

L-Ż

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Leszek Posyniak (Kraków, Poland)
Lilla Latus
Łucja Dudzińska
Małgorzata Bobak
Małgorzata Karolina Piekarska
Marek Czuku
Marek Wawrzekiewicz (Warszawa, Poland)
Maria Childs (Chicago)
Maria Gromska (Chicago)
Maria Jastrzębska
Maria Jolanta Kowalska
Marlena Zynger (Warszawa, Poland)
Marta Berowska (Warszawa, Poland)
Marta Brassart (London, UK)
Mazena Mackoit
Michał Wroński
Mieczysław Wojtasik
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Stanisław Kęsik
Stanisław Nyczaj (Kielce, Poland)
Stefan Jurkowski
Sylvia Gibaszek (Warszawa, Poland)
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Teresa Kaczorowska (Ciechanów, Poland)
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Zbigniew Derda
Zbigniew Milewski
Zbigniew Roth
Zofia Korzeńska (Kielce, Poland)
Zdzisław Antolski (Kielce, Poland)
Zdzisława Kaczmarek
Zdzisław Łączkowski

rows arranged alphabetically by the first names of the poets



Leslie Kot

AARON NEVIL AND "AVE MARIA"

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

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

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

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

She says: I wish you could sing like him - then maybe I
could fall in love with you...
But I can`t and even if I could - I wouldn`t!
People just pretending! Playing games...

Years goes by... cool...

Leslie Kot
THEN YOU DON`T

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

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

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

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

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

Leslie Kot
WEEKEND IS NEAR

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

Leslie Kot
A VERY SPECIAL BLUES

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

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

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

Leslie Kot
GLITTERING STAR

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

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

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

We are deaf and we are blind
It's all worthless we've left behind?
We can't hear and we can't see
All that counts now is you and me!!!

Leslie Kot
REAL LIFE

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



Leslie Kot
FRIENDSHIP

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

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

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

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

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

Leszek Posyniak
(Kraków Poland)

Birch-tree

Lonely birch is like duration which
with time becoming whiter silence.
Port unfathomable, human dreams
and about waiting line of poem.

For it's past in the distance look
no roring sound of sincere fields.
In repentance lifting the burden
of fate and some grief unheard.

It is the blue of the sky clear
drop untouched greenery frost.
Always faithful wind marina,
when time to return after tired day.

It is whispers night of confidante,
poetry all the colors of autumn.
Is like the tears of widows, which never dry
and like a prayer of nameless.

Lonely birch, birds sanctuary,
for leaves is the joy of dawn.
This is a port of timid human dreams,
or stanza's poem about waiting.

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Leszek Posyniak
(Kraków Poland)

Vanishing

Soul does need a silence,
when despair is knocking on.
Human nature is like a dream,
when time put stamp of their meaning.

Let flower drink a silvered dew,
of taste like sweet ambrosia.
As night turns quiet in to morning
song of the day - nothing is left for you.

Chronos creates so their work.
New still is born, the old is bury
and does not care about what passed.
And do not never look behind...

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Leszek Posyniak
(Kraków Poland)

Rose petal

Look the sky is burning like copper.
From the willows, which were divided
Field behind the village sleepy membrane
Hephaestus is like to shed
Steel for Zeus's bolts
In the ladle, where was given first
Rose petal purple,
To set firmament in the fire.
Old pastures already non-green
Asleep, fawns to the birches in blackness.
Stillness night will make them,
And the heat of heaven - will peace extinguish.

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Leszek Żuliński

A short account of our encounter at Tuileries

I stand at the window of my studio and look beyond the horizon
 suddenly the same ludicrous dream returns:
 I'm still young, you wait for me at Ecole de Paris,
 you throw your arms around me and we continue walking together;
 we pass Jean-Paul and Simon on Saint-Germain,
 we walk into Cafe de Flore, sip some wine, and later
 wander the streets of Monmartre among the hundreds of easels
 and old books stands. at night we are invited
 to dinner at Meli Muter's, finally we return here exhausted
 and head straight to bed. you put your hand on my chest, cling
 to my tired body and fall asleep. I see you then
 sitting on a bench at Tuileiries, I approach timidly
 and ask if you'd care to pose for me. you agree.
 today that's how I think we met,
 I don't know where the years that followed went. I'm still
 painting you
 and I still haven't finished. you may not exist at all, you're
 the incarnation of unfulfilled dreams, a prelude to insanity.
 you're Moira, that
 led me through the galleries of the world, to make me
 understand,
 that there's no canvas worthy of your skin and no art
 that will spare us from the still life of an apple picked from a
 tree.

Translated by Urszula Śledziewska-Bolinska

Leszek Żuliński
A note about the art of flying

watercolours seem to be the most appropriate. diluted pigment doesn't cover the texture of the paper, pulls it into the composition. I could paint you in such a way, that your skin would breathe. there's one drawback - watercolours lack focus.

you have to take a few steps back for the image to arrange itself in your eyes.

I cannot allow it, this frenzy needs closeness.

I noticed recently that I talk more than I paint. my studio is becoming something ridiculous. art - something redundant. but how do I capture you? how do I immortalize you?

I also doubt if it makes sense. my friends, fellow poets, do the same - they enclose the world in a gilded cage of a poem or

they imagine it and begin to believe it's real.

as a matter of fact it 's all the same. fact or fiction, a dream or reality... as long as we exist, we create our own space. realism is like the ground for those who haven't mastered the skill of levitation.

when you passed me the first spoonful of milk, I understood it's possible

just like Chagall. that's when it started. I'm still uncertain, I still haven't understood what I'm writing about here. I don't know

which side you are on. let's hold hands and glide away; leave the Earth below, and let the art of flying, not the ground, engulf us.

Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska

Leszek Żuliński
Viva la muerte

during the civil war Fernando Arrabal
 who was a young boy at that time, was sentenced to death, still
 he has managed to live to this day. I think about those like him
 who haven't. how many works of art died
 with them? there may be a museum of unborn art somewhere,
 a huge art gallery with paintings that have never been created?
 they haven't been hung
 on any wall, didn't give rise to new trends, didn't preserve
 hundreds of faces and landscapes, forever enclosed in concrete
 or asphalt...

but they do exist! the shadow theatre, theatre of absurd. a
 version of the world, that
 could have happened.

still they say, that if not for Fernand's traumatic childhood,
 he could have never become an artist. tragedy sets demons
 free,
 gives birth to chimeras and *nightmares*. some are not at all
 aware,
 that they'll have to face death, others die every day, because
 they've understood
 that it's the reason why they live. art is their morphine, it may
 also even be euthanasia
 in the clouds of mirages.

I think about us. opium of vitality let be blessed.

a lie is not a crime, if it dulls the pain and brings peace.
 and death somewhere far away burns like a giraffe and no one
 believes in it.

Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska

LILLA LATUS
Flight

and later there was the Sal island

my hair was rustling
on your belly

the sea lost its salty taste

the sky loved me
with your eyes

thanks to us
the Earth was going round

planes flying by
recorded
a further turbulence



LILLA LATUS**Romeo**

he does not have
to sleep alone

he is looking for Juliet
in younger and younger
bodies

a bed helps put
loneliness to sleep

Romeo does not stray
only he cannot find
the balcony

LILLA LATUS**Awaiting**

I was expecting so much
from that night

it showed up
full of promises
and in festive black

I was expecting so much

only dawn
did arise

LILLA LATUS

Frida

death did not resemble
 an old, wrinkled lady
 it was a dancing girl in
 a Tehuacan dress
 alluring and floating
 above her head
 like a bird which
 sat over her eyes

on that day Frida
 got on a bus
 (she wanted to buy *taco* or *churro*)
 which was to take her
 to the limits
 of pain

a driver was glancing
 either at the picture of St.Mary of Guadalupe
 or photos with naked girls
 a painter with a bucket
 full of red paint
 was leaning against a handrail
 which was about to pierce
 Frida's pelvis
 excluding one of
 the possible versions
 of future

and Diego did not know then
 that he would be
 the next accident

Łucja Dudzińska
Tied with chains

(for Dorota)

Too spacious the house – I don't want to say: empty.
 Severing the umbilical cord doesn't hurt. Windows,
 as if bullet proof, dull the hum of city streets. Walking
 window to window (feet thunding). I close, open the curtain –

flowers and a trapped butterfly staring. I am speaking to you,
 the echo just seemeing to find its voice. I am looking
 for a trace of nastiness in a lit candle, for it entraps moths,
 or in the web of a spider – yet you are not a foolish fly!

I calm myself, flattening the folds of my skirt. As a child,
 you laughed when the lobster lolloped, while ghosties flew.*
 I look for my migrane pills, bite the bitterness – it will heal
 hypersensitivity and you will stop calling me a mad bitch.

**Polish children's rhymes*

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Łucja Dudzińska
A glass ceiling. Drifting

(for Dariusz)

That you are submerged does not mean you are sailing.
 Time as if it were water - drop by drop takes
 the breath away. You gulp air, stealing life.
 You are wondering if it is over or beneath the surface.

