POETRY

Speaking of the end

by Norbert Góra



"The Skeptic Murder of Crows" by Brett Stout

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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.

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