

*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.*

**Andrzej RASZYK**

