## **Andras Gerevich**

## **ANYTHING SUPERFLUOUS**

Anything superfluous went out the window: the scraps of his dinner, his shoes, socks, pens, by the evening, books strewn across the lawn and hedge, once even a shirt hanging from a branch as if missing a body, a singular fruit in the wind. He nailed a cross above his bed, went round and round the ever emptier apartment, treading the paths of a winding maze in his head, searching for something already dead, arguing with people long gone. One day he tripped on the doorstep as over a margin. We found his teeth in the garden.

Translated by Andrew Fentham from Hungarian