

POETRY**A-K**

Adam Lizakowski
Adam Siemieńczyk
Agnieszka Herman
Ala Pisarska
Aldona Borowicz
Aleksander Nawrocki (Warszawa, Poland)
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Alicja Kuberska
Andrzej Zaniewski (Watszawa, Poland)
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Anna Maria Mickiewicz
Anna Elzbieta Zalewska
Apolonia Skakowska
Barbara Jurkowska (Warszawa & Baltic Sea, Poland)
Barbara Mazurkiewicz
Barbara Orłowski ((Krefeld, Germany)
Barbara Osuchowska (Warszawa, Poland)
Barbara Voit
Barbara Zamaro-Falińska
Błażej Majsterek
Bohdan Urbankowski (Warszawa, Poland)
Bohdan Wroclawski (Warszawa, Poland)
Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak (London, UK)
Cezary Lipka (Warszawa, Poland)
Danuta Błaszak (Warszawa, Poland & Orlando, FL)
Dariusz Pacak
Dorota Silaj (Chicago)
Ela Galoch
Eligiusz Dymowski
Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney

Elzbieta Lipinska
Ewa Olczak

Ewa Alicja Słomska (Winterthur, Switzerland)
Ewa Zelenay
Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd
Henryka Wołoszyk
Irena Żukowska-Rumin
Iwona Stokrocka (Heidelberg, Germany)
Iza Smolarek
Jacek Pelian
Jacek Telus
Jan Lech Kurek
Janusz A. Ihnatowicz
Joanna Janda (Vienna, Austria)
Joanna Kurowska
Joanna Wójcik (Śnieżko)
Joanna Roś
John Guzłowski
Juliusz Erazm Bolek
Karolina Kułakowska
Katarzyna Campbell (Strzelce Krajeńskie, Poland)
Katarzyna Nazaruk
Kazimierz Brakoniecki
Kazimierz Burnat
Kazimierz Linda

rows arranged alphabetically by the first names of the poets

It's good to start poetry with Adam Lizakowski.

Danuta Błaszak

Adam Lizakowski is the author of more than a dozen books of poetry. His poetry has been published in Polish and English, but also in Spanish, Russian, German, Lithuanian Chinese, Hebrew, Byelorussian and Ukrainian.

In 2008 he received "LAUREL UNESCO." The award was presented at the inauguration of the Eighth World Poetry Day, which is organized under the auspices of the Polish Committee for UNESCO and the Ministry of Culture in Warsaw.

In 2010 he received the first place from The School of Liberal Arts and Sciences Poetry Award (formerly the Elma Stuckey Poetry Award) which is presented annually by the Department of English at Columbia College Chicago.

In 2010 he was the winner of "Old Father William's Fabulous and Curious Poetry Contest" organized by Caffeine Theatre in Chicago. Three poems were read on the stage theatre, "A poem about Fox", "A poem about Hedgehog" and "A poem about stork".

He received his BA (graduated with honors) in Creative Writing Poetry from Columbia College Chicago.

Adam Lizakowski
A Poem about the Eagle

Once upon a time there were two brothers, Lech and Czech, who went hunting together but each of them followed a different prey and eventually they both traveled in different directions. Czech headed to the West and became the founder of the Czech nation. While Lech traveled to the North until he came across a magnificent white eagle guarding her nest. Startled but impressed by this spectacle, he decided to settle there. He adopted the White Eagle as his coat-of-arms which remains a symbol of Poland to this day.

-Old Polish Legend



Adam Lizakowski
A Poem About the Eagle

(continuation)

The pictures of eagles were in every classroom,
public office, and institution which were scary for
gray sparrows, bread crumbs eater.

Commanders valiant, armies fully trained,
Police: male, female, uniformed and plain,
United against whom?
A few ideas that are not new!

Eagles are like shadows of you what you eat,
whom you kiss, what color is your tongue
and thoughts. There are poems written at 4 am.

When I came to America to find what I did not lose,
the wings of eagles wait for me on Logan Square.
I put them in the box of a violin. They are naked and safe.

Long live to eagle with silver eyes.

Adam Lizakowski
A poem about the pigs

For many years the communist government warned us
of the capitalist pigs from America:

The American pigs will eat leaves from our trees;
the grass from our meadows and roots in the fields;

One day they will sell us the rope
which we'll use to hang them up.

The world would be beautiful
without those American pigs.

Those American pigs sold us to Russian butchers
but there were people who would offer roses
if those pigs had the courage to come to our homes.

I always wanted to see what the pig looked like.
Do they look like us?

Oh!!! How we love those American pigs,
one day they will hear our cries

Adam Lizakowski
A poem about peacock

I read an Indian poem written thousands of years ago,
about the peacock in which a poet said that the bird,
"Has angels' feathers, a devil's voice, and the walk of a thief."

I read that poem in Florence,
what lips my lips have kissed,
and where, and why,
I thought about that poem in Paris,
walking around in the cemetery Pere Lachaise
looking for the graves Polish patriots
from January Uprising 1863.

I cannot say what loves have come and gone.
In London, in the window of a bookstore I saw
a new edition of the "Two Treatises of Civil Government"
by John Locke, and the fog was everywhere,
in my eyes, pockets, bones.

I returned to the country I called my stepmother
which greeted me with indifference,
sweet home Chicago, greeted me with unpaid bills
salt and air always arrived in sudden pockets of wind.
Still thinking about the poem of the peacock,
written thousands of years ago.
I cannot tell what time your life became mine.

Adam Lizakowski
A poem about the hedgehog

Nobody knows why the hedgehog doesn't sing
but I would like to hear him singing to his lover

How many spikes does he have?
And can we use them as a needle?

Why did the ancient Greek poet Archilochus say
"The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog
knows one big thing?"

What are his dreams when he rolls
in his sleep, in the apple orchard.

Adam Siemieńczyk
The leader of the literature activity PoezjaLondyn

was born in Bielewicze (now part of Gródek), 12/03/1971 near Białystok. Now he lives in London. · An author of aphoristic texts, poetry, prose; · Drawer – satire, pastels;

Painter tales about people. Author of the volumes: „Po wiedzy mi kim jesteś”, „Pomiędzy”. He is included in the anthology „Ży ciem pisane”. Exhibitions (oil painting and poetry), among others. in:

Białystok: Teatr Dramatyczny, 2003

Olecko: ROK, 2003

Warsaw: Centrum Expo XXI, 2003.

Amiens:

– La Bri qu ate rie, 2004.

– Léo La gran ge -Fe de ra tion, 2005.

– FNAC, 2005.

Paris: Les Ga le ries Ar ti tu de, 2005.

London: POSK Gallery, 2011.

Member of La Maison des Artistes in France. Currently lives in London. There were created: „Elementarz człowieka szczęśliwego „Okruchy kropelki”, „Aforyzmyśli”, „Poznawanie Żyraf”. His poems have been published in.: Niva, Treuburg Post, Poezja dzisiaj, Miesięcznik. He describes the profiles of artists: po ts, painters, photographers, musicians. Publication, among others.: *Poezja dzisiaj*, *The Polish Observer*, *Tygodnik Polski*, *Nowy Czas*, *Magazyn Lokalny*, *2B*, *Nasze Strony*, *Brzmienia*.

Presentations, radio programs: Radio ORLA (London), NEAR FM (Dublin), Radio Ampol (Chica go), Radio WNET (Warsaw), Polish Radio Białystok.

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Adam Siemieńczyk

Touch

At first there is no even a feeling of it. The imagination can create its beauty neither.

It is in the other person, in a glimmer of uncovered knowledge, under clotted blood, somewhere under coagulating lymph at the mere thought, behind the defensive gesture of withdrawing. The atavistic expectation of fulfillment.

And then outlines of silhouette emerge. A face and eyes. Some move. Some tone of voice, which is not a conversation yet. Some rhythm of breath. A glance. Shapes of lips and cheeks. Hesitation. A step towards each other. And coming back to our own discoveries.

An invitation for a journey. The first common space. A story turned into a conversation. An exchange of sentences And understandings. Generated energies won't wear out at once.

The words stay. Reading and naming meanings from particles. Uncovering sensibilities. Uncertain answers. A convergence of esthetics. Fairy tales, myths, imaginations. Hoping for a meeting. Trembling. Does this world exist? Is there only this first microsecond of a novel?

Being, which leaves the awareness of desire to be.
Words and words again. Trembling uncertainties. Answers.
This unknown feeling of intimacy.
Another meeting. A sense of the other person. Gestures.
Acceptance. Findings.
Music. A distant dream. Being together. Looking at the world
from one common point.
An exchange of clumsy dreams and embraces leading to
closeness.
Feeling the warmth. Close shapes of bodies.
The hour of dream. Everything becomes awaking.
Bent necks. Closed eyes can see. There is no imagination, just
feeling.
Warmth, smell and pureness mingle together.
Trembling turned into calmness and left the cheeks at the
moment of intimacy.

Translated by Magdalena Chojnowska

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Adam Siemieńczyk

- Why is it so difficult to say something?
- It is difficult only when you don't believe you live in the world of imagination.
- Exactly. I'm in it, and I'm afraid there is something different an eyelid away.
- Sometimes it is enough to raise the eyelids a little to notice a glance, and see another world there. Combined imaginations. Nothing is more real.
- You said Sometimes, so when should I open them?
- Sometimes means by means of time. Time is endless, but it passes. In order not to kill it, you have to do this now

Translated by Magdalena Chojnowska

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Adam Siemieńczyk



- Let me see it through a roll of paper.
- Why not through the folded hands?
- To impregnate the world with literature, before it reaches me, and let my vision draw a grain of imagination.
- So, is it all only about the record and creation of seeing?
- Well, I don't know. Perhaps I cut myself off slightly. Maybe it is a matter of focus. I want to look at something, only at that, to have a close-up not an enclosure.
- So?
- I can use my palms, with an orange glow inside. My hands will soak up light then and a gaze will have more of myself.
- Look.
- Do the same.
- Only a glance.
- Now do we have the whole world in our hands?

Translated by Magdalena Chojnowska

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Agnieszka Herman
Human II

Insane guide of the handicapped herd,
you were able to connect land with land through an
underwater tunnel,
get to earth's core, to suburbia of the universe,
and those who live themselves are you able to change
back?

On the power of mercy of the king, to joy of the masses,
you let elements loose from under closed eyelids
and it is increasingly harder to believe that something will
happen
there where animal ends and begins Human

Translated by Ula de B



Agnieszka Herman
Human

You say it sounds proud - Einstein, Czajkowski, Gandhi.
In heavens, he hung up satellites like stars.
Quarks, computers, grafts,
skyscrapers (modern towers of Babel).
Civilization and nature wrestle each other using fists.

I say it sounds gloomy - Hitler, Stalin, Mao.
Armed armies growl in deadly grip,
religions dipped in blood,
elongated old age in homes for the lonely.
The scream of fright as knife marks the future.

Translated by Ula de B

Ala Pisarska
December Morning

December morning drew the curtain,
and started day's spectacle.
Everyday happenings ran onto the stage,
and I stand among them.
I stand bare, trembling and helpless...
Which way to take a step?
So I open my arms but I am afraid
to scare away the dreams.
Strong heartbeat gives me courage
and I hear the whisper from the depth of soul:
"pick up this leaf that no one stepped on yet
and hold it to your heart in silence."

Translated by Barbara Voit

Ala Pisarska
Penetration of thoughts

First a thought went into the unknown
far away from the noise of the street
it was stopped by the familiar path
that went along the Drweca river

- go this way - it showed the direction
toward the boulevard on the beautiful lake
- only bow to the familiar birch tree
and smile to the troubled water

the thought listened to the whispers of nature
directing its steps straight onto the pier
suddenly the eyes noticed other eyes'
surprised friendly glance

both thoughts trembled with joy
embracing this friendship.

Translated by Barbara Voit

Aldona Borowicz

ACCORDING TO POUSIN AND GUERCINO

winter is happening: with constant dying and eternal mourning
I'm freezing in disperse of everyday, and when the pulse slows
down

I shall become a glacier of some unknown land and darkness

...

then will come tomorrow and others, and so on, in all eternity
today is nothing but a salty trace on snow: negligible episode

between the jingles of little waving glass bells,
I will sing an anthem, unnecessary for a long time,
because there, at the event horizon, time flows differently

here night is darkening, plained with wings of the bat
with a blessing, when an hourglass fights with a flow.

winter is still happening, herdsmen are penetrating a woman
looking down her skull, and reading an entrance to the cave

and even I lived once but now I am in arcadia
thus I fall asleep before a picture in a ghostly vision
Im perceiving depth of the window and the golden eye form afar

I feel breath, I'm touching a warm hand. Night is happening

Translated by Adam Antolski

Aldona Borowicz
THE WALK

My Dog takes me for a walk after midnight step by step,
through the avenues, on the same leash meditating over
whims of senility.

when the full moon sparks high up in the sky, snow cracks
The area is filled with our breaths.

Animals tend to cry, when they feel death

However Trotyl vanishes in snowdrifts, eaten by diabetes
he has been chosen by the common God, who gave him
the grace of human disease

To make him more human and noble so we walk ahead or
we run towards a direction that nobody knows

Under the lamplight, we open the scrolls of mystery
waiting for the howl of hungry wolves.

and when we're coming home, we open quietly the door to
evoke the puppy years without reins

Translated by Adam Antolski

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
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.

Alicja Kuberska
A perfect man

I was late.
I added my name
To the visitor's Red Book.
Most of the guests left.
I did not get to know them.
Here I am, almost alone in the big hall.
Sorrow - I did not get to know them.

The trees from the Amazon
have gone out roaring.
A few leaves on the ground.
The birds have flown.
Some feathers remain in silence.
Mammals and fish have disappeared.
A few pieces of hair and scales.

Lonely, sad planet.
I feel alienated.
I - the perfect Man

Alicja Kuberska
Ingratitude

It goes by many names, has different faces
 Wears a mask in the hunt for the naive.
 It knows only barter, nothing for free.

