

Contemporary Writers of Poland 1

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Contemporary Writers of Poland

Anthology

Edited by Danuta Błaszak

Dreammee Little City 2005

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Danuta Błaszak

Introduction

Poland is the country that defeated communism. Poles love freedom and very special strong individualism is typical of them.

The Anthology is thus a wide presentation of contemporary writers of Poland - a generation after two recent Nobel Prize winners with Polish backgrounds Milosz and Szymborska.

The Anthology consists of two parts: poetry and a few short stories. Poems seem to be more popular in Poland. The second part is rather complementary than a separate presentation of the country.

The poems in the Anthology contain an explicit message for readers. They are not only a linguistic game even with professional linguistic attributes. The poems and the short stories are not a linguistic joke - so one can get the message.

Pope John Paul II was from Poland - he was a poet and he is presented in the Anthology. Some catholic values typical of Poland are presented here: Jesus seen as love and connection with God. The Pope stressed ecumenism and respected other religions and other ways to God.

The Pope stressed family values and his attitude is somewhat contrary to the popular global trends of the population's size reduction. Another value is the

celebration of Christmas Eve the most important Polish holiday when nobody can stay lonely. One can find the Christmas topic in many Polish poems ex.: Danuta Ruminski Bohdan Urbankowski Aleksander Nawrocki. The Anthology contains a few poems honoring mothers. Anna Tomaszewska begins her poem with "My mother feels the smell of earth keeps talking about it". Danuta Ruminski's poem "The essence of Mother's magnolia" is another example.

There is at least one poem honoring an abusive father. According to this time values it is not abuse just love with high level of emotion and severe discipline.

Moving or buying new houses – was not a Polish tradition. Even during communism Poland was allowed to keep private property. Private agriculture was a base of Polish independence. The cult of the land generates strength and reflection love for nature and local patriotism naturally extended to global values. Emigration (from Poland) was not an easy decision especially a few years ago when the globalization trends were weaker. One can find the uneasiness of this decision in many emigrants' poems accompanied by new discoveries and new understanding. Writers living outside Poland are among others Adam Lizakowski Anna Frajlich Danuta Ruminski Danuta Kosk-Kosicka Włodek Holsztyński Sławomir Popiel (U.S.A.) Barbara Kobos-Kamińska Leslie Kot (Sweden)...

One can find in most poems of Poland harmony with nature. Ex.: "I came to love with a moon" (Maria Duszka) "from my house the Narew river looks sad lazy boiled over" (Stanisław Stanik) or "Krubiński garden/ Like a table covered with lace/ Festive quiet..." (Stanisław Kęsik)

The Anthology is important also as an issue catching Poland before the borders disappear. I present the contemporary country and simultaneously some fleeting values of Poland.

The Polish culture is spread through the world. Paradoxically it is still isolated in small countrysides – with countrymen discussing the ancient philosophies and modern art. Poland is still famous for its higher education. Polish writers feel empathy to the world and answer immediately to current events. For example: Barbara Kobos-Kamińska writing about Tsunami.

Who are the writers of Poland? The definition is easy if we assume simultaneousness: Polish writers living outside Poland ex.: being Americans and also Polish being Swedish and Polish; Jews from Poland including those who had to leave Poland in 1968. The Anthology presents some poems written by Vladan Stamenkovic from Yugoslavia who now lives in Poland and writes in both languages. Teresa Kaczorowska writes about the definition ("Other Polish Poets").

Individual biographies are excluded from the Anthology. The main goal is to show some trends and characteristic not introduce individuals. However I can recommend each writer as great and worthy of important individual research. I am proud that I can publish their poems and short stories in the Anthology.

The geographical position of Poland between Germany and Russia has a special meaning for freedom loving Poles. Some poems talk about Siberia.- the cold prison in Russia. For example: Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney "SIBERIA 1940" my poems "Alonuszka - Siberian girl" (D.B).

Political consciousness accompanies daily minutia of Poles and it is present in the Anthology. Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka dedicates her poem "In memory of six million Polish citizens killed in WW II". Jerzy Czajkowski mentions about "Dead weight in the leg/ and decease of history". Barbara Osuchowska writes

"Taken by emigrants
 From tombs of parents
 There is a stone
 With which David
 Will hit Goliath "

Poland was attacked in 1939 by Germany and Russia. Poland was the first country who decided to fight for freedom. In 1945 the Yalta conference betrayed Poland into Russian protection. During a few decades Poland was

isolated from the West culture and English wasn't popular. Publishing the Anthology was not possible without help of those who know English of poetry.

Who translated this poetry?

Barbara Voit – translated difficult poems of the bests: Jerzy Czajkowski presented history of Poland; the famous poem by priest Jan Twardowski “Let’s hurry to love people ‘cause they leave so soon/ Only their shoes and deaf phone remain” Vladan Stamenković and Marta Berowska. Berowska is a creator of a new style of poetry – writing cycles of poems like chapters of the book strengthening the message.

Danuta Ruminski – helped in editing and translated the best: Bohdan Urbankowski famous Marek Wawrzkievicz and Ela Galoch. Ela Galoch who wins most contest awards, and writes very rich Polish language which is very difficult for translations.

Andrzej Osóbka – translated most of the poems included in the Anthology. He translated the best poets maintaining their high academic level. I cannot imagine the anthology without his help.

Malgorzata Bruździńska – translated poems by John Paul II.

Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka – translated Ernest Bryll and Lidia Kosk and promotes Polish culture in the USA.

Ula de B. – translated some poems of Aleksander Nawrocki and Bohdan Wroclawski.

Lilla Latus – translated poems by Stanisław Kęsik – written with rich language that expresses typical for time and place empathy to people as harmony with nature.

Susan Rippe – translated poems by Barbara Osuchowska and helped in the edition.

I did not mention here all of those who helped. Reading the poems one may look at the names and think that without their help poems the Anthology wouldn't exist wouldn't present the country isolated through decades from the Western culture where people did not speak English.

I present below those who translated poems by famous poet - Anna Frajlich:

Thomas Anessi is currently a graduate student at Columbia University working toward a Ph.D. in Polish literature.

Joanna Clark is a freelance writer and translator affiliated with Princeton Research Forum. Her work appeared in The Nation POLIN The Polish Review and numerous Polish language publications. She holds a Ph.D. in comparative literature from The University of Pennsylvania.

Regina Grol is a Professor of Comparative Literature at SUNY-Empire State College in Buffalo. A scholar and literary critic she is also an accomplished translator.

Great thanks to Agnieszka Herman for the design of the book cover.

Exceptional thanks to Danuta Ruminski for help in editing the book.

Warm thanks to the people who helped in shaping this first edition of the Anthology: Wiesław Ciesielski, Jerzy Fryckowski, Jerzy Czajkowski, Adam Lizakowski, Courtney Hall, Sławomir Mike Popiel, Lidia Kosk, Susan Rippe, Barbara Voit, Aleksander Nawrocki, Marek Czuku, Artie Patel, and Laura Alcover.

The young people living in Poland now enjoy open borders and globalization. As I mentioned before I present the contemporary country and simultaneously some fleeting values of Poland often the mature generation that mostly does not speak English. I'm happy that I had a chance to study literature in English in Orlando Florida. Thanks to my professors that offered me great knowledge: Diane Orsini, Janet Bamford, Dave Rogers, Bijan Moeinian, Stephanie Freuler, Neil Sebacher, Paul Licata, Rob Rigney, William Creamer, Jovan Trpovski, Deborah Howard, Susan Dauer, Jeffery Donley, Paul Chapman, Steve Hardesty, and James Lee.

1. POETRY

Adam Lizakowski
Aleksander Nawrocki
Anna Frajlich
Anna Kajtoch
Anna Tomaszewska
Anna Elżbieta Zalewska
Barbara Kobos-Kaminska
Barbara Osuchowska
Barbara Piasecka
Barbara Wągiel
Bartosz Muszyński
Bohdan Urbankowski
Bohdan Wrocławski
Danuta Błaszak
Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka
Danuta Ruminski
Dariusz Pacak
Ela Galoch
Eleonora Kroczyńska
Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney
Ernest Bryll
Ewa Kaczmarzyk
Ewa Kajtoch
Hania Smuga
Jan Paweł II (John Paul II)
Jan Towarnicki
Jan Twardowski
Janusz A. Ihnatowicz

Jerzy Czajkowski
Jerzy Dąbrowa-Januszewski
Jerzy Fryckowski
Jerzy Lechita
Juliusz Erazm Bolek
Katarzyna Brzóska
Krzysztof Gąsiorowski
Lech Lament
Leslie Kot
Lidia Kosk
Lilla Latus
Małgorzata Karolina Piekarska
Marek Czuku
Marek Wawrzekiewicz
Maria Duszka
Marta Berowska
Mirosław Kościeński
Stanisław Kęsik
Stanisław Stanik
Teresa Kaczorowska
Tomasz Hrynac
Vladan Stamenković
Wacław Pomorski
Wiesław Janusz Mikulski
Wiesław Stanisław Ciesielski
Włodzimierz Holsztyński
Zdzisław Drzewiecki
Zofia Korzeńska
Zygmunt Flis

Adam Lizakowski
A Letter to Walt Whitman

We speak of you often here Mr Poet
my friends eagerly mention your poetry
discuss it with great regard.
I sir still remember you from Poland
from San Francisco where I discovered you anew.
I especially liked your straw hat
and your long beard that splendid gray beard
shaped like a stack of hay
which still haunts the dreams of young boys
from the Market-Castro district.
I saw your photograph (in numerous bars
in San Francisco) the fury in your eyes
and the self-confidence written across your face.
I imagine sir how you must have walked
along the streets of Manhattan and Brooklyn
with your great gray stack of hay
windblown it fell across the barn of your heart.
It must have been much the same on the prairies
in the field hospitals
where sir in your enormous palms you held
the hands of young men dying for that American
Democracy which you so revered.
Mr Whitman I'd love to go for a walk with you
in the fall when poets sharpen their pens
you sir best know what that means
the humidity and the fog lift the present moment ripens.
How much the patience the great effort needed
to see this to penetrate it describe it declare:
Passage to India!
Struggles of many a captain tales of many a sailor dead
Mr Whitman reluctantly I end this letter
(so that I may avoid mere enumeration)
but now after writing I feel much better.
Your muse sir smiles on me when
I meet her strolling along the streets of Chicago.

P.S. I forgot to add:
 Your songs sir! Your songs!
 a wind-breath from the prairie
 here where I live I feel that wind
 that sweetness.

Translated by Adrian Wisnicki

Adam Lizakowski
Miłosz

He could be a mountain waterfall or ocean
 never a desert nor waste land
 a giant Jagiello oak* in whose shade
 the tired traveler will always find rest
 seize bubbles of life-giving oxygen from the air
 and breathe poetry in their place-his words are seeds
 which grow inside the reader mature bloom . . .
 the corn-fields sway awaiting the reaper's hand
 he is the moon which turns the tides
 as beautiful women toss in restless sleep
 the angel with large bushy eyebrows
 shaped like the wings of a bird frightened
 at mid-night from its nest to which it will never again
 return though he still remembers the aroma of the grass
 apples the pale-white of rooms shapes of houses lakes
 rivers . . .
 he is the Lithuanian bear half his life spent
 as a resident in the beautiful city of Berkeley
 in wondrous California on Grizzly Bear Hill
 where he never growls but sings
 that no one has earned our envy sings of hummingbirds
 of honeysuckle women's bottoms
 poor Christians watching the ghetto in flames
 of cities where he'll never return sings to you and to me.

But what does Milosz mean to me?
 a thousand times I've asked myself-

a mother who feeds me a bright shapely breast
 streaked by thin blue veins
 whose life-giving milk I drink in the Chicago heat.
 And what does his poetry signify in my life?
 Is it a round-trip ticket for distant countries
 for tropical rain forests northern woods where
 a flamboyant colorful singer jumps from branch to branch
 chanting a song of ancient forests rivers
 whose sands grow warm in the sun
 as boulders with the ease of a butterfly soar
 into the distant galaxies where time flows vertically?

Milosz-muse living in the shade of the Eucalyptus trees
 with a view of the San Francisco Bay in a city the size of an
 ant
 whose lights reflect in the water like clouds
 a poet true to the ideals of his youth
 straining to hear the sounds of the cricket looking
 into the brightly-burning eyes of the cars . . .
 what is he thinking about?

In 1990 I asked him at a dinner of vodka and herrings
 the sun had already drowned in the Bay and night
 painted the tips of the Golden Gate Bridge ink black;
 "Oh Mr Adam" he sighed "if I could only
 live to be a hundred then once more turn the meter back to
 zero."

Translated by Adrian Wisnicki

Adam Lizakowski
Joseph Brodski returns to Russia

In the span of one day
 I sold two books of Brodski's poems
 which had been on my store's shelf for many months
 yet I never realized
 that the poet's death had helped me sell the books.

