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In front of the wire net

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* * *

By tempests
Knocked about In the sky –
what I believe in, what I know;
I check in myself all the time
How much differs
the plug swallowing
lack of supply
from the message of the day;
I check in myself
how the tender is put
for the soul
of the wings
trodden into the mud – again
most expensive and for redemption

Everyone can see
Everyone that, after the fall,
doesn't want to
writhe about,
stick
in the fury
of meanness,
but collect
out of the remnants of the Million
a skeleton of the pride though;
the remains of hunger that survived
to bring about with no evidence
for a look of the scissors
through the net.

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Trust

The winter sky
approaches at a dawn
Trees appear first
swayed by the wind;
through the twigs
faint lights are blinking
as if clung to something
more solid
There is no snow
Hard it is for things
to take the colours of the sky;
such an introduction
to daily bread
but they'll pick up steam
the eye will perceive their clarity

The pure blue is to be expected

Maybe not excessive
confidence above trees
to the base
The leaves will return with colours;
In everyday attempts
the garden can be clothed;
at dusk one could hide in the tree
as if in a warm shoal of leaves
sailing around corals of fruit
and listen to creaking
beyond the time of the old spin.

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* * *

Set in motion
on the route
of the thought
again and again
I knock
I don't know on what

As if in the middle of the day
with a firm step
the route
was cut by a flash
or covered in the murk

As if the wing
too close
to the net
was beating
with certainty
smaller and smaller

In the hourglass the sand
rubs against the glass
before
it grinds
the wall into dust –
the thought disturbs,
the thought
about the border
behind which
all from the dreams
available
with no chase.

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Bernini's touch

(Oh) Master of serpentines
hidden springs
from a deep bow
I can see through
Saint Teresa's habit
a hollow in
Prozerpine's thigh;
as if a faint resistance
against the abductor's fingers
The strong arm stretched out
Into the pianist's hand
– with no agreement –
penetrates the cloth
it strives for its own

The daredevil's reach split
he still supports the form of Ecstasy
and it glides in the clouds –
on a beautiful line of the cheek
of the Master's
wife's bust.

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* * *

They buy children other fairy tales –
To the wood it's better not to run now
although it is said that the smoke from the pipe
filled the haze for the children's benefit.

The haze, like a squeeze of the heart
that imposes its own version of the fable;
it holds flexible figurines in contempt,
the heart makes it flee, when
its impassioned prayer doesn't fade.

The medal weather

People folks
as if we were not present –
do something!
We are not such ones though;
although the mediocre dream itself
is mocking us – Tomorrow
without awaking

It seemed we would cunningly drink off the rains
our brooklet Vistula overflowed the banks of its bed
nothing happened
not enough disasters;
let the weather award medals
quantity posers deceive us though

it seems we have new spurs
hooves stick out from the tyres
horns from the mirrors.

A reply to friends in a foreign language

I invite you
with your acquaintances
you'll visit the capital, too;
I deny
that you will not find public toilets;
I confirm
The burning smell of the candles quenched
with urine
through some time
the stench of the Antichrist's right
pervaded by force –

But that is not all
about this square
about this town
It was erected
on its own ruins.

September 2010

The match with the legs that lost their use

PROLOGUE

Let all the borders turn
by fear out to nothing

Insolence accepted
faint-heartedly
apart from everything it flings
shamelessness into discomfort
After all, in the presence of witnesses they
turned us back from dignity;
and ever since we've been shaving
in the other mirror
through the first one
They closed us in everyday life
without doorknobs they
threw the crib
onto fragmentary life

we are still useful
to others for supplying
clinical cases for investigation:
there was a match with a stranger who does not care
about a well-integrated ally, gold
was to glitter victoriously
the stranger passed the ball
into the mud, let him get stuck
as he couldn't make a brave stand
among spectators half-funnily
as the grandstands on the marsh, too.

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EPILOGUE

Several shots hurt the silence
the stadium full nobody has come.

