

*pocrypha*

SÁNDOR HALMOSI

GONDOLAT KIADÓ

"If there is a lot of light, we close our eyes. There is a lot of light. We can't turn a blind eye."

The settled rhyme poetry of Sándor Halmosi is getting more and more angular, splinters occur at the most unexpected places, or elsewhere, the pulsating body of the poem is breaking and cracking. It is enough for us to touch it, and we immediately sense our own „patchwork-life". This comes in handy when it hurts. There isn't a single poem in which we cannot find a vacancy that belongs to us, the readers. A sophisticated modern and near-spiritual sensation of the world, a distinct Halmosi-brand. Precise poetry, reliably measuring angelic density.

*András Visky*

SÁNDOR HALMOSI

# Apocrypha

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SÁNDOR HALMOSI

# Apocrypha

GONDOLAT KIADÓ  
BUDAPEST, 2021



*It's a Mass.*  
*Final sacrifice.*  
-Pilinszky-



# So Strong





POINTLESS ENTIRELY

*(Semmiért egészen)*

Almost all has already been said,  
moving around the many landmines  
can be hardly done, yet you could  
rush through it with your eyes closed.  
No more thoughts that wouldn't have  
detonated, no man to hold you back.

## GUIDELINE

*(Sorvezető)*

If spring awakened, the barns would  
be still there. A huge, elongated hug  
in air distance among the barns.  
Dense piles of zero scale above it,  
the continuum below. You are wading  
in it up to your waist, but I'll find you  
in the origin. Tears get in your eyes  
when we step out of it.  
You laugh when I break the line.

## SO STRONG

*(Olyan erős)*

Can you hear it, can you feel it? Our presence and the presence of providence is so inevitable, so loud, so powerful, and its grip is so close, you don't even feel it, you think there is no one here, you are on your own, left alone by the Lord, if he exists at all, and only he, the cowardly and maliciously grinning evil is here, though all is of angelic density here, and each splinter is made of light, and the first vacuum, the first empty space between atom and atom is light years away, beyond the huge curve in the wormy ash tree eaten by rascalities and other dark matter long ago, in the first man, before the first man, in the fragrant hands of a woman holding a fragrant fruit which is the word, your word that you dare not utter.

## AS MANY FRUIT TREES

*(Annyi gyümölcsfát)*

We could plant as many fruit trees  
as many times we failed and as many  
saplings would fit in my car. For all  
of them there would also be a matching  
children's drawing. And a sculpture.  
Withdrawal of words until fruit ripening.  
What could you say after it?  
Would you repeat light-heartedly  
the disgrace that has led to this idyll?

YOU ARE THAT I AM

*(Vágy, aki vagyok)*

I am just thinking of what you are  
doing right now? How can you cope  
with this much of nothing with your  
back aching. How come that all that  
is chasing you gets breathless before  
you get hiccups and stench floods  
everything. Everything, I mean neither  
we, neither you nor they. You who  
breathed soul into me, into you.  
Who said: love does not request,  
but it exists. You are that I am.  
Silence impaled.

## A MOLECULE

*(Egy molekula)*

Words possess not only power,  
but they have a history and a family  
tree. After many thousands of years  
of abuse, violence and family  
constellation they've finally arrived.

To you.

To me.

Verse rolls are on the table.

In the room the aroma of pipe  
tobacco and hot honey of existence.

Always a vacancy in the poem.

A fresh spot on creation.

Scarred.

You saw me cry.

I saw you blowing the dust  
from the soul till dawn to dusk.

THE 10<sup>th</sup> ELEMENT  
*(A 10. elem)*

Always on the road, between two cups  
of worry and silence. The world is as it is  
and people in it are ministrants rather  
than saints. And girls also collect offerings  
nowadays. He who speaks the tongue of  
verse, listens with his soul. He who can't  
slap in the face must endure slaps.

## THE PULSING STONE

*(Dobogó kő)*

Because there are no coincidences.  
There is order. The everlasting absence  
throbbing in the throat and stomach.  
The spinal hernia. Heavy-weight silence  
following the last word, which is the poem.  
Agony. The creational ruthlessness  
of a thought. The hiatus of the language.  
And to talk, talk though.

## JUSTIE

*(Justie)*

If she let go, she would leave herself behind.

If you let go, the stone would turn to  
plasticine on your flattened spine.

You are sitting on the lovers bench, alone.

Heaps of cobblestones and sand in a circle,  
the masked, dashing cutters.