The Russian poet and immigrant who for many years had lived
 in that hub of freedom Greenwich Village
 among artists and homosexuals has passed away-

the old rabbit who once fled the ubiquitous
 hunting dogs of the worker's union
 from the statue of Peter I in Leningrad
 to the Jefferson Market Courthouse in New York.
 As a boy of seven he already knew many of life's truths-
 that deceit is more useful than algebra
 that even three brilliant communists really aren't so smart
 that poetic talent is a gift from God.
 Since the old days his life at stake he'd played chess against
 Death
 yet Death caught him off-guard
 sent an icy telegram to Russia
 where in short the after-life is beautiful;
 the homeland is the homeland (even when not beloved)
 and now with obituaries written in Roman type
 America bids him farewell
 while Russia greets the poet in Cyrillic:
 Joseph Brodski returns to Russia his true home. . . .
 words uttered by the lips of young poets-
 in the midst of political upheaval
 the black notices appearing in the most popular newspapers;
 the immigrant's journey has come full circle
 and in Saint Petersburg someone with a beautiful name
 goes out for a walk wanting to reminisce a little
 to consider the future:
 now it's certain Joseph will stay here forever
 never again able to leave.

Translated by Adrian Wisnicki

Adam Lizakowski
The Fatherland

There's not another word like it
 so dear and sweet towards which the heart
 like a bird bursts from the chest-
 which draws a fountain of tears an avalanche of laughter;
 a word which embodies everything worthwhile in life
 a rock's opacity transparency of a drop of water
 the aroma of breadcrust and the taste of ocean sand
 the wind's clairvoyance as it sways the branches of cherry trees
 or as it sleeps among the pond-side undergrowth . . .
 the fatherland is a prayer the graves of one's parents
 the goodness of a mother a signal-fire beneath the skin
 always a gain never a loss
 the fatherland overwhelms even love and hope
 because it is love and hope
 the clearest sound contraction of the heart second of recollection .

those who long for it tread flowers
 as a sliver of the old moon shines above them;
 the fatherland is old traditions young girls
 big words small cramped houses
 where future immigrants are born
 feel passion-the fatherland is poetry
 an epic poem of forests and rivers
 people cemeteries blood and scars
 a house with a garden and old pear tree poems in a drawer
 books photographs old keys stamps postcards
 sunrises and sunsets . . .
 the fatherland-a magical word which endows you with meaning
 the enchanted key to the land of emotions
 home of childhood ghosts of visions beheld
 unfulfilled dreams which should have come true
 twenty years later in a place ten thousand miles away.

Translated by Adrian Wisnicki

Adam Lizakowski
American poets

The American poets I know
 remind me of a giant
 prehistoric bird
 who still has claws and scales
 is too heavy to get off the ground
 or perch on a branch
 but stubbornly gazes into the sky
 and studies his reflection in the stars.

The American poets I know
 like music from the 60s and 70s
 Bob Dylan the Beatles the Stones Joplin
 Hendrix Led Zeppelin
 smoke marijuana drink beer
 write poems about Vietnam
 use titles like "'67" "'68"
 despise politicians
 and can't stand New-Age music.

The American poets I know
 read French poetry
 nineteenth-century poets Whitman
 Dostoyevsky Albert Camus
 Poe Ginsberg
 letters to the young Rilke
 Blake Eliot etc.

The American poets I know
 can't tell me
 why there's no poetry any poetry
 in Newsweek Time People the New York Times
 Washington Post Playboy San Francisco Examiner
 USA today Penthouse etc.

The American poets I know

won't tell me
why their pictures aren't
on the front pages or any of the pages
of the above-named newspapers
though there's pictures of the Pope
politicians presidents naked women
sports stars spies astronauts
rock and movie stars
communists murderers
Pepsi cola and hamburgers.

The American poets I know
live in San Francisco
a city where there's 4.5 poets per square yard

Translated by Adrian Wisnicki

Aleksander Nawrocki
To Anna the second poem

Let the man coming back to himself notice
What he is compared to all that exist (blaise pascal)

Anna our existence
Is merely a trace
In full weather of the world

I know this hand movement defines you
And the silence running behind us is defined by a star
By a pattern falling
You were saying: we are going to find a shore against
Passing springs where flowers hide
Scream of multiplying questions in the lips
And scare the flames of fear that peak behind the trees
And the birds will lift the clocks on their wings light and
strong

You were saying: on a silent shore
We will forget about human's eyes
They are lost looking at the dance of the passing shadows
By throwing toy ships down the river
We will salve our time
From caprice of god
In love in suffering of earth

Anna with bright hair we are the fulfillment of the will that
is not ours
And by creating love we look for its proof inside of us
Deep like a breath of the sea.

Translated by Ula de B.

Aleksander Nawrocki
Barbara

You put your name between raspberries
Behind the heathers the deer smell your smile
To the ill cherry tree you bring a prince
And wolf's cry you frame in silver

A palm is smooching (?) to you with celebration
And a bustard breaks the jug and runs away
Patiently you collect the pieces teeth
In a beautiful mosaic day is lost thought

Everyone is living you paint the snow
Spider that once was a star

You put on your hand to listen to heaven
Until spring broke on twigs yesterday
And king ordered king's red to the rains
And I threw my burke from the hedgehog
I dig my teeth into dawn of the oak
When together with the juice of hidden raspberries

I drank your navy name out

Translated by Ula de B.

Aleksander Nawrocki
Greatness of Leaving

After his resurrection understood
That he must leave so soon.
Not a disciple recognized him –
Only wanting to see their God.
Could not intervene nor yet set straight
Besides
How disturbing with human appearance
Gestures way of life.
What is a God that must eat wash go aside
Dislikes doctrine is full of mercy.
He could spoil everything even his teaching.
Where would they be then?
Why did they leave no picture of the master's looks?
Not just the beauty of his soul?
Because the word and not the body changes the world
And why
Descent from heaven?
Only for the last judgment?
It would cause so much trouble
Descending to Earth let's say every hundred years.
And even his believers
Would have to condemn him to the cross again
As the Pharises did then...

Translated by Anita Fincham and Andrew Fincham

Aleksander Nawrocki
Christmas Eve

Far legend will be born in hearts
 Become the body - God
 Night brings mass - brotherhood
 Reborn before the good and bad
 Differ again the whole year round
 Some maybe unto death.
 But no one thinks of death this day:
 The far star
 That comes for sure shatters
 Each individual world
 In unimaginable space cold thought-less
 Beyond our evening's gentle shine.
 So louder sing the carols
 Busy with stubborn game for life - passing tourists
 Reason's little puppets in love with celebration.
 Let's sing Lulay with eyes turned trusting
 To the open sky the snowless road
 As if we'd live for ever
 A worn-out nap-sack packed with song
 Eyes full of trust.
 Shortly the holy wafer makes our God probable
 Shortly the Eve will come our mother homeland
 For bad and good unveils imagination
 Will rock the wonder hang the paper angel
 Above the windings of everyday bring round the sleight
 And well ride for childhood's dream. For parents' words -
 a true
 Encounter with our fables
 By lives squandered on who knows what -
 For as long as we are.

Translated by Anita Fincham and Andrew Fincham

Anna Frajlich
Martha's Vineyard

And I felt
how fog turned
into drops on my arms and neck
as I walked on flat stones
among wild roses
while from behind them
the Atlantic called
rustling
breaking against the shores
are waves' eternal
race.

Translated by Joanna Clark

Anna Frajlich
CESAREA

Can it be possible
that the very place
where Herod peed
and Jews and Romans did
where brave crusaders found relief
a Turkish sultan and the sultan's steed
is where we after seeing
ancient stones and caves
now also pee?

Translated by Joanna Clark

Anna Frajlich
IN THE SUNSHINE

To Joanna

Again I am reading "L'Etranger"
on a sun lit beach
next to my father
who is in a wheelchair.
"I swim well" he says
forgetting
that he used to swim well
in the Baltic.
On the deck
the old and the young
women and even children
pull one after another
wire baskets full of crabs.
Again I am reading "L'Etranger"
I read: "It all happened because of the sun"
and I almost believe it
although here the sun is different
and today a breeze from the ocean
turns the bright pinwheel
a toy I bought for my father.
Then along the Atlantic
I push the wheelchair
"Is this the Egyptian border?" my father asks
"Not yet" I answer.
Besides we no longer run away
neither he
from his poorly knitted joints
nor I from my poorly knitted dreams
only for about an hour
from the sharp stench of ammonia.
Again I'm reading "L'Etranger"
in full sun
crabs escape from the open baskets
though not from their fate
"What is this sea?" my father asks now and then

"Whose house is it?" I ask
 approaching the building.
 "Mine" he answers
 and I think with relief
 that maybe he got used to it at last.

Translated by Joanna Clark

Anna Frajlich
Meditation at menopause

Still again blood
 that I cannot stop
 as Julius Caesar could not
 which fits well into theories
 likening him to a woman.
 But maybe I don't want it to cease
 as perhaps Caesar didn't
 for he went ahead
 to meet fate
 against all signs
 as if to add to "the dice cast"
 - "and you Brutus?"
 So there again blood
 no longer affirming life
 but now deceitfully betrayed
 and with every next spurt
 one wants to reiterate
 - and you Brutus? And you Brutus?
 And you Brutus?
 and Ides of March
 pass one after another
 and finality is suspended for a moment
 - an ice cube in infinity.

Translated by Joanna Clark

Anna Frajlich
Mrs. Dalloway

My dreams asleep
in heavy slumber
I dream of you while waking
nearby is Mrs. Dalloway
in her green dress.

That fatal day
it's gentle glow
returning to the stars above
after light years.

Time is awakened by
- who knows -
the rustle of her dress
the voice
the grimace
of Mrs. Dalloway.

Translated by the author and Colleen McQuillen

Anna Frajlich
Fog

Over the dawn over the lake
over the meadow lingers the fog
and sinks into my dream
there I see it floating and beguiling
and undisturbed
by the call of wild Canadian geese

driven in flocks from the unknown
who with the clatter of wings
fall into the fog.

Translated by the author and Colleen McQuillen

Anna Frajlich

The return - a sentimental journey

1

Again I ride over
the Gdański terminal
only I still cannot
cross over to

the daily order

2

Forgotten
by the fly in amber
are her own abdomen and her little hirsute
paws
her world disappeared irreversibly
all that remains
is the lone drop of resin
spilled from a long forgotten
wound in the bark

3

To Leszek
You have opened the gate
to the garden
where the past awaits in silence
not quite closed
clasped with the silvery
web's threads
which I don't dare
to brake
and to depart from which

I have not the courage.

4

It was my first love
the one you never forget
- you said

But I have forgotten you
all the more painfully
the bee thrusts its sting
it cuts
does not caress
shocked memory opens into an abyss
the past rises from the dead
the bee however
dies.

5

It is the same garden gate
rhubarb grows near the compost heap
rows of tulips in front
and in back of honey-colored pears

just a garden not a lost paradise
ordinary apples
not of Eden's tree...

Shall I take a picture?
- I asked Mr. Bondos
our old-time neighbor
who accompanied me.

- What for Ania?
No use.

Anna Frajlich
Reading Gibbon

Rome was falling
– in all its –
armies kept marching on the roads
vineyards oozed sunshine
and dust kept growing
on the white marble of colonnades

Rome was falling
which has lasted for ages
so having fallen would for ages last

and no one knows even today
why
ceasar's son and brother still
killed to usurp the throne
the gladiator still aimed at the lion
in the speeches of seasoned orators
the Greek style resounded subtly
and the mob- as usual- was at the Forum
and no one had a hunch

that in the fog
the morning fog of Rhineland forests
Rome was falling.

Translated by Regina Grol

Anna Frajlich
The Letters of Bruno Schulz

And after the heat rains came
and you came
demure
almost reticent
leaves
suddenly grown weary in mid-summer
the wind swept from under our feet.
I was just reading Schulz's letters
letters written in Drohobycz
in a dark room on Florianska Street
burned letters to a woman
burned
letters buried somewhere
to friends buried somewhere
he was so frail - one bullet
was too much for that death
perhaps weary in mid-summer
leaves fall in Drohobycz
and cinnamon diffuses a deaf scent.

Translated by Regina Grol

Anna Frajlich

Oh city I gaze into your lights
as into golden twists of hieroglyphs
and breathe your mystery
with an air as heavy as before a storm

tiny white lamps have already been lit
thousands of bulbs on the branches
and the lights quiver in raindrops
the street lamps shine reflected in the streets

and below in the belly under the deck
the homeless lie down on benches
to sleep in the pit of the metropolis
where light loses its luster and an opaque
bulb winks among beds of an odd river
which is steadily filled to the brim
by a crowd and forty tons of steel
zooming by again and again

oh city on a rock embraced by rivers
you are a home for your homeless
when they sleep in skyscrapers under the clouds
and covered with newspapers spend nights
on sidewalks cloaked by the December wind
under the festive light of stars and candles

and others swarm here enticed
by the force of your winds and stones
and the glitter of your billion windows
as soon as they enter your gates
heedless on granite they build
new amsterdams made of
sand.