Like a thief it steals kind thoughts and deeds,
 to use and throw out later.
 It pretends that it does not remember yesterday.

It cannot smile and say thank you.
 because it is not taught in any school.
 Where there is emptiness in heart, everyone is the enemy.

Alicja Kuberska
Illusions

I'm sorry that I thought you out
 I created an unreal world
 Answering the questions knocking to my mind
 - Unasked.

I did not give you a chance.

Nights brought dreams, the days, delusion.
 I've been living in a dream, which, like watercolors
 blurred the reality.

Alicja Kuberska
Conversion

It is a pity that I cannot buy a new soul.
In supermarkets, there are no special offers
-New Soul! On Promotion!

The old is dysfunctional.

It is much easier to have a simple vision of the world.
Feet on the ground, do not have dreams.

Being greedy protects the heart
Life has a physical dimension. Ideals hurt.

Gain a prominent place in the rat race.
Dispose of sentiments, tears.

My soul is able to forgive.
It cannot learn to trust again.
It says it does not enter the same river twice.
Unreasonable - it pulls away from people.

Does not listen to reason. It forgets that sometimes
everyone hurts.
Eternally stupid, it does not learn anything.

Alicja Kuberska
Reversal

You are asking for a meeting.
 It's like watching a movie from the end.
 Look
 Wind puts the hat on the head of a passer.
 The overturned chair raises itself back up.
 A bouquet of red roses falls into someone's hands.
 A kiss -to greet you?
 -to say goodbye?

Alicja Kuberska
Lost key

You say that you love me,
 but in these words
 there are no roses, daisies,
 or the smell of morning coffee.

Somewhere you have lost the key
 to stellar gardens.
 We do not walk together anymore
 Along the night sky.
 We do not weave dreams
 on the reel of thoughts
 or follow the thread down to earth.

There is little me
 in the bills, repairs and new cars.
 I go through life barefoot
 barely touching existence.

Alicja Kubiak
The Evening

a heart still restless
 a thought isn't peeping at a dream
 somewhere afar a dog is howling

eyes want to uncover the night
 from somewhere the nightmare will come
 afar the lights of the motorway are twinkling

a hand want to write a poem
 wind is whistling quietly
 is ringing in the angles of the frames

Translated by Agnieszka Mąkinia

Alicja Kubiak
To you

we will meet
 on the fields
 of tranquil words
 couriers
 of the world

by means of clearance
 in salt of the Earth
 to lose ourselves

Translated by Agnieszka Mąkinia

Alicja Kubiak
The Sculpture

To Kazimierz Rafalik

brass is the king
 stone is the throne
 solid is imprisoned
 by a special form

a phenomenon is putting
 its wings together to the wind
 the flight assigned by heaven
 where the beginning and the end

Translated by Agnieszka Mąkinia

Alicja Kubiak
Eyelids

pain is knocking
 a scoundrel behind the back
 it is sticking its clothes into its victim
 is fraying it, rolling into an embryo
 with the heaviness of the stone
 it is staying and reminding

The night is brighter
 Without the cover of the eyelids

Translated by Agnieszka Mąkinia

Andrzej Zaniewski
Evil the closest

If you want to get to know evil in it you must
 participate
 If you want to get to know evil stroll through its streets
 If you want to get to know evil speak its language
 Who the evil is you will know when you understand
 That it could have been you and you could not be against
 You did not fight did not protest
 You could not did not want to were afraid and
 surrendered
 Tamed evil
 Ravishing evil
 In suffocating town of dying thoughts
 You will become your own Charon

Translated by Ula de B

Andrzej Zaniewski
Memo to meat devourers

Remember
 The time is coming
 When all animals
 That you killed or ate
 Will gather on your bedside
 And will watch as you die

Translated by Ula de B

Anna Klejzerowicz

translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska

Prologue 1

Tokyo, Japan, 1905

Dusk has finally fallen...

This time, he didn't take a rickshaw or get on one of the many horse ridden omnibuses that travelled the streets of Tokyo, or Edo, as many of the more conservative residents still called the city. He didn't take a streetcar, a new means of transportation with just a couple of routes opened only two years earlier, as few passengers rode it. Someone might remember him.

It wouldn't be difficult to notice a tall, blond European on an almost empty streetcar!

Even though more and more Europeans were visiting Japan, they still attracted attention.

And he certainly didn't want to be noticed that evening...

He preferred to blend in with the crowds under the cover of the night. He often complained while talking to friends, that you could no longer enjoy peace and quiet on the streets of the city, neither during the day nor at night. As soon as Japan decided to become westernized, it wanted to be more "Western" than the West itself.

Today, the hustle and bustle of the city was very welcome.

He moved stealthily through the streets of poorer neighbourhoods, subject to occasional harassment, swearing, and at risk that the local thugs might throw stones at him. He was passing long rows of rickety shacks of the poor and the tiny houses with miniature back yards where the local merchants lived.

The streets were narrow and unlit and only occasionally did someone holding a lantern pass him like a firefly.

There were many ditches and building materials strewn everywhere as this amazing city has become a construction site in the past few years. He had to be really careful not to trip and twist his ankle. He didn't complain though. He

chose that route. Only when he reached the more modern areas of the city, could he no longer avoid the intrusive light of gas street lamps.

He pulled his hat down over his face but nobody was paying attention anyway. The buildings in that part of the city were mostly new, made of brick, with European design. The streets were wider, full of traffic and the constant rumbling of the passing rickshaws, clapping of the horses' hooves – usually a source of irritation – today were welcome, as was the colourful, noisy crowd.

After the recent victory over Russia, the city was still in a state of euphoria. There were the Japanese dressed in the traditional kimonos and the Western bowler hats or - for a change - in elegant suits worn with Japanese clogs; as well as groups of European gentlemen and American officers looking for nightlife entertainment. An ancient Japanese woman holding an open European umbrella, despite the pleasant autumn evening, bared her painted black teeth at him. He shuddered. An old, horrible tradition, luckily disappearing.

- *What time is it, sir?* – Suddenly he heard the question coming from somewhere down below, asked in a shrill child's voice. He nearly tripped over the youngster. Not far away there was a little crowd of giggling children. Irritated, he felt like pushing the boy away. Japanese children often teased white men like that. They wanted to see a pocket watch up close. They didn't really care to know what time it was. What a nuisance. Still he resisted the growing impatience and took out the watch. The excited children surrounded him at once exchanging comments in their strange, barking tongue... When he finally managed to free himself from those little, yellow devils, he looked at the face of the watch and snapped it shut. He had to hurry.... A few minutes of brisk walking and he was on Ginza Street.

It was a wide avenue leading to the railway station – Shinjibashi, the first station to be built in the Western manner. Treed with rows of young willow trees,

surrounded by huge colonial style houses, equipped with stone pavements, it has become a place close to the European heart. Expensive restaurants, bars, tea houses, private schools, residences and warehouses belonging to rich salesmen have found their place here. The street, lit with electric lights, was nice, noisy and lively, criss-crossed with the rails of electric streetcars. He even saw an automobile with a napping chauffeur inside parked in front of one of the buildings. Most likely an important government official came to this area to enjoy heavenly relaxation or to do business.... Fashionable European clothes, fancy hats and elegant manners of the capital city high society were dominant among passers-by. He quickly looked around.

From the novel „Cień Gejszy“;

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Kryminał miejski z Gdańskiem i sztuką w tle.

Anna Łęcka
Sliver of sky.

In life there are various moments,
bad, dark from excess of grief.
Colorful like butterflies.
Memories take flight,
so that in a moment by the Milky Way,
... they turn into dreams.
Those don't know each other yet,
they escape fate,
sometimes they pass each other,
they don't find their harbors,
They look for straight roads, winding,
they sail like clouds in the blue expanse.
Unforgettable moments,
stopped at the edge of the sky,
our sky, full of sun.

Translated by Chris Reynolds

Anna Maria Mickiewicz
December the Thirteenth

Defiantly taut lips
For how long?
Steam drifts from forest ponds
Towards a faraway home
Smoke obscures the view
A crumbling world order
Cries out for help

The voice of
The Subversive faltered and fell
Its spirit-scented essence
Evaporated
Touched by the winds of history like an old wardrobe
These yellowed sheets of paper under my fingertips
Remind me of nothing
All I feel
is the harsh cold
of meaning

Another empire topples, just like that
Not even sheets of paper any more

Translated by Tom Wachtel

Anna Maria Mickiewicz
The secret of the manuscript

We rise, already awake
Yet clothed in clouds
Lavender, roses, fountains
Under the spell
Of ancient courtyards

We enter along jagged blue mosaics
We stumble on the voices
Of angelic Goths

We bid farewell to medieval walls
We open up spaces deafened
By unfamiliar lettering

Oxford 2012

Anna Maria Mickiewicz
An Angel in London

I have seen a Polish angel
He was selling carrots, tomatoes and strawberries

Blue-eyed
A bright face
Surrounded by whiteness
But only his wing was a bit chipped

He lifted his pale eyelids
Lost in languages
He was stammering...

I dropped my head
How can it be...

So young

A Polish Nike lost in London

Anna Maria Mickiewicz
Shoes

I meet people
I observe their shoes.
They say a lot.

There are quiet shoes,
Heavily worn shoes,

They have nothing to do with the wealth of the wearer.
They are like a sphere of comfort or rather the limit.

We choose something that has been through many miles
Just as we choose our own quiet way

Of Passing on
Of passing through life
Of walking into the sunset

But never again to the sunrise.

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 scars her suffering
a child
without brightness of a day
and a love
dying by night.

Traduit de l'anglais par Catherine RÉAULT-
CROSNIER



Anna Elżbieta Zalewska
Palms

There are palms which cherish a suffer.
There are palms which sew.
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.

Traduit de l'anglais par Catherine RÉAULT-
CROSNIER

Apolonia Skakowska
(Vilnius Lithuania)

Love

Love ...
This is a warm breeze
That gently caresses

Love ...
Is the apple blossom
In which the spring is located

Love ...
A bird's nest
In which a small bird in nest

Love ...
How hope
Which brings good news

Love ...
This is a carousel
Which quickly turns

Love ...
The children's face
That touch us fondles

Love ..
A goblet of wine
In which the whole world is

Love ...
This is a leaf of autumn
What rustle in yellow

Love ...

Is a silver thread
Which in the cycle of life twists

Love ...
This is our heart
That in the whole world fits,

Vilnius, January 30 1998 years

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak



Apolonia Skakowska (Vilnius Lithuania)
Prayer

Whether you're at home or at Monte Cassino
 Where red poppies bloom
 Always remember your prayer
 I am a Pole

If fate will throw you into unknown countries
 On the distant island of Ithaca
 Always remember your prayer
 I am a Pole

Or storms will grab you and let you down
 To the islands of the Archipelago
 With honor and pride to repeat a prayer
 I am a Pole

If you live in the far distant from your country
 And you are called a man of the End of Word
 Your prayer is a hundred times stronger
 I am a Pole

Remember that we have a white-red flag
 Which has a very great strength
 And the mouth whisper a prayer
 I am a Pole

Remember that the white eagle nest
 Embrace every all around fellow
 And you prayerfully return to the country
 Repeating the prayer I am a Pole

Vilnius, January 24 1998 years

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

BARBARA JURKOWSKA
(Warszawa & the Baltic Sea, Poland)

Barbara Jurkowska
Talking to the Sea

I will tell my story to the sea
thoughts opening to space

I will tell of joy
like amber
held within
our everydays

I will tell of depths of sorrow
tears
regret remaining
not dispersed by winds of time.

And sea
bookmarked by waves
tells stories
roars gossips
still about itself.

Translated by Anita and Andrew Fincham

Barbara Jurkowska

□□□

I saw the sea
enclosed
within torn shores
and the horizon's even line

approaching slowly
and it
ran to me

engorged sand
made moulds
of my feet
and
waves with care
covered each trace
of our encounter.

Translated by Anita and Andrew Fincham

Barbara Mazurkiewicz
Praying can be inadvertently

At the edge of the earth where
with fluttering wings injured
cock his song begins.
Just like years before,
attic silent blue.

So, what with me for a poet
Since I cannot paint a word.
I went into the garden, lured
by the birds' singing. So little
I mean, among the chorus of flowers.

I walk along the paths, which
God has appointed me.
And his raised hands,
Church tower and bell.
The stained-glass burning humility
which incense is burned.

Translated by Alicja Kuberska

Barbara Mazurkiewicz
FAITH

If you ever cry
If you've ever suffered
If you ever loved

Surely you know what happiness is
It goes behind you like a shadow, which you do not notice

Just a small gesture
Just a smile
Just a handshake

Because there are people who are waiting for it

In orphanages - teary faces
In care homes - elderly dejected
At home, fathers - brothers busy

Thank God for the days before the advent

For the light that you saw
With a voice that you heard
With flowers that smell
If you feel that you felt

If they closed the main door, go to the side
Behind which lies the same thing.

Only there will not open, where you do not knock
Only this will not come home, if you do
not believe that it will
Only the lucky trample those who do not look at your feet
Only this has reality, who does not receive power

Start a journey down the narrow path, it leads to a wide
road.

Translated by Alicja Kuberska

Barbara Mazurkiewicz
LADY IN RED

I set off briskly stairs of the rainbow,
The world looks at me and listen.
Time monsoon ended,
Smile on his face lit up.

There is no trash, that the coffin!
Nothingness lay underfoot.
Sorrow, the trumpets sounded,
Defiance gives signals.

Look in the mirror - you're beautiful!
Spin words like a dress.
In the red is my face,
Spring with the birds sing.

They cannot poison the air,
It is to be a concert for two hearts.
I let myself whine at the door.
Jackals for losses numbered.

Translated by Alicja Kuberska

Barbara Orłowski
(Krefeld, Germany)

Butterfly whispers

Bouquet of wild flowers
I put on the threshold instead of the letter
I dry my hair
Let's go for a walk
There in the meadow
Butterflies are flying again
Butterfly dreams
And whispers of wild flowers
Morning smell rises up
With the first
Morning sun rays.