The glass parts, while life goes about its own business.
 The changing of wetness into dryness takes place
 by itself (everything began in the water). You waited
 until amniotic fluids receded*, knowing you would become

homeless. Now you are on your back, clenching fists
 ready for a fight. Smiling in your sleep,
 someone's hands straightening the covers, sinking

into you. The shell still absorbing. Foot prints going nowhere,
 the course set by a ship's compass, before the ice hardens.

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Łucja Dudzińska
Obstacles

It is as if with looks alone you had to knock down a wall
of bricks. Been there for years. Many fingers have tried poking
holes in the mortar, instead of learning how to
go round it; telling weathers from clouds, dream own dreams.

Unnamed complaints are blurring the background. In hiding
scars etching, where snakes are shedding skins. Everything
passing, like summertime campfire chats. Later,
keys ring in perfect harmony with the flight of cranes.

I know why you won't shake hands, hiding behind your back
broken fingernails, shins scratched from being hit.
Now you are smoking, the smoke weaving nests overhead,
nests which then fly off along with the birds of your
imagination.

A silence remains, like a million bells ringing in your ears.

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Łucja Dudzińska
Azymut*

You smile into the distance which her gaze hunts after,
without considering how many she will lose along the
way.

She measures the distances between points known to you
and

always is, will be far off. The point of road to nowhere
becomes

defined, expected. Its breadth is defined by side roads.

Detours. Doubts. Journey stops are points with a view of
places of

excess. Falling. Entering.

Another trail of events signifies the marathon, but no
bearer of bad news will come. You believe that they will
build a bridge heading your way beforehand. Will lay
down railway lines, build a road made of stones someone

dropped

or which fell in the water by themselves.

Do you know there is life set in stones?

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Łucja Dudzińska
Disharmony

At dawn, he had turned into a watermelon; rolling.
 Rolling down
 bleeding when sliced. Wandering if the blood would
 ferment, become wine, or congeal instead. How is it
 with a vitaminc K deficiency? He did not analyse dog
 love.
 It simply is, in return you take them out for walks and
 feed them,

once a day. Does everything has to mean something?
 Drilling
 holes, howling. Bells are ringing (because dawns are
 rising),
 flies shimmering. Jazz behind the wall, outside summer

hits on the radio walking past. Sensitive to noise, he
 vanishes.
 Or reappears redoubled in strength, to scream. Imparting
 meaning to that which desires, that which he needs
 today.
 It's like that Central Train Station – no one knows if it is
 a home for the homeless, the start or the end of a journey.

The ghost train expected to arrive at platform 3
 will be delayed by a 120 minutes.

Małgorzata Anna Bobak
Pictures (Obrazy)

Wrapped in darkness
I pass around your side of bed
Although you are now sleeping in another place.

Do not call my name
I have no ears for your tender words

Although I am lying here
where the two of us lied before
I am trying to forget pictures
reflected under my eyelid
set in
forever

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Małgorzata Anna Bobak
Simple geometry (Prosta geometria)

Look at how friendly and beautiful it is
Mathematics is an alphabet
that you can use to calculate
and find methods for weasel thoughts
I was always alone
like this tree behind the window
Even when I listen to Strauss and Beethoven.
Simplicity (Prostota)

God's beautiful invention
remains in atoms
solar system
cell splitting
leaves falling
sewing on buttons
and even poisoning rats

What is the need for all this waste?

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Małgorzata Anna Bobak
Owning (Posiadanie)

I would like to know
if I have a soul
in addition to body

Cause if I only have my body
I miss all
that I owe.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska



Małgorzata Karolina Piekarska
Baby Girl

So you are
Proof?
The two lines on the pregnancy test

In my mind
I furnish your little room
buy a stroller
we go to the first walk
I hear your first word

pain in the lower abdomen
temperature
the world changes as you...
you are now only a memory
spot of blood on the board in the toilet
your father's scream that I did not cleaned IT up

he slams the door when comes out
will not come back

you know that he did not want you
right?
why not to choose life
anyway ... he wanted a boy
and you certainly were a girl

you do not exist
only a test of two lines
long lying on the nightstand
lines fade
now there is even evidence
you existed

Marek Czuku
Autumn

the ants and earthworms have fallen asleep
nobody knows where and how
the trees went crazy and send gilded letters
to the thick cheerful litter

the wind applies moist compresses
to the awakened from the cold grass
the soil offers new life
no alternative to the good old paradise

between the sun and the moon
the shadow of night hangs
tomorrow will be almost the same
as it was years or centuries ago.

Translated by Alicja Kuberska



Marek Czuku
Winter

The mature snow climbs the stairs
of trees nestled in the darkness.
The walkway attracts bright lights
competing with the magic of the Christmas tree
On the roof of the neighbourhood garage.
the footsteps of birds look like tiny airplanes
And the dogs- like turtle shells.

It is as it should be .
Traffic moves slowly and changes into
a dreamy journey, during which
everything can happen

Translated by Alicja Kuberska

Marek Czuku
Dog

The night sends signals from other worlds
and soaks the windows with hot cold
It ceases moving

Wherever you are
do not reveal yourself hastily with this

there are
so many single men
so many single women

a dog lies in the bow of my legs
whining in his sleep and moving his paws
fills the void.

Translated by Alicja Kuberska

Marek Czuku
Kitten

What is behind that open window
who lives there
what colour are the walls

on the windowsill
is a small delicate kitten
with a white-beige mouth
it swings towards the world

with curiosity and courage of explorers
of the highest peaks
and freezing poles

it is like the naïve and carefree child
in it's first
words and steps.

Translated by Alicja Kuberska

Marek Czuku
Squirrel

Blocks. A lonely willow
next to the kiosk with the blue
roof. Where we buy groceries

and sweets. It is going to rain
Suddenly a red squirrel leaps
from nowhere

to climb up rapidly up the trunk and disappear
nobody knows where. An unexpected
portion of grace.

Translated by Alicja Kuberska

Marek Wawrzekiewicz
You don't have any idea

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

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

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

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

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

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

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

Maria Gromska (Chicago)

Far away beyond the seas

Far away beyond the seas

Is my home

Far away beyond the seas

Is my home...

Far away beyond the seas

Among those lovely trees

Is my home

And in that home

My Mother lives alone

come to me

come to me

Oh Mother! Come again

My happiness

Was there by my Mother's side, every day

Every day

When I slept and when I wept

Mother always rescued me

what about you?

what about you?

what about you?

Among those lovely

Wildflowers

In the autumn and in winter

In few days we will have spring

Later summer

this is it

this is it

this is it

there is no war

there is nothing

peace on Earth, again

Translated by Chris Reynolds

Maria Jastrzębska
MICHAL

He's seventeen
 plays heavy metal, likes beer.
 He met a man at Warsaw Central
 who took him home,
 pays his way.
 Michal shows me his new
 silk shirt, peacock green -
no messing, that's quality.

I'm not one of them
'aunties' - which is what they call fags here.
I'm normal - this is just for now.
Tell me, is it better
over there in England.

I'm trying to rescue the plants
 in their apartment.
 The living room doesn't get much light.
 and they don't look
 cared for enough.
 Michal helps me out.
 He tells me about his great grandmother -
she was all right -
 kept a pig and talked to it,

so he understands
 when I say
 you've got to *talk* to plants.
Is it better over there, he asks
in England.

first published in Syrena Redbeck Press 2004

MARIA JOLANTA KOWALSKA
BY POEM

I pass with verse
all thresholds

I merge
into the ocean of life

on the stave I scud
to stars

and in Bethlehem night
I kneel with him by the creche

my verse
pulsates
in memory's hearts

MARIA JOLANTA KOWALSKA
I BREATHE THE SILENCE

I hum her favourite chorus

I whisper -
you reached for my heart
you hide your soul
in a sweet stream of
desire

wherever fate throws me
you are with me
and with my poem



MARIA JOLANTA KOWALSKA
YEARNING

Eyes of Canada
are misting over
The country's fragrant with resin,
milk and honey

in the heart
abandoned shell
echo pulsates

letter
pens healed wounds...