Translated by Regina Grol

Anna Frajlich
City

Wings now amputated
still on crutches
it takes faltering steps
down the streets

in the waters of wide rivers
it washes its wounds

the void cannot be filled
the place left empty
catches the eye
draws your gaze to it
-- is --
just about
to ascend
the standing
stump of the imagination

Translated by Thomas Francis Anessi

Anna Frajlich
We'll walk this way

The canyon of lower Broadway
that congenial canyon
the dragon slumbers and will not stir
we'll walk this way
a moment longer
just like we stroll
through life
that it ends
takes us by surprise

Translated by Thomas Francis Anessi

Anna Frajlich
About returns and visits - conversation
continued

One cannot return
 before recognizing one's error
 which like a bullet is lodged
 in the bark of a tree

Perhaps the second act
 will never follow
 the parts not written out
 the curtain drawn by rust

And it is only separation
 that unites them
 and it is only pain
 in which they partake.

Translated by the author and Colleen McQuillen

CREDITS: The poems: *Reading Gibbon The Letters of Bruno Schulz*; *** *Oh city* translated by Regina Grol reprinted from Anna Frajlich [Between Dawn and the Wind](#) by permission of Host Publications.

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Anna Kajtoch

In existential darkness
I find my shelter in another
 quarter of the moon
The full moon will remain round
and the rest of its phases
will glitter as the shreds of hope
in the cool sky

Land flowing with kerosene
embedded with the irises of the ponds
red are the clefts in your ground
black are the ravines and ponds
the bechnuts taste sweet here while
the berries are bitter
with the eternal fire you swirl land
in the dusk of my memory

In my opinion love
is a tear of a pinetree
a piece of amber when congealed
there's so much sunshine in it
such boundless persistence

How does one find amber
in the sand of the ordinary days?
How do we warm it up
with the heat of our hands?

Anna Tomaszewska

for M. M.

My mother feels the smell of earth keeps talking about it
"Sand grits in my teeth when I'm in bed."
She opens her sweater exposes her shriveled stomach
with wilting lilies of the valley gleaming under the skin.

My father claims my mother's dreams drill into the cracks
between the floorboards at night push arduously
through the basement to reach the loam
and make for her a nest in the ground. She is getting cold;

even if shouted through the bullhorn of cupped hands
in the end no word will penetrate marble
roots wood sand.

Anna Tomaszewska
A LITTLE NOTHING

I am with you. I am with the other one too but only
through the triangular eye and slit in my legs. From this splitting
a lump of clay has grown in my belly. A heart beats in it
a little alarm. You say a little nothing dwells in you
nourish and cradle it plan the details.

I can sleep with anyone like Mary Magdalene
I went to bed with everyone. Now I am a cherry
fragrant with the pit. Brother Peter swings the censer and
whispers
Kyrie Iesou Christe Yie Tou Theo Eleison Imas Lord Jesus Christ
have mercy upon her. Smoke wafts to the clouds
a child is by the church. A lump of clay in its hands the pit on the
altar.

Anna Elżbieta Zalewska
Questions about suffering

Nobody does not understand
 dying bird
 yelp of a dog foreboding
 a fright of a day
 frightened roe deer running
 over dangerous road
 woman
 being in a hidden scarfs her suffering
 a child
 without brightness of a day
 and a love
 dying by night.

Anna Elżbieta Zalewska
Palms

There are palms which cherish a suffer.
 There are palms which sow.
 There are palms which bless a still.
 There are palms which cut bread.
 There are palms which let go a white butterfly
In spite of a tremendous outcry of a child.

Barbara Kobos Kamińska
The Droplets of Life

I have collected my life's droplets
into a jug hidden behind the door of my day.

Black grey
ashen and brown
are the droplets of my sadness.

Red pink
Orange and yellow
remind me of joy.

The sky-blue ones are cool
yet with the green
bring mi hope.

And the white are purity
Innocence and devotion.

The droplets multiply.

Barbara Kobos-Kamińska
The Breath of Earth

In the morning fog all stays still
in anticipation.

In the everyday hubbub
the whistling wind
the mossy trunk –
one can hear silence.

From the recesses of the tree soul
leaves escape rustling.
Rain whipped boughs
persevere cracked.

Immerse your hands in the tree's cracks –
Listen raptly to the breath of Earth.

Barbara Kobos-Kamińska
Tsunami

The Earth wobbled
in the world afar from us -
there around you.

The mirror-like sea receded ran off
vanished beyond the horizon;
only the sand of broad beaches remained.

The unknowing small and big ones
admired a moving white streak
of the raising ocean.

In the blazing sun
under the sky of no menace
the monstrous water hit the shore.

With a raging tide
the apocalyptic might of Nature
forced its power onto the mankind.

Man ceased to signify
possess and control
was but nothingness on the beach carried off.

Unpredictably by humans
the cataclysmic ocean kept annihilating
the defenceless lives.

And Man was dying
from there and from here
and the World therein faded away.

Late December 2004

Barbara Osuchowska
Letters

Silent drops of red
Sounds of impatient whispers
Are there some letters?

Wings of belief carry
Letters to dead soldiers
Torn sheets of paper embrace
Like shrouds
Dark crosses of despair

Translated by Susan Rippe

Barbara Osuchowska
There is

There is a clenched fist
Shaken in bandits' face
There is maturity
That never forgives
Felony
There is a mound of soil
Taken by emigrants
From tombs of parents
There is a stone
With which David
Will hit Goliath

Translated by Susan Rippe

Barbara Piasecka
PIANO

When skillful fingers touch
Your black and white ivory
Makes the sounds so beautiful
I dance in the clouds.

Up there so high somewhere in the sky
The sun shine so bright
Or when storms and wind are raging
And the golden beams suddenly die

The sounds that flow from the piano
Happen to be airy and muslin like
Light as clouds and bird's small feathers
They are your voice.

In those sounds often are whirling fiercely
The echo of thunderstorms and lightning
You are sowing the fear and the dread and are scared
While drawing on life's tempest.

Your sounds are climbing higher and higher
Or the accords are falling down
They are tickling me or are flogging sharply
At times caressing me or hurting me softly.

The chains of sound go up
To heaven or are leading to hell.
Sometimes are stopping for a while
As they are sweetness for my life.

The echo still is repeating them
When filling up empty spaces
Once they are growing in strength or in weakness

They are like hell or paradise.

I wish to dip in the sounds
 They are my bliss and pleasure
 They are catharsis of my sick thoughts
 They are my dazzled merriment and my love!

Translated by Weronika Janisiewicz

Barbara Piasecka
A SMALL SHIP

I sail on a huge ocean
 My life is a small ship
 A tiny nutshell
 Can crush on underwater rocks

Because millions of treacherous reefs are lurking
 for me
 Every day I come across them
 Rub against them badly
 I have to navigate my boat skillfully
 To avoid bitter defeats
 Failures.

My ship my tiny boat
 A dot in endless space
 It can easily get lost there
 And not reach the "promised land"

And this dry land I am sailing
 Swimming to
 Is fulfillment of noble desires aims
 Goals

It is a joy from won lottery tickets
It is beautiful dreams coming true

Sometimes I think that I am smaller than a shell
My life does not weigh at all
It is bird's down.
It is a petal hurled by the storm
Which in nothingness still flies away

White sheet of paper
My good helpful friend!
Pen. Always faithful pal.
Help me to refrain my words from evaporating
Before my "tree" bows too much.

Translated by Weronika Janisiewicz

Barbara Wągiel
The Taste of Tea

Over the horizon at the other side
of the track
an old woman puffs into the hearth
rubs her hands and takes out bread as good as love.

Death doesn't stand at the head of her bed -
despite her wrinkled face
she prefers those struck with fear.

The old woman bends over the embers
blows with all her strength
to resurrect Poland

And for a start to build a school at least
where it would be taught
how a cup of tea tastes

warmed by someone's hands.
There are mothers with thousand palms

Barbara Waęiel
As you're waiting

For a big event
you're waiting
that will be accompanied
by a world so different that this one so far

now you know:
- the biggest misery is
to unfeel

So you touch
 the thing
 that hurts
you touch your face
- good that it's still
there

and you stop at the threshold
before yourself
and show the unfamiliar thoughts
the unwelcoming door

Barbara Waigel
I don't regret I can't regret

We used to meet at uncanny
hours
when the night ghosts murmur something
glances sneak over the rooftops
and time takes its leave

They used to tell us who with
 how
 and
 where

They declaimed the church laws and those of humans
tried to instill the guilt
as big as a row of sleepless nights

They referred to God
kids underage. Finally
they abandoned me on a dusty
road when
I replied: I try but

I don't regret that
I can't regret

Bartosz Muszyński
40 reasons why he loves her

and she's waiting.
patiently biting
one of forty
threaded flavours she strings out a dialogue
through a closed door and – now she's
inside in the very hell of hells of
a process that grinds on and crushes.

and he doesn't say a word. he makes
notes in his mind: petrol stations her
blood and his a poem-child written
in her which he's not to see his invading
tongue with which – right now – he's writing
a love letter in a stranger's mouth and – he's waiting
for her yell

before she becomes
speechless.

Bartosz Muszyński
gdańsk. nearly millennium

As a matter of fact everything
 resembles everything else: air is
 addictive in the same manner streets worn
 out and through a trip through subways. As a matter of
 fact
 communication breaks down: signs - tell
 no tales. I arrived
 I walked I'm leaving; I can
 remain silent in any modern language.

Bartosz Muszynski
memory of wojaczek

Paper white as blood tasting
 acrid. Oxydated barrel pirouetting in the mouth.

If the tongue reaches even here there is still some
 hope fainting in the gloom of speech - it's
 a familiar tongue.

Park full of benches. Full night in the middle
 in the line of light - a silhouette. In the hand
 I'm crumpling a skein of glow

got a trigger in my mouth.

Bohdan Urbankowski
Eve

Lovers eve
Spruce branches on the table
Warm green fire
Which signifies home.

Lovers eve: whispers
And gifts
So small that one could hide them
In a tightened palm
In one lie.

Wishes not sure of each other
Like a smile through tears

Shaking wafer of tongue
On the lips
Shade of the cradle
Shade of the smile
Of a baby
Which was not allowed to come into the world
Lovers eve
Never falls on eve.
Only it only it is true by itself.

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

Bohdan Urbankowski
Erotic poem for successor

1.

Carry her over through the room
 As if it were a path inside a forest
 On the table light a rose
 Good as a small night lamp
 Then undress her gently
 Off defensive movements
 Off clenched hands
 Trembling of her shoulders.

Hug with a whisper
 And if some day she suddenly runs out of a room
 run after her
 don't allow
 to hide her face
 in your big hands

Speak words lots of words
 All those
 Which I didn't remember
 Which I was ashamed of

I ask you
 Whom I hate
 Who comes after me
 to scratch off traces of my hands
 from her petty breasts
 part her knees
 I ask you
 be good for her.

2.

I don't know

That you will love me
That she will tell you words
Well-tried with me
That in her hair
You will feel my breath
On her belly
You will come across
My hands.

And if sometimes
Drawing you inside herself
Till choking
She will be mistaken about our names
Don't think about me with hatred
As I have taught her
Not to be ashamed
of cries of naked bodies.

It's me
Who sometimes speaks to you
At that time I thought that
I was speaking just to her.

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

Bohdan Urbankowski
Third love

Third love - - the wise one
Knowing all grasps skilly
Underlying its beauty with a lipstick.

Third love
Not being afraid of pregnancy sharp words ugliness
Cutting faces like wrinkles
Not threatening with death any more
Not desiring of immortality.

But it's not a third love my Dear
Even not a second one. With anxiety
Looking at a mirror and eyes in which flame of next day is
going out
How will we manage
The sudden first love?

How will we dare to kiss each other in a park
To cuddle in a dance among pairs
Younger ones more dexterous than us - -

How we will dare to be younger than them?

How will we venture to be the most beautiful ones?

With an uncertain cry like a sinking person
We fall our legs plait
At daybreak
The sea will expel our bodies on the shore
dead
will they not be afraid of death any more?

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

Bohdan Wrocławski
Pain

Because you are still in this place
From which all letters return

And their blue hearts still pump
Deep all the way through horizons
I'm trying to touch you in one of my dreams
It doesn't matter which one

Maybe this one in which
dried ground hard like an Athlete's muscle
Thrusts out in virgin pristine of the mountain snow
Falls laughing like a waterfall
All the way to the tip of our lips

Again the pain is her companion

You could possibly start to like it
Accept his humanity
Existence of septic hospitals with whiteness
where by the help of weflons
It probes into the most hidden niches of the body

Or when it dives
Between the waves of your habits
It tries to convince you of the future trip one day you will
take
Submit to him - attach great wings
And you fly somewhere into the unknown
Geographical areas

The sun leads you to a giant gate
In which are visible engraved inscriptions

Of the purest humankind intention

Somebody hides inside
with a gesture of full professional indifference opens the
gate's wing
In the streak of a long ray two of you try to continue the
trip

You and your shyness
You hear a scream from the other side of the sun
This is your pain - protesting

Translated by Ule de B.