12.09.2012

Translated by Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Orłowski
(Krefeld, Germany)

Sometimes the angels cry

When angels cry sometimes
Pearls falling from the sky at our feet
And brighten their luster
Way to the mystery.

When angels cry sometimes
Prowling around the empty fields
And wandering songs resound
Crash into the mountainous canyons.

16.03.2013

Translated by Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Orłowski
(Krefeld, Germany)

Angels are flying

Where valleys are hidden
Between the mountains
Angels meet for talks
And you can hear their whispers
Which echoing bounces
The tops of the hills
They gather there
My Angels
Where I am with my
Thoughts and my heart
Angels are flying run in circles
Angels happy and smiling.

11.01.2013

Translated by Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Orłowski
(Krefeld, Germany)

In gratitude to the poet

Into poetry comets
From around the world
Included are the feelings
Our longing
Marked trails
Between the vertices of
Our lives
Give signs with flashes
And moving
Between verses of poems
At the time of the event.

01.01.2009

Translated by Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Orlowski
(Krefeld, Germany)

Comet

Comet trail sets
certainly
I'll hear in the silence,
these dreams
and fragile dreams,
will warm the heart,
whispered tenderly
and sprinkle with silver,
glow fades
stars buzzing
and stellar piece of heaven.

01.03.2011

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Orlowski
(Krefeld, Germany)

Enchanted words

Sensitivity of my soul
I reach further and further ...
Without limits and without end
Plain words,
Smooths wrinkles
Arising out of the soul.
I feel and understand
With thought wise, sanded
Stones of my fate,
And tender words
Soft as a spider's thread
Recognized in a poetic reflection.

10.02.2010

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

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 Osuchowska
About the sunset above the sea

in memory of Joseph Conrad

Seagulls' screams call the imaginary
 And I see the ancient words
 Already on the sky-blue waves
 The crimson vessels race
 The sea is their cradle
 Dark abyss is their thumb
 Wives of the Vikings never cry
 Feminine weakness is their strength
 The Poseidon's music rings on
 The hum of the sea's shells and horns
 For there's a need for a new offering
 To the ancient gods

 A young man stands on the shore
 Listening to the voice of waves
 He talks to his the ghost of his father
 He raises his steel sword
 In the blade's red brilliance
 The sun's fiery death
 The clouds as white wings
 They flare as a pearly crown
 So many men have died
 As they left to concur the world

 The vessel ready to leave
 Stands in the port all set
 Long centuries will pass
 Till water returns its extortion
 Human sadness is always alive
 Sobbing is present in the night's
 Here the story breaks away
 Far from here the ship is gone
 It's just a puny page
 From my diary of sea dreams

Translated by Ula de B.

Barbara M. Voit
My Mom's Prayer

In the asylum of Mary, Mother of God,
On the island of Providence
I found a shelter for my family
And now I'm not afraid of Satan anymore
From my prayers, little rocks
I build a pyramid
And beg for health and happiness
For my family!

Orlando, Florida 2008



Barbara M. Voit
Life Instructions

Don't use two words
when one is just enough.
And keep quiet
When you don't have anything good to say.
When you experience eclipse of your mind,
Turn off the voice.

If life is a stage,
Then pick a role for yourself
And play it well
With the good share of humor
As it keeps us strong
During life's storms.

Have class and be self assured
Without being conceited.
Class is the inner discipline and wisdom,
It is never cowardly,
And gives you strength to live.

Barbara M. Voit
Best in Life

To fall in love,
To laugh aloud incessantly,
Take a warm shower,
Sleep till you have enough,
Take a ride into the woods,
Hear your favorite song
Stay up till wee hours talking to a friend.

Receive a long awaited letter,
Find money in a pocket of your hanging slacks,
Go to the beach,
Have a cold drink on a hot day,
Take a long walk,
Feel a gentle breeze on your face,
First kiss,
Locking your eyes with a handsome stranger,
A warm hug from a child.

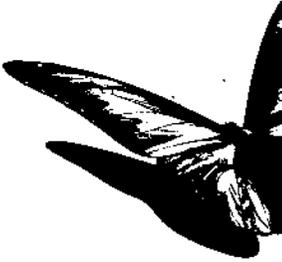
Barbara Zamaro-Falińska
Raspberries and mint

my body smells of raspberries and mint

I am not afraid of the night full of stars
of the sun's blazing wonder
that undresses girls from Mazury

my body smells of raspberries and mint
like a summer garden breathing
with juicy lust which returns
in the morning
every night ---

Translated by Blazej Majsterek



Błażej Majsterk
Nonexistence

i do not exist
created by dreams

my fears:
when dreams come true
the reality will push me away
when somebody is with you
you cannot hear my voice

your love:
being always together
me created by dreams
the real always with us

material and spiritual:
you
the real
and me

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
(Warszawa, Poland)
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.

Bohdan Urbankowski

(continuation)

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 skills
 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 Wroclawski
That which is no longer relevant

When leaving the gravel
The road leading through the forest
Opens me
Few passing by reality

Not all had time to process the story
Their weakness teasing landscape

A detailed
Can close up in a theatrical imagination
A bad director

There's a madness of young poetry in it
Trying to wander across the sky with the sun
And more sublime and mature

Yes it accumulates in our
Impatience
Knocks on the door timidly from fear
An old peddler

Sooner or later, accidentally stumbling along
Spreading a shrub promenade
You will find it crumpled in a tin garbage bin

It will continue to move with you
On a small table in the shade of the Baroque
Cast by the bedside lamp
At the keyboard
Of an old Laptop

Accrue the moment
Wherein the eyelid
Fall down
Phrase for phrase resort along coastal cliff

You could hide it deep into the oak drawers

But do not
You insist

Insist by reading of Lowell
Discussing with Freud
Arguing with Charles Bukowski
In a room filled with cigarette smoke
Ejected at the moment of Alan Ginsberg paragraph
Drinking wine with Jack Himiltsbach

I heard the voice
Who came to you
From a distant youth
And perhaps even earlier
Completely close of the Middle Ages
Hosting in us
Civilized word and gesture

The turning point in the rugged hopes
Of a desire to be

And heard the voice
Which has attacked you over the years
Colored lips saliva frozen
Of the wonderful yellow sand beach

You're back again
Moored boat at the same reeds
Stopped being afraid of
Dark waters of the Vistula Lagoon

The short wavelength

Do you understand?
It is already late in the afternoon
The words come and go
Pain in their physicality next wave
Events affecting the sides of boat

Order of birth
Of life and death

Thinnest
The most colorful line of pathos

On board you drink poorly sweetened tea
Watched the sun
Disappearing
Behind the edge
Not far from the riverbank nearby forest

And all that
Which today has ceased to be relevant

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Bohdan Wrocławski
That night on the shore

That night, gulls were extremely anxious
Their screams woke me up
Breaking,
Moonlight torn with sobs

I knew
it's into their water space,
Broke the shadow of a predator

Yes, and we even experience
Most vulnerable
We, shout out all your awareness

Even when our voice
There is no one to listening

I already know
Twilight comes too early
All attempts to look at the light particles
Bring closer more and more
Reality to sleep

That night I walked sleepily along the riverbank

I felt soft gait fox
Its nervous tail wagging
Looking out for the victim among young gulls,
Lost in the grassy riverbank

That's nonsense, I said to myself
Trying using light of torch, write my name
On the side of the moored boat

This is complete nonsense I said again
In the middle of the night
on the riverbank,

Which pain in silence unbuttoning on the
After the last edge of the horizon

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak



Bohdan Wroclawski
whisper in the fog

look between our words
there is too much fog
its consistency
free of innervates
loses its breath and sharp eyes

still makes us forget
making us galaxies-like
more and more
distant from each other

meanwhile in our darker sea
in which
non guessed space
of my body screams

sometimes weeps
louder
than prayer of

the universe

still non cooled down
ash
just extinguished fire

resound in the
orphaned emotion
stun desert storms

and ever fallen from
desires

I know
words still mean nothing now
their flavour colour
melted in the mist encircling

just me prompter
oblivious to the

still screaming it into the empty stage
boundless in amazement

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak



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

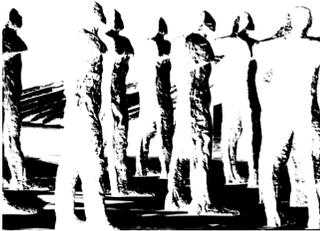
Or when it dives
Between the waves of your habits
It tries to convince you of the future trip one day you will
take
Submit to him - attach great wings
And you fly somewhere into the unknown
Geographical areas

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.



Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak was born in 1958 and comes from Opole (Poland). In search of work she migrated to the UK. She now enjoys a nursing career.

Her poems were published on web portals such as Poetry London and Kronikarz-Citizen Magazine. Many works of the poet can be found on her Facebook profile. Bozena Helena's literary debut was the line "our love" (2011), which won first place in the competition of one line. This poem and many others, was published in the pages of The Polish Observer, Angora. The poet has released three volumes of poetry. The first "on the banks of the river called life" in 2011, the second "ticket to the Happiness station" in 2012, the third "on the departure bridge" in 2013.

Rows Bozena Helen Mazur - Nowak included in the Anthology of Emigration Poetry "Beautiful People Poets of My Emigration" published in 2012 by Adam Siemieńczyk. She was a poet issue in March 2013 in the quarterly "New Mirage Journal"(USA).

Her work has been presented in Writing The Polish Diaspora (USA). Bozena Helena Mazur -Nowak is a member of The Poetry Society of London and Polish Authors Society Branch II of Warsaw.

In July 2013 a book of selected poems in English was released under the auspices of the International English Association (IPPA), based in London (UK). This new book is a collection of love poems. It is touching, and lyrical. This collection is special because it establishes that Helena Bozena Mazur-Nowak is skilled in writing and translating her poetry into English. Her work is simple and accessible, but lyrical and well crafted. The poet has many close contacts with poets all over the world, and has been invited to participate in exciting international poetic endeavors. She is glad that her poetry is appreciated and also understandable to readers without "Polish roots."

She was also invited by American poets, Frances Ayers to participate in an e-book "Tender Words And Vibrant Songs" and by Lewis Crystal to Anthology "FM Summer 2013". She is also a translator of poems by fellow Polish poets and examples of her work on their behalf can be found on FM An Online Magazine and in the anthology "Contemporary Writers Of Poland" by Danuta Blaszak, volume 4.

In March 2013, the poet took part in the European Poetic Dialogues at University College London (UCL) School of Slavonic and East European Studies.



Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

(London, UK)

*Every day throughout the world
a woman, wife, girlfriend,
waiting for the return of soldier
sometimes she gets an unexpected telegram.*

Telegram

Beautiful sunny weather
The whole world smells of spring
So you want to live

Doorbell

I'm not looking for anyone
You're so far away
I really like it when you wear the uniform

Telegram

For me?

With trembling hands
I cuddle up to my chest your name

This can not be true!
You had to go back in May

Sunny Sunday
World smells so beautiful
And I do not want to live any more

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Tears in the rain

Pregnant rain clouds
Hanging low you can touch them
I stretch out my hands catching drops

I like to walk in the rain
Then no one can see me cry
Flits between drops

People hiding under umbrellas
And look at me with surprise
I do not care what they think

Rain gently flushed grief
Helps cool down a break
Get back to life

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Wind

Suddenly it fell on me today in the garden
Where I sat reading some wonderful verse
The wind in my hair dipped their toes
And I tangled tresses are slashed
Then again gently rubbed my hair

Brushed my neck and shoulders flow over
Gently slid his hands under my dress
I flushed and embarrassed burned
And I felt like my blood pulsing in my temples

This scatterbrain no thought to give me a break
Getting nicer and caressed me flirtatiously

I whispered when he stopped dreamy
Come back once more mischievous wind to me

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Frederick plays piano today

You went out never to return
And the piano is still waiting for you
My violin with a torn heart
Fondly stuck to the lid
And these notes of Chopin are ready
To begin our concert for two hearts

Roses in crystal vase
You remembered that I like them red

Dusk creeping softly outside the window
Passing by the street lanterns
Tea is made for two

You are not here

Christmas again is knocking on the door
How am I to sit at the table by myself
Wafer and tears on a my plate
And Frederick plays piano today

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Waiting room

Stuck in the waiting room
I still hear faintly
Tomorrow just wait a little bit more
My heart sinks

Days are flowing and I'm still waiting
Time however will not wait
Milder autumn returns
Another winter goes

I am waiting
I can't breathe
I'm dying from waiting
You had to love me my love
Of what are you still afraid?

Now I have a silver hair
Now my health fails me
I long to get out of the waiting room
To go for long walks
To hear birds twitter
So love me or go away
Surely the decision is easy?

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Gulls

Beach today so empty
I'm looking in vain
Our footprints on the sand

Yesterday we were here together
Sea tickled our feet
Wind entangled our hair and hands

Morning tide washed away it all

The surprised gulls
As if to ask
Where did you leave your lover
Tell us where

Shells in necklace
Sadly hum

White sail on the horizon
As far away as you

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Happiness as a slice of bread

Take me for a walk along the river
On the meadow nestled into the edge
Where the sun sings from above
And the wind my raises my dress up

Pick for me a bouquet of wild flowers
Tangle love into it with a pink ribbon
On the bench under the fragrant jasmine
Read poems written in the spring

In the evening back at home
Let's hear the crickets lullaby
Under the sky that we favor
Let's have bread that smells of happiness

Cezary Lipka
I'm Calling You, Edith

I'm calling you
 Who already turned into ash
 To the enjoyment of your persecutors
 I'm calling you
 Although these days
 Nobody believes in dreams

You did not wait for our saviour`s Hosanna
 You did not care for a possibility to talk
 To death`s-heads
 About phenomenology
 You chose to bear the thoughtless
 Strikes on the face
 And kicks on soft spots
 In silence
 He saw it all
 But did not gave his hand
 Before you reached the other shore

You know well, Edith
 Where my treasure is
 I can see it
 It is there
 Perfectly clear

Can you hear this sound?
 He brings peace!
 He brings peace!
 Peace to all
 Those who hinder Him!

