**Helplessness**

On the crossroads, I’ll sit, on the fence

To relive my dream, even hitchhike is utile

Yet, aright, my common sense

And You – claming my efforts are futile

Like mummy in bandages, in poems I enclose

For, In eternal nap may I fall

To forget, of a poet I strike a pose

Alas, false call

Mediterranean breez grazes my skin

My despair wafts through the air

And so do you, so fond of playing with your hair

Your so lovely grin

Our sin

Forevermore, every bout you thought

Its upshot:

In a way such thorough, thorough, thorough

Your memory shall play with my sorrow

You’ll go, the tale will spread

Farewell.

You pass by, unraveling my heart’s final thread

As I’m forced to watch restrained by my mind’s prison cel.

Błażej Kowalczyk kl. 3Ag