

## *Ode to the House Across the Street*

In the morning, when sleep has not yet released me completely,  
I come up to the window and draw the curtains.  
"Good morning," I say mentally to the House across the street.  
This House across the street has crept into my life somehow imperceptibly.  
Many years ago, when we bought our own house,  
I did not sense that we had bought the House across the street as well.  
Perhaps back then we did not notice many things —  
we were in too much of a hurry.  
We hurried to work, to visit friends, to the theatre.  
Now we have more time to look around.  
I sit in an armchair with a book, and when I look up,  
I see the House across the street.  
It has stood here forever, being the embodiment of the eternity  
that I can picture to myself, this House across the street.  
It has grown into the ground, as have the trees all around.  
And the House across the street changes together with these trees.  
Like them, it is covered with snow in Winter.  
And in Summer it is surrounded by the greenery of bushes and flowers.  
~~In the Fall, when all becomes naked under the wind, the House across the street~~  
suddenly steps forward and edges closer to my window.  
Then I can see the outline of objects inside:  
plants huddling against the window, water flowing out of the little fountain.  
I know that this is an aquarium with goldfish.  
Although we are well acquainted with the two kindly owners,  
the life that goes on behind the windowpanes of the House across the street  
is a mystery to me, as is, by the way, any life behind other people's windows.  
Evening comes, and the western sun begins to dip closer  
to the House across the street.  
A raspberry-coloured sunset lands on the roof of the House across the street.  
I stand by the window and see Emily and Lisa, sitting in their cozy armchairs.  
They don't see the splendor of the sunset.  
I gesture to them, trying to get them to come out and admire the picturesque sky  
and their own House against the background of the fiery sunset.  
And when dusk sets in, and all colors gradually fade,  
lights go on in the House across the street.  
And then we can see each other well and wave good-bye.  
Good night, House across the street..!