

agnieszka Jarzebowska

alicka krolewiec

anna michalska

dariusz staniszewski

maria duszka

zbigniew paprocki

Literary Circle "ANIMA" was created in 2002 at a branch (hospital library) of City Public Library in Sieradz .

Maria Duszka is its founder and leader. Within 10 years over 30 poets and writers have belonged to "ANIMA". Not only from Sieradz but also from other cities of Lodz region. Artists associated with "ANIMA" write poems for adults and children, epigrams, aphorisms, songs and publish books. Among the members there are laureates of numerous literary contests. Their art is translated to foreign languages and published in magazines and anthologies in Poland and abroad.

**- Translated by Kalina Duszka**

**To the „Anima” belong:**

**MARIA DUSZKA - the leader of the Literary Circle “Anima”.** She was born on April 28th, 1960 in Zduńska Wola.

She is a poet, journalist and librarian. Her poems have been published in: “Tygiel Kultury”, “Poezja Dzisiaj”, “Wyspa”, “Przekrój”, “Metafora”, “Topos”, “Odra”, “Znad Wilii”, “Wiadomości Literackie”, “Modern Haiku” (USA), “Reibeisen” (Austria), “Bdenje” (Serbia) and in the following anthologies:

- “Contemporary Writers of Poland” (USA 2005),
- “Enough Questions, Enough Answers : Modern Polish Poetry in Translation” (Rice University in Houston, 2008),
- “Uwalmiam ptaki sny : Ich befreie Vogel – Traume
- Polish and German Poems: Deutsche und polnische Gedichte” (Łódź 2009),
- “Oblaci u najkracoj noci : Clouds in the Shortest Night” – svetska haiku antologija: World Haiku Anthology” (Valjevo – Belgrad 2009),
- “Meine Welt – unsere Welt : Lyrik und Prosa” (Germany 2011).

She published eight books of poetry. From 2002 she has been leading Literary Circle “Anima”.

**AGNIESZKA JARZEĘBOWSKA**, born in 1959 in Sieradz, a teacher, writes epigrams and lyric poems, an author of four books of poetry.

**ANNA MICHALSKA - SAPKOTA**, born on 19th of August, 1983, a graduate of the Mathematics Department of the Opole University, now teaching in a secondary school, her poems were published in Polish journals and anthologies of poems, interested in psychology and poetry singing.

ALICJA KRÓLEWICZ, born in 1986, a graduate of the Łódź University and the Academy of the Fine Arts in Łódź.

DARIUSZ STANISZEWSKI, born in 1967 in Łódź, works in the District and Municipal Public Library in Łódź, the Chief Editor of „The Gazette of Creative Librarians and Friends „Na Stronie”, writes poems for adults and children, an author of six collections of poems.

ZBIGNIEW PAPROCKI, born in 1957, a poet, bard, composer, an author of music to 50 songs, performing with his guitar and mouth organ, participated in the International Festival of Bards – OPPA 2009 in Warsaw.

Their poems are in this anthology.

**Translated by Marek Marciniak**

AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA

(Sieradz, Poland)

\*\*\*

try to look for me

find me

in the mechanism of every-day life

modes

of accelerated time

where every minute

has significance in life

where every sun is

older

by one more

indiscretion of man

1982

Translated by Jarosław Jarzębowski;

edited by Piotr Najwer, Mark Weaver

## AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA

\*\*\*

poets

oversensitive

strange

creatures

weak enough

to suffer

strong enough

to tell the world

about

Translated by Jarosław Jarzębowski;

edited by Piotr Najwer, Mark Weaver 17

## AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA

\*\*\*

I got  
from you Mother  
a few life verities  
and I spent a long time  
unravelling them  
and started to understand  
what it means  
to be a person  
and to have a beautiful life  
until you were in hospital  
when it turned out  
that a person can consist of  
a name and surname  
and a list of diseases  
and to be a person  
as long as the machinery  
of intensive care allows  
later  
you can have a nice funeral  
and be a snapshot in memories  
and you know what Mother?  
the flowers on your window-sill  
are blooming with health

2006

Translated by Jarosław Jarzębowski; edited by  
Piotr Najwer, Mark Weaver

## AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA

Translated by Marek Marciniak and  
Włodzimierz Holsztyński

\*\*\*

For a fulfilling life  
get off the couch, and strive!

\*\*\*

He who brings the cure  
Is often hard to endure.  
A political leader  
No matter which nation  
he'll subject it to indoctrination.  
Progress  
My children and I develop multi-dimensionally:  
the kids, vertically;  
I, horizontally.

\*\*\*

Where your thoughts fly, my ace,  
no GPS can trace.

## **AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA**

### **FOODIE**

His love device-  
spice.

### **TATOO COLLECTOR**

My body is covered in tatoos  
-my soul craves tatoos too.

\*\*\*

Among words so tense  
I long for silence.

\*\*\*

Be nice  
but read between the lines.

