

Lehoczki Károly

Bronnie

Bronnie turned back at the corner
lifting her eyes' flirtatious gloom on me
and her sixty-year-old teenager soul

brightened up like the blue ocean.
She did not think of me, but perhaps of her far country
and of some long past that I let her stay in.

I might as well have loved her
and maybe it is her that I loved in every woman
and now that her being is waving in my sight
this clear tide drifts me to my loves.

Translated by BF