



## (Naponta Nyelvet...)

Naponta nyelvet – álarcot cserélek.  
Néha úgy érzem: arcom már ez álarc,  
néha meg:hiába vergődik a lélek,  
megváltásra csak önnyelvén találhat.

Mert leírhatom angolul az élet  
minden rejtelmét, le a mindenséget,  
de anyám nyelvén tudom csak kidadogni  
a naplementét alkotó igéket.

**György Gömöri** (b. 1934)

## (Daily I Change ...)

Daily I change tongues, masks in other words,  
And at times it seems: the mask is now my own skin.  
At other times: the spirit struggles in vain,  
Only in my own language can I find salvation.

For I can describe in English the mysteries  
Of life, the universe in all its glory,  
But only in my mother tongue can I compose  
The words that make a sunset glowing.

*translated from the Hungarian  
by Clive Wilmer and the author, George Gömöri.*

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