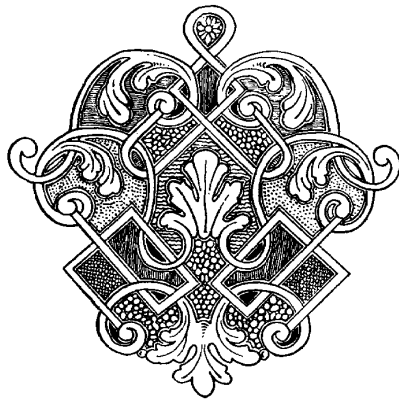




*P. S.,*

*The Universe  
Sings*

A Compendium of Fine Poetry



I am a dark cloud over the city  
I arrived, their welcome was enthusiastic  
There were dogs barking at me  
The upper classes didn't change their habits

I am a dark cloud over the city  
A man in a grey coat followed me  
I ran till my strength disappeared  
He uttered imprecations against me

I am a dark cloud over the city  
I was quiet, I was a captive on a bus  
I will be a witness, before leaving I'll fall asleep  
I'll fall asleep poisoned by a winter venom

I am a dark cloud over the city  
You do not face me

Krzysztof M. Ostaszewski

Krzysztof was born in Lodz, Poland, and has been in the U.S. as a doctoral student at the University of Washington, Seattle. He writes essays and plays as well as poetry and has numerous credits among which are: *Pytania*, *Patrzymy Na Zwierzeta* (both Warszawa, Poland), *American Poetry Association Anthology*, with many publications in Australian, Canadian, French, German, Polish and U.S. magazines.