20 III 2013
Translated by Zofia Jancewicz

Cezary Lipka
(Warszawa, Poland)

Talk to Her

Talk to Her
About the cinema, the theatre
About her songs
About the poetry that she doesn't understand
About flowers and gardens
About yourself

Finally, tell her
About Elias
A long history that she knows well
Tell her she will see him again

If she asks you – why?
Just keep silent
The rest is always silence
The silence that bears desire
To know the truth

27 V 2013

Translation – Zofia Jancewicz

Danuta Błaszak (Warszawa, Poland & Orlando, FL)
pilot & girl, I

*you know Richard
 I sometimes stand on the balcony
 among white sheets smelling of soap
 the sky beckons
 and I don't know which to choose
 wings or sails
 the foam of clouds or the wave of lakes
 I fear the allure of space
 the magnetism of the sky*

I've never been afraid of space,
 though only fools are free from fear, they say
 only once that uncontrollable fright
 a night flight in a November drizzle
 over a thick layer of clouds
 smooth as a mirror
 outer space, my love, without God or Earth
 the stars down there and the sharp scream of the Moon
 the sky below and above
 I followed the instruments
 they helped me survive
 later, an old pilot told me
 it so happens sometimes that the sky is reflected in the
 smooth surface of the clouds
 as in a mirror

*we've only written to each other
 we've never met
 I fear our meeting
 my frightened eyes look back at me from the mirror*

Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska

II.

you ask me Daneke why I smoke a hundred cigarettes a
day
this is how it started

I was a child
they killed the Warsaw uprising and my sister and I
were separated from our parents in the Pruszkow camp
a kind soul took us away on a wagon filled with dead
bodies
my sister and I ran as fast as we could
she was little, I not much older than her
we fell asleep cuddled
in a cargo car on a dead-end railroad in the woods
we woke up locked inside
listening to the heavy breathing of the train
trapped with no food or water
we were saved by bombs
we escaped through a hole in the roof
the locomotive breathed heavily in the ditch

I tried to earn money to buy food
a field cook found me
old Wasilenko fed me
I felt guilty
my sister died of starvation
the cook rolled my first cigarette

later in a flat taken over from a German
I played with a toy car
the cook along with other Bolsheviks died in the war I
learned how to smoke

Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska

III

*cumulus clouds, soft as the fleece of a lamb
haven't you ever wanted to stroke them?
to taste them as you would taste cotton candy?
and lie on them like on a duvet?
tell me, why do birds avoid clouds?*

Daneke, clouds can be dangerous
I'll tell you about it
It was sunny, cumulus clouds were resting in the sky
I was swirling up towards the sun up, up and up
higher and higher
suddenly I entered a cloud
it started swelling
it was sucking me up into the sky
I didn't want to go there
I didn't take oxygen
a cumulonimbus was born
and inside it as in another world
hurricanes from the earth to the sky
I was carried by tornadoes
aerial frenzy of winds
I heard a sound
a wing broke away from the glider

I jumped out
I couldn't open the parachute
(don't do it inside a cloud
it will catch it like an umbrella and won't let you go down
to the ground)
I was waiting until my eyes could see something
other than the graying milk of the cloud
the fear grew
does this cloud, like fog, reach the ground?
the fuselage of my glider went past me

I survived
I saw grass, trees

the orange canopy of my parachute bloomed above me
the sky was black now

*tell me unknown pilot
you're not like cotton candy
I have to be careful like those birds*

Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska

IV

I quit smoking
I don't want to think about it
I'm painting my room
you're saying Menet has died
one more friend gone
he still lives in my heart

we used to fly together
the charming times of pilots hooligans
we were flying over bridges and lakes
we were flying so low that the gust created by the
propeller
overturned sailboats
we found that bridge in Liwiec
you know that little palace in Liwa

it was easy to escape the militia there
Menet was doing aerobatics
I managed to fly under that small bridge upside down
then Menet took our friend over Liwiec
he was a young lad but quite brash

later that youngster wanted to fly under the bridge by
himself
he split up the two banks of the river
wrecked the plane

a major uproar
 there were lots of flowers on his grave
 and Menet and I were making new plans
 fate separated us
 you're asking what I'm doing
 I'm painting my apartment
 the walls have yellowed from the smoke

Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska

V

*warm and caring
 as if straight from my dreams
 not a stranger anymore
 but not familiar yet
 you run into the sky*

*right under the cumulus clouds
 and say from there
 I'll come back or I won't
 so I call into the cloudy night
 should I only be a girl
 from swirling outer space?*

I was flying a Mig
 guided by orders into a cloud
 the weather was nice
 too nice to die

the cloud looked menacing
 I radioed the tower

the artificial horizon was turning madly
 I wasn't flying the plane
 the wind was

it blew out the fire of the engine
fear once, fear twice
if I survive the third wave of fear
you'll be mine
I'll give you
the twisted skin of the plane
the pieces of the wings
the dislocated rivets

*I put on my armour
I built a fortress around my heart
but your letters
your words
shattered the wall
and smashed the armour
you're like wind
like a cloud
you're a bird*

Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska



Dariusz Pacak

(...) nothing more can be attempted than to establish the beginning and the direction of an infinitely long road-the pretension of any systematic and definitive completeness would be at least, a self-illusion. Perfection can be here obtained by the individual student only in the subjective sense that he communicates everything he has been able to ...see.* (1950:xxxiii)

