

# Meltdown

GONDOLAT KIADÓ  
BUDAPEST, 2021



*The Lord's table and all of us  
who are standing around it.  
The wind is blowing.  
We turn our back to the creation.*



People love it





PRIOR

*(Perjel)*

They flew out today too, it's time.  
And a dark state of grace. Being careful is  
really a must now, to be strong now  
– and to stay, not to escape. To sweep up,  
ventilate the quarters which has seen better  
days. To cry freely, to be afraid under the  
open sky of God. To trust the correct procedure.  
To believe in the deliverer, instead of the world.  
Let go of the man. Wait for the bats till dawn.

IN SEARCH OF A GOOD PERSON  
*(Jóembert keresünk)*

Like a needle in a haystack, the red lion  
gobbles soul-ember. The wheel is turning,  
the landscape is unchanged. Only the scraper  
and the prick tools rust. Only those are  
polished through a lifetime. Only those  
will we put next to us in the grave.  
Temporarily.

PEOPLE LOVE IT

*(Szeretik a népek)*

People love the beautiful speeches,  
the beautiful clothes. The stories  
about Rome, the beautiful fall.  
The ugliness of the beauty.  
The bloody wreckages.

## LETTING GO

*(Eleged)*

And she finally comes, lets her hair down,  
She strokes your upper arm,  
And lets you go.  
She says you can love me now.  
She says that's enough.  
You say that it'll be enough.  
It's been a long way so far.  
You'll see your body cut into four  
in the four corners of the room.  
And you pay,  
And you stand up.  
And you go past them  
Like the last whaler  
By a bare bone polar bear.

IT IS ALL THE MATTER OF INCHES  
*(Azokon a centiken)*

Because it is all the matter of inches.  
And the speed. As the unnecessary  
goods and junks tear off us. Large  
chunks of soul. As we lose  
the weight, the critical mass.  
As it shrinks, it crackles.  
As fast as you move away.  
From the world, from the valley.  
Mostly from yourself.  
From you.  
As you abandon the names.  
As you find the way out.

## BUT WHAT ABOUT

*(De mi lesz)*

But what about the agamas? What is going to be with the beauty project? What about us, darling? I mean, there in the upper middle part, at the golden section, and so in general, what about us? That we are all one, all of us who can't stand each other, avoid each other, whose urine gets mixed up in the sewer, the not a little bit aggressive double mufflers, the gangsters of public discourse, eternal whiners, champion child molesters in divorce lawsuits, the lovely bleak souls, furthermore the pilgrims, poets and slammers, fasters and gobblers, and the cedar of Csontváry up there in the castle, this is what we all are. The demolished and not-yet-monastery residents, and the ladder in us, to the basement to fetch some coal, while we would squeeze each other's hands. Snowy owl, beaten by flowers. The gold perished from the golden section, patience from the section. The tactfulness of the insult. What about us, as the ones who haven't denied forgiveness yet? If we all rise, if we wake up, what is going to be with the stanchion?

THE MINOR INFINITE

*(A kisebb végtelen)*

*“Thin like a spider thread” (Pilinszky)*

*“Meek even in hell” (Antal Szerb)*

In the end, it always bends. Before the  
finish line, at the last turn. It diffuses.  
What reaches the eye is no longer what it is.  
On the bottom, maybe. That mind blowing  
posture, as long as it does not lose its mind.  
In his mind.

## THAT BATTLE

*(Az a csata)*

That battle is not this battle.  
You fight it with yourself.  
You die from it, you strip off your clothes  
yourself, you give yourself the blow of grace,  
if you growl. The written history falls  
because of you. You're naked, but only you  
have a crown and armour. Both of them  
pull you down. They both lift you up.  
You look at it from afar. From the other  
camp, which doesn't exist.

PHAT

*(Phat)*

Darkness depicted in light colours.

Trees with whitewashed legs in  
a forced march. No more shadows,  
not even in spaces between words.

The confessionals are full.

The confessor's vow is not binding  
anymore. Darkness is growing again,  
becoming more and more translucent.

