

C & D

**Cezary Lipka (Warszawa, Poland)**

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

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

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

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

**Translated by Urszula Śledziewska-Bolinska**

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

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

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

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

**Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska**

### III

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

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

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

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

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

**Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska**

## IV

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

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

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

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

Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska



## V

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

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

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

the cloud looked menacing  
I radioed the tower

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

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

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

**Translated by Urszula Śledziowska-Bolinska**

## **Dariusz Pacak**

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

Georg Simmel

\*CRITICAL ASSESSMENTES, Edited by David Frisby

Band I. Methodological Issues p.41

Publishing House Routledge, New York 1994

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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