

A rain will come to Hungary

Hot desert winds from the ancestors
That settled in Europe
In a sea of Slavic neighbors
Settles heavy over Hungary

The lid of the dictatorship
Orbán's heavy air-police state nonsense
Makes tourists uncomfortable
And the air itself hard to breathe
No hashtags but the jist is there

Used to be
Maybe three days of intense 40 degree
Heat and then settle
But a fever has set in Europe
As the Hunger stone re-emerge
So does ideas from the harrowing past
The slippery slope-slide into fascism

But a rain will come to Hungary
To water all the dying crops
It will fill up like the Balaton
The hearts of true Hungarians

A rain will come to Hungary
Towering like softened clouds
Ready to burst soft fumes

A rain will rinse Romania

Hot blood from the Dacians
So the Romans claimed anyway
In a sea of Slavic neighbors
Settling at the Carpathians

The lid of the dictatorship
Ceaușescu's police state nonsense
Made tourists uncomfortable
And the air itself hard to breathe
Public executions – the jist was there

Used to be
Maybe three days of traveling, 40 stops
Give up passport and then settle
For the routes of the Communist party
And now a fever has lifted from the land
But the ideas of the harrowing past
Must keep us from slipping into fascism

A rain will rinse Romania
To water what has been lost
It will make peace with Moldova
And root out all the Romanian machismo

A rain will rinse Romania
Europe will answer with softened clouds
Ready to burst bright ideas

Of democracy and the kind of rain
That falls gracefully and peacefully
Like the Danube, from the source to delta
Shining in certain light

Of both directions on the Bridge of Spies
Will fall gracefully and peacefully
Into the shared memory of the river
Shining in a certain light