Danuta Błaszak
alonuszka - siberian girl

Siberia was the favorite file of the powerful Earth editor - evil. He froze the ground as well as the people. They had their ancient "starowiers" religion: "be silent don't wake up evil". Be silent... Years ago political prisoners were sent to Siberia from Poland and other countries - because of the war between Poland and Russia. The tsar's soldiers treated them sadistically if they didn't die of cold and hunger. However some of them survived living in taiga which was known as forests of frozen northern regions... Then the communists chose Siberia as one of their places for their nuclear experiments.... In the 1950s Polish pilots were sent to Siberia on training missions of Warsaw pact.

alonuszka - siberian girl 1.

silver blurred in blue coldness of sky
 faint roar of engines pierced - snow numbed-
 silence.
 mother flinched in fear gripping her shawl.

"mother they are not russian army
 they are from poland!"
 pilots from country whose heart beats so fast
 roses blooming in the sky
 i am running to them through the taiga
 hurling down snow hats from trees

mother as calm starowiers'lady
 prays for peace in silence
 hushes her finger "keep silence
 do not wake up ghosts"
 omens and spirits suspended in frozen sleep

alonuszka - siberian girl 2.

in our home you sleep on the stove
under thick layers of fur
delicate as a butterfly
your face covered from the cold
in animal fat
i see fear in your honey eyes

father loudly cursed the strangers wanting communists out
mother begged "be quiet"
he grabbed his gun with a vulgar word
left for the forests.
in two weeks he will return
carrying meat on his back.
i understand him. i remember.
behind river lena soldiers also stayed
experimenting with weapons for progress.
when they left children began to be born
with deformities. not in the image of god.
but with no arms no souls.

"mother they are from poland
from the country where roses blooming in the sky
and summers are hot"
i said and dreamt about caterpillars with honey eyes
butterflies flying over our chapel

alonuszką - siberian girl 3.

sixty degrees under zero.
spit freezes into tiny ice balls
before reaching the ground.

pilots gather wood to build
fire underneath migs fuselage
warming up engines
dreaming of polish long legged lasses
going back to them

they joke there are no girls here to date
only siberian snow-women
shining ice frozen wood

i will foretell again
in the coming spring
reading the future from the birch buds
young tree's sap lures sweet as honey

my pilot i am whispering quietly
and muting words into silence
in the habit of the starowiers.
too siberian to go back to poland
not polish enough to keep his eye.
tears freeze into tiny ice balls
before reaching ground.

Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka
Coffee with Carya

With the first dip of biscotti came the presence
of the walnut tree. How did I get to it? On the outskirts

of the orchard behind the well at the side of the house.

Round green tough skin hulls palms browned before
the mouth

got the bittersweet seeds. Grandma would bring them
when she arrived

right before the Christmas tree and the first star. Awaited

in the breathing of fir needles waxed floor poppy seed

noodles tangerines. After the Supper singing the carols

was like being in the church flowers on woolen Sunday

shawls rose with high voices and eyes flamed from
candles

And the statuette of Mary in her blue robe smiled.

So how did I get there?

From the train I see her wait. The horses pace their way
between fields

ripe with smells and huts whitened for me. A town with
a churchyard

where my Grandpa and Great-Grandma lie. A row of
hollyhocks

against the scrubbed walls and windows of red
begonias. *Wio wio;*

when I wake up we have turned into the avenue

that before the war belonged to *dwór*. I jump down

from the straw-filled seat between four boards and run
to the lined up mulberry trees and dye my hands with

the taste

of white and dark berries. Kick off my shoes and feel

the soil and then the sand when the carriage

makes a left into the lane between grains
 bending in a warm hush and buckwheat
 with its honeyed hum. I stop to pick the butterflies
 of red poppies and ruffled blue of cornflowers
 to later make with Grandma cornflower wine. I
 recognize

neighbors' farms hidden in groves...

And now it comes: The shiny roof
 of the smith shop the thatched stables
 two silver firs. I run on the nicest carpet
 of greens that straighten up after the touch
 of feet hooves and wheels. To the house
 with a well and fruit trees like an altar
 above the world down there-
 across the hay grass and the talking
 stream-where the sun used to retreat so the cows
 and horses would return home and the frogs would sing.

wio wio: to urge horses to go dwór: manor house

Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka
Lilac Lilacs

A big branch of lilac. Lilac.
 Like the ones along the village road;
 the carriage wheels through the sand
 yellow splashes of warblers whirl
 through the fragrance. Lilac smells
 like* ...lilac – May in Poland warm days
 evenings not willing to sleep simmering
 desires. And then the verses
 sound better than any before. I can't open
 my eyes to write them down. So I repeat
 them over and over and slip
 into another dream. I am gliding
 through the air of music
 towards luminous mountains.
 I see myself as Chagall's
 Figure long hair floating
 Parallel to my long dress. An orchestra
 Plays Elgar's "In the South"
 And for the whole time I am there
 And the mountains and the light.
 Then a phone rings and I wake
 up to answer but the phone
 does not ring. The birds
 sing into my room. I come
 down and can't find that poem.
 But the lilacs
 the lilac lilacs...

*After Polish poet Slonimski's famous poem "Żal" (Regret): "...a bez tak pachniał jak bez..." (and the lilac smelled like lilac...)

Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka
An Artist Paints the Event

Where is the second turtle?
Concerned that time is running out
she counts the animals. The line
is casual straying to the sides.

Black rhino flanking a gray elephant
only one hare no rooster in sight...
Why aren't they prepared paired up?
The clouds weigh down on the massive ridges

pinned by lightning cracks
in the blackened sky.
At least there is no violence
in the crowd. The cow udder-full

looks past the muted lion to the moose
away from the vessel and the passageway.
The water is dark.
Highlights fall on a blur of doves

and two swans painted in the cove.
Are they caught
boarding or leaving
the Ark?

Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka
Entrapment

*In memory of six million Polish citizens
killed in WWII*

Crouching on two sides of silence
fields and forest
black in a no-moon land
ready to run from the same
enemy

Wounded bed of leaves and bare furrows
frozen in listening
for each others' breath
to cross the night
together

Then needles of shouts
growing into beams of light and bullets
tearing the nightshroud
into the swarm
of uniforms

Blank faces cut down
to emptiness soaked
in helplessness still warm
from the bodies dragged away
behind horse and wagon to the town square

The poem was inspired by the book *In The Memory of the Forest* by Charles T. Powers.

Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka
**Toluca: Light's Victory over Shadows on a
 Very Cold Morning**

On the ice field built by shadows
 of churches a few human figures skate
 above the freeze of cars supervised
 by green and red lights. Plants stay
 behind fountains waiting to be seen.
 From the hill descends a baroque shrine
 pastel green tower in a rose cap calls to a service.
 With people sunrays enter splashing
 pesos on a blue-clad she-beggar
 kneeling at the gate. Preacher's song

hovers under gilded immaculate snow
 whitened heaven filled with ornate saints.

In the arches around the plaza still stuffed
 with steel gray people are starting
 their ins and outs. First tacos' smell
 draws passersby to a sunny spot
 where a beggar sits with his sombrero.
 In the niche of San Franciscan church a shy
 Madonna adorned with a bouquet faces a statue
 of a good father leading *Indigenas*. The shade

slowly retreats scared by clinking of shutters
 locks doors steps.

Then a whirl of colors pulls me to the right-- an eye
 of gushing lava lit by the sun beyond the iron cast gates
 separated from me by flooded tiles. Hesitant
 to walk on water I back up to photograph
 and... the show starts. Five men appear
 with neon pink brooms; in unison
 they sweep the lake out of the door in splashes

of laughter. Invited I enter the greenhouse walls of glass cut
into pieces and brought together into birds and
human forms.

The suspension of light vibrates
with steel drums and the five move the water
and dance among exuberant green plants.
And I dance too one of the figures put together
to absorb and transform light.

Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka
Moses Got His Ten Commandments

Led by the red blazes rock after rock
buried in mosses and barbed blackberries
I reach the mountaintop with the first drops.
The light is sliding past the spines of firs
and pines pulling the liquefied air through
my heart. Shivering I search for a sign.
The arrow points down to the vast valley-
lake of sun shimmers where the village lies.
Fluid me standing on the summit floats
across the veil of hues of gray that parts
for a radiant path. My alter ego joins
unharmd the crowd jubilant in gold dusk.
Here around me shield of lucite rain and
the crest to stand on; no heaven no earth.

The poems by Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka have appeared in the following publications: Pivot: ♦Toluca: Light's Victory Over Shadows On a Very Cold Morning;♦ Passager: ♦Lilac Lilacs.♦

Danuta Ruminski
The essence of Mother's magnolia

Orlando Mother's Day'04

Dignified magnolia in the garden a welcoming smile gives
Magnolias subtle smell is spread by whirling leaves
Their flowers like honey attract bees
As a mother fondling a weeping baby radiates bliss.

Sometimes I dream to cry maybe my Mom will hear me
She will come to her daughter and fill her soul with a deep sight.
Instead of looking at Mom metaphoric I look at magnolias bright
The beauty of Mother's nature maybe it will inspire me?

The essence of magnolia flowers is a fountain of Mother's love
Life's treasure grace and closeness like she was only a mile.
Through magnolia's prism I see my Mother's gentleness
like a dove.
When a magnolia flower unfolds I see my Mother's smile.

On Mother's Day all my magnolias will lovely bloom
Each of their petals will thank for years of Mother's care.
I will scatter a path of flowers petals to my Mom's room
A drop of the essence of my life the wind will pass to share.

Danuta Ruminski
Christmas Eve

Sunny landscape is changing its tropical visage of bliss
When Florida wakes up with me in the Christmas Eve dawn.
Christmas is coming; angel's hair like snow covers palm trees
Will a miracle happen? Can I hear voice of Jesus from the barn?

The same star will signify Christmas Eve time in the sky
The sun is still high here evening time over there yet bright.
Day night is the same when the world through Jesus' love tie.
Christmas miracle - - God is born in every heart of us on that
night.

You don't have to go to Bethlehem; the stable is in the heart
What manger have you prepared for Infant Jesus?
As three Kings will you His praise and glory impart?
I wish I were at least a shepherd girl follow the star be gone
Where the carol "God is born" we all together intone

Danuta Ruminski
Turquoise of the ocean

Turquoise of the ocean raves with inspirational rhapsody.
You are diving in Hanauma among fish and coral reefs.
The life chords are being tuned up with vigor and melody
The magic of nature steals in heart day-dreams emerge like cliffs.

You rest on pretty beaches discover lagoons ocean kissing
You break through a jungle searching the spring of your ground.
The nature is playing a cute melody but one chord is missing
Without which your melody of life loses profundity of sound.

Maybe on your Birthday the chord will be reached.
The G clef will begin filling up your existence gap.
When you give it to me the song book of your life will be
enriched.
The word "DAD" from the mouth of a Baby will lift your wings
up.

Pretty Ocean will charm generations for ages.
They will see in it continuation of paradise and grace.
What will we give to the world without our child empty pages?
No I do not move any step forward without a Baby taste.

Danuta Ruminski
Last poem for Jesse

Jesse our home is empty without You
In the garden rose petals are falling down
Magnolia leaves are turning brown
The wind is spreading a mournful sound.

We lost loving Jesse in our life.
The biggest pain is in our heart.
Yet Jesse's spirit prevails in every part.
God opens for Him Heaven and Eternal Life.

Your flesh is being buried in the Garden of Rest.
Yet your Soul rejoices in Heaven to the best.
Easter is coming I wish we were together
To celebrate Jesus Resurrection and glorious measure.

God gave me comfort that You are under His loving wing
He secured me that your Earthly Life transferred to
Heavenly Spring.
After a while our garden will start blooming again
Our hearts will be at peace and hope re-gained.

Thus Jesse my Friend and Love
Rejoice your Eternal Life with God and Angels above.
Please bless me and be with me like a caring Dove.

Danuta Ruminski
A Getaway

The spark in her eyes strikes like a thunder.
Her soul wants to reflect a state of rapture.
Heart and mind try to conceive the wonder.
Her brain cannot all these emotions capture.

So many loving tender gestures from Him.
Her wings soar to reach the celestial ceiling.
Barely discovered before even in a dream.
With Sheldon her life starts revealing.

Thank you for the getaway to Palm Beach.
Opening an experience to City Walk scenery.
Another perception of feelings to reach.
On sweet stage also of Cheesecake Factory.

Danuta Ruminski
For my mentor

The majestic Universe that is so close and so far away
A Wellspring of energetic strengths gathered thru ages.
Who stays at the guard of your spiritual wisdom today?
Show me a path so I can honour to follow your sages.

With Wiesiunia I'm on the boundless Ocean in Key West
Without Her how different I would perceive the Universe.
In every inflow of the wave I feel divine wisdom zest
In every ray of the sun the energies intersperse.