The light expires.

STACK  
*(Kazal)*

But there is always a remaining residue.  
And what the essential knowledge of  
numbers is: congestion points, and the  
plethora of infinity. I'll put it in your  
hands from now on. As you touch it,  
it precipitates. You are left alone.  
Sometimes it omits. Dense hay scent.  
And lavender, concentrated.

## FOUNDERS

*(Alapítók)*

The membership book authenticates it all.

All honors, all executions.

Every man is a party.

A sub-church for every ten villages.

U-TURN  
*(Pálfordulás)*

U-turn in time. You understand this.  
As you wash off the makeup, the slag.  
The washing hand also, the falling out figure.  
But not the hardness. And to get caught up  
in it, with a soft soul, how to?

## SWELLING

*(Dagad)*

Whether lice attack on a camp bunk bed  
or you can't sleep here and now  
in October, 2020, it's all the same.  
The schism is swelling.  
Manure juice flows out of us,  
everything dawns on our own image.  
We splash and pose.  
Soul grinding is cancelled today.

DRAMA

*(Drama)*

The child above you.

Nobody next to you.

A pelt rug next to the bed.

We want tranquility.

We cover entire bodies into turbulence.

THEY SAY  
*(Azt mondják)*

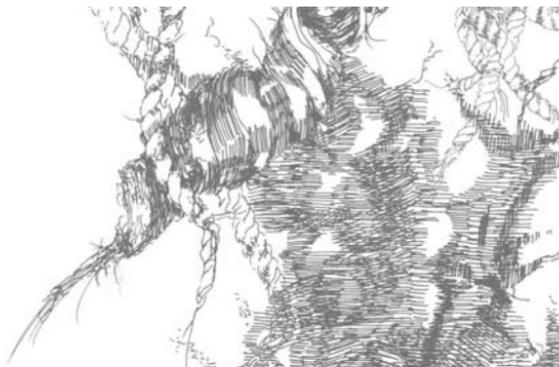
They say the inner waves like  
slow waters run deep. They also say  
the world is ready for destruction.  
I said it, too. But now even the saying  
is cancelled and what will take our places  
won't be so ruthless. It does not use  
strong words, does not ruffle the uniformed  
lukewarm cosiness of the living rooms.  
It glazes everything with that thin, slow-killing  
coating. Carbon monoxide-solitude on the walls.  
Tide in empty speech.

## THE FIRST HERMITS

*(Az első remeték)*

The first hermits fled into the desert to escape people. For the last ones there is nowhere else to go. The world can't forgive those who have been hurt much. A lot of thought is insult and even the ultimate efforts push us to the insulters. Something that we dress up takes shape in us. That we wash up. It's no more you or me, them, dear memories, words, there is only the mutual irresponsibility. The always last supper. The hypocrisy, the endless line of growing dissimilarities. The lovely waiting for Advent. The bloody foot-rag shoes of the twelve angry men.

# Neretva





I DO NOT SAY

*(Nem mondom)*

I'm not saying I don't ask for it, because I do.  
I'm not saying I don't wait for it, because I do.  
But there are too many fights already in the world.  
And by the time it comes, the soul will have been  
worn out of the fabric.

## THAT FRAME

*(Az a váz)*

I'm also thinking about that frame,  
for days and about the bone white one.  
And about the many replicas we live in, which  
are black and white, too. Daguerreotype grey.  
That rusty greenish brown. Like in old military  
maps the soulless landscape. Like the shabby  
still magnificent wall of decay in the factory in  
Salgótarján. Like Otto's drawings in the south  
at Palics. As the Neretva spreads out in the delta,  
after passing by the cliffs, the Sufi monastery,  
the Mostar bridge and the proximity of Međugorje,  
surrendering itself and flowing into the blue,  
which doesn't exist.

NERETVA

*(Neretva)*

I'd say something nice just you aren't so cold.  
Something to shiver down to your sore knees.  
Yet because of the stumbling stones of the world,  
the torn flowers, and my awkwardness I prefer  
to stay silent. Again. Grandma neither talks  
anymore nor forces you constantly into  
a nicely-ruffled bridal dress. You are looking  
for love, I'm just after the big metaphor.  
Just not to be obliged to say it.  
Just always to say the same thing.