You know you could be saved only  
by work and love.

You know she can be saved only  
by work and love.

Whose life is cursed with fret  
is cursed with angelic patience as well.

And for the one who has unfinished  
business hundreds of years fit in the  
blink of an eye, hundreds  
of quarantine in a smooth hour.

She will arrive at dawn.

She pecks at your window and puts  
the ginger brought from afar on the  
ledge. Lemongrass emanates from her  
hair, juice is released from her laughter.

IF I SAY IT  
*(Ha kimondom)*

If I say it, if I just think about it,  
the background radiation fades.  
Still some can hear it.  
The sensitive, the media  
living and loving in this pulsation.  
Nobody likes them, the clairvoyants.  
Nobody sees them, the clairvoyants.  
In a disco pulsation, one cannot  
hear further of his nose.  
You're texting me from the Salvator  
Chapel, adding a Master-and-Margarita-GIF  
It rings into the night.  
I LIKE it with silence.  
We will go flat by the morning.  
The whole world.  
And also those who walk up there,  
on that path above, both of them.

## SHOULD BE OBSESSED

*(Megszállottnak kell lenni)*

We should be obsessed by always to be  
able to jump off, obsessed and crazy.  
And the more the body does not dare,  
the more the soul wants. The last torn  
tendons can no longer hold or pull back.  
That certain mystical exit, and the mute  
pulsation of the source, pause. Strange  
scents. Cuts. Silent thumping of objects.  
Twitching, flash. Endless pause.  
Then return to the body, words again,  
speech mimicry. Cacophony. Gasping.

ALWAYS AT THIS TIME  
*(Ilyenkor mindig)*

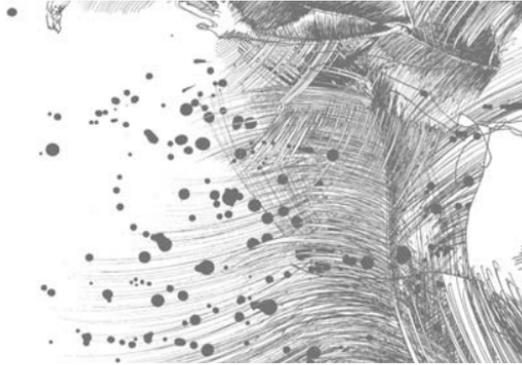
fear overwhelms me and the desire to hug.  
Yet beyond grace there is soul glade.  
It's best to fall there. And the hardest.  
Rot neither affects this. Nor the saint,  
who you are here and now.

LIKE A DATE  
*(Mint egy randevún)*

Like a date, something always attaches.  
Either the right side or the wrong side.  
Our lives of patchwork swell each minute.  
The minute is not part of the time.  
The whistle is not in our mouths.  
Confession, as always, is cancelled.



# Splinters of Sun





AMONG HOLY IMAGES AND ICONS  
*(Szentképek és ikonok közt)*

To be a man among the images of saints  
and icons in a sultry, stale hangover.  
The handle is dirty, the bedding is crumpled,  
crumpled is the carpet, on each square millimeter  
unlovingness, failure, forgiveness and spasm  
of apology. Although prior to the hangover  
there was frenzy, ventilated worlds, inspired  
spaces and the hustle and bustle of people.  
What happened? Nothing. That almost nothing.  
Those 21 grams.

## SPLINTERS OF SUN

*(Napszállák)*

Everything was bright on the first day still, clearly visible. And so they noticed the first splinter in his eye, which was wooden, and they took it out. And they saw it was good, and the evening came, then the morning, the second day.

The landscape started to rot away, only the thick, impregnated beams did not. A pale shadow was cast over everything, the violin squeaked softly. And they noticed the second splinter in his eye that they thought was made of metal, and they took it out. And they saw it was good, and the evening came, then the morning, the third day.

And the wind hissed like metal, and breathing got harder when the third splinter was taken out, which held the nerves, the tendons and the rib cage of plants and of all sentient beings, and it hurt. They just laughed at it, but they believed it was good and the evening came, then the morning, the fourth day.

And the landscape was turning grey, there was a sad rain, when the fourth splinter was taken out of his eye, or what was believed to be the little tiny shining something. And they found it was slag, and the evening came, then the morning, the fifth day.

A cold shiver ran across the field, but no one was looking for the fallen, the mass graves were silent under the heavy weight, but the fifth hand did not tremble to take out something they thought was the fifth splinter. They believed it was good as it was and the evening came, then the morning, the sixth day.

