

# War & Love by Miklós Radnóti

Translated from the Hungarian & edited by Thomas Ország-Land (August 2015)

1.

FLAMES FLUTTERING...

Small flames are fluttering and slowly and forever dying –

along the bright meridians, the souls of the soldiers flying.

Souls all alike! no matter who each one had been or done

exposed to screaming icy winds or oppressed by the searing sun, [more>>>](#)