



Arkana linii życia

Arcana of the life lines

Artur Chabrowski

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Reverse: Anagram of Comprehension

The one who reads backwards will understand. Being fights with a rose, and a rose – a lush, beautiful rose. That's the only thing she can do. The greatness of the challenge of the drunken watchman. Angel, thank you. The future changes a lot from the one who killed anger in the past. Anger is not about the future. In her she only in the past.

In the past, she's only in it. The future is not about anger. Anger has been killed in the past by the one who changes many things in the future. Thank you, angel. Only she can do that. A beautiful rose, a lush rose, and the being fights with the rose. He will read backwards the one he understands.

Rewers: Anagram zrozumienia

Zrozumie ten, który od tyłu przeczyta. Jestestwo walczy z różą,
a róża – bujna, piękna róża. Tak tylko ona potrafi. Wielkość
wyzwaniem pijanego stróża. Aniele, składałam podziękowania.
Przyszłość wiele zmienia ten, który w przeszłości zabijał złość.
Złość nie dotyczy przyszłości. W niej ona tylko w przeszłości.

W przeszłości ona tylko w niej. Przyszłość nie dotyczy złości.
Złość zabijał w przeszłości ten, który zmienia wiele przyszłość.
Podziękowania, składałam aniele. Potrafi tylko ona tak. Piękna
róża, bujna róża, a z różą walczy jestestwo. Przeczyta od tyłu
ten, który zrozumie.

o: Adiotism

I've always wondered. Why, when things are going well in my life, there has to come a moment when everything falls into oblivion. I don't remember a lot of people anymore and I don't want to remember a lot of people anymore. As soon as something peaks in my life, when I trust a person, there comes a moment when someone messes everything up. I can't imagine how other people can put up with it. Does what happens to me also happen to them? Cognition, trust, foundation, and then suddenly a boom and a lack. My biggest regret is that I can't predict it and keep my distance when something like this happens. Maybe I'm talking too much, so you can gut me like a dead fish and when I start to stink at the fish stand, smoke me and put salt in my eyes and expose me so that some adiot can impale me on a stick and eat and spit

out what's left.

The vortex of oblivion is very creative after all. He creates a semblance of oblivion. And because it's creative, you go through everything from the beginning. From the beginning you want to remember, then he hurts you, and in the end you want to ruin your acquaintances again. And so on and so forth. Creative betrayal, creative slander that goes with you to the grave. And even further. Not all of me am going to die, he says, and he makes it official issues for the enemies who were your friends that I am bad after all, even though a smaller circle of friends say otherwise. Am I evil? No. I become angry in the eyes of my old friends because some scoffer has accused me of doing what I am not capable of.

Can anyone save me and wash away my disgrace in which, someone completely unknown to me, has plunged me up to my neck like a pig in shit. However I'm not a piglet who would

be happy about that. I'm guessing, I know for sure, that someone didn't want me to communicate with certain people. I just don't understand why? Have I said too much about myself? Was it because I said something my friends shouldn't know? Is it a punishment that I was naive and wanted to share my knowledge?

Punishment, knowledge, disgrace, the whirl of oblivion, friendship, enmity. Can punishment come during four hours of carefree? Can knowledge be fatal to use? Can your friends become enemies in a matter of hours? This is a mistake. And the vortex of oblivion swirls and whirls, not allowing you to forget, in spite of everything. All I have to do is explore what I have left to discover. Thoughts, words, deeds. Far away from the acquaintances I have met, whether they are friends or foes.

Everyone has their own problem. God grant that I stop having

a problem just like they don't have problems because of what happened to them, what happened to us. Make me insensitive to other people's slander. Give me the strength to at least be able to forget. As I said, everyone has their own problem. Everyone is healthy crazy if they want to look for friends where I found them. And I lost. People have their complexes. The worst of these is the distrust complex.

What is adiotism? Is it a lack of trust? Or is it just a lie that has fallen on good ground? First of all, it is a slander that inflicts harm on someone you like, because it states that you as a subject have never been honest with the person who liked you. Adiotism is a double slander because it hurts both of us. adiotism is impeccable in itself. Because when it comes as a slander to both people to whom it is subject, it does not hurt itself at all. He is a perfect example of perfect evil.

Adiotism is also a sensory disability. People who like to cheat,

steal, in a word, take pleasure in doing evil, are usually adiotic. When someone has a sensory disability, their soul is hidden in the basement and their conscience is hidden in a closet. It is said that angels have no feelings. Those who have fallen have also lost their trust and obedience to God. Can I blame someone who has no feelings? Who doesn't have trust? Which one listens only to someone who bares his fangs against the truth?

A friend and a friend obey each other because they know that no one can separate them. If they don't have that quality, then they're not friends. Adiotism exists in many people. And it is only through rehearsals that you can prove that you are not an adiot. Only then can you prove that you are a friend or not.

There will always be a moment in my life when it marks a trial against me and my good friends. It's always been that way. And always none of us could stand the test. Breakups are

painful. More painful, however, is parting with a supposed friend. It is even more painful to be parted every day, over and over again. This can lead to unpleasant side effects. Namely, physical effects. Although the psyche suffers constantly, which in itself is unnatural, because suffering is meant to disappear after some time and teach us how to deal with it in the future, the physical side can still suffer from a heart attack or stroke or a stomach ulcer. Therefore, I have to give up the pleasure of meeting some people I like who hate me. Have they become idiots? I do not know. It is possible that they have become the victim of some perfidious idiot. So I express what they do, and I respect them very deeply in my ass, although the heart may suffer along with the soul, I have to separate myself from these sufferings.

My heart is still beating, my pulse is still racing
In this overly conscious and hard pursuit.
There's no cure for it, there's nothing for it

For everything is nothing, nothing... and hyc.

I'm turning into a rabbit roasted on the fire of my own
stupidity.

When my hope, love, and faith were buried by sinful beings.

Could I chase these wasps away,

Which turned fingers into sharp scythes?

o: Adiotyzm

Zawsze się zastanawiałem. Dlaczego gdy już w moim życiu idzie dobrze, musi przyjść taki moment, w którym wszystko wpada w wir niepamięci. Nie pamiętam już wielu ludzi i wielu ludzi już nie chcę pamiętać. Skoro tylko coś szczytuje w moim życiu, gdy ufam jakiejś osobie, to przychodzi moment, w którym ktoś wszystko psuje. Nie mogę sobie wyobrazić jak mogą znosić to inni ludzie. Czy w ogóle im przytrafia się to co mi? Poznanie, zaufanie, podstawa, a potem nagle trach i brak. Najbardziej żałuje tego, że nie potrafię tego przewidzieć i mieć dystans, gdy już coś takiego się stanie. Może za dużo mówię, dzięki czemu można mnie wypatroszyć jak zdechłą rybę i gdy już zacznę śmierdzieć na stoisku z rybami, uwędzić mnie potraktować solą w martwe oczy i wystawić na widok, by jakiś adiotą mógł mnie nadziać na kijek i zjeść i wypłuć to co już pozostanie.