AFTER SO MANY YEARS

*(Annyi év után)*

After so many years, many years come.  
And so much fasting due to so much feasting.  
The haystack pricks from the inside.  
It's late. And it will always be late.  
There is no point in chasing the soul chariot.

THIS SPACE

*(Ezt a teret)*

I've been looking for this space for a while.  
This Dalmatian lane, here on the urban slopes  
of Pilis. Dogs don't bite here, not even  
at a horse kick before midnight.  
Carved stones, cobblestones, well curbs,  
milkweed, feeble sounds, desolation, moss.  
It is all emotion. Trace of life-loving people.  
You are here, somewhere in the world.  
Rather there. The paradox of proximity.

## MILGRAM

*(Milgram)*

You just can't sit still.

You keep raising the stakes and you fail.

They stigmatize you.

Though you could also be the subject  
of the greatest self-restraint of their lives.

Fusion power plant of this hungry world.

## SEVENTEEN

(*Tizenhét*)

*Psalm. Pas lire.*

*Not to read.*

Which is calling. The space that expands. Drops.

This is how we get through the winter.  
Leaning to a column under arcades.  
Once in a blue moon told with dropped  
beauty splinters, we go to the stone store,  
the language summer, we dream of ember-art,  
of free redemption. This is how the mouth  
and the hand wear out in the many bids  
winning worldly evidences, for what.  
The past in front of the gates. The muddy-urinary  
trenches are our present. And the ladder without steps.

The particles, the dots. *Flottent*, they're floating.  
They suffer of the haughtiness of youth on their faces.  
There are extras, they say. Vegan food, chickpeas,  
or some green stuff. Like the angel-goop.  
I would through the pants in, for sure.  
Dry cleaning. For coats, especially.  
It doesn't sublime, the dirt.

It's a long story.  
It's really long.  
When my folks got divorced.

And some lack of mass.  
We have learned it in bio.  
If you don't know the basics,  
it will have symptoms.

Because the veil quivers,  
the skirt wrinkle wavers.  
And it gets frayed, the question-ends get tangled,  
and the response is not born.  
The world will choose something else instead.  
It chooses and falls asleep.  
Blunt blows hit the skull.

*It is a creation, nothing else.*  
*Not the sacrament.*  
*Not into smart, not to fall from above.*  
*From within should hurt*  
*The dream should shake.*  
*Your gums are inflamed.*  
*Onto your spleen a step to take.*

You didn't like priests. You didn't like to be seen  
crying, and he understood. You were young and difficult.  
He was wise and rowdy. No God's name was ever uttered.  
Does not speak.

It could have been summer. And more than a shadow.  
More than those 17 floating points around your face.  
Or 17 black ones, hell knows. *Mais oui, ça aussi.*

Well yes, that too. More than yourself before bursting  
into tears. If only a single cell of yours is left over  
the fence, they will weave it in.  
Only two are standing in the line.

One is keeping vigil. Always one.

The word stretches, the body twitches,  
do you want something sweet from the soul?  
It shrivels. It leaks, it drains away. You take it up  
the stairs, at the turn it gets stuck. You drag it.  
It drags you. The plaster is falling. It is falling yet  
no trace of it. *My poor little soul, coming or going?*

Life needs life, body needs body,  
in between the ballast.  
This is how we meet, the world is world.  
This is how the fifth wheel gets in.  
And time elapses like this.

Then you get confused. And you drop it.

You squeeze yourself through the opening,  
you marvel at it.  
Nothing is hidden.  
Nothing is visible.  
You cling to it.  
You throw the first carved stone on it.

If only this silence would not be so loud.  
*Music is woman.* Our Lady. Her seed is lost.  
You start the sentence. Finish. Decay.