Thank you God that I'm a happy part of the cosmos
You sent an Angel from Szczecin to take troubles away
Not only soul but also body she can metamorphose
Remove from Danuskowo Wielkie bring into divine bay.

God let me rejoice the Universe in wealth rich
And watch my Angel during her life's expedition.
Let's sing psalms to abound with world's petition.
Thru enhancement high energy of vibration to reach

Dariusz Pacak
WAY TO CHEONGYANG TEMPLE

stones murmur
the language of flower is soft
a prayer with rosary

the majesty of Pagoda
in crown of Azalia
awakens beads of grace

circled in Lotus petals
Budda of granite
ri-ng-s ou-t MU--

Translated by Ryszard J.Reisner

Haeinsa (Gayasan National Park-South Korea) 6 September 2004

Dariusz Pacak
BORIAM TEMPLE

Knowing
lives among silence
deafening Buddha
unlocking now language of flower

between
grasshopper sound
and deftness of a spring
every single awakening of the bell
marks the next chapter without words

set in the breeze
of the Southern Sea a
stone falls silent

Translated by Ryszard J.Reisner

Seoul (Seoul Tower) South Korea 2 September 2004

Ela Galoch
Summer

From my first love I memorized tales of my grandfather
and a kermes by
The forest- church
Snorting horses with checkered blankets harnessed to a cart

When once a year magic stands were lying in ambush
behind the belfry
Luring by their pink cockerel
Turning small bits of sawdust into shining paper

A visiting monk was giving away blessings as if they were
candies
In front of holy water instinctively I closed my eyes.

Then the miraculous holy medal from my godmother
silvered better
I blew on it so that it would not become a flake
- Pipes trumpets and crying of children did not embarrass
the procession
Sweaty aunts and their acquaintances cooled down after
the religious ecstasy.
And then all of the older folks drew out vodka and chains
of garlic's sausages

Scratching knees on the grass I ran onto pinnated cumulus
to meet
freckles of Jacek under eye-lids instead of stars

In my imagination starting a journey around the horizon of
hips and buttoned collars
Until hedgehogs were confused making paths through the
stubble-field
Though after fifteen minutes upon hooting for mother one
should come back
to the well behind the church wall

Where cattle have been watered being tired from the heat
And on the Good Saturday -smoking hawthorns an apples
strewed in ashes in order to look at each other without a
novenna to Judy Tadeusz
Having in itself the whole of this festive scenery
Also a golden oriole with upraised tail sprinkled with rain

Though it's not true that the first love is the most
important.
Among the forked willows I will still remain for a moment
Because pictures ? in true life - they are kept mostly in sepia
Leaving a husband to worry about an orange thread
Extracted from the interior of a skirt on bushes of wicker
Reminding him from time to time that I was here with him
in the motionless air
Apparently without a space and with a spark in my pupil
for faithfulness to
him from myself as a woman.

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

Eleonora Kroczyńska
Wonder

A staff in old man's hand
and a path in water:
the proof you squint your eyes.

The shadow on the steps
turning the sun's trace:
you live.

Word command
result proto-reason:
you create.

And even
when there are no proofs
for wonder
in silence
it transfuses blood.

Eleonora Kroczyńska

Where the waters of Tiger escalate
(from the map and the book)
where the lily of the valley's scent caught hold
(here or there)
where the light stream itself carries
(far and into a dream)
where young deer and lions eat from hand
(something or else)
and the trees deliver strange powers...

the paradise dies
it turns back into a pale page
when one stops looking
straight into the eyes.

Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney
SIBERIA1940
grandfather

There is a Russian kettle in your cabinet.
I didn't mean to but it wobbled out to me
Its tired blistered feet back from a hollow reef
Assigned to shadows.

What distances he had to go before
The world turned backwards inside the iron shell
He carried fastened to his head like final
Weight of the horizon he saw escaping him?

Some say he journeyed through the ocean.
Snow falling endlessly and only trees like dreadful nurses
In white coats unmoved by all the colors death comes in.

No use to shout one's name.
That land had sunk again again.
The living and the dead under same sheet of frozen waters.

Your kettle will it ever boil it off will it let go?
Of depths in passing time I've dug a frozen skull .

Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney
The Muse of Creation

it's a paradox of course that the matter
we spin from in our memory dance
of words demands the same attention
as a hair painfully tangled in a tree
or a bleeding finger

and is jealous of us wants everything
we can offer it from our tongues
traversing the silence of many forests
of our misjudged wisdom
of feelings (not) to (presumably) happen again

relief however - it will accept
most commonplace things: a hair tangled
in a passing star or a bleeding
inside we could have gotten nothing
but we did
steal freedom from the fore mentioned event

Ernest Bryll
The Lamb

The lamb on brittle legs
Stood on a faded meadow. Waiting
He might live or be dead
-- All in the man's hands
And the hands squeezed the air
Trembling to the very horizon
And a dirty finger covered
Even parts of heaven
We little people lost on the journey
-- And what could we have done?
-- What could we have used to stop
The giant's ruthless hands?
And yet so many ran
Toward the darkness -- Like into flames
The army of paupers
Fought for the innocent lamb

Translated by Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka

Ernest Bryll
Nearby nearby it is hardest to hear...

Nearby nearby it is hardest to hear
If the leaf talks to us. If the angel has tripped
And gotten soiled in the dirty puddle that
Remains forever on the road ahead.

From nearby it's the longest path to travel
To hear something someone's call for help.
Too close the cry. Not audible so near.
Too close it stinks. No room to breathe.

Oh it's better from afar. First we catch our breaths
Then we compose long letters
To the angel. Let him come to the one who calls
Apparently for help. The angel knows
For he looks from above.

Let's not doubt
The ones from afar are nearby.

Translated by Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka

Ewa Kaczmarzyk
A Mountain Crystal

I looked at your face a mountain crystal
where are you my
glorious
of my life... and dream
you are standing in the shadow
of palm trees
thousands of thoughts to be seen on your
face
reveal just one secret
perhaps you will leave me
a reflection in the crystal
of mists
a mountain path
a mountain crystal
of memories or maybe
of pearly dreams
we'll sink into
a mountain crystal
of dreams ... and sleep

Ewa Kaczmarzyk

We were walking
amongst the meadow and the night

I smelt of you
And you of me

of love and dew.
The moon plunged
into me
along with you

The stars were falling

Right into our hands.
The wind was a warm coat
I could hear you breathe

And you could hear me

crickets and trees.
shiny wisps of hair and grass
Kept falling softly on our

shoulders
Suddenly a rustle of footsteps

A nosy look
from above
found by golden stars
this is our walk

Ewa Kajtoch
Some nights

Some nights are spent together
By the three of us:
the darkness I my heart
the darkness flows
from above and from both sides
the cocoon congeals and hardens

The heart
wishes to break the shell
it beats again and again
as if to destroy
its dwelling place
I lie quietly
my breath as shallow as possible
In the morning I get up
and go to work by myself

It's frosty
The skin on my face contracts
tight enough to hurt

Hania Smuga
Grey-Wings Angel

I saw
A tiny grey-wings angel
He cried silently for help
Surrounded by spider net
I haven't do nothing
I don't believe in tiny
Grey-wings angels

Hania Smuga
The End

Getting dark
It's night
From the chink in wall
Peeks out the sparrow's bill
And suddenly - the dazzle
Not in this way?
Sparrow closes his eyes
Morning disappears
It's night
And no evening

John Paul II
What are you telling me?

What are you saying me a mountain stream?
In which place will you meet with me?
With me who also is going by?...

Stop
- this going by has a sense!

A stream isn't astonishing
but a human is!

Sometime ago an astonishment
was named "Adam"

Stop...
..."inside me there is a meeting place
with Ancient Word"

If you want to find a source
you have to go into mountains go against the stream.

Where are you the source?
Silence.
Why are you remaining silent?
How carefully you hid
the mystery of your beginning.

Let me soak my lips
in the spring water
to feel freshness.

Translated by: Magdalena Bruździńska

John Paul II
Go out!

...he heard a Voice..
Go out!
You will be the father of my nations.

Who is this one without a name...
Who was talking as human to human?

Once Abraham came with visit.
There were three newcomers.
Abraham knew that he's the one
He the only one.

The son it means: paternity and maternity
Abraham - because he believed despite the hope

He already saw himself as a father of a dead son
Who was given him by the Voice?

Oh Abraham- because in this way God loved the World...

Stop!
I carry your name inside me.
Remember this place...
It will be waiting for its day.

Translated by: Magdalena Bruździńska

Jan Towarnicki
Gypsies

Somewhere outside the window a rail hit
 Against steel and gave out a sound loud and clear
 It's called the memories like in some Wierzyński's poem:
 When they come through the field roads in the evening
 And a group of kids run to greet them
 Let it be in Stryj or Sambor
 In the world of the mysterious ethos:
 Gypsies
 I can see tents in the middle of my village swinging
 In the meadows behind the gardens in March
 The whole camp among bonfires giving a living shout:
 Gypsies
 Melting snow emanating some warmth
 Wakes back to life the greenery of willows and pastures
 The sound of an anvil a sharp and nice
 Calls me again with a pulsating myth:
 Gypsies
 In memory the sound of crying children
 Running in snow in their shirts
 Women's colorful dresses blown by the wind
 Big hats hiding at noon the whiteness of men's faces
 From the hot sun:
 Gypsies
 I went there many times drawn by the shout
 By the delicate request in Juliet's eyes
 By Don Juan singing very quietly to the moon
 Gypsies
 I come back even today for the fortune-telling
 To my forgotten and so dear home between Sambor and Stryj
 To my longing I'm answering with a loud shout
 I look into the tent where God was never known
 And where the words from years ago sounded:
 Gypsies
 I can no longer manage to part with them
 I can't forget the sound of the anvil from the camp
 I still can't stop calling out for the world in my dreams
 Gypsies

Translation Andrzej Osóbka

Jan Twardowski
Let's Hurry

Dedicated to Anna Kamińska

Let's hurry to love people 'cause they leave so soon
 Only their shoes and deaf phone remain
 Only what is unimportant lingers like a cow
 What's most important rushes so fast
 Then normal so unbearable silence exists
 Just like purity derived from despair
 When we think about someone that we're left without

Don't be convinced that you still have time because it's not
 assured
 And we loose our tenderness like good luck
 That comes as both pathos and humor
 Just like two passions are lesser than one
 And hurriedly leave like a bird in July
 Just like a sound not very accurate or a dry respect
 To really see you need to close your eyes
 Though it is a higher risk to be born than die
 We still love too little and too late

Don't write about it too often but write once and for all
 So you'll be like a dolphin gentle and strong

Let's hurry to love people 'cause they leave so soon
 And those who do not leave not always return
 And you never know when speaking of love
 Whether first is the last one or last is the
 first

Translated by Barbara Voit

Jan Twardowski
Still

You still hold on to your happiness by the hair
Keep leftovers in any mug
You write a diary like building yourself a statue
That's why the air is nourishing you sparingly
Not leading you invisible hands
What is great does not come willy-nilly
Pain is useless - 'cause you're not dying

You don't give of yourself
Then how should you get everything

Translated by Barbara Voit

Janusz A. Ihnatowicz
VICTIMS OF AN AIR DISASTER

shearing the tree-tops we have fallen
through the branches to the ground and then
through the layers of soil beyond the flesh
and above us grew a pyramid of flames
a billowing monument to our past

they search for us through the rubble
of our unfleshed bones in the ash
they looked for lives now lived through
unfinished perhaps yet undone
as we rose to one day fame

there are voices over the remnants of death
but we are silent in the new found wisdom:
when the curtain of the pupil is finally torn
how are we to weep how to bewail
in the vast never-more
a little bit of nothing that we were?

Janusz A. Ihnatowicz
POLISH NIOBE – 1939

September's canvas – golden skies –
stretched over dark and somber waters;
the clacking call of glass-billed birds
carrying our death on silver wings

A mother and child take to the fields
Herod's myrmidon on their heels;
the hideous dragon rears its head
over the lane in the autumn sun

In a moment it will swoop down
seize and crush the fruit of her womb;
the orphaned mother an empty conch
opens her arms and cries to heaven

The rye is cut the leaves lie gold
sorrowful thistles line the road
the lane casts sunlit motes of dust
into Our Lady's weeping eyes.

Translated by Christopher Zakrzewski

Jerzy S. Czajkowski:
Rain will dissolve

Rain will dissolve and wind will disperse
Each cloud

Sunrays reflected on the sword with no handle
As displayed in the window of the consignment store
On Krakowskie Przedmiescie

Well if it were not for rain and wind
And not for yellowed pages
What would withstand the time

Parsed sentences of murky waters
Dead weight in the leg
And decease of history

And yet dispersed stars
Along serpentine roads
Rain will dissolve and wind will disperse

Translated by Barbara Voit

Jerzy Czajkowski
SPLINTERS

Pathways start
and end somewhere
white linens in the meadows
and scream
and grief of a rock
that swallows saliva
like a man suddenly
Hit across his face.