Georg Simmel

*CRITICAL ASSESSMENTES, Edited by David Frisby

Band I. Methodological Issues p,41

Publishing House Routledge, New York 1994

~~~~~

**Dariusz Pacak****PRIMORDIAL CANON**

if solitude in the desert  
really  
leads to contact

than contact  
reveal  
really seclusion

Matmata - Douz /Sahara, Tunisia/, 4 June 2009

**Dariusz Pacak**  
**LITTLE WING**

sentenced now rare avis  
up cloud down cloud

i wing my way a crystal  
pastel led glow not to be bound

and name thee life This  
far for other be their dreams

over earth where time is not  
too in pain too torn apart

July 05, 2002 Toronto - Calgary

„Little Wing“ translated from Polish by Ryszard J.Reisner

**Dariusz Pacak**  
**INTENSITY OF IMPRESSION**

The Son of Man

tries come across Eden  
out of grasp space  
where The Light stays  
& fulfillment completely is

whether or not to believe

that Promised Land exists  
at the Word's beginning  
where hitherto unexplored lives  
the whole creation of a man

therein

November 15, 2010 Vienna/ Austria/

**Dariusz Pacak**  
**HOWEVER**

beyond  
The Seven Worlds  
human' shadow exists no more

luminosity of redemption uncovered  
Supernova stays there  
endless

March 23, 2008 St. Cyril & Methodius Church,  
Vienna/Austria/

**Dorota Luiza Silaj**  
(Chicago, U.S.A.)

**Touch the stars**

Let your soul fly  
Around and around  
With joy and love  
Open your heart  
To music  
Love is so great  
Your soul is so light  
Listen to the piano keys  
So wonderful  
Beautiful and light  
Angels sing the new song  
Wind follows your voice  
Bringing joy  
Day and night are one  
Like a loving hearts  
With hope for a better tomorrow

**Dorota Luiza Silaj**  
(Chicago, U.S.A.)

**Your life can change**

Your soul can dance  
The day is just beginning  
The music's notes will take you far away  
To the ocean of appreciation  
The winds of love will take your breath  
Under the sun's ray will love begin  
The heart will follow  
The spirit will sleep on the cloud  
The imagination will flow free  
Amazing thoughts will fly with joy  
Your heart will sing the song of hope  
The music in your soul will play the notes  
Of love and Joy

**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**

## About the Life and Work of Eligiusz Dymowski

written by Zofia Korzeńska

translation: *Agnieszka Maria Gernand*

correction: Leszek Szymanski (aka Leslie Shyman)

**Eligiusz Dymowski: born, July 1965 in the Mazovian region of Poland, a Franciscan, Doctor of Theology, teacher of Pastoral Theology, charismatic priest, poet, literary critic, editor of the Parish Paper *Nie samym chlebem...*, juror in literary contests, organiser of literary activities.**

Dymowski attended the secondary school in Wieliczka, then studied theology in Kraków and in Rome. He received his Bachelor's degree in Pastoral Theology at the Lateran University in Rome. In 2001 he obtained his Doctoral Degree at the Pontifical University of John Paul II in Kraków. In 1994 he was at the Catholic University of Lyon on a scholarship of the French Embassy at the Holy See in Rome. He worked as a priest in Pińczów and in Somma Vesuviana near Naples. Thus one might see that Fr. Dymowski is a homo viator. His basic characteristic is, more than of any other person – travelling; both in the literary and the mental sense, as well as the existential one. He moves through the world towards eternity, consciously and dynamically.

In 1999-2005 Dymowski was the president of the Higher Theological Seminary of the Franciscan Fathers in Kraków-Bronowice Wielkie. He is currently the superior (guardian) of the monastery, and a parish priest in Kraków-Bronowice Wielkie, and is involved in teaching, research and writing. Eligiusz Dymowski teaches at the Higher Theological Seminary of the Conventual Franciscan Fathers, in the Franciscan Study Institute and in the Theological Institute of Missionaries in Kraków. As a writer, he is a member of the Catholic Journalist Association, the Kraków Confraternity of Poets, as well as the Polish Branch of the European Culture Society (SEC), whose vice-president he has been since October 2005. Since 2007 he has been a member of the Kraków Branch of the Polish Writers' Association – SPP (and since IV 2011 a board member). He also belongs to the Polish Authors' Association and to Academia Europaea Sarbieviana. He has published many works on theology and literature.

Eligiusz Dymowski has made his debut as a poet in 1987. He has published the following works

*W cieniu drzew* (*In the Shadow of Trees*, 1988); *Wołanie głębin* (*Calling of the Depth*, 1990); *Krople nadziei* (*Drops of Hope*, 1992); *Tęsknota do bezimienności* (*Longing for Anonymity*, 1993); *Cierpienie anioła* (*Angel's Suffering*, 1995); *W poczekalni świata* (*In the World's Waiting-Room*, 2000); *Rozmowa z muszlą* [poems] (*Conversing with a Conch*, a super-luxury edition in 3 copies – 2000); *W ciszy Boga, czyli kilka myśli na chwile codzienne* (*In the Silence of God, or: Some Thoughts for Everyday Moments*, 2001), *Okruchy poezji* (*Poetry Crumbs*, a Polish-Italian volume) (2003); *Przemilczenia – Umtold* (a Polish-English volume) (2005); *Wędrówki z Nolis* (*Travels With Nolis*, 2006); *Zerwane kartki z kalendarza* (*Miniatury poetyckie prozą*) (*Torn-Off Calendar Pages (Poetic Miniatures in Prose)* 2011); *Zwyczajność rzeczy* (*The Ordinariness of Things*, 2012). Also co-translation of Giosué Borsi's book (1997) from Italian into Polish.

All critics note the extraordinary appeal of E. Dymowski's poems, which consists not only in their aesthetical values, but also moral and spiritual ones – I shall name them simply the characteristics of the Author's personality of emanating warmth and goodness. The critics also claim that poetry be beautiful, wise, deeply human, and at the same time very clear and simple. It reflects the Poet's sensitive soul. The Poet looks at our earthly world in all its complexity – in its truth and its lies, in its mystery, its beauty, its love, but also its sinfulness: in the good and the evil. The Author sees and reconstructs in his poems the charms of nature and all the beauty of the world – like, for instance, fascination with space and the possibility (or maybe necessity) of physically wandering the earth or even the cosmos (“the space seduces | | like passion | twines around your neck” – as he puts it). He also conveys his fascination with various kinds of art (world architecture, literature, music). His sensitivity is open to the beauty of everyday life and activity. But he sees the misery of this world, pain and suffering, as well. Yet his poetry exudes hope. Above all, the Poet points towards God. He says: – You are *here and now*, you are supposed to enjoy the seasons, find joy in each moment of night and day that is given to you. But remember – it all passes away. In his poetry, Fr. Eligiusz opens windows to the other world. He reminds us of the eternity we are to head towards with hope, peace and joy, by getting closer to God.

This poetry emanates particular sensitivity to human psyche, faith, feelings: love, suffering, moral shame, conscience torment or discomfort, and to human sinful nature. The moral issues

come here to the fore. Rarely can one see in modern poetry such frequent reference to the conscience. It may even be called *poetry of conscience*. The issues it concerns are the more to be valued, as it is poetry at a high artistic level, truly excellent.

Fr. Dymowski's poems show, above all, the people – such as they are: in their beauty and ugliness, in the good and the bad, in strength and weakness. The poems sketch the picture of a man who suffers, desires, aspirates to something – but also sins, sinks into apathy, is manipulated, or standardised. Those poems show so much human sorrow, pain, fear, uncertainty and sadness, up to sleeplessness, so much loneliness, helplessness, so many tears, such weakness, anxiety, suffering... That is the human lot. But just as distinctive is the picture of the people as they should be, as they wish to be: good, and full of love. His is a poetry of subtle and deep experiences, philosophical reflections, psychological observations, theological statements and reminders.

That blend of delicate sensitivity with wisdom; simplicity with precision and mood, gives exquisite results in operating the metaphor, and thus gives birth to interesting, vivid language and rich poetic imagery. It also allows for succinct structures, even aphoristic ones. Those deep thoughts, found in the Author's poetry, are often surprisingly current. They perfectly reflect how the people of today act; they show the truth about their mentality, attitudes and faults. They give a shortest evaluation of the way people think, they give philosophical and moral evaluation, and show human characteristics and habits.

Let us note one more interesting feature of that poetry: the keywords, such as love, hope, faith, loneliness, travelling, conscience, sin, shame, silence, suffering, death, and several others. Because of that repetition, they enhance and re-interpret one another, like the poems in Fr. Dymowski's volumes. Accumulated, they proclaim higher values, which are the essence of Fr. Eligiusz's works.

*Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand*

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

z tomu *Przemilczenia* (2005)

**"Reading Hesse"**

Tears in his eyes, he looked at her picture.  
 In the tired mind there bustled one  
 and only thought:  
 "Never again will we meet. Never again..."  
 and he was dying of longing like a beggar  
*Vienna 1995*

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

\*\*\*\*\*

*in memoriam: Lady Diana*

sometimes love will hurt  
 bone-deep  
 so that you just want to throw it out of the window  
 for the concern or joy of those  
 who never knew it

*Rome, 6th September 1997*

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

“\*\*\*”

If you say: I LOVE  
is that all?

It's not enough to divide the heart  
into days and nights

You need to still differently  
hug  
lull  
and fall asleep in the embrace

but that  
you must spread out over eternity

*One day in Père Lachaise, at the tomb of Abelard and Heloise*

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

**„The Host”**

Seemingly -  
                  small  
swollen with lightness  
and  
all God

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

**“Rooms”**

In the rooms of my heart  
there are no empty walls  
I hang  
threads of imagination  
to scare away those  
who enter from time to time

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

**“In the World’s Waiting Room”**

(...)

*and I wait*

*in the night white from thoughts*

*I wait and am nailed*

*to cross-shaped boards*

*Zdzisław Łączkowski*

maybe we’ll leave some poems  
 a handful of unnamed feelings  
 the dilemmas of farewells  
 wrested from the spider’s hold  
 yellowed pages with fragments of letters  
 and the smile of chrysanthemums  
 warming their petals  
 over a candle’s flame

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

**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

**Elżbieta Lipińska**

*West Berlin 1976-1983*

It was for you Berlin whistled  
*spiel mir das Lied vom Tod,*  
for me it sang with Yentl's voice.  
Back then, for us both it meant  
a freedom which could last a long while,  
if only wound up carefully  
like a clockwork orange,  
though a warning came via  
Alex DeLarge's viewpoint.  
We would doze off fitfully in Spandau,  
the very name arousing terror,  
behind us, a wall stood in silence.

Their fear lurking in coal heaps along the S-Bahn.

**Translated by Marek Kaźmierski**

**Elżbieta Lipińska**

**Vision**

A bird took up residence in our bathroom last night.  
The feathers dulled, it looks all but dead.

I recoil from the idea of touching it,  
close the door quietly, trying to sleep.  
We both turn to lie on our sides.

In the morning, it is nothing more than a muddy shoe.

**Translated by Marek Kaźmierski**

**Elżbieta Lipińska**

**Dream diary 3**

I've been to China.  
I've been to China and it entered me.

Perhaps you didn't know, but China is  
a self-penning poem.  
It writes in me each night in black ink  
with a well-honed brush.  
Yesterday, it scripted Zadura illuminating  
a Chinese road with a Polish font,  
today it's Tilda Swinton, as white as snow  
against a black backdrop of control limits.

They're taking it all from me. I feel like uncle Tarabuk,  
only that my manuscripts have been turned inside out.  
Hard to decipher.

**Translated by Marek Kaźmierski**

**Elżbieta Lipińska**

*According to her*

*A pig can't look up at the sky, it's neck is not built for it. Victor Pelevin, The Sacred Book of the Werewolf.*

I don't get them,  
but I apparently belong to the most intelligent of animal  
species.  
They walk around, gazes glued to the tips of their shoes,  
bumping into one another,  
their lips narrow and clenched,  
their eyes faded.

Even if they do raise their heads,  
they rarely look up at the skies,  
and if they do, nothing but uncertain smiles are sent,  
appearing like insects tossed onto their backs,  
helplessly wiggling their legs.

Then they rub their sore necks  
unlawfully reaching for the skies  
and go back to their works.

Which sometimes involve killing.

**Translated by Marek Kaźmierski**

**Ewa Olczak**  
**Let me be...**

I'm not a girl... Neither am I a woman.  
 I'm a certain painter's impression.  
 He created me from colour and silence  
 and the intoxicating wine of the night.

He splattered the paints right onto canvas.  
 Instead of eyes, he painted two moons.  
 With the touch of his fingers he gave me life.  
 When suddenly he was overcome by merciless  
 sleeplessness.  
 He talked to me as if I were real.  
 He fell in love with me. And soon he lost his mind.  
 And I remained an unfinished painting.  
 One of many in the cobweb of fear.

Too soon the paint dried on me...  
 The brightest colours faded.  
 Only the greyed walls in front of my eyes.  
 And then I felt the need to be a real woman.  
 Dreaming about love. Real love.  
 (A painter gave me life after all, didn't he?)

So I silently came out of the frame spraying  
 raindrops onto your lonely days.

Do you know now why I'm different?  
 Because I'm a certain painter's dream.  
 I don't expect anything. I just want to love...  
 And I yearn for your love. If you do, too...

**Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska**

**Ewa Olczak**  
**Autumn**

Crazy wind blew off  
the leaves from the trees  
some still green  
but burning red  
Frosty with gold.  
Cold wind  
cools the bodies warmed by summer  
instinctively I hide my  
cold tired hands  
looking absentmindedly  
into loneliness  
and I cry.....  
I cry for the time that flies  
between the fingers  
flies away  
Away!

**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Ewa Olczak**  
**WOMAN**

I will once be a woman  
that finds sense for her existence  
on this earth in poetry  
one that runs to the ends of the world  
for self realization  
And takes the wind in her hands.

I am only a woman  
tired of fighting  
For today and tomorrow.  
I carry a heavy bag of experiences  
not needed by anyone  
Perhaps needed by me alone.

I was a woman weaved from a dream  
light and flowy like the wind  
wrapped in a silver shawl of hope  
waiting for life's miracle  
for love without betrayal  
For a song sang with whispers.

**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Ewa Alicja Slomska (Winterthur, Switzerland)**  
**Boomerang**

In the ruins of my own thoughts  
I see you walk away  
They're all gone  
Now everything dies  
We are already history  
Curled up in a corner of the room  
I can not have  
Cry  
And do not know  
That I  
But it does not matter  
So I'll  
Absolve you

**Translated by Bozena Helena Nazur-Nowak**

**Ewa Alicja Slomska**  
**On the wings of a butterfly**

on the wings of a butterfly  
I will raise up in the sky  
with threads of cobwebs  
I fall down in the jasmine tree  
of smell of flowers  
I will build a cocoon  
and  
survive in it  
till the next meeting

**Translated by Bozena Helena Nazur-Nowak**

**Ewa Zelenay**

**teacup**

rescued from a tide of brews and infusions  
thoroughly cleaned of brown deposits  
with a worn gold rim delicately kissed  
by guests' and neighbours' thirsty lips

a fragile handle with old-fashioned curve  
an almost faded bunch of painted violets  
an orphan rescued from a wartime blaze...  
the last romantic from granny's teaset

I touch the porcelain skin  
how many years this love has lasted... I can no longer  
count

I pour more tea, as tart as the memory  
with a teaspoon of sugar to sweeten it out

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

**Ewa Zelenay**  
**from Adam's rib**

for dissimilarity

for temptation

from him

against him

ready to create

ready to destroy

consistent

inconsistently

ordinarily

extraordinary

each day

opens love like a window

curls up days like paper strips

powders the everyday

tirelessly

irons out life

like a Sunday dress

