**Helplessness**

I’ll sit at crossroads – fog is dense,

I can hitchhike all over the world…

You all are correct – simple sense

And you’re too – at most, it’ill bring just words.

Wrapped in the poems like a mummy in a cloth

To sleep like this forever.

I look for a rhyme to viburnum’s sough,

I’ll find never.

But blows the Mediterranean wind

And the longing waves…

And you like to curl your blonde hair,

And you like pretty colors,

And cats.

And you’ll remain like this in my mind forever

And effect:

That you’ll twirl, twirl, twirl on your finger my sadness

and regret.

You’ll go away. Legend will grow, not die.

Dear, farewell.

Just like the spring, you passed me by,

The spring I saw from a prison cell.

Aleksandra Gieras kl. 2E