During a walk trough the forest of high trees I found the end of being.

A deep canyon bruises the river, constantly crushing it on the rocks.

I picked up a pebble lying next to my foot,

raising it to the sky, it took my soul.

I am throwing me, I am falling, falling down, a dream came true.

But why does the eagle appear?

Why is he catching me – a stone?

I am an eagle.

A rock is falling down.

I would like to be:

a shadow of myself, of a humongous bird, a shadow with thoughts, of a humongous bird, a shadow with dreams, of a humongous bird, a shadow, not a being, of a humongous bird. I am raising up my wings over clouds, there is a mountain, it reaches God's majes

there is a mountain, it reaches God's majesty.

Stars above my body are fading away faster and faster,

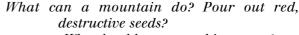
I am flying, I am falling, falling down.

Smashed on the slope of a mountain,

I become

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 $a\ mountain.$ 



Who should summon this ecstasy?

Clouds have been rubbed against its peak for ages.

They made it!

I am volcanic dust, a fume.

Polluted air is taken by the wind, I am in it.

I cannot move myself. I am invisible matter. Who is directing me?

Once more inside the same canyon, somebody is standing in the forest,

on the edge of an abyss, gazing into its space without a move.

No, no, not this side, not there!

I am touching his face. I liven up his lips, nostrils,

eyes.

I am inside me,
I am turning back one
step forward,
nothing exists,

I am dying.



Andrzej RASZYK is a Lutheran from Poland. He studies Polish literature in the Silesia University, and plans to study sociology as well. He was an organ player.