

In an Unfamiliar Town...

In an unfamiliar town where I was lost
 I suddenly saw the old-fashioned café.
 The same lamps and distinct light, unfaded all
 These years. The same contour, tables, curtains, chairs:
 Sovereign duchy of a swift little waitress
 (I'd been touching her little bosom in my dreams)—
 She smelled of desire, cakes and beer. Already
 From afar I had a presentiment of
 The smell. The same buzzing of the town, the same
 August dusk, and after, the same old evening.
 The same soot on the same pane of the same door
 But when I pushed it open, the lights died out.

*(Translated from the Polish by Sarah Vap
 with the collaboration of the author)*