tttttttttttttttttttttttttttttThe wind   
The change of barometrer hands   
Brings the anxiety of dream.

Waking up you fill your lungs.TŁUAMZCENIE JAKIES TAM DLA GIT

**By sigh** which thins the loneless   
Supplies blood with joy of oxygen.

like water for fish   
  
Becouse there are tress.

Swinging by elastickness of branches.

*Crockes suddenly* rending the floor by roots   
And cracking trunk annoucers the world   
The brutality of nature.

The shell of the earth.

**Floods the body pulsing** with redness   
Giving up under the force of air.

The time of the sea trial.

Shaky flight of a diving sea-gull   
Pulls out from the flesh of Baltic.

The glare of fish scale   
Steel shadow of the ship.

Cuts the horizon by merciless stroke of the screw.