



Forum: Free Express ĩ¼`è†ç"±â—è»Šĩ¼%o

Topic: Which country?

Subject: Re: Which country?

Posted by: Anonymous

Posted on: 2014/3/10 5:46:38

Yes, it was a good time in Budapest for me.

But I have to disappoint you ... I got the translation from a guy called Michael Beevor. But who knows, maybe a Chinese with an English artist name ...

Look here ...

<http://www.mathstat.dal.ca/~lukacs/ja/poems2/jozsef-eng.htm>

... and I am sorry, but ... a second disappointment. The two existing German translations seem to be even worse ...

<http://www.perlentaucher.de/buch/attila-jozsef/ein-wilder-apfelbaum-will-ich-werden-szeretnem-ha-va-dalmafa-lennek.html>

Maybe we should cooperate and translate some of his really great poems ...

Btw, you are right ... life is really sometimes a mystery. I studied a travel-guide about pubs and coffeehouses in Budapest ... and a guy wrote there ... at this place, I liked to sit and read poems of Attila JÃ³zsef. I never went to this pub ... but I liked to read some of Atilla's poems ...

Now one small request from me ... could you help me to find an Hungarian internet page, where I can see the original text of this poem by myself?

Would be great!!!

(... I know about his problems with trains ... especially at the end of his life ...)

But I love traveling by train ... and I liked the end of that poem. Already when I was small, it was always something special for me to watch the passing trains, ... and their lights in the night.

Quote:

montanius wrote:

I hope you had a good time, dagege...

World is a mystery... I could not recognize the English version (I'm 100% sure the German translations - for cultural reasons - must be better), I found it posted by a certain 'wulingqing', so a Hungarian poem's English version is shared by a Chinese name person...

Anyway, the poet not only lived, but also died by the railway line...

Quote:

lericow wrote:

(...)

"I live by the railway line. Many trains
go past here and, time and again,
I watch the lighted windows fly
through the fluttering fluff-darkness.
So through eternal night
rush illuminated days
and I stand in each cubicle of light,
I lean upon my elbows and am silent."

Some translated lines of a poem of a poet from a country that I have been during the last week ...