## A LETTER, NOT A VERSE

*(Levél, nem vers)*

I haven't been so happy for a long time,  
and so lonely. You see, even the rhymes  
cuddle up me, although I have pushed  
them away from me so far, as the silence  
is kicked out of the poem one by one  
by hussar angels with gentle rigor.  
And they don't want to hear a psalm anymore,  
nor an antiphony, just the two words that meet.  
And even in shivering it cannot become one.

OBSCULTA  
*(Obsculta)*

Listen to me.

I know no life is enough for it,  
and a long silence is too much.

I know there is limit to everything  
nothing is what its image is and it  
remains so. Still, every turning to it  
is a big bang. And every single  
shrapnel caresses there.

## CRANE WATCHING

*(Darules)*

We watch the height from behind  
the palisade. It's dark, we only hear  
the hubbub. The subject matter expert  
knows how to distinguish the young souls.  
We need to understand the languages,  
as new songs of new times. Trenches cut  
into the landscape, protected swamps.  
We preach and we judge. We scan the infinity.  
It has moved inside, beyond our borders.  
The house is empty. Undecorated.

LESS AND LESS

*(Egyre kevesebb)*

There is someone in us who always opposes.  
And another one who complies. Each can  
love and all impatiently. There will be no  
hugging. Lost in the many of proclamations.  
There are too many ministrants.  
And there is less and less sacrament.

## YOU BREAK IN, YOU BREAK

*(Szelídülsz, összetörsz)*

You break in, you break. You speak  
as it is. You neither break the lights nor  
draw water. You show no regard for the  
public mood. It breaks into a doomsday  
atmosphere. It breaks you.

## YOU ARE CLOSE

*(Közel vagy)*

You always get the bad news first hand.  
You are close. Despite many years of  
experience, the momentum, the tenacious  
attack of fabulously enchanted beauties,  
the joyous news always raises the high  
resistance and puts it to the test.  
You would cut yourself through with  
your bare hands. But it's getting harder.  
Neither subject nor predicate. And in  
front of all your silences, a high-stand.

## DRY RIVERBED

*(Aszúág)*

you have become in me in this hell  
of silence, a withered brook. But today  
all identities are already disintegrating,  
the I, the thou, the indescribable fellow  
brooks within us, no soul exists anymore,  
only as construction. How can I tell  
when I miss you and when I don't  
and when the grown-ups grow up  
in my little daughter's eyes. You forget  
slowly the entrance code, I don't know  
of your new identity anymore. It shivers,  
flows, ebbs, hurts. Only radicals remain.  
A faceless landscape under the word-bushes.

## UNTIL IT GETS HEAVY

*(Mig el nem nehezül)*

To venture under the apple tree  
and stand into gravity. To create  
horizontal fields and maintain them.  
Count on infinity. Swing the weights.  
Let go. Go through each sentence.  
Wait. When it expands to venture back.  
And cry until it gets heavy.

EVEN THE TONE OF VOICES

*(Már a hangszíneknek is)*

Even the tone of voices would make  
you happy. Curled up in the dark  
you write dark poems. A finger  
always shows off. A humanity  
cues in. A piano is tuned far away.  
Will not succeed.

## WITHDRAWAL

*(Kivonulás)*

My batteries are getting low slowly  
and my lungs can't stand it.  
The pipe, the silence, the mountain air.  
It all goes away if you move on.  
Soul manure, they say.  
These are just like that.  
You water the dawning pasture with tear gas.



# Agape





UNDER  
*(Alatta)*

Horror always has two ends,  
and one human body. In vain  
we blame it on devil, God.  
And there is no point involving  
the angels. Anything that scratches  
existence, bears our fingerprints.  
Collar on every neck.  
Under each shirt a dog tag.

## IF YOU STAND OUT

*(Ha kiállsz)*

If you stand out, you uncover the essence.  
If you don't stand out, you'll be covered.  
You don't feel the flavours anymore,  
the groin of all is visible.  
That's all you see, this indentation,  
which it is so characteristic of the age  
of abundance and saturated deficits.  
You are just looking at the dent and it hurts.  
You don't know what all there is.  
You don't care what kind of silence it is anymore.  
Where there are three of us gathered in my name,  
there are many of us. Many hungry mouths.  
Our saliva is dripping, we are praying.  
We keep uncovering the essence.

