

Miklós Radnóti

Enchanting

With fluttering eyes

Sitting in the light,

Rose tree's jumping

Through the fence,

The light is leaping,

The clouds gather

Lighting bolt comes

And it's talking to me

Up in the height

With wild thunder

With a thunder.

The blue of lakes down

Are fading, and

The surface flooding,

Come into the house,

Take off your clothes,

See, it's raining,

Take off your shirt,

Let the rain wash

Our hearts together.