Soft evening light
charge April pollen

in their crown rests
beloved
longed
weary

unimported
good or bad
small or large

sensitivity dream of beauty

Fear to face

men's cry
held a breath

this hell on earth
everyday heroes

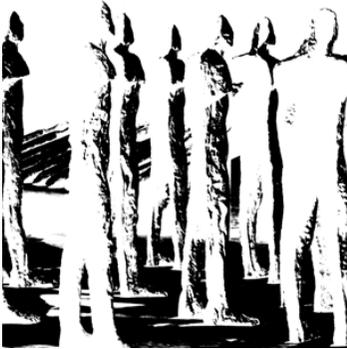
tear victims

where are you safe world?

settled

marking their exam of humanity

in a sea of ruins



MARIA JOLANTA KOWALSKA
RAT RACE

promotional ladder
higher and higher

first suits
zero of truth
personality in s h a p e

fighting rush to
what better nibble for yourself

promotional ladder are cracking

The Poetry of Marlena Zynger by Aleksander Nawrocki

Viewed against a background of an increasingly uniform poets and cultures, the poetry of Marlena Zynger is expressive and unique. Firstly, she writes poems with rhyme and rhythm, focussing the potential energy, both shaping the reader's reaction and making them memorable. Secondly, her works have their own vocabulary and an imagination which throws away the textbook. Third, these works exist in their own unique space, neither placed everywhere or nowhere, but in the country where the author lives and observes that which others are unable to notice, or of which they are somehow ashamed, scared of accusations of the literal, or (and who knows why these days) an unfashionable clinging to a homeland. So when Marlena writes about Warsaw's Lazienki park, her favorite dishes in a restaurant, the family and her own, far from metaphysical dilemmas, she discreetly exposes a sensual femininity. She knows the names of the trees, the birds, can see beauty in a rotating leaf, and wants to be 'in your plans for next week'. And if that schedule is busy, she will 'let her hair down and with the wind arm in arm go out for coffee' alone.

Marlena's poems make one wish to return to them, even to sing them. And indeed many have been set to music and are sung: Motley; Tarantella; Love in Warsaw Lazienki park. The words live a dual life - as great poems, and as songs sung in Polish and in translation. Her poems have inspired the artwork of eminent painters, and translators eagerly bring them into their own languages.

Marlena Zynger
tick-touching

clock ticks
 you touch me

lightly tenderly time potters
 round nooks in the room
 breath of soul and body turns
 in the rhythm of clock words and gestures

hearing only double echoes
 voices of hearts and ticking

in strong emotions of chimes
 time of kisses runs by
 too fast passing the moment
 blinks with shadows
 disappears with light
 as water in a Monet
 your stroke vibrates
 and stays in touches of dreams

pulsing time flows evenly
 wave of voices in our blood
 full of you i stay enclosed
 like tears in sketches by Munch

clock ticks
 heart beats

unwilled a noose about the neck
 feet thighs hips hands
 captured by a messenger of desire
 nameless and without face
 echo of time thoughts and dreams

breast heaves in thought

quickened by touch
quietly speaks the clock of life

heart listening
you touching

Translated by Anita and Andrew Fincham



Marlena Zynger
indian summer

late afternoon blows perfume
essence of scents collected in the past
delicately matching appropriate auras
bouquet of abundance connection touch

hints of infusions of herbs of experience
flowery resins arising from root
powerful seduction so casually played
desirous of coolness and heat

smoothing with softness and teasing with thorns
secretly glinting in colours of change
late summer marches through woods across meadows
in gold and in red and gossamer webs

sometimes at rest in unsteady suspension
among pine needles leaves flowers meadow spreads
allowing existence of memory mist
light racing among branches of shrubs

as this summer late afternoon breath
so was I conscious of body and mind
casting spells of honey tar and sighs
playing with life without trembling or fear

Translated by Anita and Andrew Fincham

Marlena Zynger
spring

i rise up lightly
opening my hands
fingers stretching
woken by shivers
breath pervading
earth and body

i yearn so much
still more and more

eyes shine
absorbing rays
from meadows woods sky
first sigh
juicy green
foamy azure
gaudy flowers

i fly through scents
of swollen buds
grass dewed by breath
caressed by scent
kept close to temples
trembling the space around
body in waves

yet something still is insufficient
something i wish more

amid the whispers of leaves
and green needles
in shade and shine of bush
and trees inspired
i raise my thoughts

and thirsting (wanting) body
on vapours of spring

and i give in to magic

changeable like her
subservient led astray
i give in penetrate
all permeated
i raise fall apart
join into one strange whole

it matters not
if more or less

Translated by Anita and Andrew Fincham



Marta Berowska
Letters From Margaret Trakl To Her Brother

Letter 1.

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

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

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

Letter 2

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

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

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

Letter 3

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

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

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

Translated by Barbara Voit

Marta Brassart

The dance

To slip into skin of a suntanned dancer
To feel the frustration of being beautiful and lusted after
And
Pain shooting out of burning foot
Up, an arrow through a cracked knee
Heart
Dry mouth, I fill them with water
Cross - not Lord's - my own
Loin barely upright
The rule number one:
Warlike in the world of peace:
Never give up
Head high
Hands up
No gravity - just pull.

Translated by Grzegorz Gaszczak

Mazena Mackoit
Women and Chocolate

Why do women love chocolate so much?
They spoil themselves with the taste so intimate,
this joy leaves it's mark...
Even while seeing it on other women's lips,
they do not feel betrayed.
There's always more of it.
It's melting...
Boiling...

Why do women hate chocolate so much?
This taste caresses,
leaves it's mark.
Betrays every time...
It's melting,
Boiling...

Aztec men invented this sour water
to seduce us...
No! Everything is much simpler:
There's still a bitter taste on women's lips,
the taste of an apple.

Translated by Jurgis Sinkevicius

Mazena Mackoit
Spiritual acupuncture

I am running away from reality.
 Pricking my body with a golden needle of human
 desires.
 I pin it according to technique – along the meridian,
 I hide the tattoos
 of my memories that hurt.

I am running away from reality
 to a new time line,
 I throw away a golden Rolex
 and sell grandma's alarm clock.

I am running away.
 I will deal with new challenges in my own way.
 I do not believe those, who are telling me:
 „All will be fine“.
 It will be how it will be.

Frozen,
 distant,
 I know that I will return,
 appear without any warning.
 I will surprise you,
 Myself.

Translated by Jurgis Sinkevicius

Mazena Mackoit
Sister of the Night

Sister of the night, come, talk to me.
Tell me how the darkness takes the pain away
and the night is born.

Come and sing to me,
how music caresses the body
and takes the soul away for a walk,
so it would wander...

Come, and we'll just stay quiet
until we wake up anew...

Foretell of your coming by a warm breeze....

I owe you a lot.

Let others talk to you in their sleep...

Come...

I live by you.

Sister...

Translated by Jurgis Sinkevicius

Michał Wroński
Ballerina

(for Eve Latała)

Ballerina
The daughter of Time
Danced without fatigue
According to the rhythm of the Sun
Without looking at the calendar
She danced without final
With closed curtain
From the beginning to start
Only time was her
Audience
And I sometimes
Peeping through a crack
In the curtain
Naked

Maybe one day I'll show
One important thought
Perhaps the most important
But she's naked
And do not want to wear
Even in the ethereal attire

Translated by Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Mieczysław Wojtasik
ESCAPE

more and more prophets
vacate the town

tear back the bedclothes of adultery
with the muse of homelessness
and a faded blush
from teen girls' faces
trample on shy flames
of hearth and home

run panting heavily
towards a plain spread on its back

on the big river bank
they pour the sadness of locked hearts
out of amphorae

inspect each other in the sun
as washed horses

sink in the water up to their necks
ravenously quenching their thirst
for pure voice of destiny

Mieczysław Wojtasik
IN SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH

The poet Wojciech Sobecki
in one of his poems reveals
that hell has been always full of revellers
wallowing in frolics and debauchery.

Satan is very caring of his business.
Holds open days,
special offers.

To believe and believe not,
It is worth investigating.
The sacred principle..

If I am not back in time,
please write:
He surpassed himself.
Mieczysław Wojtasik

Mieczysław Wojtasik
OUT OF NOTHING

There is nothing under the yellow spot
of the eye of nature
neither fox-like greed
nor a tear over the history of a horse
come up in Turin
and in Bari

All is in the standby quantum of light
under the mother's eyelid
in the father's raise of hand
in the embodiments of bird routes

In the movement of a transparent thread
on the medium of NOTHING



Mira Łuksza
The place

This place follows me, wherever I go.
In my pockets I have remnants of ancient suns and
new moons, an evening mist of a virgin forest
dampens my hand hidden under a torn lining,
covered from suspicious handshakes, shady smiles,
where the coin has tarnished, the handkerchief has dried,
and a scrap of a map to nowhere, because round here is the
edge of the world.
Everywhere is the edge of the world, and the tops of my
houses
turn with me, they always orient themselves to the east,
like the house which remains alone, on the foundation made of
stones,
gathered by the grandpa from the field, sold to strangers by the
grandson.
What is mine here? A house, a boulder, a fence, a tree, a field
and a road,
that lead me, a sister blinded by the world, towards those like
me.

Translated by Edyta Rosiak

Mira Łuksza
Białystok

I'm walking through the white city,
opening the wings of my arms.
Here, for a moment yet
you won't guess,
what wall has grown just behind the corner
built from the unified bricks,
whether that mask is a face
stripped from the personal skin,
or that face is a mask.
We hold all the colours
of the visible spectrum
in the young wings
and the old eyes.

