

*During a walk through the forest of high trees I found the
end of being.*

*A deep canyon bruises the river, constantly crushing it on
the rocks.*

*I picked up a pebble lying next to my foot,
raising it to the sky, it took my soul.*

*I am throwing me, I am falling, falling down,
a dream came true.*

But why does the eagle appear?

Why is he catching me – a stone?

I am an eagle.

A rock is falling down.

I would like to be:

a shadow of myself, of a humongous bird,

a shadow with thoughts, of a humongous bird,

a shadow with dreams, of a humongous bird,

a shadow, not a being, of a humongous bird.

I am raising up my wings over clouds,

there is a mountain, it reaches God's majesty.

Stars above my body are fading away faster and faster,

I am flying, I am falling, falling down.

Smashed on the slope of a mountain,

a mountain.

*What can a mountain do? Pour out red,
destructive seeds?*

Who should summon this ecstasy?

*Clouds have been rubbed against its
peak for ages.*

They made it!

I am volcanic dust, a fume.

Polluted air is taken by the wind,

I am in it.

*I cannot move myself. I am
invisible matter. Who is
directing me?*

*Once more inside the same
canyon, somebody is stand-
ing in the forest,
on the edge of an abyss, gazing
into its space without a move.*

*No, no, not this side, not
there!*

*I am touching his face. I
liven up his lips, nostrils,
eyes.*

I am inside me,

*I am turning back one
step forward,*

nothing exists,

I am dying.

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