

it is curious reality is composed of repetitions
shadows form a mosaic an image they repeat
the image changes but the shadows repeat
we move along
we move along we look the direction still unnamed
our feet still touch the ground our hands our eyes
it's getting harder the obstacle is getting nearer here it is

I looked out the window and saw little birds among the leaves
they rested here on their way North it was warmer
brighter the sun's radiance brought with it new shadows
then moving along I was as always tomorrow among you today

the road we're moving along is as in the evening I hide my head in my hands
the road is like the false despair of those about to sleep
we move along
we place our steps on entirely new ground bravely
more bravely there are many roads the choice where is our choice
bravely we'll still make it we move along just one more second
there in the distance a city a city bigger farther than even I can see
one leaf one bird one face gazing down at me heaven

Krzysztof Ostaszewski

translated by Wojtek Stelmaszynski