

Mihály Babits: BOLYAI

*„Out of nothing, a new, another world I staged.”*

*/Letter of János Bolyai to his father/*

God confined our pure mind to space.

In this prison our poor ideas were caught:

That eager hawk, the lightning-fast high thought  
could not leave this diamond-like place.

A happy bird, I perceived and made a note  
of freedom outside of this diamond birdcage.

Out of nothing, a new, another world I stage;  
Out of spider-webs, a jailbird spinning a rope.

My mind opened up a new, infinite space  
with new laws beyond the limits of the sky.

Just like the king of an unimagined race,

I smile at you with God, as I am able to spy  
and sack the treasures of this newly found world,  
good Euclid, old lawmaker, caged bird.

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