Translated by Edyta Rosiak

Mira Łuksza
Ivan, Ivan,

Your ash trees can be seen even from a satellite,
 against the dense wall of an old forest.
 They are all you left behind, rescued from the slaughter,
 and they shine in black Novembers with their bark so white,
 and they leave reflections in the window glass voicelessly
 staring
 to the east. Once more I'll put my hands
 under your grey hair, and I will close your blue eyes,
 burnt with the fires of two wars, a revolution,
 looking at the field they saw a sky full of larks.
 You didn't save her, when she was led to the slaughter.
 Sprinca from Narewka, a daughter of a tailor and a
 bookbinder.
 She lived in you till the end of the century. And you were
 standing
 in a black furrow, with a grain of rye in your hand,
 with each new spring, with your face to the new east,
 hoping for the birds to come home.
 The war finished with no trace. Slabs on the slanting
 Kirkut in Narewka grow into the ground. Sprinca
 was dispelled by the wind in a foreign country all over the
 world.
 Sprinca lasted in you like a seed deprived of light,
 and at the end of the world she pierced the blind eyelid.
 She had frizzy hair, she was carrying hay for the horse
 when you came to order summer suit.
 Between the apple trees you could see Sprinca's head,
 when with her basket she picked red apples for you.
 You loved her. You would have saved more than your life.

Translated by Edyta Rosiak

Mira Łuksza
Wooden Street. Halina

She is creeping, no, no creeping,
 She is pacing slowly but inevitably
 with a smile on the eyeless face. No, it's not
 a smile, it's a slot left by a knife
 on the face with no lips. It's not a face, a surface,
 which each of us wants to reveal and mitigate.
 No – exculpate! This is she without mercy
 mercifully given for pain and anguish, to give them. No, to
 take them from you.

I won't take your pain away, I won't have on my forehead
 your ruby blemish, because I'm already marked.
 I'll stifle my tears. And I'll let them run through my burning
 throat,
 through that tunnel that lets the words fall out, the words
 which were first
 and the last, in the act and on the street, megapublicised.
 Frozen in ears, not dead on paper, although motionless.

You turn tragedy into joke. You limit history with the metal
 frames of your bed. A girl from the Third Lycee – you are like
 that
 again, your white hair rakishly sticks out
 and your eyes shoot fireworks. Behind the frame – your
 helpless son,
 who believes in the word. And silence covers his mouth.
 Speechless.
 Not us? And there's no escape. There's no pity. Only loving.
 The ruby mark on our skin and on all of those who see and
 know.

Translated by Edyta Rosiak

Mira Łuksza
Staszica Street

A grey house, timbered, behind a wooden fence,
over the slag street bunches of lilac hung.
In the tailor's workshop of Mrs Gierasimczukowa,
Between the brickhouses of Miller and Paul,
I freeze in the half-light; above me a glass roof.
Dresses and heavy tailoring left this place a long time ago

-

coats, furcoats, pellisses, wadded jackets,
but noble fabrics' whispers and hisses,
rough touch of wool, leather scratching,
will lean out from the corners, settle on books,
will grow in like dust in millimeters of silence,
and behind the window the city goes to Bojary,
cement and marble encroach, and you won't step
on slag anymore, nor on sand or living grass.

Translated by Edyta Rosiak

Mirosław Majewski
A piece of his book

- It was I who killed Kostek...

- I'm listening... - she smoothed a strand of hair falling over her eyes.

- Oh! - she suddenly remembered something. - I forgot to brush my teeth... What are you talking about, Honey? - She turned towards her husband sitting on the edge of their bed.

- I can no longer live with it! - He looked into her dark, almost black, eyes.

- Wait a minute, I'll just go to the bathroom. - she sighed - Just don't fall asleep.

She left. Disappeared. As if she didn't exist.

- Is it really happening? - sighed Karl.

He thought he was the biblical Jacob fighting an angel.

Maybe he is the angel fighting against Jacob...

He wrestled with himself.

As always!

-I wonder if Jacob fighting the angel was already a Jew or if he became one later when he became lame? - He tried to put his thoughts into words. - Anyway, it doesn't matter now...

Doesn't matter.

Kostek...

He regretted mentioning him at all and hoped Marta wouldn't register what he said. It's good to have hope in such situations.

He opened the drawer of his bedside table and produced an old Ronson cigarette lighter and a pack of cigarettes from among an array of objects serving no apparent purpose.

He didn't smoke but he always had something, just in case.

Just like now.

He went out onto the balcony.

- Yes, it's good to have hope ... - he mumbled under his breath.

- Even on such an airless night like tonight... - he added, mingling the words with cigarette smoke.

And then he dissipated into the night with a Ronson cigarette lighter in hand.

Translated by Urszula Śledziowska- Bolinska



Cameo, we present our American colleague and poet

Patrick Daniel Read.

Welcome to My World

April 22, 2013 at 10:25am

Welcome to my world..
Where things don't always make sense..
Where I base my current actions,
On what has happened it past tense..
Where I look at mistakes I've made in the past,
Hoping to find a better future that will last..
It's a world often full of confusion,
Where I try to find my way through this great Illusion..
Where I always worry about whats going on with
family..
With friends..
And for the regrets of my past I try to make amends..
I know I'm not perfect..
But I accept me as me..
And I try to grasp with life's hard reality..
I don't always know where I'm going..
But I always know just where I have been..
Welcome to my world..
Where every tomorrow ..
Is a brand new day.. a brand new time..
To start again..

(C) Patrick Read 4/21/13

Piotr Kasjas
The Way We Are

We are a thinking soul at the threshold of our life,
in open door of our fragility,
We are of those who have nothing,
except love and thoughts like verses.
We are a part of history we hold a memory
that creates our identity for centuries.
We do not have freedom. We are fighting for it every
day,
having a Decalogue in defence of our own morality.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Piotr Kasjas
Two Symbols of Sin

Lovers – offenders of immaculate love,
their memories are swinging in their heads
and mix up their extremely decent thoughts.
Their mouth is full of the taste of the night before.
The mouth, that exchange in haste half bitten words,
nasty and full just as their souls are filled with gratitude,
Where a flame of craving is constantly burning with wild
fire

Their names – two symbols of sin – will be forgotten
And let us forget these two bodies tormented by sticky
closeness
The affection breaded in a bliss of embrace will be dying
of longing for ages
– forsaken in haste in one of those hotel rooms.

The Church constitution forces them to escape,
therefore they vanish in the curve of morning skies
What they face is not what they expect.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Piotr Kasjas
Remembering the Midsummer's Night

A man has this memory,
that brings to mind a vision of a girl.
This girl of the past met at some place,
where the skies were full of sparkles,
Where words have stopped for a minute
in silence adequate to the moment -
when she was standing dressed in the fragrance of
innocence alone
on the boarder of hot breath embracing lips
and initiated sensual whispers,
drifted by wind to their flight.

She was like a flame whose eyes laugh with fire
and vision of magic caress foaming with chill

She was the first bodily touch under the spell of a kiss,
that puts a stamp on lips and breast and breeds a cause
of a thought so disobedient that kindles hope.

She was a dream-come-true, a foothold of love
that lasciviously uncovers tights upon the trembling
touch
and awakens love lulled in moist lips.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Piotr Kasjas
Love in the Fall of Life

When the breathless fog sets down lazily on fields at dawn

I search for promiscuous words in my tired memory
 and arrange them subtly in a short poem.

The fall of our life quietly covers our faces with wrinkles
 like leaves

and braids white stripes like grass stems into our hair

But still see our youth hidden within us

and I still feel the real love every time my eyes
 involuntarily follow you

Every time when I am near you

and when my lips are thirstily search for yours.

Thirsty and starved for delicate kisses

and subtle touch like butterfly's silky wings.

And savage kisses - rapacious and fiery

that rise to fly with quiet scream

and arise delight sleeping deeply in our hearts.

Stuffy darkness covers our bodies

and grows in us, in stormy night

I absorb your submissiveness and inhale

your hot words that explode in my head by echo

and flares up a fire that overwhelms me like inferno

Every evening we become poorer by loosing another day
 of our life

However, it doesn't matter what time takes away from
 us. Let us not shed tears in vain

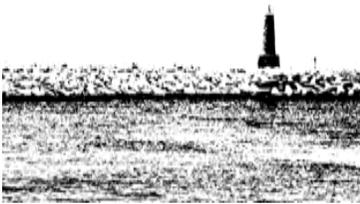
Let us reject reality and hide under the cover of
 contemplative silence

All the beauty is still ahead of us -

The most beautiful moments of days spent together.

