

ARTUR GRABOWSKI  
TRANS. CHARLES S. KRASZEWSKI

**Door in the window**  
*(a portion of an old piece)*

I'm staring at an empty door  
through a window opened deeply  
into thick branches of silver spruce.  
I'm ogling you, Sun, watching you caress  
the unresponsive handle, while she returns  
You your own radiant smile.  
And I'm a little jealous, and a little  
happy, that even You, even You  
must wait on the porch, for Matter won't let you in.