I tried to raise with both hands
a sword of justice
but it broke in vain.

o tempora! o mores
audistur et altera pars

oh dew like nails in Christ's wound
oh bloody chips of Chopin's willows
the day unnamed non existing

you went to change the dress
of downtrodden meadows and fields
greenery that didn't grow
it's necessary to know how to bear you

Translated by Barbara Voit

Jerzy Czajkowski
TASTE OF EXISTENCE

On the road overrun
screaming epitaphs -
on back barely visible
barely seen
hump of existence

I embodied
in coffeehouse gossips
slanders and invectives
go

go and do not watch
because
my nation has no face
like a clown
in Shakespeare's theatre

Translated by Barbara Voit

Jerzy Dąbrowa-Januszewski
A Circle

In the old photo
that lost its gloss under the dust and sweat
of the escapes from wars
there's the youth
on a swing my grandpa
with a frisky moustache
snuggling to my cheerful grandma
(how beautiful they were)
in the front lawn
a group of kids
among them I recognize
my mother's smile
remembered again
when she was saying
on her death bed
- I brought you up well
In the color photograph
my daughter
she reminds me of that smile a lot
snuggling to my granddaughter
a multitude of resemblance
between women

Translated by Andrzej Osóbka

Jerzy Fryckowski
A LETTER TO MY DAUGHTER

I really cannot answer
whether it was God who punished dinosaurs
and shaded the light with a meteor to them
my faith dates back to the day of your birthday
thus we both know pretty much the same
I fell many times on my face when passing people
but I seldom prostrated
worrying about my own palms

I do not know sweetie
perhaps dogs go to heaven
they pray for our prudence howling so often
their faithfulness deserves
that they guard our sleep even there

I do not know the dearest
why God has invented cancer
yet wonders happen
and hair grows back
sometimes sight returns

Jerzy Fryckowski
ATROPINE

Waiting diminishes my pupils
I cannot contain the slyness of feline sight
even though my hair starts to electrify
when you begin to teach me how to undress for sleep
pupils match current coins
but will I be able to buy calmness for them?
you undress the nudity to the silver of a shirt
there is hope that I will see
I take my fingers off the Braille
I read where the humidity
and shy rain appeared
I touch the silver of your night armour
I feel its fishy scales on my throat
breath is still harder to get
and lowered shoulder straps make
everything seem spherical
it is the last evidence that the Earth exists
the Earth from which I detach my feet

Jerzy Lechita
YOU NO ONE

- to Alannah

You say "no" - to all of them
well...
lust is not for lovers
lonely soul is day by day
to far to reach
the feelings
like in May...

we were together
around the shadows
lit the fair of the heavens
among the stars your voice
of glance
and face to face -
eyes to eyes so close to love
your hearth
in me my Sapho always

sing a song for us
and touch me ones again
to be with me for ever.

Western Saloon 1998

Juliusz Erazm Bolek
Miniatures

Drought

I know
how magnificent words are born
they rise like fungi after rain
yet so what when the human being
is like a desert

Me Beast

me beast
a swallow enclosed in a fist
I take hiding
desolation is so overpowering
in the gruesome drama
of fleeing dreams
I drown in silence

Criteria

if something does not have sense
it is beautiful
if something has a sense
doubts emerge

Training

the rain. You wouldn't believe
how you may eat the rain
but it's only years of practice
systematic swallowing of tears

Juliusz Erazm Bolek
Miniatures

Relationship

smile did my aching teeth
I pretended to be happy
she to be in love
we were encompassed by the love's grip
like a stork with a frog

Fame

I'm standing high
high above
on the peak
peak of a valley

It's horrific

I'm so rooted into privileges
that upon the very idea
that man dies
I feel ashamed

Juliusz Erazm Bolek
Miniatures

Potency

from the pressed
hundred words
there will remain a clue
of hoe's splinters
on the paper

do not feel sore
that I don't want
to present you with a poem
it is written
in your soul

Dawn

what was it for to shake off the dew
in this drop there was a lyric
like the first kiss

Translated by Piotr Czapla-Krulikowski

Katarzyna Brzóska
TRISTANIA

dying in a soundproof civilized
houses with plastic windows
a toxic nail in the coffin

ruins are rid of preservatives
dignified blended mould
in the green carpet of a fjord
there coagulates without decaying
the blood so deckly rolled
and it dams up onto a ringing dune

in the north
you can die several times
without losing a lot in your life

after death

it is enough to tear a burned out
lens off the sun

Translated by Andrzej Osóbka

Krzysztof Gašiorowski
Oh my those graveyards...

Oh my those well kept graveyards
Better man children's playgrounds;
complex connections.
The livelier the graveyard the more vital
the city which I saw that on my journeys.

The enthusiastic mourning
for those who died young is intensified
by life it self which sees
a chance here.

But most of us die
to late
so our beloved have no time
to start it all over again.

That certainly worries the dead:
so little they have lost.

Translated by Marek Zborski

Krzysztof Gąsiorowski
Out of leaves

Hand in hand with a leaf
and through the unfolding forest
and in vain.

Leaves touch one another
but their real union
is not a leaf any more.
Just as what divides them
as they fall.

But solitude is still
a gift
rarer than love
and dearer as it has the most of us..
And we tear it from one another
like hair.
And our souls and hearts grow barer and barer.

Translated by Marek Zborski

Krzysztof Gąsiorowski
Footprints

Once
 people lived here now
 a new nature
 has been taking over
 everything.

The radio hums and casts ashore – a burning oiler which
 pretends the mountain autumn

Images as if from a backwood planes brought down
 serpents and snails
 of highroads factory – made windfallen tree herds of
 smoke.

The last drab man of the time – a black and white colour
 tv set hides
 in caves from where

a silvery brook trickles on - carrying houses batties fires
 oversized
 leaves of film star faces.

What we have conquered conquered us. Void all around.
 The paper snow
 is silently falling. By just a minute
 and we are late on white deserts
 of books and dailies tiny footprints still loom.

Translated by Marek Zborski

Lech Lament
Mountain hike

Once I knew more of the order of the world
I poured light out of dishes into fragile moulds
but space ridicules
beaten tracts seem blind

reason is asleep counting steps and distant islands
which are passed by birds
for night's desires
love's play

from hilltops everything is dazzling
when descending drained and weary
of useless knowledge towards the land of silence

we know that glaciers return quickly
to crush monuments and put out fires
which we set to hope
that those after us will see the same
and will do more

but what joy will I leave them
if what I experienced
will die with me

Translated by Cezary Marczyński

Lech Lament
Wizard's notes

By touching old trunks
 I did not become a tree
 magical scent of libraries
 did not make me a master
 a source of knowledge

who is an alchemist
 when a shooting star falls like God and expires
 and darkness crawls like a snake
 devouring everything
 and new nebulae enlighten the sky

so throw the first stone
 if you are right
 or get crucified
 if you are guilty

but what's the use for screaming in darkness
 and suffering which muffles everything

it's so quiet here at dusk
 and you want to live so much
 not to scream in pain and terror

to feel only tenderness
 to ramble meadows full of flowers
 to forget the history of the world
 which is cruel
 and teaches nothing

to be gently curious like a butterfly
 to be born again prettier and wiser
 to raise the falling
 so that the world could move on
 and to be better
 towards others

Translated by Cezary Marczyński

Leslie Kot
AARON NEVIL AND "AVE MARIA"

Look out! Darkness coming up!
It want to shake hands...
Are you afraid? Are you ready? What did you do?
Did you? All that you supposed to...?

Don't look back - what's done is done.
Don't judge yourself too hard...
Trust me! No matter what! Don't! Leave it to your kids!
They know how and what to do with it!
They've got a future! Do they?

Have you seen a shimmering light on the horizon?
You are very romantic tonight - what's wrong with you?

I beg your pardon? Aaron Nevil is singing "Ave Maria"?
How touching - he's got that voice as gift directly from
God!

She says: I wish you could sing like him - then maybe I
could fall in love with you...
But I can't and even if I could - I wouldn't!
People just pretending! Playing games...

Years goes by... cool...

Leslie Kot
THEN YOU DON`T

And so
I ask you to climb with me a mountain
Called "Forever"

Like sundays used to walk to the church
Like camels walk through a sandstorm
Like searchers reaching the truth
Like the saints go to heaven

Find your own place
Find it on the shining side of The Blues
Then you don`t drown
Then you don`t

And so
I ask you to fill me up
With unconsciously - endless pleasure of a sound

Like a broken match loves the flame
Like a dry lake loves its water
Like an evening loves a sunrise
Like my tear loves your smile
Then you don`t drown
Then I don`t

Leslie Kot
WEEKEND IS NEAR

A vanished rush is rolling - on the empty streets
 Friends of mine are calling - saying their needs
 Children at home and the blues is here
 I feel great - a weekend is near
 With you darling - hand in hand
 Together - till the end
 Children at home and the blues is near
 I feel great - a weekend is here
 Under your pillow a gift for you
 Open it now and look it through
 My heart is in it - only for you
 Oh Mighty Lord - you know it's true
 Children at home and the blues is here
 I'm so happy - because you are near

Leslie Kot
A VERY SPECIAL BLUES

This is your blues
 A very special blues
 Blues that never ask too much
 A reaching hand - feelings touch

Blues let us know when we've come to grief
 Blues want to show what we've got to give
 It's your heart felt blues in my polish shoes
 Always coming back down along the track

Blues - sacred goal
 Comin` from your heart and soul
 Says what are we living for
 This is your blues - knockin` at my door

Leslie Kot
GLITTERING STAR

The night is stretching out its hair
 A glittering star is dressing itself
 Inspired hope is waiting for its share
 Ghosts are waking up around twelve

Twilight zone is spinning on the water
 Bumble-bee calming down the wings
 A wave of the wind is lightly shorter
 A song infiltration of broken strings

A broken string an empty word
 A surpent`s bite a dirty dirt
 Awakened ghosts after twelve
 On the thin line enjoy themselves

We are deaf and we are blind
 It`s all worthless we´ve left behind?
 We can`t hear and we can´t see
 All that counts now is you and me!!!

REAL LIFE

Time to wake up - bell is ringing
 Boots are ready birds are singing
 Time to "dive" in real life
 Clean the house catch the bus...

Leslie Kot
FRIENDSHIP

Nations divided by oceans and seas
People've got the same visions and dreams
First - to have love and kids then a little pocket of gold
But I say friendship is the most important of all

Reach out your hand to your friend
Friendship gives no money
A lot of happiness instead
Will make you always glad.

Make a call to someone and say
Hello - you've got a friend "4 always"

The whole world
Is gonna get together today
We'll learn to know each other
We're gonna be friends all the way

Hey listen Jack!
The whole world is gonna get together today
We'll learn to know each other
Yes - we gonna teach each other
What do you say ?
IMAGINE - ALL THE PEOPLE - COME TOGETHER!
We gonna be friends all the way!

Lidia Kosk
Before a Human Killed With a Human

Spills of redness saturated
bandages of clouds
and paled uncovering
a big shield of Sun
The brightness captured our plane

Suddenly it waned
hid behind the falling wall
of indigo clouds driven in
by the last ray
Silent moment of darkness fell

We crossed the threshold
Gold-saturated shimmering dawn
dissolved uncovering
the big shield of Sun
It permeated the windows of the plane

The dream that didn't make it
slipped down the ball of Earth
between the red and the gold
of sunset and sunrise
A new ordinary day was born

before a human killed with a human
planes and buildings
full of humans

Translated by Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka

Lidia Kosk
I am a wandering tree

I am on a continuous journey
begun with the leaves of
faith love and hope

Their deep-reaching veins
map out the flow of my blood
my thoughts and my feelings

I am on a ceaseless quest
not to be limited to a trunk

Translated by Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka

Lidia Kosk
Settles in the Heart

A little green ball
Rolls on rolls on
Tossed like a prize
At a toddler's feet
Plays green on green
Touches the fingers
Leaves too soon
The longing hands

Rolls on rolls on
A winding ribbon
Sinks into darkness
Revives in dawn
Sparkles the braids
Of a teenage girl
Runs down in tears
Of a woman's defeats

Rolls on rolls on
In happiness glows
Dims in grief
Returns in wisdom
Settles in the heart
Free like the heart
Keeps it from doubting
A little green ball

Rolls on rolls on

Translated by Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka

Lidia Kosk
Our Children

When they started hearing they heard
Guns and bullets rattle
in the stories
about the invasion about the war

When they started seeing they saw
people being killed
in the stories
about the invasion about the war

They were born to peace time
but in their parents' eyes
like on a movie reel the war
rolled on

And we the parents rejoiced
that our children had been spared the war

Translated by Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka

Lidia Kosk
Across the Nevada Desert

The ribbon of tar
On which I dive into the landscape
Rises ahead
To unite with the dark blue sky

At my sides emptiness
Pinned with the thorns of Joshua trees
They stick out isolated
Big unreal
On the backdrop of sand mounds
And the sun escaping the night

Hands move the steering wheel
The only link to reality

Translated by Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka

Lidia Kosk
The Take-Off

I am floating down to the porch
that rises towards the Emerald
straight from the embrace of a dream
I shake it onto the wooden boards
into the shimmering streams of light—
but the dream is not done
It hides from the piercing sun
in the arms of an umbrella woven
from humming palm leaves
It hangs above the ocean
seduced by endlessness of water
I play "hide and seek" with a rock
that watches me carefully
with black flatfish eyes
and float to the sand
of corals
that adorn wave crowns
They whisper and catch my dream
It floats away from my ideal island

Translated by Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka

Lilla Latus
XXX

my grandfather
left for Germany
to work
voluntarily
chasing
an Aryan tress

my mother
lighted our hearth
with letters signed
"Auschwitz- Birkenau"

our home
as busy as a
a weaver's shuttle
survived thanks to
parcels from Munich
in the evenings
I read to my son
stories by Grimm brothers

in German

Lilla Latus
Is it ?

