

2.º Premio
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Dorka.

For you, wherever you are,

In whatever part of Hungary,

Wherever the sun is,

Whenever you were with me,

You were my sun.

Wherever or whenever it were dark,

Whenever or wherever it were raining or snowing,

It was because you were not with me.

As it is now, so the story goes:

As soon as I laid eyes on you,

I knew it was love at first sight.

You were on the same bus as me,

Going to the same old big city.

You made me feel English women were magic stars.

This is why I believed I will never see you again.

All I wanted was to kiss you,

To hug you, to touch you,

And more, your skin drove me crazy.

I could not say a word to you,
Every time I tried to say anything,
My whole body trembled like a sheet of paper.
The trip was over and I thought
I would never see you again.
The following day, I could not believe my luck:
You were at the same school as me.
And, more than that, the next afternoon,
You were in the same class as me!

I was so happy! I could not believe it,
But, alas, my happiness lasted just one second,
Just until you said, "I am only seventeen."
It was like the devil saying,
"Nope, no way... you must not love her."
Now, you know I do love you.
But, I think you do not love me.
But, all I wanted was you.
And all you wanted was him,
That handsome Italian boy.

I have never met anybody like you.
You are the most different one,
A magical blend of Slav and gipsy.
This is why I will love you again, and again.

Although, I think you don't love me.
Because I am too old for you.
But, like an unforgettable song says:
"When an old stallion meets
A beautiful and young mare,
Nobody can tell them,
Not to love each other."
The only thing they can do,
Is love each other implicitly.

I can imagine their strong passion,
It is the same feeling from me to you,
While I gazed upon your skin
And thought of your flesh
And mine mixing together,
Becoming one:
The same body, the same soul
As if you were me,
And as if I were you.

Though you may have told me a lot of lies,
And although you made a lot of different mistakes,
And even though I could pretend you had a lot of defects,

I will always like you.

I will always love you.

So, I know until the day I die,

I will remember you.

By Fedor Ivanovich Dostoievski Karamazov