

Simon the Cyrenian Speaks

He never spoke a word to me,
And yet He called my name;
He never gave a sign to me,
And yet I knew and came.

At first I said, "I will not bear
His cross upon my back;
He only seeks to place it there
Because my skin is black."

But He was dying for a dream,
And He was very meek,
And in His eyes there shone a dream gleam
Men journey far to seek.

It was Himself my pity bought;
I did for Christ alone
What all of Rome could not have wrought
With bruise of lash or stone.

Cirenei Simon beszél

Egy szót sem szólt hozzám soha,
Es hallottam nevem;
Egyszer sem lattam ot sáha,
Es megis ismerem.

Szóltam elobb: - En hatamon
keresztjét nem viszem;
Csupan azért tenne ream,
Amert sötét szíнем.

De ő meghalt egy álomért,
Jambor volt és csodás;
Ellenállhatlan buzdított
Szemen a csillogás.

Ő fogta meg szánalmamat,
Egyedül megfogott;
Azt tette meg, amit velem
Még Roma sem tudott.

KOZMA DEZSŐ fordítása

Dear Odón:

April 24, 1966

I think we are very fortunate to have such fine piece of work of literature accessible to us as this one - both halves of it - and I consider it a great privilege for me that you have helped me place the two halves side by side.

With deep sincerity,

Dezsa

