

A Diet

We tell each other:

Everything will be fine

The sun will rise

Only a ray

A dense crowd

Hateful eyes

We tell each other:

Everything will be fine

A poem is enough

To forget

About the dry bread

We tell each other:

You will survive

A day will come

When someone

Will reach out their hand

And take you

To the land of a magic

Dream,

A happy feast

But now

We tell each other

*Anna Maria Mickiewicz*