Restaurant Ghosts of Sądowa Square

A spiritual force brings Calm to Sądowa Square
If I had been an automaton
Its magnetism wouldn’t let go
(Not that flesh is that much less magnetic)
They say that ghosts cause a ruckus
They pilfer our libraries with their slime
Their souls come from passive beings
Who wandered through life with hardly
a smile to compensate hospitality
It is natural then that the restaurant ghosts
of Old Silesia, once loud and rowdy with discourse,
Have the opposite effect:
Now Sądowa Square is calm
I hear nothing, even when everything utters
I see green in the forefront, not behind
And the ghosts of restaurants, of writer-filled cafés
Drifting from margin to margin
But in this case
They are at peace