

POETRY

# Speaking of the end

by Norbert Góra



"The Skeptic Murder of Crows" by Brett Stout

Once this body  
aroused admiration,  
synonymous with  
the beauty of Aphrodite,  
the splendor of Adonis,  
now everyone  
turns their eyes  
when the finger of time  
touches the skin.

It was so easy to be jealous  
at the sight of full breasts,  
twitching muscles,  
accelerated breathing,  
then the seeds of contempt  
grew in the heart of those  
who had once marveled  
at the flesh like a miracle.

A man, naive in praise  
for fast passing moments,  
closes the eyes,  
clogs the ears  
when it comes to the inevitable,  
a short way is  
from power to dust —  
at the end of days  
the soul is the most beautiful.