

**Barbara Aleksandrowicz**

## LIKE MOUNTAIN STONE

Like mountain stone, I am speechless  
Like the threshold of my house,  
Or the most trivial thing in the world,  
A dull knife with a twisted handle.

Like those empty pitchers  
Waiting impatiently for milk, I shake,  
Like a driven pale into the ground,  
Or a fine-chopped branch of a tree.

Like an ingot cut by red heat, I am  
Like thunder or resounding stone-pit,  
Like a pigeon in falcons' clutches,  
Like a fugitive hare at a chase time.