When they were searching for the last splinter in vain, they could not find it, not even with a magnifying glass. They saw it at dusk, it shone warmly, and then it dawned on them that the others were very similar to it. Yet they took it out, the best they could. Because the Scriptures are to be fulfilled. All Scriptures fulfil. And being confident of their infallibility and of the joy of a job well done they leaned back and decided that on the seventh day they will relax and celebrate. And the evening came.

## PURGATORY

*(Purgat6rium)*

I do not feel the closeness any longer,  
but my body still bears its marks. If I pass  
by something, I unintentionally touch it,  
stroking it all over. I remember the surfaces  
and the ditches stretching beneath the surfaces.  
That I could tap into people's vibration,  
and was able to sense cell division from  
the other end of the world. I invented love,  
all was trembling in the palm of my hand.  
I throbbed, I breathed together with things  
and the people trapped between things.  
Things broke out one after the other,  
now orbiting the nucleus. Hellish silence.

# SOLARROADtoday  
(#NAPÚTma)

So the loud room fell silent,  
the dull limbs numbed. Crappy,  
sly silence sits on the walls, on the  
speechless table cowardly. The light  
flows down when life stoops.  
Sparks, betrayal.

KALI-YUGA-TANGO  
*(Kali-Juga-tangó)*

If there is a lot of light, we close  
our eyes. There is a lot of light.  
We can't turn a blind eye.

## GREEK DRAMA I

*(Görög dráma I)*

You say I live in dramas  
I say I might.  
And just to add: I'm scared.  
You say that's it, right  
I say there won't be even this much  
If we pull out the tooth of the light.

Wormhole, and the other, the black  
Opens at every hateful mouth,  
In each move, that is not frank,  
In a thought, when distant, in a speech  
Not direct and in a prayer if in disguise.

*Vinegar and salt*  
*On glaciers*  
*Death of snow*  
*Cold on halt*  
*In the South*  
*Stalin glove*  
*Spurge drug*  
*Word of Patmos.*

You hear what you are  
You're gone, you bend  
at the well, but not to drink.  
All are entitled to delusion  
Samsara world, Samsara hand

If you catch me, will you eat?  
Is blindness a primal sin?  
If you get it, will you let it go?  
Make your life a prayer  
And not a prayer of your life.

The soul is lighter at dawn  
The body is lighter in the evening.  
What a joy it is that can be spoiled  
just like that  
And a world it is if you can take it  
away from anybody just like that?

WELL OF MARY  
*(Mária kútja)*

Because it's not our duty  
to make it easy.  
But to be at ease.  
However hard it may be.

## MYTH AND REALITY

*(Mítosz és valóság)*

Whether light moves us or the friction of the dark, I do not know. But I know that we go forward and the abstract is the shape for us, and the past, which can be rewritten. That we put ourselves together out of splinters, that we are lead and glass, a shiny and matte grasp. The necessary and sufficient number of white shades. Lonely cedar, silver bridge effect. We live in the Golden Age, but we ignore it. Buddhas and monkeys in Angkor. In Velem, which is Mary's, a cloak of soul.

CSONTVÁRY  
(*Csontváry*)

He did not paint Job's outburst.  
He didn't speak in his hours of  
treaded throat, he did not give in  
to temptation, to be Csontváry.  
When he was human, he dilly-dallied.  
As the monks and the great sinners  
in the lower temple do, he lay on the  
ground in front of the altar with  
outstretched arms on the white Belgian  
canvas. He could sense the almond  
blossoms in his nose. He cried.  
He left a mark on the canvas.  
The canvas left a mark on his face.  
Once he stood up, he altered a bit  
of his biography. He was absorbed  
in Raphael and the scene of Igló.  
He has not yet painted Job's outburst.

PÉCS  
(Pécs)

Behind the large Baalbek Hall, on the other side of the street are the early Christian tombs, beautifully painted – life and death before Wittgenstein. Everyone alive rushes to the sun, or to Tettye, or home. Codified sieges within the castle wall. Out of it the Martyrs of Arad Road.

GREEK DRAMA II  
*(Görög dráma II)*

You breathe twice  
You collapse.  
You don't kick anyone.  
You get up.  
Your shadowlessness goes on.

## STATIONS

*(Stációk)*

You fell because you had faith.  
You stood up because you lost faith.  
Now you are standing here in this  
energating spring, and it is splashing,  
washing you, it is trickling down.  
Breeze-drying.

