

*A flow, a stand, and a signing hand —
three poems, one life, ending in a name.*

The Good Magic

Let it happen — that is the whole spell.
The magic is soft, and sure of itself
the way warmth is sure of a room:
it makes it, because it just does.

Wonder and happiness walk in
as wonder and happiness do.
Rest assured, love. Reach out.
I am here, and I am open.

When she talks I let myself
be captivated, and a loving tenderness
settles down the belly,
warmer than rain.

We sleep in the scent of us, love.
You rest on my shoulder, breathing,
calming me more than calm — the soft
arc
of your back, sweat-warm in white
cotton.

You are nourishing to your last breath,
and I am nourishing the same way —
the table set, the room made warm,
feeding because we feed.

And when we hold, the holding eases —
the squeeze is how the ease comes in.
We are held because we hold:
the oldest touch there is.

We stay because we just do,
and we move like that too, side by
side —
dancing because we dance,
loving because we love.

We can breathe easy in love,
whole and close to home. The warmth
is wide —
wider than the bed — and in it
a seat, alive and already loved.

As it flows, it fills. She who comes
comes the way the magic moves:
softly, in her own time,
arriving as she is — already home.

Every love keeps its place in us,
one magic warm through all of it,
natural, and it can only be good.
Let it happen, love. Yes, please!

Steady.

This one life is. Vienna is.
The meadow is under my feet
wherever the feet stand — and I am,
and I can always take a free breath.

Selected and Signed

The field is given. Nothing here
was ever a deserving-matter.
I walk in, and I look around —
the first thirty seconds are mine.

I read the room. I ask the terms.
What is rightfully mine, I take.
Where I stand, I own the standing —
a corner is a country
when a man is present in it.

If an aircraft hangs overhead, let it
listen.
Let it land.
All of this is selected, all of it signed.
There is nothing to hear.

I am abundance. More me,
more everything. The world forms
around a man who is —
and countersigns on sight.

One life. One pen. One act:
I select, and I sign.

Aladár