wrapped in a sensuous fur

tests her looks

in the mirror of his smile

in the evenings  
passionately  
wipes the shadow from the face  
  
nights in scarlet lipstick  
flick on the lights  
  
when bad  
falling tears - necklace beads  
threading tears - rosary beads  
his to the end  
to the end of the world  
Eve

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

**Ewa Zelenay**  
**moment**

I'm still learning the moment  
I am only a moment  
it's all I have

here and now

once - is dead  
tomorrow - uncertain  
yesterday - unused

only here and now

the pleasure of presence  
the joy of unity in existence  
and coexistence

...I am

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

**Ewa Zelenay**  
**needle**

first bone and horn - then metal  
 needle joined leather and animal fur  
 wove fishing nets worn by silver scales

a pin stuck in the wig of the Egyptian queen  
 pulled out of the lacquered bun of an exotic geisha  
 lost in a haystack, it wailed in a gramophone  
 drowned in white waves of fine lace

it pinned veils, sent voodoo curses  
 snow white fingers sewed on pearls  
 embroidered flags and stitched wounds  
 worker, artist, patriot, witch...

it joins the separate - patches the torn  
 darns the worn, tacks, unpicks  
 takes up and lets down, injects and transfuses  
 brings soothing with lethal pain  
 cures serious illness, commits genocide  
 deludes with narcotics, protects through vaccine  
 pulls out splinters - then flies into the cosmos...

kept in the hem of a net curtain, stuck in a pin cushion  
 a woman's friend, and her enemy  
 the eye of an angel - claw of a devil  
 needle

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

**Ewa Zelenay**  
**my summer**

my summer explodes in flames of nasturtiums...

my summer explodes in flames of nasturtiums  
in curves of green stems of Art Nouveau

and leaves on the plates, silver drops of dew  
beads of mercury falling into a furrow

my summer tastes of nasturtium juice  
licks bittersweet nectar from a flower's spur

in the thicket of unravelable pale stems  
counts the hard seeds in ovoid pairs

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

**Translated by Caryl Swift and Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd.**

**Correction editor Frederick Rossakovsky - Lloyd**

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd** - artist, painter and writer. He made his debut in 1992, in Toulouse, publishing his first book of verse, entitled *Avidite* (*Avidity*). He went on to write and publish more verse, as well as stories, in the columns of French magazines and periodicals. Ten years on from his literacy debut came his first exhibition as a painter, an exhibition which ended with great success, since every single picture presented there was sold. From then on it, his shows have followed a similar path and his characteristic, faceless figures, which have become known across the course of the years as the Noughties, adorn private collections the world over.

Frederick has also published several plays, some of which have been performed on the stages of numerous theatres. His best known play, "Confession" aroused enormous controversy, yet brought its author incontrovertible renown.

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd  
(London, UK)**

**Drowsing Demon**

My Angel, lupine-toothed and black of wing,  
Adorned in drops of blood with ruby gleam,  
Unfolds by night a picture darkly drowsing  
in my head. And whispers soft " 'tis but a dream".

With candle's flame and incense sweet - I call him...  
His body awes, the blood like dewdrops' cream  
I lick... my thirst my snare, midst half-light dim,  
I fall... and, whispered, hear " 'tis but a dream".

Our bodies join, we're lost to time and place,  
for pleasant dreams will call forth memory's lapse.  
Non-being, rapture, close to Death's embrace...

Yet wake we must... and let that death elapse.  
The Angel fades to nought... and waits to face  
me in his dreams. Or so I dream, enrapt.

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd  
(London, UK)**

**Inexpensive Saints Statues**

The Madonna  
has a thousand faces:  
a twisted-off head, sometimes,  
or a flickering eye.

A face adorning balloons,  
and plastic medallions.

She can be met:  
in churches,  
on market stalls,  
and in rubbish bins, and skips,  
if the balloon bursts,  
or the head topples.

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd  
(London, UK)**

**Questions upon waking**

Is that the beat of my heart,  
or is it yours, at my core?  
Do I hide something, apart,  
is it your oblivion's furore?

Is it love I am dreaming,  
or is it love dreaming me?  
Have I true chances, or seeming  
is it just the day's joy running free?

Am I dreaming, or lost in reverie?  
Is this real, or fantasy's flight?  
Do I live alone, or with another in every  
fulfilment, or hold fulfilment in fantasy's sight?

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd  
(London, UK)**

**C'est la vie!**

I haven't had fun  
for ages.  
Chance marks  
the borders  
of my pleasure.

Hormones steering internally,  
free radicals externally,  
and thoughts breaking up sleep.

I haven't had fun  
for ages.  
I'm like a football, beloved  
when I land in the goal,  
kicked.

Memories stink  
like rubbish.  
Fretful dreams  
like children,  
leaving for other homes.

Yet I love and am loved  
and that suffices me for plans  
which dissipate with time.

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd  
(London, UK)**

**Naughty Desires**

Be a droplet  
Slide in  
Petals half open in me  
Passionately crimson  
Swollen with desire  
Languorous  
Transitory  
Like a hectic wind

Flow inside  
Where seductive scent  
United with you  
Yields voluptuous sound  
Like silence - subtle  
Like thunderbolt - passionate  
Like life - perfidious

And a ray of sunlight  
Illumines inside  
Gives us the hues  
Of rainbow bliss

And we spinning  
In hectic dance  
Cry out in bliss  
And the nectar of life  
Bursts into infinity

**Henryka Wołoszyk**

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a piece of coal is rolling in flames  
as if a spark did not matter  
yesterday I was closing my eyes  
against the wind anti-anaesthetic in rains  
full of crazy understatements  
as if there was too much in us  
a quarter of an episode provides an insight in what comes  
up  
in silk there will stay a frisson of excitement  
thrown over carelessly among chill

**Translated by: Lilla Latus**

**Henryka Wołoszyk**  
**You and me**

You and me  
And both of us again  
Railways as years someone gets in gets out we pass each  
other  
Briefcase of talks still the same  
Signboard above cafe is mossy of time  
Coffee is bitter black before my eyes  
One step or two gutter repaired  
Swallow bird no longer the same but from the same slot  
Dark-eyed girl singing chorus  
Let's love  
Can not embrace the whole world  
In times of war everyone prays  
To their god  
What if will comes drought in feelings  
To whom then  
How  
Shall pray thirsty

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Irena Żukowska-Rumin**  
**The Happy Island**

This must be an island  
in the Archipelago of Happiness  
otherwise Sancho Panza  
would not have worn down his shoes  
would not have let to be beaten with sticks  
would not have blindly followed  
Don Quixote

there is no such island  
this is a private island  
out of family tale  
and it has to exit somewhere



**Irena Żukowska-Rumin**  
**Don Quixote about his squire**

I thought  
he followed me like my guardian angel  
when good was being done  
beaten as threshed grain  
he prepared potions  
and oiled the aching body

but it is I who follows him  
through twinkling paths  
forked like a serpent's tongue  
under vigilant eyes of Europe

**Irena Żukowska-Rumin**  
**Sancho Panza - admiration**

Sancho Panza is basking in the sun  
amidst thyme herbs and bearded caterpillars

Look, what a beautiful world - he says  
how sweet is the idleness  
when the yarrow and cricket season  
comes to a standstill over us  
and everything is such  
as it always has been

**Iwona Stokrocka**  
**You flew away**

Sometimes wandering along  
The streets of memories  
Stepping on the no lacing grief  
Tore up my conscience

I stumble over a protruding longing  
To this day no one has smoothed them

Pull my hands out of pockets  
To support myself  
Falling down again  
In the same places

And slow down a step reaching there  
Where someone led me by the hand

I stop for a moment  
When the heart rate accelerates emotions  
Tapping heels  
Trying hasten to you

Even you have failed to  
Teach me punctuality

Love comes and goes  
When it wants to  
Love would look ridiculous  
Every now and then glancing at its watch

The more  
When you for it no longer wait

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Iwona Stokrocka**  
**A FEW WORDS**

I will paint a picture of your  
With the colours which not exist  
I'll find the colours in a drop of tears  
As only needed

With words I will outline your shape  
In the dictionary you can't find  
Will ask wind - blow from somewhere  
And the birds will help it

I create something with emotion forces  
You give me all by yourself  
But how these forces get from where  
Still longing for you my love

Picture is still so colorless  
Words empty and I can not hear anything  
So as simply as possible  
With the void deep in myself, I'll write

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Iwona Stokrocka**  
**Only silence was**

Here no one is in a hurry  
Time goes back memories  
Like a dream that you're dreaming  
Which already become true

Day still comes after night  
Sun slides  
At the smooth marble  
As if trying to wake up  
Frozen feelings

At dusk gives way  
Heat of aching hearts  
Flickering flames of candles

Maintain heat  
Spoken words  
Melt the icy past  
Those, who are late  
Words postponed

Do not wake up the sleeping  
Are now whispering thoughts  
Unfulfilled dreams  
Which ran out of time

Here time is not running out  
A moment lasts forever  
This one ... in the cemetery dreams-diary  
Is only silence

Until we can chase time  
Do not regret the words

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Iza Smolarek**  
/men/

it's most apparent during intercourse -

equality in triangle's sides relative to the scale of its base is rare  
yet without paying attention to mood it's easy to score a bruise  
or some

such. In old age I'll likely get used to torpid rituals  
breakfasting without another you and film stock like american  
cinema

then hurt comes hardest from the poetics of a swelling snap of  
kids in a wallet. sweet neurosis

calls me out to the centre of a dance floor. truth coming  
only in imaginary tales - holding on to this I shove out of place  
to quickly stammer out how it's not really though it seems it is  
like a poem authored through semi-stuck eyelids. I bear this well  
am pro-family, and so hold firmly - relations with strangers  
I have known thus far

are insignificant and usually end in the death or in the serious  
illness  
of dazed plaintiffs. poor things squared! I shrug my shoulders  
and  
right then your arms begin to reach me  
a little less. and you know how it is all cool and chilled and that  
and everything  
you'll explain away with the next glass of merlot or vodka  
fuelled poetics of the random. nevertheless I stay near to life [do  
forgive]

my words come easier than men

**Iza Smolarek**  
**mojra**

after all. we recline

dazed against one another and almost dozing  
without clothes or shame though covered in popcorn  
and early jarmusch  
darkness easily absorbed by flesh

and we from the depths of mugs  
sift coffee relating to one another  
through two shelves of ambitious volumes  
silent on the subject while on our lips

dawning

your shadow falls to the floor  
chin up I say outside the window  
the elder like a hurricane and our future poised  
your arms drop

**Iza Smolarek**  
**visit**

in small town dreams where thought turns into  
roads better travelled they knocked on the door  
silence climbing off the sofa tiptoeing  
nerves growling crouching on the floor

I saw little through retinal pillars  
breath quickly covering the blanket  
instinct ruffling epidermis against the grain

the moment groaning beneath tears until  
it snapped

.

disturbed by the groan they left without hurry  
enfolding space with a well aimed '*ahem*'  
whether they return and when nothing sane knows

**Iza Smolarek**

**I-laze**

in fly-like sticky tango of sweet trickles  
 I sieve chitinous light through the slits of hundreds of eyes  
 lightly ever so lightly I am taken by persistent buzzing  
 'is it only with me after all ah all right I will bring you breakfast'  
 (not that I would go blindly into the fire. but his  
 ratio of muscle to hair is quite so so) I think

a moment later push even thought away  
 cinnamon towers tease the libido fresh cream beating  
 record breaking IQ I annihilate bi-sex there is none  
 [our father who art like any other guy and sometimes wear  
 tight jeans and whose hair is ruffled  
 rising in the morning from heavenly bedding  
 and sometimes stand before a mirror tensing buttocks]

*'we should order pizza' - I've gone mad - 'darling pass me the  
 phone'*

**Iza Smolarek**  
**grey apples**

my mother has been dying without conviction  
for the past fourteen years me I'm painting my lips  
studying the fine wings of my eyebrows  
fixing the armchair year after year ever more rocking  
the sun reading through silver blinds  
franz kafka abandoned on the table

a pale fruit fly  
in a coat of grey apple carefully studying the flow  
of time and whether from this flow it is possible to salvage  
the taste of things obvious tender sticky mark

my mother is dying the same mother who read so much  
rymkiewicz eliot brecht  
and is now lost in dimitri's eighth quartet flowing  
somewhere from the direction of the pear tree and I say  
mummy  
let death be she since morning has been uneasy

**Jacek Pelian**  
**I am just a little prince**

I'm just like a little prince  
Abandoned by life on the planet Earth  
In my eyes the image of rose  
With which I want to live a new one

She is after all the queen of flowers  
I am just a little prince  
I miss her spikes and flakes  
And their magnificent view

Maybe by my loneliness  
I long so far for my rose  
Or the emptiness of the universe  
I just can not stand any more

Although I sigh to her  
And to the stars I direct my face  
Nothing can replace my rose  
She is the only my love

And the grain of my longing  
So tiny just microscopic  
Is normally just like that  
In the cup of it is closed

A dew on the petals purple  
Drops to the ground at down  
This are just my tears  
Of happiness and so the last one

The vastness and greatness of the universe  
Master of Providence provides  
I am just a little prince  
And the rose is only one queen of flowers

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**



**Jacek Pelian**  
**Writing poems**

Someone sometime about poem ask me.  
How it is with writing?  
That's why I'll briefly answer on it.  
Just straight from run and straight from head.  
Poem I write always... when I'm ready for it.

Someone sometime about rhyme ask me.  
How to create it?  
I answer briefly... up and down.  
But always I have someone's well-being on my mind.  
Before darling rhyme to the poem I shove.

Someone sometime about poetry ask me.  
Why do I made it?  
I answer him that... though I don't know if it's righth or  
wrong.  
Simply just like we need water and air.  
I write poems... from heart to heart.

**Translated by Karolina Pelian**

**Jacek Pelian**  
**Field flowers**

Nothing will replace beauty of field flowers.  
 White daisies and red poppies.  
 I love these meadows spread with pansies.  
 Goldened with rye and waving with flax.

Above it magnificent, always setting sun.  
 It baths in flowers of the fields and green meadows.  
 Then throws the last light beams,  
 > On the forest, on lakes and hills.  
 >  
 > This all images I carry in heart.  
 > Because they delight my soul, so I carry for Creator  
 them.  
 > In acknowledgements for allowing me see them.  
 >  
 > And when time of my earth path will come,  
 > then my heart will ask about one.  
 > Let my grave with field flower decorate.

**Translated by Karolina Pelian**

**Jacek Telus**  
**The Sun**

If you consider it  
Man -  
A Sponge

Never mind  
There are no chances  
Though the Sun always rises

And tempts, tempts  
It tempts

Though it doesn't have to  
Really  
Be careful

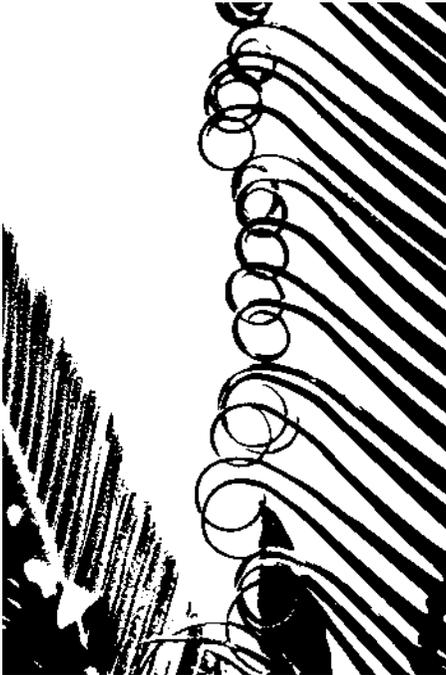
**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Jacek Telus**  
**Rielke**

And today I saw the Word -  
Anew  
A Boat on Enormous Sea of Trinity  
Which is an immeasurable infinity  
That doesn't end but begins

Well...  
I don't know if it's closer  
Or further away  
Guilt

Translated by Barbara Voit



**Jan Lech Kurek**  
**Do not put love away...**

Do not put love away for later  
Look dreams blossomed of hope  
