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Love in smell  
goes away with smell  
it seems as  
you were going behind me  
when you enjoy stockings  
I think of the green in avenues  
when you sit down in garden house  
I want to grasp the ages  
with my mind

## THE NEW APARTMENT

I brush against  
the branches with my arms  
the trees stand in the room  
come to the wall  
the wall is white  
with high column on it  
I kneel down, pierced by the wind  
I'm praying  
so that nobody  
had to die alone

/ONE HUNDRED DREAMS IN ONE NIGHT/ translation Urszula Smerecka