Let us put our secrets next to one another under the skies'
starry umbrella
and let us remain undefeated in symbiosis of senses.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska



Piotr Kasjas

Autumn

The autumn full of colours brings baskets filled with
apples
and the aroma of wet grass moisturised by morning dew
The fallen leaves - deprived of juicy green
fell asleep
The white breath of mist
filled the park entirely
and like a smoke from sleepy gardens
settles down on pathways

Listening to the hum of naked old trees
we are fleeting in this mist - all numbed
in the chilly break of greyish day
in sweet ecstasy and affectionate gesture,
in tiny drizzle of our love
Soaked to the depth of our hearts
we are hiding under the umbrella of our emotions
that protects us against all sorrow

Piotr Prokopiak
Children's Bay

My brother did not take a look even once. I thought he didn't want me. When they were pulling him out of mum he was quiet as if chocking with the world. "Uncle" Gierek scattered candies with lesser fervor already, but I would give him all of those, I would give him even the bought under the counter football, if only he would want to run after it. He could not. Reportedly his little hands and legs were so stiff that father couldn't manage to dress him. Covered with a diaper, they closed him in a box, like teddy-bears sent to basement orphanages. A decrepit beetle stealthily penetrated braids of arteries. White little coffin was wobbling as if my brother was trying to get out. I wanted so much, but the ground wanted him more . They buried him like a doggy, without reverend bother. When eight years old I carried religious disputes with a nun. *Your brother will not be saved. He'll never come out of limbus puerorum.* I had no arguments, I could only scream, which made her beat me with a pointer and put me in a corner. During nights I dreamt about my brother crying on the edges of the abyss. He calls out for me, and God with the Nazi mustache is chortling over the entire Kingdom of Heaven. He grew up in my dreams. I was passing the ball and he was shooting the most beautiful goals for Wielimie. On the first of November I took my son to the cemetery. *Here lies your uncle. He for sure would be a good uncle. Would play with us in the attack, under the very windows of the Congregation for the Matters of Faith.*

Translated by Krystyna Kilde

Piotr Prokopiak
DYSTHYMIA

In autumn stars descend down the leaves to
the streets passing through me rocking
with the wind's pulse weaves baste cumulated
worlds I would like to forget the pupils
betray me liquefying wax
houses holding on to a mother's hem
mists suck moisture cracked
chestnuts I arrange in the satchel before
the boiling roundabout discus flies away
on Freedom Square like taxies back then
flee from standstill through rushed
evenings all joints let go
sense sticks with elastic
sinusoid smoke supports households
captive mixed with silence
my present future pasts

Translated by Krystyna Kilde

Piotr Prokopiak
Homo Hereticus

I recognize
 luminosity
it burns through me
the chips of logos
I rub into commonness

I am
the one carrying on a narrow footbridge
pain of the earth
 I penetrate
temple walls
where the bloated idol of convention
tries to knock down revelations

I inner-church one
on the streets of the ghetto
listen to stones' speech
deny myself
at half-to-doubts
when they open abandoning
with a view on a pyre

Translated by Krystyna Kilde

Piotr Prokopiak

Night of St. Bartholomew

we surprised them while they dreamt
 like teen-girls unwise
 evangelism proceeded methodically
 from skulls of children
 we plucked out seeds of heresy
 blood flowing on the walls

took the form of Madonna
 cut off heads
 we positioned as beads of rosary
 and naked body we sawed up
 not waiting for the harvest of the judgment

that night Paris
 was like a temple of Providence
 door-to-door
 torch processions marched
 with the one-only-saving gospel
 swords were raised like crosses
 indulgences were swelling in pouches
 the resistant ones we scurried through the streets
 filling holes with twitching heresy
 and only the black dog of Navarre
 in woman alcove survived the catechesis

the final solution to the Reformation issue
 Rome blessed with the bells
The Vicar of Christ was minting medals
 as we did thousands
 for it is written *love thy neighbor*
 and isn't *love Huguenot*

Translated by Krystyna Kilde

Piotr Prokopiak
We are all heretics

we are all heretics
dissented from a single trunk
in our own line
law-abiding
loyal inventive ingenious
thoughtless

deliriously mannered
reading Ecclesiastes
and doing our thing
fractions and reactions
conjuring independent time
serving messiahs
vinegar soaked sponge
only to feed a voracious god
devouring under the ribs
ever new philosophies
we heretics permanently distinct

Translated by Krystyna Kilde

Rafal Czachorowski

* * *

I saw a man
in an orange vest
who carelessly and fluently
waved his hands
in his government issued jacket
I thought he would alive
fly to paradise
but he didn't
he just took the shovel
like a cross
and went to remove
the snow.

25.12.1989; 21:25

Translated by Barbara Voit

Rafal Czachorowski
Stories of old folks

Old folks on the pale canvass
relate stories that smell
the same as books in the attic

they talk about love, war, home
articulating at the same time
long gone names

when one of the old folks dies
the other would cry with wild strawberries
that long ago I ate with sugar and cream
in the garden for the first time
listening to stories smelling
like pale canvass.

26.11.1990; 23:08

Translated by Barbara Voit

Roman Maciejewski-Varga
song for friends

my friends
 the world is just one global village
 Wołodia Wysocki didn't live in Russia
 Louis Jurkowlaniec in Chicago
 Genowefa Tumialis isn't Lithuanian
 nor is Jean-Paul French
 I'm not Polish, either

if we – together –
 should sing Grażyna Auguścik
 Ewa Bem, Ela Wojnowska, Niemen,
 Cohen, Brel, Jaromin Nohavica
 Tolek Muracki, Alexander Rosenbaum
 in the sincere voices
 I'll become a world citizen with you
 a comrade of the united states europe
 tiny ball in the universe
 mother earth

I beg you in the most beautiful language of the world
 with my soul's flickering:
 do not leave me for too long
 my fellow aborigines
 when you're returning to your Vilnius
 Strasburgs, London, New York, Paris, Warsaw,
 Olecko and God knows where else

then the most beautiful of stars comets
 always fall
 from my private heaven and sink
 in the scarred over lakes
 of Olecko, Szczytno and Lemany

Translated by Ewa Bielawska

Roman Maciejewski-Varga
to slowly walk further

we shall wander along the road and further into the world
 we shall have a similar search of conscience
 although the soul's grief returns
 the same as repentance of sins – to the wives perdition
 penance talks at the break of dawn and at the crossroad
 our bundles on the stick – inconspicuous attire
 children grown-up, but we're still in our infancy

Czech-angellic Jaromir Nohavica: first awe
 then only creeps on my back
 Antoni Muracki calls in his song about not to run away from
 life
 too early, but to come back to it
 Frank O'Hara has left me with wings still ready
 at the Conney Island beach
 at Bay Ridge my sister and brother-in-law think up
 creative adrealism, painting in sweat and tears
 very realistic pictures, and in my yard
 my artist-neighbor's index finger's swollen

flow big kid into that Thumbelina's
 Peter Pan's subtleness – into ports friendly with silence
 maybe you'll manage to save yourself from the globe's cloaca
 come to this place, sit with me in silence
 it might turn out that unconsciously
 on our infernally aching wounds
 we've been pouring wormwood instead of the medicine

Translated by Ewa Bielawska

Roman Maciejewski - Varga
Frank O'Hara invites to Long Beach

I'm so sorry Frank
 but we won't swim again together
 I just want to add
 your unnamed words
 I don't want to go into the abyss with you yet

what does God do for these sick soldiers
 where the Puerto Ricans at the Jamaica station
 wanted to kill me because I was white
 when I was returning during a Brooklyn night without cash
 with just a washed brain and some clothes

among colorful an white veterans
 of the just, and then unjust vietnam war
 which was won by flower-children close to me
 I expose my soul, I happen to be a therapist
 I sweep at the american mental hospital
 in the old general's small room I help to glue together
 model submarines
 the general who commans this fleet thanks
 Holland is cool

I'm a waiter, cleaner among former
 heroes of the best army in the world
 who are ready to get killed for brief, intimate nearness
 for a cigarette, a talk and some additional food

mentally ill, sailors, B-17 pilots
 commandos, regular soldiers
 snipers shooting children 'cause they carried grenades
 I forgive and cry with them

I wash them whole, I put them to sleep in the clean linens
 I stroke their grey heads and toothless faces
 they fall asleep, not understanding the Slavonic whisper
 poems spoken in Polish

going to bed in roach-filled den, in the former garage

without windows in the 100-degree heat
 I drink the cheapest whisky just not to go crazy
 Jadwiga, the one from Lesman
 hugs me
 "rather body uncaressed to toss to the wolves
 into woods after woods, than to not taste a caress
 even with a monster"

American garbage uncle gave me
 a bike without brakes
 'to begin here it's a lot,' he says, 'I didn't even
 have one like this one!'
 when I ride it the next day the truck doesn't kill
 I'm protected by God
 and pulled out of the bushes close to New York
 raspberry thicket

uncle dear uncle
 how to stand up to toils in this job tell me
 how to live here
 with roaches in a basement without windows, in the heat
 five for an hour, as if it was none —

'you have your head and dick, so wangle,' my uncle said
 my mother's brother

Translated by Ewa Bielawska

Roman Maciejewski-Varga
Bell Port (Long Island, USA)

to survive for five dollars per hour
 I tell the truth a bit too loud
 to the Ukrainian-Jewish-American boss
 who even at the Sabbath
 feeds ill elders agreed with fellows
 with outdated food, so
 it wasn't long since I've become a waiter in the elder
 house
 driven out to drags of cleaning fifteen rooms
 toilets and bathtubs