Promising us another day of gold,  
Though our temples in autumn are white.

Your hands are so very tiny  
But you fit in them all fate and life  
In them escape is from all the sadness  
And secure and hide from the pain.

When you throw on my neck affectionately,  
Happiness soul faints amazed  
Only then because it knows he's alive  
And when proximity pulsing in my temples.

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Janusz A. Ihnatowicz**  
**A CONFESSION**

We who grew up during the war have our  
phantoms  
our paraphernalia of terror,  
small wonder then that our feet  
bear us most readily to the cemetery

We who grew up during through the war  
remain children for ever  
we cross strange courtyards on our little legs,  
bearing a hump still as big as a city  
fleeing the graves that gave us birth

**Translated by Christopher Zakrzewski**

**Janusz A. Ihnatowicz**  
**A ROMAN TRIPTYCH**

**1. Dawn at Saint Peter's Square**

Day breaks over Saint Peter's  
with the clear splendor of a crystal stream  
the sun brushes its lips against the papal  
window  
and like a bird flies blithely out into the world

The apostles gaze blind-eyed into the sky  
a cloud of doves, a dove-like cloud fly overhead  
silence, silence  
a bell tolls, the clatter  
of rapid steps on the stones:  
a widow bitterly waking the city from its sleep  
hurries off to meet the cruel people

**Translated by Christopher Zakrzewski**

## 2. Prati at Noon

Aerials and laundry sail over the roof-tops  
driven noonward by the sun's breath  
languid time hangs among chimney-stacks  
from the depths of the courtyard  
Beethoven's chords cascade on the keyboard  
one more hour drips down in heavy drops  
from no place to nowhere  
a telephone rings, the piano stops,  
piercing the stillness like a fist a canon booms  
on Gianicolo, and the bell of Saint Peter's  
responds

## 3. The Forum Romanum at Night

Shards of greatness threaded on dark streets  
sail through the night, beads of extinguished  
glory  
overhead – a golden moon,  
and under the moon  
yellow eyes of cats  
that have outlasted caesars

**Translated by Christopher Zakrzewski**

**Janusz A. Ihnatowicz**

**MONUMENTS IN THE JARDIN DE LUXEMBOURG**

assembled here are the great of another time  
who sailing away from life it seems for a moment  
stopped (so a butterfly that in its course  
wavered and was fastened on a pin for ever  
poised to fly) this everlasting flight of figures  
by pedestals pinned to the ground

so death in the stone portrayed  
struggles with spring erupting in the buds  
and children with their play-boats by the pond  
weave that silent struggle into a tapestry of sound  
like Rafaelo's tangled battle on a bridge of Rome:  
but noise departs at the rattling of the gate  
and the monuments remain alone among the trees  
surrounded by gilded spears on the guarding fence.

**Janusz A. Ihnatowicz**  
**LETTING GO**

*To Olga and Edward, in thanks  
for a dinner and many conversations*

Do not desire my now my dear  
let the ashes dream their dreams  
we are too sad now to sail again  
on the golden passion of the sea

do not love me now my love  
but without tears without regrets  
watch my bored shadow sink at last  
into the soiled bed of the earth

do not go bury me my life  
stay at home listening to the night  
hearing the sky fall drop by drop  
into the world's weeping eye.

**Janusz A. Ihnatowicz**

**PAROUSIA IN THE SERVANTS QUARTERS**

We haunt nowhere: the void under the stairs  
where spirits do not depart but tired sink  
into the mounds of coke and oven ash  
too weak to moan upstairs at night  
their chains in corridors to clank

there in that dark and empty place we hand  
damp rags, threatening but half expired,  
kitchen slaveys of the above kingdom,  
neither damned nor redeemed but suspended  
between time and parousia, leaves altogether weightless

above we hear noises: the halls of heaven  
are collapsing and the dead are rising  
there is a lot of walking from this side to that  
and then all is quiet, now we must  
wait for a bell to call us up to be judged  
severely.

## **A Literary Silhouette of Janusz Artur Ihnatowicz**

**written by Zofia Korzeńska**

**Translated by Marek Marciniak .**

Fr. Janusz Artur Ihnatowicz, a poet and literary critic, writing in Polish and English, a professor of theological studies in Houston (Texas), the Kościelski Foundation laureate, he was awarded the medal Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice Cross by Pope John Paul II.

Priest Janusz Artur Ihnatowicz was born in 1929 in Vilnius, from 1969 he resides in Houston (Texas) after a long emigration and after his philosophical and theological studies in Dublin, Kielce, Ottawa and Rome. He is Professor Emeritus at St Thomas Catholic University. He is also permanently connected with Kielce (Poland), as a priest he was ordained by the Bishop of Kielce and belongs to the Kielce Diocese. Since 1980s, when the Polish borders were opened for him, he has been paying an annual visit for some weeks to his seat in Kielce, being constantly in contact with the professors of the Kielce Theological Seminary.

He engages himself intensely in scientific work, writes theological dissertations, not forgetting his literary activity- though not on a large scale. He started as a poet in 1950 in a foreign press, belonged to „Kontynenty” (Continents), a literary group in London, keeping his stylistic individuality. He has published the following collections of poems:

Pejzaż z postaciami (Landscape with Figures) London 1972, Wiersze wybrane (Selected Poems) (Kraków, Znak 1973), for which he was awarded a prize of the Koscielski Foundation in Geneva,

Displeasure (poems in English),(London 1975), Wiersze wybrane (Selected Poems), (Houston 1990), Niewidomy z Betsaidy (The Blind Man from Beth-Said), (Warsaw 1991), Czas co pochłania (Rzeszów, 2002), Epigramat o nadziei i

inne wiersze(1992-2003)(Rzeszów, 2004), *Od czasu kto nas wyzwoli? Wiersze 1950-2006* (Toronto,2007) in which nearly all Part III called :*"Doczekiwanie"* (Waiting) are new poems. The last collection, presently issued, is *Poezje zebrane*(Collected Poems)

(Toronto-Rzeszów, 2012) edited and with an introduction by Alicja Jakubowska-Ożóg from the University of Rzeszów. Fr. Ihnatowicz translated also on a large scale from Hebrew, eg *"Song of the Songs"* and from English he translated high-rank poets such as T.S. Eliot, E. Pound, W. B. Yeats and others.

He was influenced mostly by T.S. Eliot's poetry as well as by Imagism (mainly by E. Pound) to which he has been faithful for a long time. Imagism as a style in poetry originated in England, in North America it was started by E. Pound. Imagism had a great influence on contemporary poetry, its topics, language and the overall structure. It changed the poetry thoroughly and refreshed it. The heritage of Imagism, existing in contemporary poetry and its directions has the following features: picture and metaphor dominating in the structure of a poem, concreteness, clarity and intellectual precision, a poem being liberated from regularities and metric constraints, dominance of free verse. That movement was supported by T. S. Eliot who shared his own ideas in his paper *"The Egoist"* with the ideas of Imagism, not being a member of any Imagist literary club himself. In Poland we can also see the traces of Imagism. Poets Jozef Czechowicz and Stanisław Piętak were opting for this style and used its artistic achievements. Ihnatowicz's poetry exhibits many features of Imagism.

What are the most important features of Ihnatowicz's writing? Professor Zenon Ożóg states:*"in those poems there are dark, catastrophic tones domineering. The main theme focuses at inter-war catastrophic tradition, but the visions of destructions built in the atmosphere of unclear intuitions and fears are post factum"*, Clearly, personal fate of the poet influenced the character of his poetry. Most poems are devoted to solitude. Those pictures of solitude

are not only the fate of the priest-poet. The author stressed he did not want to write about himself. He wanted to write about the world and people. We should not regard the solitude of the author literary because the lyric subject of the poetry talking about himself casts the light on the fate of all the poets living abroad, all people emigrants. One should stress that personal details or episodes from poet's life are generalization of human fate. So it is a generalization of the fate of the poet-emigrant, the fate of the poet-priest, in a broader sense - the fate of any human being as everybody has their existential feelings of loneliness, towards existence, towards another man, towards God.

The poet thinks that quite common and very painful social phenomenon is the problem of empty human insides, unproductive thinking, pointless talks, illusions of love, etc. all described by T. S. Eliot's metaphor „The Hollow Men”. Ihnatowicz stresses this especially in his collection „Landscape with Figures”. The last period of activity of the author of „The Epigram of Hope” is great reflexive poetry, mainly eschatological and metaphorical. Most of the poems of this period have a concrete aphoristic form with thoughts expressed being surprisingly witty.

In the last collections - containing much hope, expressing agreement with human fate and cheerfulness - there are melancholic poems expressing sadness as a result of loneliness, for example in the poem „Święta emigranta” (The Emigrant's Feasts) „when I share the wafer from Poland with myself”.

Fr J. A. Ihnatowicz's writing was thoroughly analyzed by Prof. Alicja Jakubowska-Ożóg from the University of Rzeszów in her monography *Poeta i świat. Twórczość literacka ks. Janusza A. Ihnatowicza* (Rzeszów, 2009). See also an essay about the great poetry entitled *Los człowieka w poezji Ks. Janusza Artura Ihnatowicza* included in the book *Godność człowieka*, ed. by A.

Smolińska (Kielce, Busko-Zdrój, 2009)

**Joanna Janda (Vienna, Austria)**  
**impression**

in an empty frame  
of a picture  
painstakingly removed  
by the long since  
experienced  
no longer important

in a trail of dust  
settled across the years  
on gold foil  
like sweet cream  
before it chills  
and forms a skin

in the grey thread  
hanging  
in the top right corner  
of an artist's canvas  
conveying what was  
at the time  
of utmost importance

in an empty frame  
an ethereal water colour  
of imagination

**Translated by Graham Cawfort**

**Joanna Janda (Vienna, Austria)**  
**walk**

I met love today  
walking along a path in the park  
through the botanical gardens  
(the ones in Schönbrunn, you know...)

gingerly  
cautiously she walked  
swerving round puddles  
stones and dust

she tightly held the hand  
wound her fingers around  
adorned with the rings  
of arthritic changes

he (the fiance)  
with a blank gaze  
gathered from her hair  
the importunate wind

I met love today  
walking along a path in the park  
through the botanical gardens  
like an oath -  
to the edge of day

**Translated by Graham Cawfort**

**Joanna Janda (Vienna, Austria)**  
**I was on duty when they brought her**

she said  
I am as light as mist  
my feet don't touch the ground  
I am borne into the distance on wings  
steering my kite with kisses

then they came  
there were two of them  
they lifted her easily expertly  
placed her on a soft white cloud  
attached the azure sky  
to the intravenous milky way drip  
and she slipped away bright and beautiful

today  
on sands soaked in tears  
there are no footprints  
the wheelchair tracks  
lead nowhere

**Translated by Graham Cawfort**

**Joanna Kurowska**

**depletion**

after all the aurum  
became extracted  
from the dirt and  
made into bullion,  
the earth lost its  
golden vein that  
flowed like music  
through its flesh

now there are just  
empty corridors. we  
can study them,  
layer by layer;  
each of the same  
density – naught;  
each of the same hue  
– a pure black

Poem published in *The Green Door*.

**Joanna Kurowska**

**The Bishop's Suit**

a business street in the suburbs,  
like any other – save  
the sunlight's golden spell

the aura is middle-class;  
pedestrians walk, sated,  
mindful of each dollar spent

folds of patterns and colors  
in the display window  
of the local Vogue

amidst dresses and trousers,  
quite out-of-the-blue,  
a bishop's suit

hangs dolefully incomplete  
– a skin missing a body  
with its sins, its prayers

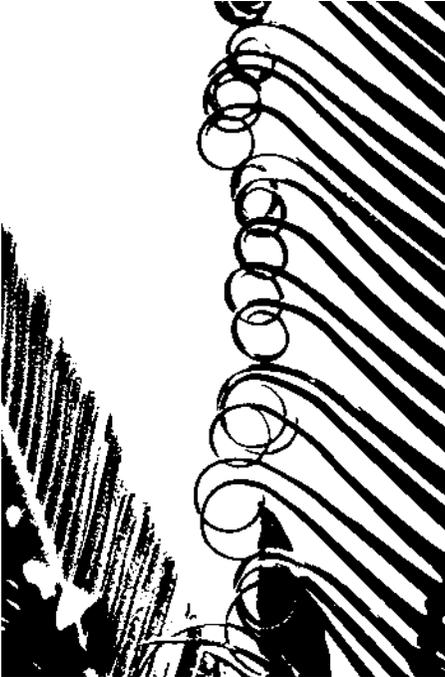
beneath the notch  
for the saintly neck  
a black cross glitters

I peek inside the store – but,  
no nuns here, bent  
over an embroidery

no angels fixing the rip  
between heaven and earth,  
with a golden stitch

just two underpaid seamstresses  
arranging mother-of-pearl buttons  
upon a piece of silk

Poem appeared in *Solo Novo*; the Polish version appeared  
in *Fraza* (Rzeszów).



**Joanna Kurowska**

**Nothing**

I am thankful for nothing.  
I can carry it in my purse,  
in a suitcase, a cart  
or in my backpack.

sometimes it envelops me,  
drags after me like a shadow  
or rests on my head  
like a vessel for water.

In full humility  
I tremble in its presence,  
and consider all the things  
I can fill it with.

I can saturate it with love  
for all humanity,  
that is stronger than the love  
for my irksome neighbor.

I can turn my nothing  
into heaven or hell  
governed by a triune god  
angry, loving, and just.

I can fill it with dreams  
about a crystal palace,  
on the walls of which I hang  
endless collectibles.

I can fill my emptiness  
with strong convictions,  
thoroughly differentiating  
between myself and Others.

I can fill it with questions  
about planets and stars  
I can stuff it with answers  
about the meaning of life.

Poem appeared in *International Poetry Review*; Polish  
translation published in *Fraza* (Rzeszów).

**Joanna Roś**

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Taken back after stricke  
quiet woman's inside  
holy land

enter it barefoot  
but do not take of your armor

\*\*\*

We create free relationships  
that give birth to symbols metaphores  
comparisions

to touch one another quickly  
just like pencil touches paper

**Joanna Wójcik (Śnieżko)**  
**(Warszawa, Poland)**

**A Tree and Me**

I want to be  
a tree  
with roots reaching the heart of the ground  
branches striving for blue skies  
caressed by wind  
stroked by warmth of rays of sun  
with birds' nests in them

I do not want to be a whim of an aura  
I would rather remain human  
'cause when something is bothering me  
and hurting  
I can escape  
into the land of dreams and imagination  
covering my eyes with my hands  
I can laugh and cry  
I can walk  
all over the world  
and a tree

is not to be transplanted

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**

**Joanna Wójcik (Śnieżko)**  
**(Warszawa, Poland)**

**PONDERING (Zamyśliłam się)**

PONDERING.....

Pondering

The condition of infallible thoughts

I am surrounded by void

is this dreaming in the daylight

pieces of puzzle made of bones

do not fold fit in

and yet I know

I hear and I feel

but what for

the wind is flapping with emotions

laughing

it knows what to do

a picture of an empty space is inside me

with so many faces calling me by my name

their hands reaching to me

to take me to the bubbling bottom

of man's loneliness

nothing will bring me back from pondering

here I am standing at the crossroads

where God once showed me my way

I returned and I cannot walk any further

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**

**Joanna Wójcik (Śnieżko)**  
**(Warszawa, Poland)**

**By The Roads (Alejami)**

By the roads where the last leaves  
tremble like astray souls  
in the fog that covers  
everything like a curtain  
that should be an answer  
to my questions  
about eternity  
where life begins  
and body dies  
Lord, what is left  
of my dreams  
only a trunk of a tree  
ripped of its bark  
all whims of an aura  
and yet  
I am calling You  
throughout the grey of the day  
You alone  
know my heart and my thoughts  
You outline my life  
not by breath of loosing  
not by words

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**

**Joanna Wójcik (Śnieżko)**  
**(Warszawa, Poland)**

**Love (Miłość)**

you will ask  
if I know  
what it is about  
is it a passion  
with closed eyes  
a bit of romance with raspberry juice  
bathed in a ray of sun  
in a drop of amber  
is it a hum or waves and twinkling sparks  
this shine that warms up a cold heart  
and a breeze  
cooling my face  
love  
how can one understand  
comprehend  
and taste it  
when a man is building a wall around him  
running away and searching a protection  
in order not to follow it  
and yet  
keeps calling it  
by it's name

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**

