

B U D A P E S T   C E N T E N Á R I U M

Az 1972/73-as tanévben a NEI pályázatot hirdetett meg a diákok számára Budapest centenáriumának alkalmából. Néhány képzőművészeti alkotáson kívül főleg irodalmi pályamunkák érkeztek be. Ezek közül egy prózai írást és egy angol nyelvű verset közlünk Japunkban. Mindkét mű szerzője bangladesi hallgató.

HAFIZ ZAHEDI:

BUDAPEST

(angol)

(From the window of a heart  
that loves her, with its all joy . . . . ,  
with its all agony.)

She plays the tune of Orphius:  
Slender as a ray of moonlight  
Like a dream of revelation,  
My chisel fails to hold her.

Valleys full of music, mountains with glory,  
She has the greatness that reaches the sky,  
In her bosom I drained my tears,  
On her lips I felt the eternal malady,  
She is a torch lighted by heaven,  
In the ashes of my heart

Evanacsent life degenerates  
Pearl of morning dew fleets away,  
She is a beautiful tune on the lips of life,  
Kings sleep on her lap, wails  
The memory of ancient glory  
She sits on the debris of her palace,  
A silent secret in the deeps of my heart, my lost melody.

She is a touch of ecstasy, enchanting spirit,  
Statue of ivory -, sculptured by the fingers of Ishten,

My trembling lips on her

She her arms around me

A token of eternity in the awakening of a dream,  
Glorious errand in the heavenly galaxy.

I saw her walking side by side  
Wearing a garment of perfumed blossom,  
With love, among violets and jasmines,  
She fills the silence of night

With music like a bride.

Bends to the grass like a lily

Who plays with the wind.

And my soul like a quail with broken wings,  
Tarry in the shadow of bewilderment.

I hear the clamour of her heart

I love the wave of Duna,

That gently caresses her.

I hear the murmur of the rivulets

rustling of branches

I love the cold wind that swept through her heart,

On her retina I saw the bounty of life

I saw the splendour of humanity,

In the appearance of passers by.

I am enclosed in an envelope of tears

She is my sorrowful thought.

In my solitude -, sitting in the twilight

I see her disappearing like a vapour,

I see tears on the leafes of a withering rose,

For I am in her . . . , is my soul.

Strong pang pierces my heart,  
when the wind dies away on the Mátyás templom,  
Wounded spirit unfurls its wing  
when the sun sets on the Duna,  
I turn home . . . . I turn home  
when the skylark twitters no more.

Budapest . . . , my Budapest from your hand  
I drank the wine of life  
Angles will not give it back,  
Nor the time,