

L U L L A B Y

I finished my flight or is it a beginning
from the peak of this birch in the air - - -

I weigh her vanishness - already she flies
over me, with her little hands lower
in the great light - every day other - - -
Thou are a down - the daughter of to morrow.

Crossing the wind I even lightly
a sun's beam forget in their hair
he shines longer - out the evening
little daughter

brings up in the sky on my hands.
I will rock you lower : in the target of a sunflower.

Uebersetzung aus dem polnisch
H. Devechy