



Jacek CUDNY

THE PREDICTION

Once the pansies deceived me.

Two young blighters – maybe three –
called my name and told me this:

„The best fortune-teller is
someone who is very close
- the queen of us – scarlet rose.”

I was curious. That is why

I met the rose. I said : „Hi!

„Sweetheart , what will hap me soon?

‘Cause you predict the fortune
tell the truth. Ready to serve?

She said: „What! You have a nerve!”

Then this garden, scarlet rose

right adopted lofty pose

like a queen on golden throne

and said something in this tone:

„Mistake! Wrong address and way!

You made me blue. So I say.

Divination is folk job!

For the planet, for the glob

I am noble garden’s dweller.

That is why, the fortune-teller

doesn't suit to my prestige!
But ... just for you – as you wish -
I will forecast something true.
Read my lips! Look! I am sure.
Soon the sewer visit you."

I asked: „What for and why her?"

She said: „To make the repair
because you have torn - dear friend -
on my spines, your lovely ... pants. "