**Night**

Outside the window, the thaw are counting drops:

Fifty, one hudret. The room is dark.

The floor squeaks. That is cruel

to suffer so stupidly from insomnia.

By the bedside a nightcrawler sat

intrusive throughts boringly stalking:

„Well, get your desk key…

Well give it a try… Why bother so much…”

Rows of books: Shakespeare, Dickens.

Turkish shawl by moles ingbered.

And suddenly – all weird, wild!

In the armchair ghost. And I am playing cards with him.

A famillar prankster, this on from Dickens,

discreetly buzzes my chain.

I am giving away. My hands are shaking.

And I am playing. And I know, I will lose to a ghost.

Not a room, but an empty compartment

Is occupied by ladies, kings and aces.

By dawn I will be sitting with them,

A third class night passenger.

 Magda Zakrzewska kl. 3CG2