

I DON'T NEED ANYTHING FROM HERE

By László Krasznahorkai July 12, 2017

This is the second in a series of flash-fiction pieces that The New Yorker will be presenting throughout the summer. Read the previous story here.

I would leave everything here: the valleys, the hills, the paths, and the jaybirds from the gardens, I would leave here the petcocks and the padres, heaven and earth, spring and fall, I would leave here the exit routes, the evenings in the kitchen, the last amorous gaze, and all of the city-bound directions that make you shudder, I would leave here the thick twilight falling upon the land, gravity, hope, enchantment, and tranquillity, I would leave here those beloved and those close to me, everything that touched me, everything that shocked me, fascinated and uplifted me, I would leave here the noble, the benevolent, the pleasant, and the demonically beautiful, I would leave here the budding sprout, every birth and existence, I would leave here incantation, enigma, distances, inexhaustibility, and the intoxication of eternity; for here I would leave this earth and these stars, because I would take nothing with me from here, because I've looked into what's coming, and I don't need anything from here.

Translated, from the Hungarian, by Ottilie Mulzet.

László Krasznahorkai is the author of "Seiobo There Below," "Satantango," and the collection of stories "The World Goes On." In 2015, he won the Man Booker International Prize. Read more »

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