

Moses

The movement of the human hand and the chains of the millions;
the ten commandments, ten motionless gods;
the play of the moment and the solution of the millennium.

I can see your face, Moses, and I can see through your deceptive colors;
I can see your hands, Moses, and naked is your thought;
your hand is as dark as the inquisition;
your thought is as absurd as a dogma;
your colors are fake as the sanctity of kings.

And look, I am laughing at the first of your recipes;
you are no master, and people are no clay, and the laws are no model!
The movement of the hand – and the burst of irony, sarcasm and
mockery:
the world order – and the impudent remarks of the recalcitrant minds:
god and morality – and a man made of blood, a stomach and a member.
It was the hunger that first told you: you're lying!
passion screamed in a bloody voice: you're lying!
and the thought hummed hard: you're lying!
thus roared a man and his hymn was: you're lying!
The heavens are waning as fear, trembling like an old man's bones.

You're ridiculous, Moses, and your anger is beastly:
your eyes are like the eyes of a bull;
your wrath looks like the wrath of the stupid.
Our hymn is kind – there's laughter for you in it.

Good night, Moses;
sleep well like torture machines and indexes, like Christ's blazing word,
like the souls of the kings and the consciences of the popes.
Good night, Moses;
I am leaving – invited by the sun.

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Translated by Damir Biličić