Requiem translated by Jascha Kessler

Ottò Orbàn
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 sh*t* *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

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