I do not love you

I just wrap myself
in your body

I lick my lips
with your tongue

I fill my breast
with your breath

I weigh just as much
as you can give me

I live thanks to
your heartbeat

Lilla Latus
The diagnosis

I have got
your absence - ache

my skin
affected by
feverish breaths

within my eyeshot
only you

in my mouth
increased sugar level

I am not afraid
- in my family
nobody has ever died

of love

Lilla Latus
The lover

I want
this part of you
which cannot stay
until the morning
the holidays
so absent
in my calendar

I want a bed
which wherever placed
always stays upright

I want my photograph
in your family album

to fill the measure
of happiness
I want an empty place
by your side

Lilla Latus
My man

quenches
exclamations marks of fear
in my eyes

at night
he does not let
my shirt be the nearest
in the morning
hangs up the sun
over the table

I am honey
he is milk
together we flow
through the land
where only snow reminds
that chill exists

my man
takes the rubbish out
brings bread

Małgorzata Karolina Piekarska
A Letter to Danuta B. Living in Florida

I sent you a poem
It's fresh like a bread from bakery

It was plunging into the net of Dreams like a Christmas fish
It's like an unplanned pregnancy
But there's no way out
Abortion is forbidden
In a head there's no delete key

I didn't want to get up
But he spent me from my bad
It was so obstinate
I was tightening the eyelids being so tired but
It ordered me to press record key

Although it was pitting in my head like on the throne
It insolently squeezed through my fingers
And it's standing on the page
Importunate!
Intruder!
Take it Danuta because I'm so sleepy
There are six hours to daybreak in your home

Warsaw 18 October 2001

Marek Czuku
BEAUTY

look how beautiful it is
said one inspired critic
when he saw a creature
of seven legs
seven heads
and seven names

unfortunately
the creature was primitive
and didn't pay to it
any attention

Translated by Jerzy Jarniewicz

Marek Czuku
LOVE POEM

I love
when you put out my eyes
with the voice of love
when you talk
about cancer gnawing
channels
between fingers
when you burn my feet
with mint
my feet used to the touch
of the mouth

and that is why
I love
the living
hairy rat
which cankers
the hours
from our guts

Translated by Jerzy Jarniewicz

Marek Czuku
POLITICS

somewhere and sometime
 a mouse and a cat
 used to eat from one bowl

it would've lasted till today
 if the cat hadn't been told
 that mice are edible

Marek Czuku
AN EMPIRE YOU ARE

An empire you are if you don't know I'm telling you
 And obstinate mouths are swallowing big stones
 To dress the words in the consistency of stones
 To build a fortress in place of a glance
 In place of what hangs and what haunts
 Taboo and enough naked eyes remain silent

Empire when it grows doesn't fraternize with another
 Avoids the gestures of joy and despair
 Ignores the voices that come from under the earth
 Hammered in bronze remembering the past
 As a camel it goes conquering tapestries
 Which the uncrowned sun soon turns into ashes

If you don't know I'm telling you

Translated by Jerzy Jarniewicz

Marek Czuku
IN OUR SANCTUARY

The street was full of martial communiqués
 It greeted me with the shouts and the rattle
 Of guns I found shelter inside a gate
 Like an heir of conspirators should
 Faced by the lethal aggressiveness
 Of communiqués I ran along the walls
 To our house

 You let me in Opened the door
 Naked and submissive You lay down
 On the carpet and I could do with your
 Body whatever I wanted Outside the window
 Foreign armies were doing justice to each other
 Blood started dripping from the ceiling Thirsty
 For freedom we drank it as a nectar In our
 Sanctuary I conquered you as the first
 Warriors conquering the earth The light
 Went out and through a broken window we could hear
 Mothers' voices whispering prayers
 And then we couldn't hear any more shots
 Nor the groans of the dying
 Calling us
 Into the streets

Translated by Jerzy Jarniewicz

Marek Czuku
CRAIG RAINE SENDS A POSTCARD HOME

Poles have complicated mechanisms
Devoted to others Heartless to their kin

Sometimes they pretend to know less
Than they can understand though

Their knowledge is bookish
They cause pain unaware

Of the sharpness of knives Their tongues
Are flexible Speech is distinct And

Screams can be heard under the windows
It is their proneness to sentimentalism

My wife appreciates Poles because
Of their honesty and concern

For an European nation
They are too rough Hewn

Maybe in stone If I saw
Them on Easter

Island I wouldn't be amazed
But would simply close my eyes

Translated by Jerzy Jarniewicz

Marek Wawrzkiwicz
I'm telling you

We are meeting at home.
Do you want me to tell you
What is not possible to be told.

We parted from each other in the morning.
It rained cold - - as if it rained from
the beginning of the world now and for ever.

I read in the newspaper that it would be better
soon
And I almost believed in it.

Then at work we were intensely working
To come into conclusion that nothing
Can be done.

I met an acquaintance who has erotic problems
And he derives them
From metaphysics. We were talking about it.

A couple of minutes after 2 o'clock surely under
influence
Of the conversation I tried to recall
The name of the girl
With an unhappy face. I forgot. I only
remembered
Convulsive moves of her slender hips.

A quarter to three my friend from the other
world
Called and suggested to go to movies.
In his life he only liked westerns and gang films

Where justify did not have to triumph.
Now he is inviting to watch Bergman.

A few moments later I doubted
In the sense of existence. I doubted more
Than the day before yesterday but less than
Last Saturday.
I was coming back on a bus yielded a seat to
An older woman. She was antipathetic. I hated
her
At the same second.

And now I am keeping silent because I don't
know
How to tell it to you.
You better be silent with me.

Late evening. Shade passed behind the
window.
No it's not death yet.
It was a bird flying by.
Soft like a concrete.
And light like a stone.

(from the volume: "About Love")

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

Marek Wawrzkiwicz
You don't have any idea

I don't have any idea about the difference
Between myself and Price Carol.
I'll tell you although you don't care at all.
Philip the Father of Carol made him play polo.
I found out what the game is about
When I was 13 years old.

Throughout all the time my father beat me.
Not at my ass at my face. The reason was that
I didn't understand maths which my father taught me
Physics life
His unhappy life.
He has never told me about his life.

Price Carol had - if you use the word already - Corns
on his ass.
I had bruises on my face
And I wanted to escape from home.

Yet I did not know where.
The woods were the closest. I knew the woods
However my father certainly knew them too.
He could have find me and slap my face.

My Father whom I always kissed in his hand
The hand which adorned my face
He didn't know about problems
About Philip and Carol either. He solved them by
himself.
There was polo here was a field. Behind the field there
were
Woods. Narrow but high. Yet lower

Than my short Father.
And his reprimanded hand

I will introduce another name here.
Izaak however his muzzle was not slapped
Yet he also was destined.

(June 2002)

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

**Maria Duszka
Selected Poems**

the eyes of animals
are always pure
the animals do not have a soul
or remorse

it looks at me
scrutinizing
carefully

I do not have courage
to look them in the eyes

Stupid in world's eyes

country stupid man
is sitting next to his mother grave

embracing his knee
and rocking he is repeating:
mother in ground
ground in mother

Maria Duszka
Selected Poems

x x x

years are going by
round
and empty

I'm waiting for several summer days

touch of your lips
must be enough
for next year
or forever

blood in my veins
is changing in expectation
pulsate
and turn me
in your side

there is nothing better
than your arms

Maria Duszka
Selected Poems

x x x

I was at the bottom
not once

I was deep
My Lord saved me

He sent for me
when I was at the bottom

Sleepwalker

I came to love with a moon
and when it
turned away
my silver way
ended suddenly

I didn't know
that there could be
so far
to stars
and to people

Marta Berowska
Letters From Margaret Trakl To Her Brother

Letter 1.

We could sin only like the rest of them
With a bold look
Whisper while with others
Or with a loud question asked in the dining room
For which we were scolded by our aunts stern looks

We could sin only like the rest of them
With naive lies - just like other children
It was even allowed at home
You were sent to the corner for a while
And then
God forgave you
And you could do it again

But our sin was different
They couldn't be like that
Remember Georg
It was July - remember
With the open window
Scared by the shadow of the tree...
You got to know all of me as the first
For the first time

Letter 2

Snow flowers
Like droplets of sweat on your forehead
When after the night with me you hurriedly put
Your shirt smelling like a pharmacy

Hurry up hurry up you said
The collar the cuffs
A little button fell
What if the aunt finds it?
Oh Georg
Will you stop being scared
You hugged me in a hurry and I desired so
much
Of your steady breath next to my temple
So different than fear
- This noise at the door - it's a mouse
Georg
And the whistling sound
That's wind in a leaky window

And only scream was close
That was my scream
Yes
That scream
For which you didn't want to forgive me

Letter 3

You were always annoyed by the abundance
Of things
Needed for sleep...pillows bedskirts
Night caps stiff from the starch
And sheets that displayed everything
Georg and one could see us
And in the end the aunts noticed

Then you went to the army and I
Straight into the hands of that butcher...
Don't call him my husband
I
Did not want him that big handed
German smelling like pigs feet with beer
Grabbing me with yells of victory

Now there are no pillows no night caps
It's good when there is a hard sofa
That's not him
Who breathes heavily over me every night
Taking what rightfully belongs to him
Not him but you Georg
And that's why I draw him to myself so
close with my thighs

Translated by Barbara Voit

Mirosław Kościński
Possibly we'll wake up

possibly we'll wake up
in a snowy blanket of our desires
when we stay with a sharp blade of an unguarded beach
driven into our back
you with you carrier pigeons on your breasts
that are getting ready to fly through the open door of a cold
dawn when the last evening becomes just another historic
date or another version of dying and your scattered
things are like dead birds falling into a calendar
landscape in the morning we're embracing each other on a
too narrow bed
looking in disbelief at the window where sparrows
of every day existence peck at the remnants of our love
and then I know the rhythms of
breathing decks of your body lost in
all possible solutions of getting out of
the situation or simply unfilled with my hunger
then I know that the storm is over

Translated by Andrzej Osóbka

Mirosław Kościński
Erotica is like a coin

the erotica coin has two sides
its heads is more worn out and sweaty
pornography with its faked resentment
and aversion
we can change the erotica coin
and spend it for example on whores from time to time
we need to try the taste of the forbidden fruit
of breasts still exciting at a first quality price
or we can deposit it in the bank of hearts
for better times or to buy for it a ticket
to a special theatre to see a forbidden movie
during which you may discover that the person
closest to you is its star
notice that life is an all deciding coin
it has two sides the left and right the darker
and the whiter heads and tails
but don't delude yourself the opposite of pornography is
love
the erotica is a coin like your life and everything
depends on what side it lands into
a mud

Translated by Andrzej Osóbka

Stanisław Kęsik
Krubinski Garden

Krubinski garden
Like a table covered with lace
Festive quiet

In the sage carpets
And the white spruce lamps
From the East
To the elm shade

Divided into quarters
Of white birds from hospitals beds
- colorful arteries ways

Strolls in fall
Among split cardiac roses
- may be the last ones

the day is crumbling
by a doormat at the chapel
and hands are a long way apart

Translated by Lilla Latus

**Stanisław Kęsik
Oscilowski Forest**

Beyond home beyond a field beyond morning fog
There is Mazovia forest with a chronicle open
Where a woodpecker knocks back to heart
A pine song -lily of the valley in the sunshine
Knocks back to all sides

Dignified count's forest wise and warm
Already browned and longing with children
Full of berries humus mushrooms

Above the pond spring
With grass snakes' plaites

Forest with a broad cemetery shadow
Which repeats to trees and you
Last intersections trembling

Beyond home beyond a field beyond morning fog
There is a family forest with poem lamp

Translated by Lilla Latus

Stanisław Stanik
Narew

from my house
the Narew river looks sad
lazy
boiled over

but how much of sky
will it take within its banks
how many clouds will it carry

the whole summer
will fit in it

Translated by Łukasz Koziński-Stanik

Stanisław Stanik
Polish Dancer

If my dancing
in ballet slippers
streamlined gestures and pirouettes
don` t earn an ovation
in my country

well
I must do
a belly-dance or
shake my thighs for a living

my country
only applied art.
still also myself
ought to have a place of mine there

Translated by Łukasz Kozielski-Stanik

Stanislaw Stanik
a request for fire

in a heavy game of battleships
mine had been
sunk
I cannot swim
and nobody wants to throw me
a life-belt

I ask only then
for a floating wreath on the water
with a candle lit

Translated by Łukasz Kozielski-Stanik

Teresa Kaczorowska
Other Polish Poets

Polish-Jew
 Polish-German
 Polish-American

What kind of poets are they

Jew
 German
 American or Polish

When returning from school
 Burning with Polish bravery
 A stone hit my back
 Remembered a Polish-Jew
 Mathematician from Tel Aviv

Thank you Lord for that longing
 For the colors and deep breaths
 Wrote a Polish-German
 Poet from Lubek

I had a cool boyhood
 Said Polish-American
 Banished from Kolomyja
 Also a poet

Dispersed all over the world poets
 Retain in their work
 Juices of their roots
 Shiver of poetry in still pictures

Translated by Barbara Voit

Tomasz Hrynac
Lost key

What is the aim of your travel?

