

## CENTRAL STATION

What drove them to come here, among the tables of the station's chrome and coarse design with its foreign lexis ("latte", "donat", "mocha") and apparent comfort? What important holiday - granddaughter's first communion, godson's wedding? - drew them from their apartment by bob and cap, tossed them from one ticket office to the next and had their green valise of ordinary things rumble across the Central Station's slabs?

He, with an elegance a trifle lower class, she in her "facial shoes", he carrying her golden-patterned cream handbag, she telling him: "Staś, you'd prefer..." - a loud shout interrupts - "...wouldn't you? Take this chocolate, then." What culture did create her antediluvian hairdo, his neckerchief, her unfashionable jacket? They're like a pair of tritons that some capricious current has washed up on the coast of cast-out material, an heraldic relief you find, surprised, between the logos of Reserved and Empik.

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*translated by Wojciech Maślarz*

*courtesy of New Europe Writers*

