

December the Thirteenth

Defiantly taut lips

For how long?

Steam drifts from forest ponds

Towards a faraway home

Smoke obscures the view

A crumbling world order

Cries out for help

The voice of *The Subversive* faltered and fell

Its spirit-scented essence

Evaporated

Touched by the winds of history like an old wardrobe

These yellowed sheets of paper under my fingertips

Remind me of nothing

All I feel

is the harsh cold

of meaning

Another empire topples, just like that

Not even sheets of paper any more

Anna Maria Mickiewicz

Translated by Tom Wachtel