

## **E F G H**

**Ela Galoch**

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

**Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney**

**Elzbieta Lipinska**

**Ewa Olczak**

**Ewa Alicja Słomska** (Winterthur, Switzerland)

**Ewa Zelenay**

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd**

**Henryka Wołoszyk**

**Ela Galoch**  
**Summer**

From my first love I memorized tales of my  
grandfather and a kermes by  
The forest- church  
Snorting horses with checkered blankets harnessed  
to a cart

When once a year magic stands were lying in  
ambush behind the belfry  
Luring by their pink cockerel  
Turning small bits of sawdust into shining paper

A visiting monk was giving away blessings as if  
they were candies  
In front of holy water instinctively I closed my  
eyes.

Then the miraculous holy medal from my  
godmother silvered better  
I blew on it so that it would not become a flake  
- Pipes trumpets and crying of children did not  
embarrass the procession  
Sweaty aunts and their acquaintances cooled down  
after the religious ecstasy.  
And then all of the older folks drew out vodka and  
chains of garlic's sausages

Scratching knees on the grass I ran onto pinnated  
cumulus to meet  
freckles of Jacek under eye-lids instead of stars

In my imagination starting a journey around the  
horizon of hips and buttoned collars

Until hedgehogs were confused making paths  
through the stubble-field  
Though after fifteen minutes upon hooting for  
mother one should come back  
to the well behind the church wall

Where cattle have been watered being tired from  
the heat  
And on the Good Saturday -smoking hawthorns  
an apples strewed in ashes in order to look at each  
other without a novenna to Judy Tadeusz  
Having in itself the whole of this festive scenery  
Also a golden oriole with upraised tail sprinkled  
with rain

Though it's not true that the first love is the most  
important.  
Among the forked willows I will still remain for a  
moment  
Because pictures ? in true life - they are kept mostly  
in sepia  
Leaving a husband to worry about an orange  
thread  
Extracted from the interior of a skirt on bushes of  
wicker  
Reminding him from time to time that I was here  
with him in the motionless air  
Apparently without a space and with a spark in my  
pupil for faithfulness to  
him from myself as a woman.

**Translated by Danuta Ruminski**

## About the Life and Work of Eligiusz Dymowski

written by Zofia Korzeńska

translation: Agnieszka Maria Gernand

correction: Leszek Szymanski (aka Leslie

Shyman)

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

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

In 1999-2005 Dymowski was the president of the Higher Theological Seminary of the Franciscan Fathers in Kraków-Bronowice Wielkie. He is currently the superior (guardian) of the monastery, and a parish priest in Kraków-Bronowice Wielkie, and is involved in teaching, research and writing. Eligiusz Dymowski teaches at the Higher

Theological Seminary of the Conventual Franciscan Fathers, in the Franciscan Study Institute and in the Theological Institute of Missionaries in Kraków. As a writer, he is a member of the Catholic Journalist Association, the Kraków Confraternity of Poets, as well as the Polish Branch of the European Culture Society (SEC), whose vice-president he has been since October 2005. Since 2007 he has been a member of the Kraków Branch of the Polish Writers' Association - SPP (and since IV 2011 a board member). He also belongs to the Polish Authors' Association and to Academia Europaea Sarbieviana. He has published many works on theology and literature.

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

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

All critics note the extraordinary appeal of E. Dymowski's poems, which consists not only in their

aesthetical values, but also moral and spiritual ones – I shall name them simply the characteristics of the Author's personality of emanating warmth and goodness. The critics also claim that poetry be beautiful, wise, deeply human, and at the same time very clear and simple. It reflects the Poet's sensitive soul. The Poet looks at our earthly world in all its complexity – in its truth and its lies, in its mystery, its beauty, its love, but also its sinfulness: in the good and the evil. The Author sees and reconstructs in his poems the charms of nature and all the beauty of the world – like, for instance, fascination with space and the possibility (or maybe necessity) of physically wandering the earth or even the cosmos ("the space seduces || like passion | twines around your neck" – as he puts it). He also conveys his fascination with various kinds of art (world architecture, literature, music). His sensitivity is open to the beauty of everyday life and activity. But he sees the misery of this world, pain and suffering, as well. Yet his poetry exudes hope. Above all, the Poet points towards God. He says: – You are *here and now*, you are supposed to enjoy the seasons, find joy in each moment of night and day that is given to you. But remember – it all passes away. In his poetry, Fr. Eligiusz opens windows to the other world. He reminds us of the eternity we are to head towards with hope, peace and joy, by getting closer to God.

This poetry emanates particular sensitivity to human psyche, faith, feelings: love, suffering, moral shame, conscience torment or discomfort, and to human sinful nature. The moral issues come here to the fore. Rarely can one see in modern poetry such frequent reference to the conscience. It may even be called *poetry of conscience*. The

issues it concerns are the more to be valued, as it is poetry at a high artistic level, truly excellent.

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

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

Let us note one more interesting feature of that poetry: the keywords, such as love, hope, faith, loneliness, travelling, conscience, sin, shame, silence, suffering, death, and several others. Because of that repetition, they enhance and re-interpret one another,

like the poems in Fr. Dymowski's volumes. Accumulated, they proclaim higher values, which are the essence of Fr. Eligiusz's works.

*Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand*

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

z tomu *Przemilczenia* (2005)

**“Reading Hesse”**

Tears in his eyes, he looked at her picture.

In the tired mind there bustled one

and only thought:

“Never again will we meet. Never again...”

and he was dying of longing like a beggar

*Vienna 1995*

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

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*in memoriam: Lady Diana*

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

*Rome, 6th September 1997*

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

“\*\*\*”

If you say: I LOVE  
is that all?