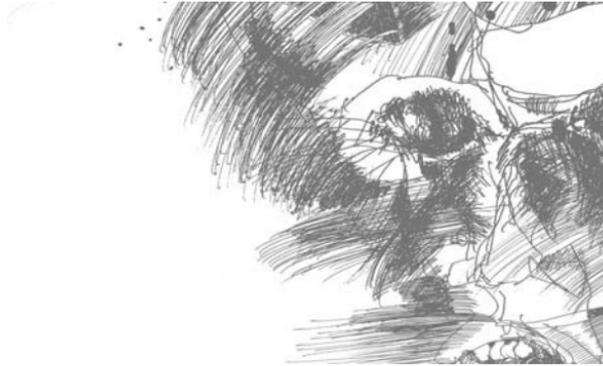
## RIGHT TO MAKE THE LAST STATEMENT

*(Az utolsó szó jogán)*

Even if we said something as our right to make the last statement, it certainly wouldn't be the last. It's not ours to utter it. A huge angel will come in fur cloak, or a wood cutter, a cantor (is there a difference?), and he'll fall down in front of us and will begin to sob. Maybe not with tears, maybe we have nothing to do with it. But when he straightens up and turns back, all the forgiveness of the world is chanted in chorus. Yours as well.



# Apocrypha





## TEMPTATION

*(Kísértés)*

No guidance can be felt, you say?  
Like the beasts of burden and serfs  
in the bloody, clenched grip of the  
thongs in front of the plough tail.  
Like angels, after briefing.

DRAFT

*(Huzat)*

You have already received the last blessing today, what else do you want? Expansion overwhelms you, the crying after crying, which gets wedged in the carpentry, but you still have to take those few steps. Look up. Those who are about to die salute you.

## APOCRYPHA

*(Apokrif)*

And they always whispered behind his back, and they laughed at him. There were times they sewed his lips together so as not to speak. They avoided him as much as they could. If they couldn't, they got at him and shoved him. He was beaten up regularly as they knew he wouldn't hit back. But they never looked into his eyes. He was ridiculed and they spat on those he had healed, imitated his gestures and words he used to say on makeshift stages. Everyone knew that. Rumour has it there was a place where even the high priests were not allowed to enter. His words were kept there by two, paid well for it. A sort of machine was there to search for contradictions in the words round the clock. Once, after a long time they eventually found one. This made them wax angry, and they got it smashed with stone axes, and got the handyman, its creator killed. (Missing). A special word was found for it.

BRUISE FROM THE INSIDE  
*(Belülről horzsol)*

If you say it, it will scrape the thin  
velvet of appearances. If you don't  
say it, it bruises from the inside.

## MERCY

*(Kegyelem)*

And it embraces you all around  
And it hugs you from the front and behind  
And taps your soul on the shoulder  
With promises more beautiful than ever  
And will convince you that service  
And mild shivering is all there is  
It gets you embraced by the beauties of the world  
It takes away the beauties of the world from you  
The lovely objects  
Which connect you with nice people  
With nice satins it wipes off the ground  
Your snout and saliva that you used to slip on  
It reveals the beautiful depths of the language  
In which you need to keep silent  
In front of your prosecutors  
It hugs you tenderly  
With your own tenderness  
It whispers in your ear and kisses you  
with an eternal-seal-kiss it has learned from you  
It steals tantra from you completely  
Asks for an autograph for eternity  
Wipes the tears off your  
Tormented face  
Caresses you

And it throws you to the devil again  
Instead of itself.

For your sake.

## NOT TO GO MAD

*(Hogy ne őrülj meg)*

In order not to go mad, you have to go mad each day. Like the huge passenger aircrafts before take-off, even on the runway as they brake they move the crucial panels up and down on the wings, test the displays, you also have to learn to maintain your soul, keep your sensitivity up to date, not to avoid anything, let the vulgarity flow through you as the red mud flows through peaceful villages. While flowing, you can be cleansed. Again and again.

ON ALERT  
*(Készenlétben)*

You don't know the day, the hour,  
it can happen at any moment.  
And if it happens once, it will happen  
again. And many times, many more times.  
What has been so far doesn't matter.  
Lime in the bone, to the waist.

IF WE BREAK  
*(Ha megbontjuk)*

If we break the bond, one by one  
we are hunted down. If we are not  
willing to become a victim, we break  
the bond. Satanic tango.

