

*Anna T. Szabó*  
She Leaves Me

She betrays me, she leaves me.  
She pushes me out of herself, and leaves me.  
She offers herself to feed on, and leaves me.  
She rocks me and she leaves me.  
Wipes my bottom, combs my hair,  
caresses the soles of my feet, but leaves me.  
My nose drinks in her fragrance, how she hugs me:  
she says, 'I'll never leave you!' And she leaves me.  
She tricks me: smiling, whispers 'Don't be scared!'  
I *am* scared, and I'm cold, and yet she leaves me.  
She lies down on the bed with me at evening,  
but soon enough she slips away and leaves me.  
She is so big, so warm, alive, a nest,  
she kisses me, and hums to me, and leaves me.  
She presses sweets into my open palms  
and 'There you are, eat now,' she says, and leaves me.  
I cry and howl and press her frame to mine;  
I can hold her, hit her too; and yet she leaves me.  
She shuts the door, does not look back at all,  
I'm nothing when she leaves me.  
I wait for her return, a cringing cur:  
she then arrives and strokes me, and she leaves me.  
I need her – it is death to live without her –  
she picks me up to warm me, and she leaves me.  
Her arms make up a cage, her lap's a house;  
I'd love to go back in there, but she leaves me.  
I come to one conclusion: I'm not her:  
a stranger, she's a stranger, and she leaves me.

Out there's the world, where someone will be waiting!  
For you, there will be someone there to leave.  
Don't look back. Shut the door. You know  
how easy it is to wait, how hard to go.  
Some you'll grieve, others will deceive you,  
some will wait, others fear your lack,  
and some there'll always be who don't come back:  
they give you life, but then they die and leave you.