



Hungary | Budapest

“The Marble Bride”

Waiting for someone or for something, for a feeling, that perhaps will never return...? Well, I don't know; certainly it's a great virtue. I once heard a legend, a story, about something like that. There was once a happy, loving couple. A war broke out, the husband was drafted, and the wife waited for him to return day after day. She sat there on the balcony the whole time waiting for her husband.

One day someone told her that her husband had been killed, but she didn't believe it. She continued to sit there, on the balcony, hoping for his return. And she was right, for her husband did come back. When he stood before her and she saw his face, her heart suddenly stopped. She simply couldn't bear the joy of seeing her beloved husband again. The faithful wife died there, on the balcony, in the arms of her husband. And he had a statue made in her memory.

I... I live in the neighborhood and pass the house, pass it everyday, and... I don't know... the statue is somehow so... sad and beautiful.

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