Is it to recognize swift
dream for favorable light

in time when the days
are curled up as you can hear the rumble?

Before you ask anything
start guessing the results.

Translated by Izabella Rzychoń

Tomasz Hrynac
In the unknown scale

Because only accidentally when talking
we use the silence.

And possibly we turn away legs
to fall head down.

But what you want more as
the worlds are happening nearby?

I've already got to know:
the roar of the sky- nothing more.

Next to me.

Translated by Izabella Rzychoń

Tomasz Hrynac
In one moment

Talking about what always
stumbles on darkness.

Or remains silent. Looking into
window behind which the world ends.

Tomasz Hrynac
In black and white

Cloudy night the half dead moon
Heart white as a bone. Apparition is circling.
How ever it was: why are you sleeping
when the death is pestering?

**Tomasz Hrynaczk
Herd**

Water still.
Unlimited.

A stack of
Yellowed newspapers.
It repeats.

Eye socket. Pure tear.
Mould won't
Think up anything new.

Translated by Izabella Rzychoń

Vladan Stamenković
PENANCE

They tested
each of our glances
each of our sighs
and each prayer.

They forbade us speak
of deeper scars.
Up front they determined
each detail of truth
that we were learning
too late.

Only feelings
we buried ourselves.
Voluntarily we determined
Not to know how to forgive.
18.09.1996 r.

Translated by Barbara Voit

Vladan Stamenković
OF UNNECESSARY SENSE

to the wounded warriors of Yugoslavia

Today I hear the sunrise
and I don't feel the longing
of my eyes.

Often when they tell me about colors
I don't smile but am afraid
of green gray - green
in which I laid for a couple
of days in trenches.
I fear this azure that I saw
looking up and listening
To the hiss of falling grenade.
I fear the redness that I felt under the fingers
that were too late to cover the face.
I also fear the white of the field hospital

Only blackness calms me down.
And covers me each night.

02.10.1996 r.

Translated by Barbara Voit

Waclaw Pomorski
Motherland
(for Kazimierz D. - a friend from San Francisco)

When I was coming to this world
I hadn't thought about her yet
I didn't know she was so present in me
So spread into all cardinal point
Today without her I'd feel like without my mother
Like a homeless child - like a sail ripped in half
Within her you can love and be yourself
Fight for her suffer with her
And sometimes fall with her
For you can die under a foreign sky
But to live without her?....
You can't think about that with no pain
It is like living with an open wound
Living in pain and bleeding endlessly

Wacław Pomorski
Asters

(For Trudy)

... and besides
our closest ones are still remaining
but at some point we'll have to part with
them...
Maybe this evening or tomorrow afternoon
or in a few years if God is so gracious
full of determination we clean our balconies
We pick the faded leaves off the September
asters
and we look over balustrade
at a busy black tongue of the street
There someone's children with their backpacks
are running to school with still
unfinished
breakfast in their mouths

That's why let me
squeeze your palms for a moment
look into your teary from the wind
eyes
and scare away from your hair
a little funny fly

Wiesław Janusz Mikulski

the most beautiful taste is
autumn when time having dropped
it browns the fruit of days
silence

when the letter of life
there and here green
the cover the rust of wrinkles

when in gusts lachrymatory
face freezes wind autumn rain ...

Wiesław Janusz Mikulski
IF WITHOUT CHRIST

distracted among words
lost - then we
a bit in calm silence
lonely

distracted among tears
dreamed like lilac

lost
in windy days
and rainy ...

translated by Danuta Mieczkowska

Wiesław Janusz Mikulski

and well ... silence so much
 autumn ardour
 it flies with fallen leaves

there have not already no flowers
 only life before November
 it runs with alleys of cemeteries ...

Translated by Danuta Mieczkowska

Wiesław Janusz Mikulski

it is hard my Lord to love
 in this flame of silence which it burns
 as long as night will not it cool dream wind

it is hard so hard to love You
 in tangle of illusions at sea the hope
 as long as you to me will not it come after waves

it is hard so hard You to love
 when time tortures to death how train in run
 till will stop in one's motherland ...

Translated by Danuta Mieczkowska

Wiesław Stanisław Ciesielski
The Tower of Babel

What can you tell me?...
Nothing or perhaps everything
that the world doesn't always mean a big mess.
You 're looking after your butterflies
which grow like delicate flowers
It's not a big deal that people are a weakness of God's
that's why you're piercing the butterfly's heart.
There's a war in the world and people dying
And perhaps this all is just an illusion
For how can the suffering exists
In Your garden?
Where are You going?...
What truth do you want to experience?
And then I thought
that there are only two of us in the world
we're both as clear as a morning dew
falling off the petals of withering plum flowers
then the bulldozers came
and started to destroy the God's garden
What's going to be here? - I'm shouting
THE TOWER OF BABEL

And when I saw a big crowd of people
I thought
this is the God's garden too
but the gun shots
cut the beautiful roses.

Translated by Andrzej Osóbka

Wiesław Stanisław Ciesielski
The raise of a fallen echo

I am a telegraph
Ticking out the heart's asthmatic beat
The newest affairs in politics
A new war within the area of my skull
The frontiers encroached
Victims in men expected up to standard

I am a short-wave transmitter in expression of own
emotions
Between you and me
Our continual dialogue of assumptive proposals.

I am a Negro drum
Announcing the foe's assault
A new Asian flue fatal
On a much wider scale than the carnal death.

I am a timber in the rhythm of the Tzigane song
I am a bow of the Tatra Highlands band
I am a seismograph listening intently for the world's
collapse
I am like air
A leaf I can raise or a word
But never the echo fallen for once.

Translated by Andrzej Osóbka

Wiesław Ciesielski
An old angel's courtship

An angel pacing the earth's cleaning his wings
The world bowed to him and noiselessly yelled.
The sky drew near the earth perilously
One may gather a little sanctity with a hand.

Chopin who wrote the world's grand music within me
Dies in me likewise as a million-year snow-white man.

Chopin plays an old angel within me
He's even smiling
But too swiftly do I go past him on the bus.

An angel on the bench by the Chopin's monument
With an empty bottle
Stammering
Amiably shall do
Shall do
Shall do.

Translated by Andrzej Osóbka

Włodzimierz Holsztyński
Poetry

Poetry you're a difficult lover
 I know you prefer it outdoors
 You desire cold shores and tall mountains
 Sun burning rain camouflage and soft snow

You like fire-play randomly cracking
 Ornaments moving on the wall
 Puffed pillows under your convex buttocks.
 Never worried about closing your doors

Włodzimierz Holsztyński
either/or

in the narrow space
 between the sheets
 there is love
 or
 corruption

Włodzimierz Holsztyński
across the continent

driving dreaming in fog
 about a redhead with green lights
 los angeles is still asleep
 miami already awake

Włodzimierz Holsztyński
DIFFICULT POEMS

* * *

from the pond of the night a small green frog
lands on my window-screen outside

you live without that someone
who used to be your life

and now that summer frog every night ...

a difficult summer

thru the other end of a telescope
you are a small green frog
your piercing jewish eyes
are two black dots

pardon... ? of course... no telescope...
black ink has replaced the air outside
the frog is real

comes to my window every night

* * *

the stone-wind nowhere seen
but the small bellies of the dying
ripples on the water
pregnant with her
who was pregnant with them

she was the stone-wind who delivered
my pain across the mirror

Włodzimierz Holsztyński
Men don't cry

our backs almost touch
the (recovery) house wall i sit
in a chair and my father
in a (wheel) chair we look
at the tree across the street
they don't grow that tall and strong
in Poland he says (in Polish of course)
but U did i think (without words of course)
and i say in California
they're still taller and
i wait for lightning to strike the tree
in this fine weather in this fine weather
a van has shattered
my father's leg and broke his neck
when he was crossing Plymouth Road

he had almost recovered then after a fall
he broke his neck again a lightning
in California stroke a five thousand year old tree
and there was tree no more
he is only eighty six
we sit in the shadow
the creamy protective collar around his neck
somehow reflects light

Zdzisław Drzewiecki
We'll survive this winter too

we'll survive this winter too
against astrology and weather forecasts
which are carried by the frosts with predictions so sinister

we'll survive this winter too
even if we had to learn by heart
the most beautiful moments
of our life

and recite them
and sing
in the farthest corners of our hometown
where our gods are no longer revered

we'll have to go through many parts of the world
away from the human settlements
before we 'd be able to come back
to our valley
colored by the splendor of spring

be brave
don't let the grain of doubt
grow in your heart
hug me
and listen to the music
of our evening breaths

let's stretch our arms
and the snow will carry
the white butterfly flakes
which will land on our lips
eyes
and faces

don't be frightened by snow everywhere
and howls of wolves at night under the silver moon

we'll survive this winter too
against the common sense envious neighbors
even if we had to learn by heart
the most beautiful moments of our lives

Zdzisław Drzewiecki
A blues for my son

Some day you're going to wake up in a fast
train.

You'll see the scenery passing by out there
Irreversibly passing by for ever

You're going to realize then so many different things
that make up the still background

Some day you'll grow wings like Icarus
and I'll be looking into the horizon like Dedal
You'll reach a shore where you find the taste
of the forbidden fruit.

You'll be happy. Your star is shining in my eyes.
And you won't believe in the god of loneliness.
Though handsome he is.

Some day you'll bring home a woman
and you'll give her a name.
Like you will everything else
For it is unknown to you both. But it is beautiful.
So beautiful that you'll want to dance until the morning
by the sea shore.

Some day
you'll write a blues for your son.

Translated by Andrzej Osóbka

Zofia Korzeńska
Treasure

We till the world a soil that is rich
what do we hope to gather?
we dream of happiness – what does it mean to you?
Some seek prosperity money (of that never enough)
others importance among men power
or fame which dazzles and dazes the mind
scientific knowledge with its lying claims
that man is master of himself and of our world.
Some sow the seed of art to harvest it with others
others – a psychologist or maybe a writer – dig
for the roots of the human soul
still others hope in philosophy to find the sense of life.

We turn the soil of the world over and over
so we cannot fail to come across that priceless pearl.
But in this world of plenty (if only for the few)
in the age of matter and self-adulation
with a sour taste at the end
blinded by the world's glitter rarely do we recognize
the worth of the pearl we find.

And even if we do shall we be willing to sell
the world's delusions on which we waste our lives
to choose eternal treasure over things that pass
to share with others that brilliant light?

28th July 2002

Translated by Janusz A. Ihnatowicz

Zofia Korzeńska
Music of the Sea

The great organ of the sea roars mightily
its wondrous hymn in the Creator's praise
and along the dunes the chorus of trees
accompanies the sea with polyphony of leaves

Echoes of this concert of nature
reflected deeply in my soul
ring there still and always will
through the rest of my days
perhaps months or years
and I hope - into eternity

Translated by Janusz A. Ihnatowicz

Zygmunt Flis
Harenda

When on a bumpy road among the clouds
came in the end
a tired farmer from Harenda
to face his Creator
The Lord asked him
Why do you need my heaven
my dear John
down there from your windows
you had every day
your beloved Tatra Mountains
what nicer can I find here for you
Why do you need my heaven
when down there in your bed
among the open night
remained
a friendly and fragrant
body of a woman
who could look into your eyes
as if crocuses suddenly
growing from the pine floor
Why do you need my heaven
when you had more saints
painted on the glass
with their crooked faces
than I ever will at a church fete
and with me you argued a lot
like with the most quarrelsome wife
Where will you be so free

Zygmunt Flis
Nails

Buying nails
be very focused
Buying nails
be very serious
Buying nails
select them carefully
do it one by one
and into the light

You never know which ones
may be used
for a crucifixion