

C & D

Cezary Lipka (Warszawa, Poland)

Danuta Błaszkak (Warszawa, Poland & Orlando, FL)

Dariusz Pacak

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

Cezary Lipka
I'm Calling You, Edith

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

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

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

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

20 III 2013
Translated by Zofia Jancewicz

Cezary Lipka
(Warszawa, Polska)

Talk to Her

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

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

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

27 V 2013

Translation - Zofia Jancewicz

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

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

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

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

Translated by Urszula Śledziewska-Bolinska

II.

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

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

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

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

Translated by Urszula Śledziewska-Bolinska

III

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

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

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

I survived
I saw grass, trees
the orange canopy of my parachute bloomed above me
the sky was black now

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

Translated by Urszula Śledziewska-Bolinska

IV

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

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

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

later that youngster wanted to fly under the bridge by
himself
he split up the two banks of the river
wrecked the plane
a major uproar
 there were lots of flowers on his grave
 and Menet and I were making new plans
 fate separated us
you're asking what I'm doing
I'm painting my apartment
the walls have yellowed from the smoke

Translated by Urszula Śledziewska-Bolinska

V

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

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

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

the cloud looked menacing
I radioed the tower

the artificial horizon was turning madly
I wasn't flying the plane
the wind was
it blew out the fire of the engine
fear once, fear twice
if I survive the third wave of fear
you'll be mine
I'll give you
the twisted skin of the plane
the pieces of the wings
the dislocated rivets

*I put on my armour
I built a fortress around my heart*

*but your letters
your words
shattered the wall
and smashed the armour
you're like wind
like a cloud
you're a bird*

Translated by Urszula Śledziewska-Bolinska

Dariusz Pacak

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

Georg Simmel

*CRITICAL ASSESSMENTES, Edited by David Frisby
Band I. Methodological Issues p.41
Publishing House Routledge, New York 1994

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

if solitude in the desert  
really  
leads to contact

than contact  
reveal  
really seclusion

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

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

sentenced now rare avis  
up cloud down cloud

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

and name thee life This  
far for other be their dreams

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

July 05, 2002 Toronto - Calgary

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

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

The Son of Man

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

whether or not to believe

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

therein

November 15, 2010 Vienna/Austria/

**Dariusz Pacak**  
**HOWEVER**

beyond  
The Seven Worlds  
human' shadow exists no more

luminosity of redemption uncovered  
Supernova stays there  
endless

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

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

**Touch the stars**

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

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

### **Your life can change**

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