

## *Jerzy Jarniewicz*

### MAYO

the world has reached its end  
and then there is only the ocean  
moss bandaging the rocks  
salty remains of fishing boats  
invisible on the night coast

when an Irishman speaks in Polish  
about Gdansk and the night life in Vienna  
in the warm and well-lit room  
the hostess serves us salmon

the ambassador's widow  
remembers Marshal Tito  
Nietzsche provokes controversies  
no one knows for a fact  
if the novel is finished

I find my way outside  
I can hear the stream of urine  
and gradually out of the dark  
stars emerge  
pine-trees rocks and us  
pissing on the wall  
our dormant pupils widening  
with effort

in the morning when we were still asleep  
fisherman saw the aurora