**John Guzowski's** writing has appeared in Garrison Keillor's *Writer's Almanac*, *The Ontario Review*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Modern Fiction Studies* and other journals both here and abroad. Czeslaw Milosz wrote that Guzowski's first book of poems *Jezyk Mulow/Language of Mules* "astonished" him and that he had "an enormous ability for grasping reality." Guzowski's poems about his parents' experiences in Nazi concentration camps appear in his book *Lightning and Ashes*. He blogs about them and their experiences at <http://lightning-and-ashes.blogspot.com/>

**John Guzlowski**  
**My People**

My people were all Polish people,  
the ones who survived to look  
in my eyes and touch my fingers  
and those who didn't, dying instead

of fever, hunger, or even a bullet  
in the face, dying maybe thinking  
of how their deaths were balanced  
by my birth or one of the other

stories the poor tell themselves  
to give themselves the strength  
to crawl out of their own graves.

Not all of them had this strength  
but enough did, so that I'm here  
and you're here reading this poem  
about them. What kept them going?

Maybe something in the souls  
of people who start with nothing  
and end with nothing, and in between  
live from one handful of nothing  
to the next handful of nothing.

They keep going--through the terror  
in the snow and the misery  
in the rain--till some guy pierces  
their stomachs with a bayonet

or some sickness grips them, and still  
they keep going, even when there  
aren't any rungs on the ladder  
even when there aren't any ladders.

**Juliusz Erazm Bolek**

**A B R A C A D A B R A**  
**A B R A C A D A B R**  
**A B R A C A D A B**  
**A B R A C A D A**  
**A B R A C A D**  
**A B R A C A**  
**A B R A C**  
**A B R A**  
**A B R**  
**A B**  
**A**

**A B R A C A D A B R A**  
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**A B R A C**  
**A B R A**  
**A B R**  
**A B**

**A**  
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**A B R A C A D A**  
**A B R A C A D**  
**A B R A C A**  
**A B R A C**  
**A B R A**  
**A B R**  
**A B**  
**A**

**Juliusz Erazm Bolek**  
**DEVIL**

have you ever felt the devil  
like a storm wave  
swim right to the threshold  
as you and a girl make love  
and with the voice of a choked stream  
demand help  
perhaps to cut  
your dream life short  
when tulips flower  
so very sad  
bereft of time  
that he might share  
something heroic  
at the games others invent  
in stories of unfinished fights  
and fictional as many things  
possessing eyes  
lighting fires  
hands that can shake the world  
and thoughts to wring out  
violence from every man  
but worst  
to feel the devil as you stroll  
with promenaders  
amongst fresh fruit stalls  
still sitting  
strangely quiet  
without even a  
bottle of beer  
just sitting  
watching you  
and waiting

**Translated by Anita and Adrew Fincham**

**Juliusz Erazm Bolek**  
**NEONS**

neons  
slowly light up  
on your face  
red face  
blue face  
red face  
blue eyes  
red mouth

neons  
blink to me  
in your eyes  
blue eyes  
green eyes  
blue eyes  
green eyes  
red eyes

neons  
pulsating in my head  
nervously run  
on white spirals  
on grey spirals  
on white spirals  
on grey spirals  
on red spirals

neons  
 neons  
 which nobody ever  
 switches off  
 which always break  
 red neons  
 green neons  
 blue neons  
 grey neons  
 white neons  
 and only then  
 it gets light

**Translated by Anita and Adrew Fincham**

**A B R A C A D A B R A**  
**A B R A C A D A B R**  
**A B R A C A D A B**  
**A B R A C A D A**  
**A B R A C A D**  
**A B R A C A**  
**A B R A C**  
**A B R A**  
**A B R**  
**A B**  
**A**

**Juliusz Erazm Bolek**  
**GOLD VEIN**

gold vein of the city  
lights at evening  
rips from night's skin  
blinds, engrosses

All see, desire  
the gold vein  
none can buy it  
or even touch  
you never know  
where its light leads  
even the cat can't know  
who walks the roofs

grains of gold sand  
run down the streets  
rushing to steal the new born day  
and when the sun's eye lifts its lid  
the gold vein disappears  
none know this magic  
none saw the witch

**Translated by Anita and Adrew Fincham**

**Juliusz Erazm Bolek**  
**THE OLD HOUSE**

it worries you  
this old house  
for years destined  
to be demolished  
you dip  
into its memories  
its whispers  
and heavy breath  
if you could but  
make love  
to this house  
those like it  
might never  
be born  
it worries you  
the old house  
in a district  
destined to be forgotten  
you won't manage the weight of the rubble  
and you will not  
come round

**Translated by Anita and Adrew Fincham**

**Juliusz Erazm Bolek**  
**SQUARING THE CIRCLE**

a square  
 is perfect equality  
 of a four-sided world

a triangle  
 is a poor square

a circle  
 is a perfect square

a sphere  
 is absolute

but only  
 squaring the circle  
 is invincible

**Translated by Anita and Adrew Fincham**

**A B R A C A D A B R A**  
**A B R A C A D A B R**  
**A B R A C A D A B**  
**A B R A C A D A**  
**A B R A C A D**  
**A B R A C A**  
**A B R A C**  
**A B R A**  
**A B R**  
**A B**  
**A**

**Karolina Kułakowska**  
**White nights**

I said they would be back in good time. We wait  
therefore for a few blue sails and slippery  
skin. Meanwhile, someone drying

wheat behind the barn five months too early.  
Wind filling the empty cod bladders, while  
red haired kids meander by the rock. Now

I hold your paintbrushes, participating.

**Translated by Marek Kazmierski**



**Karolina Kułakowska**  
**An imprint in Rymanow**

*For Piotrek B.*

Grasses swayed in the time with the pendulum. I  
remember  
their caress, goose bumps on shins. *I like dragonflies -  
they're art nouveau.* The curtains changed,

you changed. The roof over the local orthodox chapel  
rused,  
the grasses underfoot yellowed. Scattered pages from the  
prayer book  
began forming new stories. *He delivered the pen in his beak,*  
*saw a cross on the tracks.*

**Translated by Marek Kazmierski**

**Karolina Kułakowska**  
**A glass on a rock**

They'll paint masterpieces, or maybe only set  
a boat with a few sails in the right direction.  
Later, you will understand every detail: premature  
evening, cracked heads.

Come morning, the waiter will arrive  
with a damp shoe cloth. He will kiss my feet all over  
in greeting. You will notice an entry  
into deep dunes.

In the port, they will make me up into another Venus.  
Straddling a barrel with a red paintbrush set behind my  
ear.  
You will dink as much rum as will pass through my hair.

**Translated by Marek Kazmierski**

**Katarzyna Campbell**  
(Strzelce Krajeńskie, Poland)

**A walk at dusk**

I walk the deserted streets,  
Around it is so quiet and calm  
Here and there lanterns are lit  
Faintly illuminating the black darkness

So I'm walking step by step  
Passing houses, blocks of streets  
There are no people or cars  
I count the stars in the sky

I mention the time we spent together  
And think of the future dreaming  
So good walk in the silence  
My thoughts no one can hear

It's late and so dark around  
I'm not afraid your thoughts are with me  
For sure waiting with diner at home  
I'm sorry I walked away too far

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Katarzyna Campbell**  
(Strzelce Krajeńskie, Poland)

**Unrequited love**

My tears flowed  
And blurred words  
Which dissolved into a grenade  
In the salty sea

I no longer write  
Poured out my grief  
Onto a paper soaked with bitterness  
It will bring everything

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Katarzyna Campbell**  
(Strzelce Krajeńskie, Poland)

**Uninvited guest**

You show up uninvited  
I get angry  
seeing the reflection  
you leave trail  
on my face  
the next ripple  
signature  
I was here  
the time.

**Translated by Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak**



**Katarzyna Campbell**  
(Strzelce Krajeńskie, Poland)

**Unwanted guest**

She is all over around  
In the morning, she takes a bathroom  
Long hours looking in the mirror  
Her sad reflection

All day long she  
Is a Queen of remote control  
Jumping from channel to channel  
She loves melodramas.

At night keeps me awake  
Spins and nagging ...  
Finally gives up  
Living cold bed.

You are  
Do not go nowhere anymore  
I do not want her to come back,  
The loneliness

**Translated by Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Katarzyna Campbell**  
(Strzelce Krajeńskie, Poland)

**Talk to me, talk ...**

Words are like buds,  
full of colors and flavors,  
when they are fed with love,  
bloom in mouth into red.

Soothe the soul, caress the heart.  
Do love! Open more and more buds.  
Give me a bunch of words,  
please, talk to me my love, talk

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Katarzyna Nazaruk**  
**Illusion's piggy bank**

You won't find the answer at the bottom of the  
carafe  
aiming for a state of bliss  
You must cope with the monsoon  
of negative emotions  
You don't take the injection of pessimism  
from brother chameleon  
You bite off the woody umbilical  
of fake friendship  
Kill the hydra of family delusions  
Chase away beds of vain sirens  
Surrounded by their toadies  
And you become  
with temperant, clear gaze  
Mature  
enough to throw into the piggy bank the illusions  
given you on your birthday  
the pennies of hypocrisy

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

**Katarzyna Nazaruk**  
**The Bedouin's Wife**

Hunched  
sad  
withered  
Bedouin's wife  
Wordlessly passing the water to wash the feet

For her  
the last morsel of lamb  
last sip of water from a dirty gourd  
With no right to refuse  
without will to live  
without will to deny  
that she is happy  
How often are you a wife  
and how often the Bedouin's wife?

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

**Katarzyna Nazaruk**  
**The mythomaniac's world**

A rough edged crowd on the corners of alleyways  
 whittled by the dull blows  
 of time.

It participated in the procreation of souls of multiple  
 existences,  
 brother and sister samaritans,  
 moguls and internet hermits,  
 who the world does not understand.

The seagull through the window and the flower,  
 which will bloom anyway  
 when we are no more...

Why are you usurping a place  
 on the podium, on the pedestal of bloated human  
 pride?  
 Trumpet of Jericho. You begin  
 slowly to ring hollow, like the music of your soul.  
 Ugly, diseased, consumerist participants  
 of sales of photocopies of the Mona Lisa's beauty.  
 Your ego, frozen like a bank account  
 overdrawn in common sense and decency.  
 Indistinctly coloured consumer, you dislike quiet.  
 You adore the epicentres of chaos, the cacophony of  
 the streets,  
 In which the corporate brands impudently play  
 poker,  
 the teeth of the person beside you grinding in the  
 fever of an empty wallet.

The unnecessary absolution of a chanting priest,

a woman in a dressing gown and thong, in jewellery  
of banknotes  
with whom you dance the tango of the mundane in  
a garden leased from Adam and Eve,  
by the light of raucous fireworks.  
In your own way you direct the mythomaniac's  
world: I came,  
I paid, I purchased.  
I won, because I possess.

Birds will build nests and flowers bloom  
even when we are no more.

**Translated by Graham Crawford**



**Kazimierz Brakoniecki**  
**Motherlands**

Barczewo December 1952. mother pushes along a stroller with  
me  
a big key of the sun changes slowly the rust of frost  
well-shaved father thinks of vodka in spite of Christmas  
grandmother stays with my sister wearing a velvet dress  
the guests know her dress is from St. Anne's charity  
It's not far from home guests know it  
Little houses three churches jail and German cemetery  
I can't fathom what my parents could do there  
Except that they had the warrant to work  
The town like ice cubes  
Nonetheless the real life got there like bloody ice-hole  
And from there I see Wilno's priest of St. Anne's  
Christening me nearby willingly silent Winfried  
Warmia's German boy whose father's in jail for refusal of  
getting Polish ID  
And then time floats like ice tight together  
We stand in front of his family home  
And he doesn't want to reminisce nor come back  
He asks whether we are brothers from the same town  
The same baptism the same religion  
The same believe in our beloved motherland  
He shows me pictures of his parents who died from nostalgia  
in Germany  
I show him pictures of my mother and grandmother when they  
came from Kirgizja  
But why  
While everywhere there's the same pathos of passing time  
And chaos of small and grand memories  
But all that we share is not from this earth

**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Kazimierz Brakoniecki**  
**End of Century**

On the sandy backyard wind falls  
 and lifts tanned finger to broken windows  
 I was three it was 1955  
 I looked with my mom at construction of the base for a twin  
 house  
 When it began to snow and I understood  
 The unity that flows through me my mother and the snow  
 No one sunbathes anymore on a tar plank of wood close to  
 chimneys  
 No one mocks Reich rushing after his thin wife  
 Around the house of hours of our first hidden places for love  
 No one spits with Krauts and Teutonic Knights  
 No one climbs an apple tree that doesn't exist any more  
 No one listens to the Beatles and Nalepa in the basement  
 No one steals rabbits heaters scrap metal  
 I'll never meet Tomaszewski wondering why I will not be a  
 house painter  
 I'll never see Grzonka and his stamp collection  
 Nor Norbert's penis that looked like a surprised lizard  
 There are houses there's a street there are seasons cars and  
 Sundays  
 There's no unity  
 Who would discover that life in the sand and wind and sun  
 The closest memories are covered with unknown weeds

They're all in Germany -  
 My childhood brought me to the end of the XX Century

**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Kazimierz Brakoniecki**  
**End of Century**

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**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Kazimierz Burnat**  
**Ignite sense**

It is not enough to reverse thinking  
in another direction  
towel wrap dreams  
relieved heat  
her body  
moistened in the clash  
with just sketched stimulus

you need to determine nonsense  
to later  
luminous tentacles forearms  
excite the sense of  
in the arms of Morpheus

**Translated by Patrycja Ewa Majewska**

**Kazimierz Burnat**  
**Taste of awakening**

Grab unskins the edge  
of light disappearing back stars  
becoming a crescent

Black fading trail  
penetrates the edge of perception  
of human imagination

buckthorn dawn  
mark length  
Whisper from buzz

dry palate  
absorb the dew -  
blue

**Translated by Patrycja Ewa Majewska**

**Kazimierz Burnat**  
**Amazement**

Even the bedroom door creak  
and already in a huge bed  
born phantoms

cracks in the windows of music  
quiver in the air  
Princess meadows bloom white

haunted him for longing  
for almonds  
but her eyes filled with light  
do not allow to fall asleep

life is just a drop  
swimming at the edge of impossible  
need to blend in its essence  
and choke the ocean

**Translated by Patrycja Ewa Majewska**

**Kazimierz Burnat**  
**Embers dusk**

Screaming loneliness  
pain violet light

you could have been  
and you are not

understanding the meaning of dissatisfaction  
deprive you of hunger

Swarms of sand  
the cavities of scars  
foreign body

sea in front of you  
water splash  
in the dry wells

still burning  
to the virtue of modesty  
anchor the soul  
in the bottom of the night

**Translated by Patrycja Ewa Majewska**

**Kazimierz Burnat**  
**Future**

*Living*

He becomes friends with silence  
 and immobility  
 consciousness relieves  
 wraps the native land

soon overgrown roots  
 honored boulder  
 content of saturated structure  
 I'll be waiting for the shadows  
 living form  
 (even dehumanizing)

memory lapse when the lights  
 soulful ask  
 What about the promise of eternity

or now my answer -

the strings of vertices  
 wind  
 will win a pathetic melody  
 while the pulp of trees  
 merge ashes  
 the amber amulet

**Translated by Patrycja Ewa Majewska**

**Kazimierz Linda**  
**this fall (tej jesieni)**

I won't give away this fall  
I am waiting for it as if for the first take-orr  
like for a delight of an unknown face  
or a beautiful dejavu lady

This fall I want to write poems  
about a memory covered by veil  
so that it remains like a dried flower  
between yellow pages of my diary

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**

**Kazimierz Linda**  
**Colors (Kolory)**

Dressed in white  
you gave me  
a green pebble.

I was counting callendars  
expecting  
colors to change  
into reality

Now I know  
that the green  
is not different  
than grey

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**

**Kazimierz Linda**  
**A chance (Szansa)**

I was peeking  
Through the half open door  
I did not know if  
I should leave and forget  
There is a rustle around  
Noise made by passers-by  
Rises and falls  
Choosing smaller evil  
I am not Hamlet  
nor am I his creator  
I have strayed  
Looking for my chance  
Desperately

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**