AGAPE  
*(Agapé)*

We are monsters.  
We are sitting on a pregnant wild boar  
and taking selfies.  
Our teeth are white.  
We give names to all our disgrace.

WE COULDN'T  
*(Nem tudtunk)*

How come we couldn't resist  
temptation? Why couldn't we live  
by the grace of suffering? How dare  
we put such an animal face on this  
angelic frame? And the earth,  
this trodden one, how can it  
snuggle up under our feet?

## THE GOSPEL OF JOHN

*(János ev.)*

You skip a few chapters and write for yourself.

There is no one to understand, no one to listen to.

No one to argue with.

No one to cling to if it is very tight.

No one to immerse in his light, in his awkwardness.

No one who would dare to look into it.

No one who could blackball even a letter.

No one to shred it.

No one to show it to and no one to do it.

Not a soul.

LOVED IT SO MUCH

*(Úgy szerette)*

He loved the world so much that  
he gave his one and only life for it.  
He lived through it. He fed the  
beggar angel, the animal in himself.  
One question was left only.  
An empty cage of his.

BLUNT

*(Tōmpa)*

If you take it off the wall, it will leave a mark.

If you tear it out, it will bud out.

The raped body becomes violent,  
and feeble. The soul is a dumped pan.

## SKULL MOUNTAIN

*(Koponyák hegye)*

Horizontal and vertical.  
Deflection, spears.  
The bowl in which we wash our hands.  
The cool cosiness of home, its shadow.  
The air-threads, the spits.  
The road to the mountain, the scaffolding.  
The same stone in our hands,  
The same words in our mouths.  
Whip and crown.  
Bloody urine.  
A scandal of no ending.  
Nothing has changed.  
Even the rhyme is the same.

MELTDOWN  
*(Zónaolvadás)*

The lies have reached  
the critical mass.  
We are liquidators.  
No sarcophagus is built.

IT COULD BE DIFFERENT

*(Lehetne máshogy)*

It could be different, though. Even uglier.  
The graphite fire could be blown even more.  
But there is no fundament any more to melt.  
And no roof, what would open the imploded  
space.

## WE TAKE NO PRISONERS

*(Nem ejtünk foglyokat)*

Not with the immanent god who tolerates  
everything. Not with the transcendent which  
is beyond and silent. We do it with ourselves,  
with the image, and we ourselves.  
Publicly, without shame, proudly.  
It's like we're bragging about it.  
Here is the body, public house.  
Here is the soul, free prey.

NOT THE EXISTENCE

*(Nem a létezés)*

Not the existence is the scandal.  
And not the always-bloody gauze,  
not the filthy velvet.  
But its slashing.

THE FACE

*(Az arc)*

The face as such.

It just can't be covered.

It can be seen from all angles.

Built on seven hills.

On a spine.

## TONSURE

*(Tonzúra)*

We are not pure  
and we are not perfect.  
We are late for the even-song, we always  
miss the poem. We place infinite pressure  
on one point. We pack the dirt beautifully.  
We ignore the penetrant stench.

ANTHRAX

*(Lépfene)*

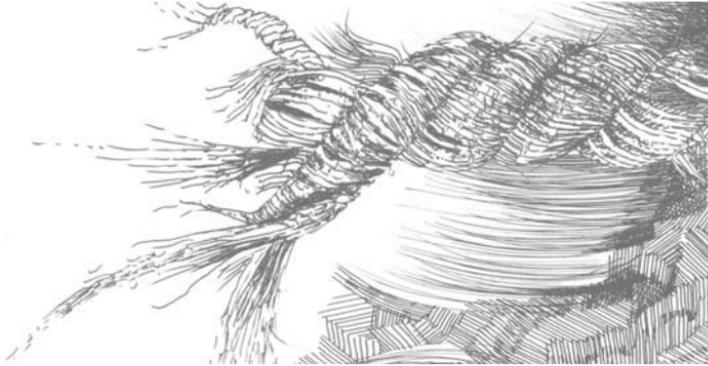
Not a human and not an animal.  
Not the unconditioned space.  
Leprous catapults in the most  
beautiful places. On each release  
a human hand. We are not  
the salt of the world. Savonarola  
is dead. Which is not Solomon's.

