

Spring 1980

Requiem translated by Jascha Kessler

Ottò Orbàn

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Orbán, Ottò (1980) "Requiem translated by Jascha Kessler," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 14 , Article 10.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss14/10>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

REQUIEM

He tossed a life preserver to the young castaway in '55
a longish first translation job for the bedhopping ingenu
about this monster poem says he
it's an epic shtik you can live off it meanwhile
he'd remembered me as the precocious monkey

the years then
our years on earth
first shooting then silence is all it is
up close everything seems small-time
but seen from a distance
as though one thumbed through Revelations
between a bloodypimpled sky and burning houses
we both aged
a pair of family men

I have my notion of Resurrection
the angel reeling off the official text
took me for someone else when
he pinned the brass medal
to my rib

the afterlife 1964
raining windy
K's coming from the direction of the Tuileries
his sweater blooming as big as the Czar's Bell
its hem hanging on him like a skirt
he says *let's sit down some place before we freeze*

Sainted Trinity of paupers
he Julie and I
pooling our francs on payday
laughing as though we lived it up
and we are alive because we've invented immortality

(the kind we can afford)
a bottle of rosé

*translated by
Jascha Kessler*