

# Péter Poczai



## The Mirror

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**The Mirror**

Peter Poczai

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*We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,  
Of some better and fairer day;  
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal  
Are gliding and sliding away.  
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,  
But "The better" 's forever the word on the tongue.*

*/Friedrich Schiller: Hope (fragment)/*

## Voices

Tell me, what you whisper? What do you whisper?

Pricking up my ears, but cannot take heed.

Somewhere here, I know you burr

And yet I cannot see you, I concede.

Enchanted me when you were here

Tied my eyes disgracefully

And planted a bug into my ear.

But did you do it intentionally

That you let me peek?

Certainly I'll find you

Anyway, so much, I didn't want to seek.

Maybe, I'd rather wait for you

And the sound fragment revealed

Which you have ceased.

## Voces

Weave me around and obsess

Like sharp knives n' sword

Tear me into pieces

And a shred, in a wink, I transform.

So loud, they intentionally bellow?

Can't it be quietend?

Maybe, somehow

Stop for a second?

Weapons are talkin'

And their voice, I can hear.

Instead of us, they judge and determine

Just crackle their answer