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

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

but that  
you must spread out over eternity

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

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

**„The Host”**

Seemingly –

small

swollen with lightness

and

all God

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

Eligiusz Dymowski

**"In the World's Waiting Room"**

(...)

*and I wait  
in the night white from thoughts  
I wait and am nailed  
to cross-shaped boards*

*Zdzisław Łączkowski*

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

Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand

**Eligiusz Dymowski**

**“Rooms”**

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

**Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand**

**Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney  
SIBERIA1940  
grandfather**

There is a Russian kettle in your cabinet.  
I didn't mean to but it wobbled out to me  
Its tired blistered feet back from a hollow reef  
Assigned to shadows.

What distances he had to go before  
The world turned backwards inside the iron shell  
He carried fastened to his head like final  
Weight of the horizon he saw escaping him?

Some say he journeyed through the ocean.  
Snow falling endlessly and only trees like dreadful  
nurses  
In white coats unmoved by all the colors death  
comes in.

No use to shout one's name.  
That land had sunk again again.  
The living and the dead under same sheet of frozen  
waters.

Your kettle will it ever boil it off will it let go?  
Of depths in passing time I've dug a frozen skull .

**Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney  
The Muse of Creation**

it's a paradox of course that the matter  
we spin from in our memory dance  
of words demands the same attention  
as a hair painfully tangled in a tree  
or a bleeding finger

and is jealous of us wants everything  
we can offer it from our tongues  
traversing the silence of many forests  
of our misjudged wisdom  
of feelings (not) to (presumably) happen again

relief however – it will accept  
most commonplace things: a hair tangled  
in a passing star or a bleeding  
inside we could have gotten nothing  
but we did  
steal freedom from the fore mentioned event

**Elżbieta Lipińska**  
**West Berlin 1976-1983**

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

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

Translated by Marek Kaźmierski

**Elżbieta Lipińska**

**Vision**

A bird took up residence in our bathroom last  
night.

The feathers dulled, it looks all but dead.

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

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

**Translated by Marek Kaźmierski**

## Elżbieta Lipińska

### Dream diary 3

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

Perhaps you didn't know, but China is  
a self-penning poem.

It writes in me each night in black ink  
with a well-honed brush.

Yesterday, it scripted Zadura illuminating  
a Chinese road with a Polish font,  
today it's Tilda Swinton, as white as snow  
against a black backdrop of control limits.

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

Translated by Marek Kaźmierski

## Elżbieta Lipińska

### **According to her**

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

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

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

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

Which sometimes involve killing.

**Translated by Marek Kaźmierski**

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

I'm not a girl... Neither am I a woman.

I'm a certain painter's impression.

He created me from colour and silence  
and the intoxicating wine of the night.

He splattered the paints right onto canvas.

Instead of eyes, he painted two moons.

With the touch of his fingers he gave me life.

When suddenly he was overcome by merciless  
sleeplessness.

He talked to me as if I were real.

He fell in love with me. And soon he lost his mind.

And I remained an unfinished painting.

One of many in the cobweb of fear.

Too soon the paint dried on me...

The brightest colours faded.

Only the greyed walls in front of my eyes.

And then I felt the need to be a real woman.

Dreaming about love. Real love.

(A painter gave me life after all, didn't he?)

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

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

**Translated by Urszula Śledziewska-Bolinska**

**Ewa Olczak**

**Autumn**

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

**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Ewa Olczak**  
**WOMAN**

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

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

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

**Translated by Barbara Voit**

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

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

**Translated by Bozena Helena Nazur-Nowak**

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

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

**Translated by Bozena Helena Nazur-Nowak**

**Ewa Zelenay**

**teacup**

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

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

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

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

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

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

for dissimilarity  
for temptation

from him  
against him

ready to create  
ready to destroy

consistent  
inconsistently

ordinarily  
extraordinary

each day  
opens love like a window

curls up days like paper strips  
powders the everyday

tirelessly  
irons out life  
like a Sunday dress  
wrapped in a sensuous fur  
tests her looks  
in the mirror of his smile

in the evenings  
passionately  
wipes the shadow from the face

nights in scarlet lipstick  
flick on the lights

when bad  
falling tears - necklace beads  
threading tears - rosary beads  
his to the end  
to the end of the world  
Eve

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

**Ewa Zelenay**  
**moment**

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

here and now

once - is dead  
tomorrow - uncertain  
yesterday - unused

only here and now

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

...I am

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

**Ewa Zelenay**

**needle**

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

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

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

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

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

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

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

my summer explodes in flames of nasturtiums...

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

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

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

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

**Translated by Graham Crawford**

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

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

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

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

### **Drowsing Demon**

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

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

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

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

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

### **Inexpensive Saints Statues**

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

A face adorning balloons,  
and plastic medallions.

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

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

**Questions upon waking**

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

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

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

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

**C'est la vie!**

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

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

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

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

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

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

### **Naughty Desires**

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

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

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

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

## **Henryka Wołoszyk**

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

**Translated by: Lilla Latus**

**Henryka Wołoszyk**

**You and me**

You and me

And both of us again

Railways as years someone gets in gets out we pass  
each other

Briefcase of talks still the same

Signboard above cafe is mossy of time

Coffee is bitter black before my eyes

One step or two gutter repaired

Swallow bird no longer the same but from the same  
slot

Dark-eyed girl singing chorus

Let's love

Can not embrace the whole world

In times of war everyone prays

To their god

What if will comes drought in feelings

To whom then

How

Shall pray thirsty

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**