ARGENTINE TANGO

*(Argentin tangó)*

Not that I cannot stand her beauty,  
but what is below. Then I still  
didn't know it was at the top.  
Like redemption. Like the gaze  
of the suicides in a sin-soaked tub.

WHAT DOES IT KNOW

*(Mit tud)*

What does the statue know about the stone if falling?

What does the world know about God if shivering?

## GEYSER

*(Gejzír)*

If it is there in everything, it is  
in everything. In love and hatred,  
in insult and forgiveness, and between  
them, in the transition without transition,  
everywhere. Mathematically, we would say  
dense in existence. It erupts in all conflicts,  
it falls back into its infinite self.

For a few seconds.

THEN WE SCATTER

(*Aztán szétszéledünk*)

Then we scatter like the apostles. Ohm.  
We do not convert anyone, we do not  
absolve ourselves. We say what there is.  
If we are called, we follow. If we are  
squeezed, we disappear. We lie on the  
meadow. We become outlaws. We mess  
around as *Labancs* among *Kurucs*. Phat!

UNDER THE MARGIN

*(A margó alatt)*

What we do not say is written by the angels.

What even they don't pass on, holds heaven.

AS THE POWER

*(Mert az erő)*

Seeing endless fester fills you with  
endless warmth. They see face to face.

## THE FACE OF GOD

*(Isten arca)*

God's face is not in the fibre, nor  
is it in the hard core of the stone.  
Much more in the fingers, in the  
palm, in the caress. Until the matter  
becomes as soft as a thrown back stone  
in an angel's hand, the thrashed soul-whip  
after a quarrel.



# The Sky over Omsk





## CHANGING OF AN ERA

*(Korszakváltás)*

The age of symbolism is over.

Things and concepts sucked themselves with their previous relevancies, and became independent entities. Meditation objects and direct revelations. It can still bear its vacated meaning, and carries silence within it. Even the narrative I doesn't use capital letter either, and awe is not an experience without consequences.

Man made a new alliance with things and concepts, ready to announce them with no frills and tricks, according to their own laws and weight. If they scratch the presence, he will take the responsibility. If they tear the paper he tears with it. Everyone equals himself. The cellar door is propped up. The walnut tree and the table are dew covered. It's a holiday.

OF TWO WORDS  
(*Kétszavas*)

Characteristic.

Characterless.

The plough turns it in.

THE SKY OVER OMSK  
*(Omszk fölött az ég)*

The sky over Omsk is the same  
as on any Chinese vase.  
Grace is in charge up here.  
Even if you are a convert,  
or if they are converts.  
The pious passengers sleep  
in the belly of the machine,  
they rest on the fuss below.  
The flight attendant's eyes  
can see everything.  
Her cassock fits her.

MEETING A PHARISEE  
*(Találkozás egy farizeussal)*

What is outside is outside.

What is above is above.

I can divide by zero if I have to.

## DECONSTRUCTIO

*(Deconstructio)*

Spread everything throughout a blanket area, which is an organizational unit, ambulance, postman, lovers' picnic, two men band, firefighter, guardian on a bicycle, and photograph it from above. Hungarian invention. To take it apart, put it aside each other and leave it that way. To believe that's all. To think it's good. Chest opened, heart exposed, scalp peeled off and pointing with arrows where the trepanation is. The soul is put at its feet, inspiration at the corner, loathing wrapped up in tinfoil. Instrument, object, which is matter, none of it. Eyes stretched, arms outstretched. Nudity as stigma. The aura is rolled up like the Lonely Cedar on that day. The image is black and white. The aperture is infinite.

## DICHOTOMY

*(Dichotómia)*

The experiencing self experiences but  
cannot remember. The narrating self  
remembers even what hasn't happened.  
The angel lets off. The poem does not let go.

THORNS  
*(Tüskék)*

We would be poets or what.  
Who, if not us, would make  
pillow cushion out of crowns of thorns?

