

C.V.

1947

Cold breath of a "midMarch" morning,
vivid little kid was born, and crying.

1948 - 1949

Cacophonous background noises
violated the smooth darkness.

1950

Clock was ticking as an illfate warning,
velvet shadows washed everything.

1951 - 1960

Childhood'd been a mess, but how sweet,
vacations were just on the narrow street'.

Country was sold out, by mean assholes,
vended in '56, to the "soviet heroes".

1961

Caring mother took me to the high school.
Verily, I "did" everything ... not to be fool!

1962 - 1965

Classmates of mine, oh, they knew it well,
verve will kill me one day, I was a rebel.

Communist teachers, my very personal foe',
violently demaged my freedom-liking ego.

Cheap arguments, those never satisfied me,
vinegar-taste "truth" made me enemy!

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"C" was missing from my family name, Bliha,
"virile" cops told me "gotcha"!!!

Cruel policemen taught me some lesson,
vulgar speech and kicks for no reason.

Certainly, I learnt this lesson, but so well.
Veracity'd been shoved into the prison cell.

City life was dangerous for youngsters,
very mean regime for the "thinkers"!

Crying for freedom, out from the dark,
valueless try as a straydog's bark.

Creepy behaviour didn't mark my heart,
vocation of mine, just one ... the art!

Call me genius, this is the only obligation.
Versatile abilities kept me in fast motion.

Charcoal drawings or thousand of rime',
void-filler sparks in an oppressed time.

1965 - 1970

Catching a girl, settling down for good,
vibrations of love lifted up my mood.

Cuni was her nick name, a tiny woman.
Vibrant female for an 18 years old man.

Clean and tidy, ... what an excellent cook.
Vast, warm soul from a fairytale book.

Cuni has brought her child, her little son,
vital, four years old, cute like the sun.

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Constant coming of several, big troubles,
visited our little family at those days.

Cassandra-like lifestyle'd caused the misery.
VIPs at the workplace wanted to fix me...

1970 - 1972

Called by the "homeland", I was **THE** soldier,
verbal bombs from oafs killed my soul, there.

1972 - 1981

Cab driver on the streets, I was on the duty,
vicious nightlife of some's made my money.

Czinger István, the bloody Party member
versus me, it was a fight as I remember.

Charge was brought against me, in hurry,
vassals of the regime hurt my dignity.

Chain was promised to me, cold place
vile warning, about "gittered days".

Communist, bloody rats, they did it again.
Voicelessly, prepared a trap, in vain.

1981 summer

Cunny, I was cunny enough, I've no doubt...
visa in pocket and ticket for a jet-boat.

Countryless man was my name at that day,
Vienna, Stuttgart, we tried to find a way.

Cousine of mine ... promised to come over.
Vagarious old lady, from England, Dover (?)

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Cheated us the woman, we were left behind.
Venture after venture, eh, we didn't mind!

Challenging the fate, ... we took the strokes.
Vacuum around us, bosch bureaucrats're dogs!

Claim for asylum was given in, oh Germany.
Verdict was made, we are not refugee.

Counting nine "free" years on German soil,
various reasons caused my blood to boil.

Camion, an M.A.N., was my bread-maker,
village roads were tarred by my tanker.

1990 April
Calling by new friends we went to Australia.
Vivat! We cried out, moving to Canberra.

Cabinet-maker friend of mine, Les Farkas.
Voucheelike person. He tried to save us,

committed everything "to keep" us well...
vulnerable people need such a good pal!

Chairs, waterbeds, and stylish bedside tables,
varnished, many furniture're made by Les.

Cashflow for us, and nice taxes for the State.
Vantage for everybody, it was so great!!!

Civilised life, and not in material meaning...
viators, we were! Freedom is everything...

Check our soul and you'll find the only aim.
Valueable people to be, this was our game.

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Countless planes of mine, beautiful ideas,
various, stunning buildings for the cities,

chucked away by envious public servants.
Valiant, hungarian, diligent like the ants,

capable of anything ... yes, I am so talented,
virtuoso in every art, ... I'm not concieted.

Contradictions ruled our life since decades,
vanguard artist myself was walking on blades.

Capitol Territory, Canberra, oh, lovely town.
Venomous hearted racist turned us down.

Cancelled our right, to remain on that land,
vandalized our life, we had been banned.

Chief of the Immigration Gang, the Ruddock,
vetoed our right for the §417. Stupid bloke.

Committed such an inexpressible fault in his life.
Virtually executed me and my poor wife.

Chinese, arabs, illiterates from the Balkan,
vietnamese in Australia! They are welcome!

Comin' back from Down Under, we' got the shock,
vomitlike new Hungary, a real mental block!

Crying for revenge, I'm cornered like a mad.
Vass István is the "great", the main dickhead'

corresponding with me, in a primitiv style,
vehemently sniffing around in my file.

Centralbureau leader, yes, he is. A local god.
Volte-face follower, he isn't out of mode.

Changes of the last ten years'd been in vain.
Vultures of the nation are flying high again.

Chasing jobs, I'm 52, meeting just assholes,
very ugly feelings are in my misused bones.

Curriculum, - it means, program of study.
Vitae, - if this is a life, just shove it in hurry!

Budapest, 15 June 1999.