## HARROWING OF HELL

*(Pokolra száll)*

Between two pagans, there is always  
a third way. To stretch out in the middle.  
If we had a heart, unscraped souls, and  
if it were a blessing to die so many times.  
But the inhuman is made of human.  
And if not yet, it will be. There is no  
reason to beautify this. Every man for  
himself for thousand years. He who fears  
it harrows hell. Ascends to heaven.

# The inner eskimo





## A POEM IS ALSO

*(Vérs az is)*

I don't know if we're being shoved  
in that direction. I can feel being pushed  
and the inner resistance. Landscape is also  
what isn't creased beneath.

Poem is also what must be worn.

## RUNS DRY

(*Elapad*)

First, the frame weakens like calcium deficient bones. Then the words fall from us one by one. First the beautiful ones, then the hard ones, eventually the quiet ones. No breathing, and there is no one to monitor the breath.

The vibration which kept the world alive, deep inside. Nothing infiltrates anymore. There is nothing like *in*. Previously what was flooding, now it is thumping, uncreated. No poems, speeches, mantras, knot grinding prayer-mill. No more quarrels, no release, no reconciliation. No thought.

Of the insights only this one.  
All that was alive is unburied.

THE INNER ESKIMO  
*(A belső eszkimó)*

Ultimately, the homeliness.

Your homeliness.

Because it's easier to put one foot after  
the other, even in this human chill,  
than two letters, two words, two horrors.

As you say it, it connects. Like the glass  
bridge designed in Shanghai.

But what about the heat, besides  
that it warms, helps to survive,  
to galvanize existence?

And does the galvanized existence  
warm you up when it rubs?

## THE UNKNOWN

*(Az ismeretlen)*

*“Bigger than me” (Kiểu Bích Hâu)*

The depth, the charm of the below.  
The core-periphery. There is always  
lower, and the unknown is more grateful,  
than the hypocritical safety of the well  
travelled roads. Of arrivals. Pho soup  
and zen. In Budakalász. At the point  
of the needle. Great crowds on both  
sides of the Mostar bridge. The tower  
jumpers aspire to the deep, the spectators  
to eternity. That's how we are put together.  
This is how we are taken apart again.  
The master, whoever balances above,  
the string. The crowd excited.

## AS THE END OF THE ARTS

*(Ahogy a művészetek vége)*

As the end of the arts gets stuck and pulls down.  
Peeled sunflower seeds on the wagging lips.  
Reception is easier after detoxification.  
It's easier and more dangerous  
because it's always different.  
And you need the weight too, and the word to hurt.

*We should ask  
We must get the name, fast  
The few  
that aren't taken care of by anyone  
Who, if not us.*

Scorched stories and shortages.  
Pile up the all and the unique copy  
of all. Feel the confit of the meat.  
As it is torn apart and ruptured by hands  
specialized for it.  
Don't hiss, time is working for you.  
Bloody time: humility of precision scales.  
It escapes interpretation.

x

The end is visible.  
Only the end is visible.

It bounces back.  
Pushes off, repels. It resists temptation.  
It retreats to the mountain lake.  
Not a soul on the ironed roads.

NOTHING  
*(Semmi)*

To translate everything into that one word.  
And to live it lifelong. To write, to engrave.  
To drip into the infusion.

SILENT PRAYER AFTER MIDNIGHT  
*(Csendes ima, éjjél után)*

The end of every train of thought is the same.  
None of the thoughts are over, you pay taxes  
and you are left alone. Render unto Caesar  
the things which are Caesar's, and unto God  
the things which are stuck.  
That much of little is all.  
Nothing remains for you.

