The Earth Is Growing

The Earth Is Growing ‘ by Sándor Dudás

– poems –

Over fifty, heaven feels closer, you see poorly “the blue, yellow and the loved green” and the “the earth is growing”. The time of reckoning is near. In the flickering light of inspiration and experience, now it is red asters, cawing crows, orphaned mangers of Christmases, the snow in your heart and apple trees of love covered in snow flake blossoms that transform into poems. In this light, the landscape rises above space, and time opens up to perspective: over the creek swollen with snow the biblical Gedron Bridge spans, the forests of the native land are uprooted Edens, and at the perishing fringes of the village the hiding River Tisza haunts you like a silvery wet rope of Judas.

Poet and ‘ picture writer’ Sándor Dudás, Mayor of Bükkábrány, also remains the sensitive Antheus of his homeland, “whose heart is toasted on the sun ” instead of his barefeet are, and he still sees a girl with freckles in the bright spring sun. Boiling stone echos the heat of the sun. The book is spiced with his own artwork and has the same number of poems as his age.

Károly Cseh

The book is available in Hungarian!