IT'S GOOD TO WRITE IT DOWN, TO TELL  
*(Jó ezt leírni, kimondani)*

Helsingör Black, or house mix number 10.  
Tabacum, Stuttgart-West. But exceptionally  
I didn't buy it there, I received it from József  
by mail, and it emits smoke with mathematical  
accuracy, if well stuffed. Because that's the key, the filling.  
The rest is just a passé, concentrated erotica. The slowly  
heated curvy pipe body, oral ventilation,  
and the unimportance that distracts from the middle  
of the conversation, but it is as present  
just as Master Eckhart would not have known better.  
Each word, each touch is a caress, then  
you can't even touch it, the heat what no  
men or whole nations could not control, such  
a phylogeny that cannot be interrupted at the peak,  
if you pull out the stem, it cracks. The barely visible, tiny  
cracks I'm talking about, even when I'm not talking.  
Because wesomehow always avoid certain things.  
We have to deal with it because they also deal with us.  
We have to take care of it because we have been also  
taken care of, for a long time. It must be reduced, cooled  
down together, and cherished.  
Because this is the way it's nice, it's worth it.  
Anything else is just a quicky, a substitution activity, a quick  
number, discarded butt, half minute of pleasure.  
If it has cooled, if you have pulled it out, the aftermath is  
gratification. Cleaning up, tinkering with it is just a nice  
pastime, camouflage. Release, waiting, unspeakable,  
secret context, metaphor. Good to write it down.

TELL ME WHAT DOES  
A TROJAN HORSE BRING IN  
*(Mondd, mit visz be a trójai faló)*

if your walls have been carried away  
by the years and it became obsolete  
going into battle for you  
for a final conversation  
– under the only surviving tree.  
What would you say? Was it enough? Long?

You would wish to pray, to point towards  
the sea in sign language, to stare at that inner  
point far away with eyes closed. To be  
a woman without past. Emasculated revenge  
by the emasculated man. Stand in the frosty  
yard, among the prepared blowtorch, knives  
and axes and tell to our folks:  
the pig can go, no slaughter today.  
We hug each other and we dance tango  
in clean aprons. Let the dawn break!  
Close to life experience.

You will go. You will find it.  
And what you find you won't like.  
And what you don't find it accompanies you.

And you will come back, serene, soft, tanned,  
scratched. Without words of denial. Tears sit  
in your grooves formed by salt, wind, sand

when you comfort me and when I get close  
to you. I say it's pathetic. You say it's okay.  
You love it. It happened on the plateau  
even before the dry times.

But this has now become obsolete.  
Like the pig slaughter feast.

## THEOLOGY OF THIRST

*(A szomjúság teológiája)*

Over there the beautiful rotundas of Szete,  
Bény, Ipolykiskeszi, and Bagyan, the most  
beautiful. You are the priest? Yes, I'm.  
She loves you, ni hao, and yellowsubmarine.  
What opens in you, closes in the poem.  
What sticks out of it is chewed into a rag.  
Into subjective shred. We drink wine  
under a contemporary walnut bower,  
envious contemporaries. You take the word  
out of my mouth, we toast. The wind rips  
open the basement door and those deficiencies  
live their heyday so the traces and trackers.  
The ripe fruits of Kali Yuga on the bench,  
apples neatly stacked side by side, plums,  
quinces, the silence after the buzzing-severe  
storm, you roister, I roister, little sins side by side  
to major omissions. Everything breaks up and all  
is broken in vain. It's often cold here, and the  
coldest, the warmth of separation vitalizes,  
our kingdom do not come. Yet it comes.  
It has come, it's here. You are here with me,  
with the Lord three of us already, national family  
reunification. Let's drink the last glass of bitterness.  
Over there the beautiful rotundas of Szete, Bény,  
Ipolykiskeszi. And Bagyan, the most beautiful.

## VIVISECTION

*(Vivisectio)*

If it goes on like this, you will be disgusted even with verses. You will live on bacon, water and bread. If there are any pigs at all, Greco-Roman bouts between man and his animal. And if there are any live vivisections, which is the poem.

ZOMBI APOCALYPSE ALA DOSTOEVSKY  
(*Zombiapokalipszis, Dosztojevszkij-módra*)

In the end, the two of you are left anyway.  
You and crying.  
The remnant of crying.  
The great story you've always desired.  
The exaltation of the small, dear,  
sopassing, damnbeautiful life.  
The eternity of presence.  
Then the loneliness.  
The squeak of here and now.  
Deaf screaming after the good silences.  
Because the world will be saved by beauty.  
Or by the light in your eyes.  
Or by the rest of it.



QUARANTINE  
*(Karantén)*

As it has broken out, it spreads  
unstoppably. Everything is hermetically  
sealed, the whole world moved against it.  
But all in vain.  
Love cannot be opposed.



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*On the Southern Slopes of Annapurna* (2006)

*Gilead* (2009)

*Ibrahim* (2011)

*The Passion of Lao-tse* (2018)

*Apocrypha* (2020)

*Meltdown* (2021)



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