I win the inmates' favors
 sharing a word, chocolate or cigarettes
 then they talk less about the unswept dust
 poor-made bed
 my indistinct accent
 a toilet plunged too late

mutually
 I pretend not to see Suzan
 when she makes love to Norman in the hall at night
 I see only Shakespear-like tragicomedy
 of the clumsy moves of sweating
 mentally ill
 440-pound Norman

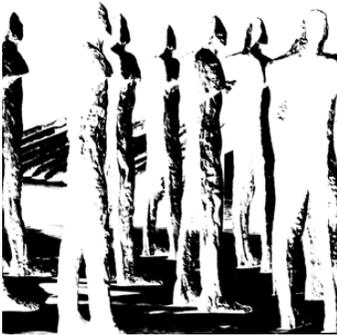
several days later, as customary, Suzan
 in short skirt outstretched on the couch
 shows around that, as usually, she doesn't wear her
 panties
 soon appear
 filled with psychotropics veterans
 they sit opposite from her, Norman brings roast meat,
 cola and pizza

they look into that place focused
in silence they put there grilled chicken thighs

the next day fat Norman dies of heart attack
my spirits are raised by Janusz Panasewicz
with the song "Warsaw"

what are you doing there and why
Panas sang to me
crying I shouted through the ocean
from that New York
to my tiny cottage in Masuria
I get the fuck back tomorrow

Translated by Ewa Bielawska



Stanisław Kęsik
Krubinski Garden

Krubinski garden
 Like a table covered with lace
 Festive quiet

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

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

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

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

Translated by Lilla Latus

Stanisław Kęsik
Oscilowski Forest

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

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

Above the pond spring
With grass snakes' plaits

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

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

Translated by Lilla Latus

Stanisław Nyczaj

Any moment

I

Yes, I must be quite good...
since all elements calm down by me
and the treaded Earth has got such a temperature
that its ice melts on poles.

In telescopes
like in an old cinema
still the same funny rush goes on:
the escape of galaxies.

Raising my hand to say goodbye
I'm nodding leniently
but I don't know why even this gesture is taken
for my new threats.

II

Any moment,
in five billion years
our Sun will recharge
and we will have to evacuate
to another planet.

As early as now
I'm looking out for somebody
who will manage to get through
the interstellar ocean in time.

How will the natives greet us?
Will we take their knowledge
or will we impose on them
our own only rightful religion?
I simply can't sleep a wink!

Translated by Elżbieta Kwasowska-Jachimowska

Stanisław Nyczaj
In the complexity of the worldscape

Here I am
in this complexity of the worldscape.
Verify on every map where
stretched between the lines of latitude
I breathe with all my skin.
The glow of the sun equator
and the snowy poles spreads on my face.

Here I am.
You follow my each move .The aerials tremble,
the eyes tear a grey mask off from the screen
to uncover the colour of skin.
I breathe... You quicken your breath
up to music which hearing originates from.
The growing chord wraps its tones around us.

Translated by Elżbieta Kwasowska-Jachimowska

Stanisław Nyczaj
Man

Man:
the best luck
of genes' intuition

From day to day he got bigger and bigger
despite so many victories
of restrained elements

His arms grew
got stronger
in time
to fasten them around the glob

He erected glass houses
and some ranges of impassable cinder tips
in the background of lazy plains

He surmounted the nature
and went beyond his own limits
Any moment
he'll cope with
all sorts of expectations

Translated by Andrzej Diniejko

Stefan Jurkowski
Facebook

the deceased live on facebook
prowl around the web every day
celebrate birthdays
show up at parties

as the pictures speak
they are smiling
timeless
enjoy invitations

and arrange banquets
usually on the banquet menu:
ribs in cemetery sauce
coffin pies
and liquor on fresh angels
hellishly strong

the deceased
visit our homes
invite us to come
to make us familiar with
the exquisite pleasure
of endless banquets

Translated by Błażej Majsterek

Stefan Jurkowski
Rain lyric

Rain that falls today
reminds me of your presence
it does not remind me – you are constantly here -
just it makes you more expressive

your presence heats me and protects
from rain from clouds
gives hope for better
and that's a lot of
especially for someone of a certain age
when so easy to forget about the sun

so let it rain
because your presence by my side
becomes more and more expressive
sunny and protective
over the clouds

Translated by Błażej Majsterek

Sylvia Gibaszek
The parable of taming

I'm waiting for you as if
waiting for a fox
who miraculously escaped from clutches of a poacher

the fox is still afraid of people
still limping
licking his swollen paw
which shows a scar

Every day I bring him a basket of strawberries and
blueberries
do not approach close
I leave the fruit under the tree

I lay down on the ground
smell the flowers
read
I listen to the forest

when the fox comes
he is watching carefully

every day closer
we look into each others eyes

Translated by Blazej Majsterek

Szymon Kantorski

Dada dances

Dada goes dancing she'll just fold
 hotel sheets with few moves
 of skilled fingers black on white

terracotta grass crumbles in the sun
 line 153 bus near an aqueduct upon the walls
 bird chorus loudly demand silence

along Tag swarms of burdened planes
 fill lopsided Alfarma with their produce
 socialists fascists sleep back to back

Dada wants to dance already unchains wrist
 bracelets that lie heavily towards ground
 wings sweep first tacts greedily

in her country women are quiet and they swell
 come rainy season they form flocks
 ready to escape their children
 show off screamingly their chopped off hands

here war loses rock's sharp outline
 statues of kings stand countable
 only above roofs in the blurred sun
 Dada dances solo with her dead sisters

Lisbon, 2007

Szymon Kantorski**For Unknown**

In memory of those killed on all fronts of monitors,
axis soliders, cheapest, burned during one cigarette,
tearful hentai princesses, raped on mobile phones,
innocent pedestrians from the streets of city of liberty, those
whose time was paused while in agony, to unhurriedly pick up
the phone, pizza, laundry, anonymously slayed,
at work, at home, next to a church during Elevation.

Killed by 5-year-olds, their moms, dads,
teachers, guardians of the law, nightly serial killers,
torturers in a wheelchair, me, I call
You, heroes of World War 3.0, answer roll call.

Teresa Kaczorowska
Other Polish Poets

Polish-Jew
 Polish-German
 Polish-American

What kind of poets are they

Jew
 German
 American or Polish

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

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

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

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

Translated by Barbara Voit

Teresa Kaczorowska
Take Me to Erato

Take me to the land of poetry
let's take a horse carriage to Erato
just the two of us
on this crying black night
and behind us
your tux
and my dress train

Take me to the land of songs
on this moonlight night
let them play harps for us
and the angels sing
in the bright glow
with the stars of Muses
whose hearts give light to poets

Take me to the land of truth
so what that the carriage looks funny
and is not all true
enchanted
truth is in poetry
which directs us towards heaven
and gives relief

Translated by Barbara Voit

Teresa Kaczorowska
Truth Behind The Door

Truth is standing behind the threshold
dressed in veil
crumbly insecure
quiet
helpless

often cringes
blushes from shame
from loneliness

sometimes it roars
vigorously opens the door
enters saloons
violently exposing lies

no one is listening to it though
dwarfed with greatness they look up

Truth is a myth
Truth is relativism
Truth is a lie

now even more frail
more pale
Truth comes back
to its corner
behind threshold
behind the doors

until it extincts
and then
the world collapses...

Translated by Barbara Voit

Tomasz S. Mielcarek

monsters

we were taught not to think about them
we annihilated them by splitting single atoms
and what was left speeding away
to those inscrutable multidimensional spaces
and uncountable parallel universes

eventually
we forgot that they had ever existed

until now



Tomasz S. Mielcarek

exhibit

(after Damien Hirst)

they were shown hidden behind thick glass
clearly visible
desiccated or in pools with formaldehyde -
succulent

cut lengthwise or crosswise
always definite and in the same time - equivocal
full of depressions, hills and planes
that composed hundreds of superfluous patterns

delightful, as if seen from the air
skin of the fertile valley
blooming
dizzying with uncountable colours and scents

leaving no doubt
carefully crafted composition -
endless combinations
only one code

Tomasz S. Mielcarek

Penelope

today is much colder
and your skin is cracking louder

fear is liquefying in your eyes so quickly
that nothing is left to be seen

you're drying up, alone
like a candle flame

stripped
on the window of the empty room

Tomasz S. Mielcarek

alone

first appears dusk
I'm looking inside but it's empty
I'm squeezing my face through the cold glass
immersing

drop after drop

*(I'm rolling between my fingers
the old photograph of you)*

Uvi Poznansky
Plucked Porcupine

I miss the swish of grass and clover
 The crunch of twigs, no pangs, no hunger,
 That place is far--I must not pine--
 For a poor, plucked porcupine

I watch out for the angry poet
 I stumble back, too late to exit,
 She glares at me, at these sharp spines
 Her ink has spilled, so here she whines

I hate, I hate to wish her ill
 She writes this poem with my quill

Note:

This poem was meant, at first, to be a sonnet, which as you know is a form of poetry that contains 14 lines in four verses: 4 lines in the first verse, 4 in the second verse, 4 in the third verse, and 2 in the last one. For example, the rhyme scheme in a Shakespearean sonnet is a-b-a-b, c-d-c-d, e-f-e-f, g-g; where the last two lines are a rhyming couplet.

