

YOUTH

Thomas Ország-Land

—Where to, where to,
young and keen,
on mountain pastures
steep and green,
climbing a course
so tough, so straight:
where do you seek
your urgent fate?

—*Look at the summit
white with snow:
there to the summit
I must go,
there from the summit
to glimpse at the truth
and there for a glimpse
to pay with my youth.*

—What truth is worth
such a price to pay?
Savour your youth,
silly child, and stay.
—*Remain or ascend,
the price is the same.
It must be paid.
I pursue my aim.*

“Youth” © 2006 by Thomas Ország-Land

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006