

Turbo, Rozkosz i b

In the midst of night
A nuclear pile bums with glowing lights
You are not alone.
With the trembling hands
You are touching a white breast
Touching with your lips in blazing kiss.
Violence around you, clouds bring no rain
over the asphalt jungle - pleasure and pain
wine of euphoria rules on the stage,
hunger condenses in painful rage.
Pleasure
pleasure - if you want
bodies
bodies - if you want
pleasure
pleasure - if you want
colour of breasts as you wish.
The smile of pleasure
Of half-naked dames
standing there - nameless, with no traits
and dates,
their mocking smiles when they find you weak-
you won't get anything just free.