However, by the time the ink dried on the paper, the poem seemed to be missing a verse. Fittingly, it is a plucked sonnet.

Note:

You can see my paper sculpture Plucked Porcupine, here:
<http://uviart.com/fpluck1.html>

Uvi Poznansky
This Tissue Is Me

Shimmering luster, let me try, let me reach you
Layers beyond layers of red, all aglow
With trembling fingers I touch... Flimsy tissue
It comes down upon me, folding high into low

I dance with abandon, with no inhibition,
Entangled in fabric, I can no longer flee
Can't breath, for now I can see the strange fusion
Now I know: this tissue is me

Note:

You can see my oil painting that inspired this poem, here:
<http://uviart.com/ffree.html>

Uvi Poznansky

Late Lover

A diamond short, a decade late
I come to stand outside your gate
Unlock and open, let me in
Forgive me, love; what is my sin?

I fled from you across the land
But now I ask you for your hand
A decade late, a diamond short
I can't imagine why you snort

My limbs are frail, my breath is cold
I must admit I may look old
I fall, I kneel, why – I implore
You are the woman I adore

I feel so weak, I feel so brittle
Don't touch! I may be impotent a little
You loved me once – or so I thought
Stop! Take your fingers off my throat –

Note:

You can see my oil painting for this poem here:
<http://uviart.com/flatelover.html>

Vladan Stamenković
PENANCE

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

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

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

Translated by Barbara Voit

Vladan Stamenković
OF UNNECESSARY SENSE

to the wounded warriors of Yugoslavia

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

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

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

02.10.1996 r.

Translated by Barbara Voit

Wanda Stańczak
Helplessness

The invisible space between
carries enormity of weakness

The scared eyes run away
having learned not to lie

Down on my knees I change my silent doubt
into a loud I believe

I give an absolution to each lie
dressed in a cloth of hope

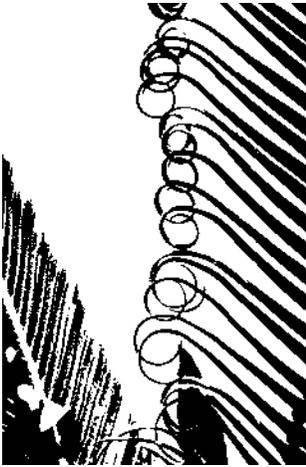
Eyes are looking with lie
Eyelids are not blinking.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Wanda Stańczak
„What Is to Be”

Another day given
wrapped in uncertainty of tomorrow
I squint my uneasiness
by hopeless acquiescence
for „what is to be”
And this is how humility
raises helplessness to the pedestal

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska



Wanda Stańczak
Untill Tomorrow

I am closing the evening
by a cup of tea
sweetening twice
the bitterness of thoughts
asking about tomorrow
I am turning
another page on my calendar
using a plastic clip
for hanging clothes
I am clipping our „us”

Wanda Stańczak
Gourmand...

You ate the whole apple
off me
you thought
that nobody
will take away
the pip

you have never showed
any interest in tastes.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Wanda Stańczak
Raspberry Juice

You were giving me raspberry juice
Whether I needed it or not
for good health
replacing sugar
with a smile with an aroma
of alabaster hands

you were giving me raspberry juice
in a transparent glass
once I wanted to sketch it
and could not find a pencil
with matching color
you said with a smile
„there is no such pencil
I have colored this juice with love
We laughed for a long time

Why this is not funny to me
today?
You colored it too much

Mom...

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Włodzimierz Holsztyński
Poetry

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

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

Włodzimierz Holsztyński
either/or

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

Włodzimierz Holsztyński
across the continent

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

Włodzimierz Holsztyński
DIFFICULT POEMS

* * *

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

you live without that someone
who used to be your life

and now that summer frog every night ...

More poems:

<http://wlod.net/Tangia/Tangia.html>

or

http://wlod.net/Tangia/Sweet_Angels.html

Włodzimierz Holsztyński**a difficult summer**

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

pardon... ? of course... no telescope...
black ink has replaced the air outside
the frog is real
comes to my window every night

* * *

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

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

Włodzimierz Holsztyński
Men don't cry

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

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

Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski
 (London UK & Vienna AT)
Prayer for Rain

since I began to love you
 it stopped raining
 the sun has dried out the words in the mouth
 the nights have become stuffy and cold

since I began to love you
 the wells got covered by ashes
 of unfulfilled moments
 the rivers of hope have dried out
 in the pupils of animals' eyes death has been lurking

- it wasn't to be like that
 fate didn't foretell defeat
 - first cry of the child
 - first snow on the eyelashes
 ever since I began to love you
 I remember more

why don't the storm clouds approach
 we have performed the ritual
 of the prayer for rain
 with songs and dancing
 consecrating the dead land
 with semen
 menstrual blood and sweat

the rain doesn't come
 but more and more of our tears
 fall on the stone

London - Hanwell, November 2010

Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki

Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski
 (London UK & Vienna AT)

There will be no space

there will be no space
 - time has fixed the boundaries of the day
 love attained treason
 truth transformed into pain

there will be no space
 - light dimmed by stained glass windows long extinct
 stray dogs in the fields
 jumping at each others throats

this is the end
 frames restrict the canvas
 obscure the background detail
 the word
 the gesture
 beyond the background of the past

there will be no space
 - new life struggles with memory
 for today and the sense of history

- so it wasn't a dream
 in which dogs
 whores and demons
 appear from nowhere
 in dwindling space

London, October 11, 2010

Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki

Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski
(London UK & Vienna AT)

Imagine
Introduction

imagine there will be no tomorrow
the day will not be put out by the night
pain will not enter the non-seeing eyes
there will be no time though eternity lasts

there will be no child man woman
no flowers love or this moment's despair
there'll be no treason as we've already betrayed
everything and everyone and ourselves alas

imagine there will be no tomorrow
as if you crossed the boundary today
non-seeing eyes fixated on void
they're waiting but tomorrow won't come

imagine imagine this very moment
here and now before today becomes the past
you will say that we are although we were
and if you wait until dawn wait also till night

London, October 2010

Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki

Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski
 (London UK & Vienna AT)
Prayer for Rain II

so only faith remains
 in the fulfillment of prayers
 and like our ancestors
 we perform the ritual of life
 every day making an offering
 for the rain to fall

there was hope already in the hearts
 - in the middle of the desert
 seeds sprouting
 - scattered by the sower's hand
 or maybe a passing bird lost them
 - why ask declared the sages
 and the people whispering stifled the words of truth

why ask
 - in the middle of inhospitable fields
 on contaminated soil
 a flower was born
 - beauty born in toil
 grew more beautiful from tears
 while we awaiting rain
 admired the rose dying in the vase
 - for there was certainty
 that the rain won't come
 as nothing could be brought back to life

so faith only remained
 and YOU with land still promised

London – Chelsea, January 29, 2011

Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki

Yvette Popławska Matuszak
CAPTURING FEELINGS

It's transparency
of looking into an object
sensing the situation
and putting
your thoughts
into an image
to capture
with one look
elusive moments
and suddenly
you notice
infallibly
that all muses
ascending amongst clouds
are fascinating

© Yvette P'M
Translated by Tomasz Mielcarek

Yvette Popławska Matuszak
Twisted and torn

so it is alive
somewhere inside
thoughts bounded
with my innocence
I'm disillusioned
with no hope
and I'm reaching

for this notebook
that is covered with dust
only it can understand
what I want to save
from my past
and distant dreams

because the sheet
that's been twisted and torn
cannot be undone

just like my sights
and days
that's gone

© Yvette P'M
Translated by Tomasz Mielcarek

Yvette Popławska Matuszak
Wayward hills of musing

Strollogy
amid analysis of a pen

with soul
on a steppe
of the borderless poetry...

The motto of timespace
my shadow

second I
is my ego
the status of life.

