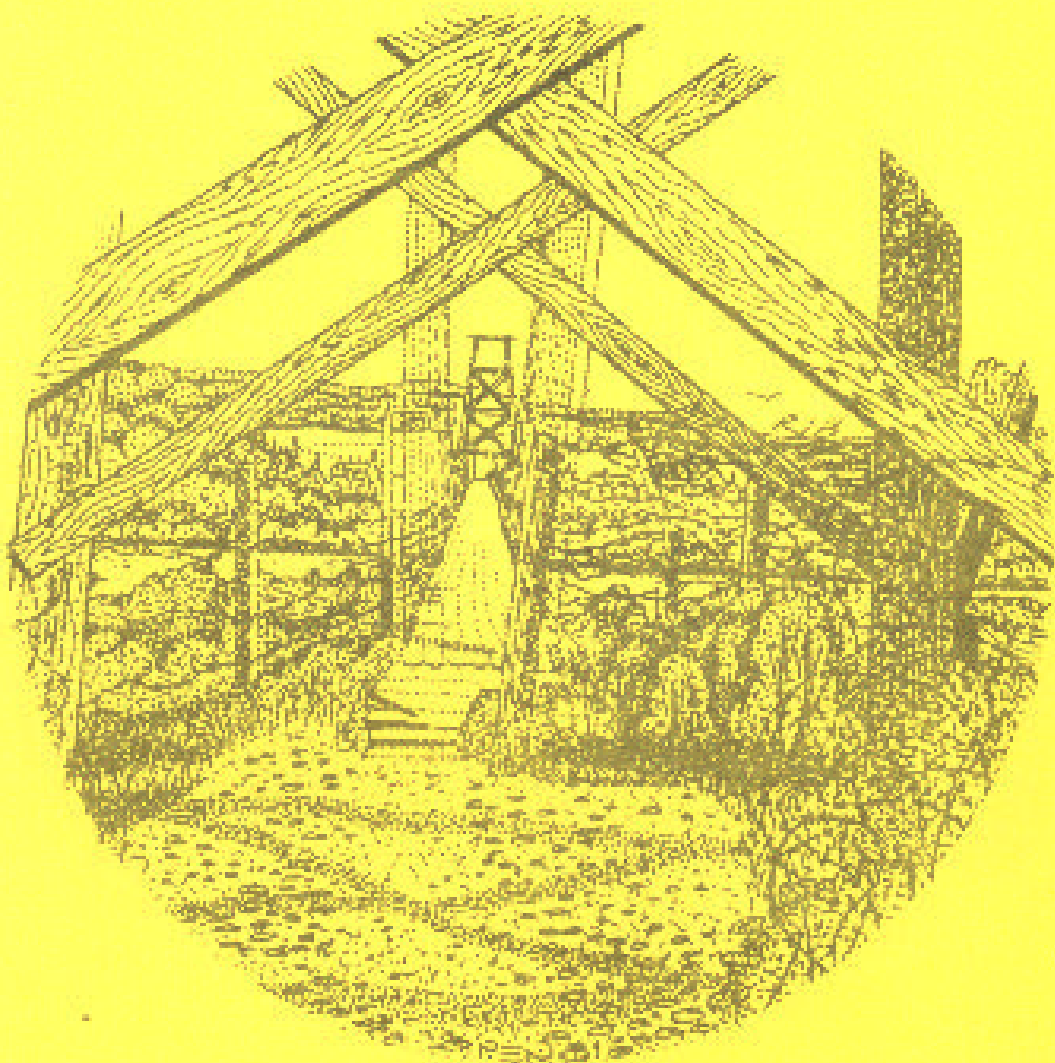
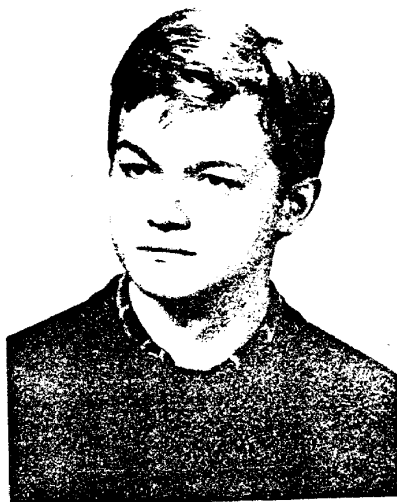


THE TOLL GATE



JOURNAL
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£1-50



Krzysztof Ostaszewski

the master gazed at me indifferently
a new living tiny ruler in his power machine
silently thoughts and fears coursed in me
silently since he might hear
for the purposes of the scientific model
and the state apparatus
one can assume that there were no thoughts in me
one cannot however
negate
my fear

it is an essential element
in this very model

Minneapolis, July 28, 1984

opus 17, a tragedy

The Marmot was there, and he was changing a short, valuable moment into the time of counting, the time of thoughts which nowhere else (at least apparently, I repeat) could be found.

Truly you run away now, you sleep now, he speaks to you - look into the mirror, is the face you see really yours, is it there at all? When I disappear, my face will also vanish somewhere inside of me, inside of time floating now throughout our fingers, throughout our dark eyes.

Oh, the great ocean (if I may call you this name, I'm mistaken so many times, the Marmot is mistaken too when he estimates the distance between you and himself) - your tender waves touch the beaches of my island. I live there quietly with my puppy dog and my unnecessary problem - I lost another dream while travelling South.

Warszawa, August 4, 1979

Krzysztof Ostaszewski

translated by Wojtek Stelmaszynski