
I feel time accelerating
The skin of my hands
Resembles ravines
Veins – strong branches
I bend towards earth
I seek a moment and a place

24 August 2016

A Wooden Bird on a Windowsill

Two swans through a window
A day full of clouds
A ring of black on a palette
Today Synaxarium from Mount Athos
Recalls St. Isidore from Pelusium
Who lived on grass and leaves
I lift my brush over the space
Black is my prayer

4 February 2018

When I leave
The view through the window will remain
A pair of swans in a bay
A bent tree
Mossy stones
The book of poets and prophets
A spot left by a fly on the window

15 February 2018

We march
Each with a sack on our shoulders
With foreign lives in it
Above us banners
And what behind?
A sip of cold tea
Sleepless nights
A trace of breath among clouds

27 March 2017

Awaiting

I lie on a bed by Thuiszorg Groningen
It's a gift from the rich
Previously used by many
Suffering
Their breath sweat, and urine
Left rusty traces
In solidarity with pain

hospital, Suwałki, 21 March 2017

Translated by Ew a Chrusciel



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