



**July/ August 2017.g.**

**Kinga Fabó**

**POETRY**

**I'm not a city**

I'm not a city: I have neither light, nor  
window display. I look good.

I feel good. You didn't  
invite me though. How  
did I get here?

You'd do anything for me; right?

Let's do it! An attack.

A simple toy-

wife? I dress, dress, dress  
myself.

The dressing remains.  
I operate, because I'm operated.  
All I can do is operate.  
(I don't mean anything to anyone.)  
What is missing then?

Yet both are men seperately.  
Ongoing magic. Broad topsyturviness.  
Slow, merciless.  
A new one is coming: almost perfect.  
I swallow it.

I swallow him too.  
He is too precious to  
waste himself such ways.  
I'd choose him: *if he knew*,  
that I'd choose him.

But he doesn't. My dearest is lunatic.  
In vain he is full: He is useless  
without the Moon, he can't change,  
he won't change,  
the way the steel bullets spin: drifting,

the blue is drifting.  
He tolerates violence on himself, I was afraid  
he'd pull himself together and  
asks for violence.  
I watched myself

born anew with indifference:  
(if I melt him!)  
stubborn, dense, yowls. They worked on him well.  
Right now he is in transition.  
He is a lake: looking for its shore.

(Translated by Gabor G. Gyukics)

[http://www.magyarulbabelben.net/works/hu-sr/Fab%C3%B3\\_Kinga](http://www.magyarulbabelben.net/works/hu-sr/Fab%C3%B3_Kinga)

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### **The promiscuous mirror**

1.  
Is it detached or all-forgiving?  
We need a passport to get through.  
It nods us past in quick succession  
Just anyone, no matter who.  
I can rely on its detachment  
As I move from place to place.  
All those languages it masters,  
Wherever I dare show my face!  
It's no big deal who's looking in it  
As it serves its own blind grace.

2

It neither befriends nor breaks up with you.  
Though when you're pushed in front of it  
Whether you're plain or just plain gorgeous  
It frowns and takes the brunt of it.  
Could this absolute indifference  
Be Absolute? (It takes no joy  
In my bare flesh, nor is it bored.)  
In all my phases I am simply  
What seems to vanish then return,  
Part of its cosmic unconcern.

3

The distance is too terrifying.  
It could be less but it is clear  
some speck of me would still appear.  
The mirror will serve us blindly  
And whether harshly or quite kindly  
Forgets at once. There's little fuss,  
Or major choice required for us.  
It lets us do just what we want.  
Mine drops me quick without a trace.  
Mechanically wipes out my face.

(Translated by George Szirtes)

### **Keluhan Korset Luluh The Complaint of a Worn-out Girdle**

Berapa banyak perempuan kusiksa sudah? Ampun, How many women have I tortured? God,  
Berapa banyak! Dan betapa sempurna cacatnya How many! And how perfectly deformed  
tubuh mereka saat satu per satu mereka mengecil their bodies were as one by one they trod

karpas merah, melenggok dan bergaya the red carpet, swayed and posed  
bersyukur kepadaku, aku yang memilih tertutupnyain gratitude to me, I who prefer a closed  
pintu daripada telanjang terang-terang door to the blatantly exposed

(dan mereka berpura menghinaku bahkan saat (and they pretend to disdain me even while  
mencari rahmat baikk, gaya S & M) seeking my good graces, S & M style)  
memaksaku melayani mereka dengan senyum riang insisting I serve them with a wide eyed smile.

Mereka yang memilikiku haus pujian Those who possess me seek the praise  
- dan bisa jadi menerimanya - dari tatapan kosong laki-laki. - and might receive it -  
of the blank male gaze.  
Mereka memanfaatkan dan melecehkan dengan segala cara They use me and disparage me all ways

namun menyatu denganku, telah melenggang and yet are one with me, have flounced  
ke sana kemari dalam cekalan eratku about while in my steady grip  
atau menyelinap ke dalamku tanpa pemberitahuan. or slipped into me unannounced.

Bicara soal kaum mesum, aku sudah muak, Talk ingof perverts, I am stuffed with them,  
(beginalah kalau sudah masuk ke soal S & M). (this is where it comes to S & M).  
seperti di dalam sel penjara. it's like being in a prison cell.

Akulah pasung di mana kelelawar gila dari neraka I am the stocks where these mad  
bats from hell  
berolahraga. work out. Sihirku bekerja bagus I work my magic well  
dan kujadikan mereka seperti baru dengan mantraku. and turn them out as new after a  
spell.

Mereka tanggalkan aku, seperti yang lainnya. They undo me, as might anyone.  
Aku adalah yang telah mereka lakukan. I am what they have done.  
Tapi kenapa mereka memaksa meneruskan But why do they insist on carying on

denganku - ini bertepuk sebelah tangan - with me - the feeling isn't mutual -  
khususnya denganku!with me in particular!  
Kenapa memilihku kalau ada Why pick on me when there are

banyak - perempuan atau cacing - bukan masalah plenty - women or worms - it  
matters not  
dengan senang hati memberi segala yang dipunya.happy to give them all they've got.  
Semua klise, kau bisa jejakkan semuanyaAll clichés, you can stuff the lot

ke dalam satu topi tua dan menganggap impas.into one old hat and call it quits.  
Aku bukan untuk klise, tak ada yang pas.I'm not for clichés, not one fits.  
Andai saja mereka tak mengusikku, tapi dasar I wish they left me alone, but it's

sia-sia, aku dipaksa melayani. hopeless, I am forced to serve.  
Aku selalu berbeda dan akan membelotI'm always different and will swerve  
dari mengikuti lengkung alien.from following an alien curve.

Inikah ucapan terima kasih mereka? Barang menyedihkan ini..Is this their thanks?  
This sorry item. .  
Segalanya demi rayuan dan pinangan laki-laki. All for some man to woo or bride  
them.  
Sungguh menyesal kupercantik mereka ini. A pity it is to prettify them.