

Zdzisława Sońnicka, Memory

Midnight,
Not a sound from the pavement
Has the moon lost her memory ?
She is smiling alone
in the lamp light the withered leaves
collect at my feet
And the wind - begins to moan
Memory,
All alone in the moonlight
I can smile at the old days
I was beautiful then
I remember the time I knew what
happiness was
Let the memory live again.
Every street lamp - seems to beat
a fatalistic warming
Someone mutters and a street lamp
sputters and soon it will be morning
Daylight
I must wait for the sunrise
I must think of a new life
And I mustn't give in
when the dawn comes tonight will be
a memory too
And a new day will begin.
Burnt out ends of smoky days,
the stale cold smell of morning
The street lamp dies, another night
is over, another day is dawning
Touch me
It's so easy to leave me
All alone with the memory
Of my days in the sun
If you touch me you'll understand
what happiness is
Look - a new day has begun.