

Votum, Me in the Dark

nie można ujawnić siebie bez wyrzeczenia
one cannot discover oneself without sacrifice
Michel Foucault

She finally made it a walk outdoors
Just to give this world a glance.
With an anxious sigh, she squirted eyes
From the sun.

Dressed for an alien from head to toes
So that secrets still be safe,
Underneath the cloth the lines entwined
Into a beastly pathway.

There is a chance
I could pass unnoticed,
Evening shades are growing darker over me.

There is a chance
That no one should see me
As I'm despaired looking for
Me in the dark.

People can be cruel, and well did she know
They would never let her be.
Those suspicious looks, and wide open eyes
With terror.

She swiftly paced the streets at night and
Felt almost like she felt before,
But underneath the cloth, the lines would crawl
To surface unwanted.

Dawn approaching, she quickened up to
Prison-home-sweet home.

There is a chance
I could pass unnoticed,
Evening shades are growing darker over me.

There is a chance
That no one should see me
As I'm despaired looking for
Me in the dark.

So many things beyond my grasp
I'll never feel again the envious looks in women's eyes,
Smiles on children's faces when I smile