P.L.,
The Universe Sings
A Compendium of Fine Poetry
I am a dark cloud over the city
I arrived, their welcome was enthusiastic
There were dogs barking at me
The upper classes didn’t change their habits
I am a dark cloud over the city
A man in a grey coat followed me
I ran till my strength disappeared
He uttered imprecations against me
I am a dark cloud over the city
I was quiet, I was a captive on a bus
I will be a witness, before leaving I’ll fall asleep
I’ll fall asleep poisoned by a winter venom
I am a dark cloud over the city
You do not face me

Krzysztof M. Ostaszewski

Krzysztof was born in Lodz, Poland, and has been in the U.S. as a doctoral student at the University of Washington, Seattle. He writes essays and plays as well as poetry and has numerous credits among which are: Pytania, Patrzymy Na Zwierzeta (both Warszawa, Poland), American Poetry Association Anthology, with many publications in Australian, Canadian, French, German, Polish and U.S. magazines.