## WHERE IT BURSTS

*(Ahol kifakad)*

That certain theological place.  
Of inspiration. Where the purulent  
wound bursts. We can't put it right,  
we push it back and forth within ourselves.  
It is uncomfortable, everywhere in your way,  
it pinches, squeezes, irritates the delicate  
points. We refer to the facts which do not  
exist and to the responsibility which is always  
somebody else's. When the lights are the gray  
spots. And where the last word belongs  
to the prosecution.

## VALE OF TEARS

*(Siralomvölgy)*

A death row at both ends of the vale of tears.  
Between them pastures, meadows, many  
beautiful and healing flowers.  
Horses, half-open paddock. Clean air,  
fat grasses, beautiful carving on the beams.  
Children running like in a Netherlandish  
painting. Only the birds are missing,  
and the bees. The swallow's nest.  
The harness from the horses.

IN VAIN

*(Hiába)*

In vain you tidy up the world around you.  
You're ventilating in vain deep inside.  
In vain you believe that nothing is in vain.  
You hack in vain with chipped out words.  
Weakness is the new force. To hold on to  
nothing. And to halt feebly.

## ENCOURAGING

*(Biztató)*

*4.6% of the mass of the Universe is  
the observable material, 23% is dark  
matter and 72% is dark energy.*

I can't say anything encouraging.  
What actually is visible of this  
world is the darkest matter.  
Fury, selfishness, violence, slag.  
Thousands and billions of pit heaps.  
Well observable. Flickering lights  
in the slope. Watch-fires above.

## UNHOG-TIE YOURSELF

*(Kigúzsoltad magad)*

You unhog-tied yourself, but why?  
You move more freely in it, and it  
doesn't snuggle the sharp words to  
you so much. The outstretched  
yard stands still. They're already  
scrolling that stone.

AS IT IS PEELING OFF

*(Ahogy lepereg)*

As the remaining love peels off you.  
As long as the light peels. The movements  
remain. Vulnerable postures. You drop  
the stigma. You pick up the trash.

THE 10<sup>th</sup> VERSE

*(A 10. vers)*

They don't count in the final times.  
They are ringing the bell. On the eardrum,  
in the eye socket, in every small looted  
chamber of trembling bodies, they click,  
drill, rattle, they toss with dark flakes, silently.  
Thousands and millions of mouths roar, gawp.  
It tears its hair in the greatest silent film.  
17 angels hold the rod.  
For 17 redemption seconds.  
The bigger infinite.

17 SHAMANS, AT THE FRONT OF THE LINE  
*(17 sámán, a sor elején)*

17 inquisitors. The best company.  
Doubt is what cuddles and kills.  
The magia sutra.  
Maybe you could dance away.  
You could leave the measured body.  
But you are locked in the poem.  
You can't take anything else for the road.

## LIKE THE MESSIAH

*(Mint a Messiást)*

Like the Messiah, I have been waiting  
for you. And I will always wait for you,  
even if it seems blasphemy. But is it a sin  
to wait for the right word, and be speechless  
during fasting? It isn't silence if it doesn't  
end in speech, and it isn't speech if it doesn't  
survive words. Everything hurts me and  
if everything is stuck. If I say not a living soul,  
I don't mean you. Because there is no such thing  
as not to talk to you, it can't be. That big boy,  
on that narrow cross, he also talked to someone.  
I do not know what will happen to the world  
and how great cycles take turns. And how many  
times the plough turns in us. But I have to tell  
you what there is now. Because it exists only now.  
I don't know anything else. I don't allow that  
hellish silence. That hell of a silence will come.





## AS A KÖVIDINKA GRAPE

To survive and retain the taste like kövidinka.  
To stick to what there is tenaciously not to be  
choosy about the soil. Withstand frosts.  
Produce excellent yield, late ripening,  
keeping acid levels low. To cross, to breed.  
Always graft when bells are ringing.  
Go back to the cell.  
Straighthen up.



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His books in Hungarian language:  
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*It belongs to Solomon* (2004)  
*On the Southern Slopes of Annapurna* (2006)  
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