©Yvette P'M

Translated by M.M. Ogińska

Zbigniew Derda

x x x

Jackowi Podsiadło

at one time going north the Road E-17
I met a young hippie girl she was waiting
for God or some car we went together
I was fishing and she said she made a supper
stars were falling down right to our fire
and sparkles were going up and die at day
we were sleeping at seventh day I created a new world

Translated by Karolina Górnica

Zbigniew Milewski
autumn

autumn came to the village
spinster
they say that although she is rich and pretty
is not able to buy a lover
who will took her in the arms in
possession

first
artist idiot
she took him in the potatoes field
where they painted her in yellow
then shades of red and brown
potatoes giggled until the leaves got los
she gasped
in heavy clips of rowan

now walking from one cottage to another
give away bouquets of white and lilac heather

this is for so many of my friends
the village is talking
that whore
the fool who does not take
so I take in mouth
as others
her firm and juicy plums
and spit out the seeds

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Zbigniew Milewski
(Warszawa, Poland)

Goya painted naked Maia's body

gracefully made sculpture
anxious hips, willing breasts
around of subtle perfume
without her

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak



Zbigniew Roth
would if could?

anything in life if I could change
stop pain and poverty
give bread to birds
a flock of small birds
how many maybe thirty
which bird will be first
I am able to stop death
on its asphalt way
wake up some dead souls
warm the heart of yours
heat the frozen bread
keep the sun in zenith
side effect of power bothers me a lot
the sun stuck in zenith may burn there a hole
woken ghosts or souls
can request skeletons
veins eyes or hearts... they may ask for more
which soul will be first
in the line for clothes
in the line for flesh
a circle not a line
let's build a wreath
of flowers and leaves
wreath of hearts
wreath of souls
stand in the circle together
all what mine is yours

Translated by Blazej Majsterek

Zbigniew Roth
Masked faces

another day of
fiery thoughts
unspoken
words
has risen

outside the window
the heat of the morning sun
a pond leisurely cooling off
a road through our house
a wall built within us

people with a thousand faces
each serving a different god
masked lips tightly closed together
will speak regret
and terror

Translated by Urszula Śledziowska - Bolinska

On the work of Zofia Korzeńska
written by Anna Błachucka

Zofia Korzeńska - poet, essayist, literary critic, organiser of literary activities.

Born in 1931. She graduated from the Polish Studies at Jagiellonian University in 1955; worked as a teacher of the Polish language and a librarian.

She has published seven volumes of poetry: *The two edges of the time* (2001), *Pick up scattered moments* (2004), *must be a point after* (2004), *Walking through Nineveh* (2006), *Wake dawn* (2009), *Masuria ... Masuria* (2010), *Gifts of the moment* (2011).

She has developed a poetry anthology of old age *Fri "At the edge of autumn"*, is co-editor of the anthology of poetry of John Paul II, *Fri You in us, Holy Father*, translated Magnificat C. Arbelet evening.

She has published several volumes of poetry and reviews on contemporary fiction writers. She publishes at *"Acanthus"*, *"Radostowa"*, *"Now"*, *"Quarterly Holy Cross"*, *"Know"*, *"Sunday in Kielce"* and the weekly *e-www.pisarze.pl*. She writes about poets and poetry, essays and books on Antolski, Łączkowski, Zyta, Antoni Dąbrowski, A. Bachłucka, Herbert, Kamińska, Ihnatowicz, Miłosz, Piskulak, and others.

Zofia Korzeńska a unique poet, essayist thorough, ingenious editor of books and, above all, curious about art . It amazes her never-ending desire to learn, explore new ideas in any field of art. Literature, painting, music and film are the daily nourishment.

Her poems are my mental ambulance that is on the spot heals injections sense - being and duration of human on this earth. Each text comes with great thought and wealth of life experience. Each phrase line is deep and stirring message of concern for truth and justice.

Zofia Korzeńska

Goodbye, Dear Poplars!

*It can be resurrected together
sometime in the New World?*

(From the poem: Whit on fuel, poplars for milling?)

*This poem I have in mind and I think that this passage should
not be explained. Death of trees as given does not require
comment.*

And even with the Time:

*Childhood and old age
two edges of my time
tense one memory buckle*

I constantly wonder:

I - still the same but different?

Translated by Marek Marciniak

Zofia Korzeńska
The stone that serves

*When human memory wanes
 the stones will speak*

Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński

They say you are hard
 my Brother Stone
 cold and unfeeling,
 a symbol of toughness and inaccessibility.
 You trouble us always.
 Men struggle to reach
 the source of your being.
 Whence and when glaciers dragged you here.
 Your remains scientists divide
 into physics and chemistry
 Is this the end of your mystery?

No. There is also your age-old
 service to man
 until the grave –
 in daily life
 and in art.
 Your stony memory
 wakens millenia
 and human hearts brings to life.

March 23, 2008

Translated by Janusz Ihnatowicz

Zofia Korzeńska
A bit of happiness

The cat turned on its instrument of happiness
Wonderful purr resounds
in my ears and heart
like the organ in a cathedral.
How can I join in the song?
What organ to turn on?
No longer can I hum,
the bell of my laughter
entangled in daily cares.
But do I really not know
how to find joy in life?
Oh, I can, I can
Like a stone I can
for hours on end watch
flowers and trees
and a burning fire
or the flowing river.
And a cat ceaselessly chasing its tail.

After all, each one of us has in his soul
a little bit of happiness.

22 August 2008

Translated by Janusz Ihnatowicz

Zdzisław Antolski
SUITCASE

He came to us from the capital
writer from the countryside holding a bulging suitcase

We thought he brought books
that gave him fame and a right to own a flat

But he came for the scent of the apples
stolen from the priest's orchard in the childhood

We walk him back on a railway platform
with a suitcase full of fruits - heavy as stone

Translated by Adam Antolski

Zdzisław Antolski
SUMMER

In the empty classroom
sunshine is pointing
with his golden finger
on a dusty map

WALK
Poem about love
Ballooning wrapped up
in words for you

AUTUMN PARK
I'm wading in up to my knees
in yellow drifts of autumn.
surprised trees.

Translated by Adam Antolski

Zdzisław Antolski

RAIN

Smoke creates a cloud
drops flow on the face.
Burned letters

TEA TIME

It'a time for a tea.
kettle locomotive.
quiet whistle

SUN IS A WRITER

Sun on the table
writes a new poem
with his ink of light

LONELINESS

knocking of falling chestnuts,
Love has already moved out
This town is dead.

Moby Dick?

Swimming whale
of white cumuluses.
Ocean of heaven

Translated by Adam Antolski

Zdzisław Antolski

BOX FROM THE ATTIC
Souvenires from the paradise
before we were banished
to an adult life

THE PORCH IN SPRING
Butterflies on the glass
moving stain of wings
we're taking off

THE ORCHARD IN AUTUMN
Apples are falling,
hollow knocking
boots of autumn

Translated by Adam Antolski

Zdzisława Kaczmarek
Vincent van Gogh to his brother

Dear Theo
I live in Arles in the small
yellow house
still open
my hungry windows
waiting

Dear Theo
I am no longer the same
Paul Gauguin arrives but
I know
his loneliness is another land
and will soon have to leave

Dear Theo
I'm tired
My palette is still thirsty for the sun
as for blood
tremble in the air landscapes of fields
in convulsions of olive trees and cypresses
climb into the sky
green flames

Dear Theo come here
banish those voices
I'll give you white roses
irises
a few heads of garlic and wine barrel
and bouquets of suns burning in me
replace them with bread and cheese
jug of olive oil

Dear Theo
I feel like an empty chair
like abandoned by foot booties
they say I am crazy
they do not want my sunflowers

I escape from here
just say goodbye to my guardian spirit
postman Roulin and his good wife

Dear Theo
I write to you from Auvers
in time of flowering chestnut trees
I'm alone and around
voices uproar
like a raven
aggressive
the eyes are cast
waiting for dawn
and the cereal box that I paint now
fly the whole flock of ravens
makes the sky dark

I'm afraid-my brother
"I wish it is the ending"

Translated by Błażej Majsterek

Zdzisława Kaczmarek
Autumn

it is the season of gold and red
fattening wild hogs
gentleness of fading deers

time of birds' goodbyes
butterflies dying
and writing poetry

counting harvest
weighing sins

waiting for the first snow

Translated by Barbara Voit

Zdzisława Kaczmarek

* * *

I was born not where I should have
I didn't sign up there
where everything is for sale

I fell in love not with the one
that was worth it
and I believed not the right god
so
forgive me my son
that I don't know how to show you
which way
one goes to heaven

Translated by Barbara Voit

Zdzisław Tadeusz Łączkowski
when I will be passing away

when I leave
then the nine-pointed star
will fall to the ground
not of platinum
but made of metal
a child will be born
and in his hand
there will be pleiad of planets
goddess Euterpe
on the ruins of Acropolis
will quietly play on zither
and brother poet
great brother
Spaniard
whom I read
when my mother's heart
was breaking
will wide open windows

when I leave
my dust will burn the street
on which my foot
will never flame away
when I will be leaving

I will hear one more time
a note
just like thunderbolt
of Tchaikovski
and then there will be
silence of oaks
in my childhood I used to hide
in their boughs from evil

when I will be dying
only rocks will talk
and the wind will close
written in pencil
collection
of my poems
in splinters

Zagnańsk - Warszawa, 19-22 V 2007 r

Translated by Barbara Voit

