
Because I, my lady,
In the basket given by my Mummy
Carry twelve words of truth
And for all my life, my lady
I look for a woman who allowed me
to say the second word between
the first and third one
And in this basket there are sincere words
There is the whole world in this basket
And I, and you, my lady

The nothing changed into small boat
that could have been filled
another boat floated to the first one
Both took on the shape of your mouth
after saying the words I love
that changed into the boat
filled with content
and this boat took me with it
As it usually happens
drifting in the sea cost me nothing
downwind or upwind always straight ahead
Nothing could get through to you
your lips parted and the wind was singing

/POEMS WITH AN ANGEL/ translation Urszula Smercka