**Translated by Marek Marciniak**

**and Włodzimierz Holsztyński**



**ALICJA KRÓLEWICZ**  
**(Sieradz, Poland)**

**x x x**

I am the opposite of  
who I think I am  
elegance  
in a creased skirt  
dignity is sports shoes  
health in a Chinese soup  
lust in an aureole

**Translated by Marek Marciniak**

## ALICJA KRÓLEWICZ

xxx

stay with me  
as I do not know  
what it will be like  
do not make me swear  
for eternity  
as I do not know  
what it will be like  
but you promise me  
as I do not know  
what it will be like

Translated by Marek Marciak

## ALICJA KRÓLEWICZ

You Know Neither the Day Nor the Hour  
mum says: it does not pay  
to darn that pillow  
soon it will be torn  
but I go on darning  
perhaps it will do  
till the end of the world

Translated by Marek Marciniak

ANNA MICHALSKA - SAPKOTA

(Sieradz, Poland)

## THOROUGH CLEANING

**actually**  
I'm grateful

you didn't leave any  
embroidered cushions  
brass candelabra  
empty chocolate boxes

you never gave me  
your shirt  
which I could sleep with  
when you were not around

what I have  
fits in a trouser pocket

I'll throw it out  
on the way to work

Translated by Joanna Kowalska

## ANNA MICHALSKA - SAPKOTA

### TRUTH

what do we need the truth for  
if only lies  
allow to breathe easily

are you sure you wanted the truth  
when you asked

did I want it  
looking for a painless answer

we love lies  
because we want to believe  
the one that came  
- loneliness  
is a choice

and the truth  
is what separates us

Translated by Joanna Kowalska

## ANNA MICHALSKA - SAPKOTA

\*\*\*

### *To the ones who know*

All right – I promised  
I'm writing

it's just that...  
you know

I guess the poet in me is dying  
and don't be surprised  
that this poem  
is about nothing

that I have replaced  
affection  
for words with  
the colourful world of ethanol  
(can you notice seductive shapes of bottles?)

am I supposed to write  
I'm still waiting for him?

he won't even guess  
that this sadness is about him

**Translated by Joanna Kowalska**

**DARIUSZ STANISZEWSKI**  
**(Łódź, Poland)**

### **SOME SKIES**

there is a blue colour  
and a blue edge  
and a shell listened to  
there is a silence  
and its echo  
murmuring eternity

**Translated by Marek Marciniak**

### **A HEDGEHOG**

a fog makes little coffin  
a ball getting cold still pricking  
a mongrel learned it a moment ago  
one of the gawkers along the road  
what is most important is near  
two cars lying upside down  
the hedgehog's family silently weep in the grass

**Translated by Marek Marciniak**

## DARIUSZ STANISZEWSKI

xxx

she tried not to understand  
though she was shown a photo  
a shirt and birthmarks  
and the same things  
in the reverse order  
she did not want to believe  
only this morning  
she got up so easily  
changing grey into joyful spring  
as against all odds  
she believed in that life  
with him

Translated by Marek Marciak

## DARIUSZ STANISZEWSKI

xxx

the sun stretches out  
like a cat  
it scratches the window  
may I?  
may I cuddle you?  
caress you?  
will my song not sound  
false  
in your sorrow?

Translated by Marek Marciniak

**MARIA DUSZKA**  
**(Sieradz, Poland)**

**x x x**

I have hung your jacket  
in my wardrobe  
all my clothes  
want to be near to it

**x x x**

I'm lying in forest  
birches are blessing me  
with their branches

**x x x**

sometimes I envy  
the dog  
which you are stroking

**Translated by Kalina Duszka**

## MARIA DUSZKA

xxx

you say:  
you want everything

and for me it is enough  
to look through the window  
at your way  
and think  
that you exist

**Translated by Kalina Duszka**

## MARIA DUSZKA

### QUESTION

we parted without words  
time of becoming used to  
loneliness

only when I came here  
birch  
jasmine  
grass and mulleins  
are asking  
what I am doing here  
without you

xxx

greyness has many colours  
I have discerned it recently  
in your eyes

xxx

he looked through the window  
in a very misty morning:  
"oh, there is no world"

Translated by Kalina Duszka

## MARIA DUSZKA

xxx

trees

- that is what we have left  
from paradise

xxx

22 years

since the beginning of our love  
we are talking about men  
that live double life  
-they have wife and lovers  
(because they can afford that)

I am asking

if you would like to live like they do  
"I think I would like to have double you"  
you reply

xxx

june is like  
being  
eighteen years old

xxx

stop  
look through the window  
(there  
is some poem  
nearly always there)

Translated by Kalina Duszka

**MARIA DUSZKA**

**xxx**

*in memory of people close to me*

and it seemed  
they would last forever  
in that camomile yard  
in that warm house  
in that safe bed

time blows them up one after another

**Translated by Marek Marciniak**

## MARIA DUSZKA

x x x

love was for you  
„a horrible word  
meaning fucking and subjugation”

love was the word  
you did not utter

once you said to me:  
„ coming here  
brings me pleasure,  
not coming here brings me pain”  
and  
„let it be so  
until it is so”

yesterday I got books  
returned by you  
on top there was  
a collection of poems  
by Mayakovsky „I love”

**Translated by Marek Marciniak**

**MARIA DUSZKA**

**x x x**

*Where are poetesses from?*

**B.**

I was a girl  
of a bad home

but my yard  
faced  
a holy birch wood

but a rich red rose  
gave its flowers to us  
through the window

and mum used to sing songs  
- once she told me  
she would go mad  
if she could not sing

everything turned into poetry

**Translated by Marek Marciniak**

**ZBIGNIEW PAPROCKI**  
**(Sieradz, Poland)**

xxx

poets run  
naked  
along the pages of their books

xxx

at night  
turning off the light  
we care about nothing  
besides  
our words  
and our bodies...

xxx

in my poems  
I move from word to word  
like a child  
searching love

**Translated by Marek Marciak**