

Mercy

That's you
walking with your head forward
bowed, with sunken chest to the
back stuck,
like a street dog carrying blows.
Ever so often to the left glancing,
As if there was something threatening.

Alas, no, your eyes are empty of
content, the present without a
breeze is gone.

With a thin, shaved neck of a lamb
on its way to slaughter
your feet step forward as usual,
obdurate in your time, but not
anymore, since there is nothing to
protect anymore...

In your blamelessness no spite against
another blow, that's how it is, no way around.

And I ask,
Is it you, my beaten father???
A man, who has the upper hand
naturally? But your eyes saw,
what is not for the soul to bear.

And you were there.
Annihilation of hope's light.
And yet...

~

He came, known to me from end of
times, with worn-out trousers of a
sapped Pole, large in size,
stopped by me in his grim
humbleness, and I know, he
understands without words.

He stopped and said –
my name is Mercy
in Hungarian accent
and I screamed Mercy !!!

Because me,
Holy words as if unheard passed my
ears But the compassion of my
crushed father For babes buried in
mass-graves suddenly penetrated
into my heart deep more and more
until I could not bear it.

Yes, without a doubt,
this is the Mercy of my father...