

Forced March

The man who, having collapsed,
 rises, takes steps, is insane;
he'll move an ankle, a knee,
 an arrant mass of pain,
and take to the road again
 as if wings were to lift him high;
in vain the ditch will call him:
 he simply dare not stay;
and should you ask, why not?;
 perhaps he'll turn and answer;
his wife is waiting back home,
 and a death, one beautiful, wiser.

—Miklós Radnóti