

The Creek

The Creek

by László Zámboreszky

☒ László Zámboreszky was born in Aldebrő, Heves County, 1949. He had Swabian background. He attended primary school in his hometown, and secondary school in Miskolc. Thanks to his good teachers of Hungarian and History, he was very much interested in literature and writing as a schoolboy. Most of his life he worked as a miner, and he was happy. He has been living in the heart of Matyóland, in Mezőkövesd, for 20 years now. His vivid writings have been published in various anthologies and magazines. His works are centered around the people : he likes the people because they are loveable and vulnerable. So is he.

* * *

His collection of poems, 'The Crook' is about a man, in which his life, joy, sorrow, hardship and his fight with his friends and enemies are pictured. László Zámboreszky, the author himself, is one of us, he is sensitive, vulnerable, sometimes he is happy sometimes he is not. His writings are a must to read, since he articulates his thoughts and ideas in wonderful poems. Although he loves his homeland, Aldebrő, his 'adopted' hometown, Mezőkövesd has provided him new faces and new fellow writers. His world and work have been enriched by the new colours and new faces of the town. He became an accomplished author and also became member of the Matyóland Artists and Friends Association Struggles in life made him wise and today he is indulged in writing wanting to shake up the young and make them to realize that they all have to pay the piper one day. He found his own voice in poetry, his own poetic inspiration thus his descriptive style of everyday life makes

his work eternal and makes the reader to reason about life. " I am like everybody else , still I am unique." – he writes in one of his poems. His poetry pictures us an ever struggling man, who is craving for love, and finally he finds his peace in religion. This is what his poems on God suggest us. Just like other poets, he is like an open book to his readers. His main message is to remain human even in the world of cruelty.

János Pap

László Zámorszky : Ars Poetica

I am like fine vine
Like Burgundy or Debrő Lime
I have been aging for quite a while
And I hoping for more time
I want to get fermented into good old wine
At present I am like a hippy
Young rebellious, prickly
and not mature yet
Still I can be cold-headed
If you moderate in drinking

The book is available in Hungarian!