

Karolina Kułakowska

Katarzyna Campbell (Strzelce Krajeńskie, Polska)

Katarzyna Nazaruk

Kazimierz Brakoniecki

Kazimierz Burnat

Kazimierz Linda

Karolina Kułakowska
White nights

I said they would be back in good time. We wait
therefore for a few blue sails and slippery
skin. Meanwhile, someone drying

wheat behind the barn five months too early.
Wind filling the empty cod bladders, while
red haired kids meander by the rock. Now

I hold your paintbrushes, participating.

Translated by Marek Kazmierski

Karolina Kułakowska
An imprint in Rymanow

For Piotrek B.

Grasses swayed in the time with the pendulum. I
remember
their caress, goose bumps on shins. *I like dragonflies -*
they're art nouveau. The curtains changed,

you changed. The roof over the local orthodox chapel
rused,
the grasses underfoot yellowed. Scattered pages from
the prayer book
begun forming new stories. *He delivered the pen in his*
beak,

saw a cross on the tracks.

Translated by Marek Kazmierski

Karolina Kułakowska
A glass on a rock

They'll paint masterpieces, or maybe only set
a boat with a few sails in the right direction.
Later, you will understand every detail: premature
evening, cracked heads.

Come morning, the waiter will arrive
with a damp shoe cloth. He will kiss my feet all over
in greeting. You will notice an entry
into deep dunes.

In the port, they will make me up into another Venus.
Straddling a barrel with a red paintbrush set behind
my ear.
You will drink as much rum as will pass through my
hair.

Translated by Marek Kazmierski

Katarzyna Campbell
(Strzelce Krajeńskie, Polska)

A walk at dusk

I walk the deserted streets,
Around it is so quiet and calm
Here and there lanterns are lit
Faintly illuminating the black darkness

So I'm walking step by step
Passing houses, blocks of streets
There are no people or cars
I count the stars in the sky

I mention the time we spent together
And think of the future dreaming
So good walk in the silence
My thoughts no one can hear

It's late and so dark around
I'm not afraid your thoughts are with me
For sure waiting with diner at home
I'm sorry I walked away too far

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Katarzyna Campbell
(Strzelce Krajeńskie, Polska)

Unrequited love

My tears flowed
And blurred words
Which dissolved into a grenade
In the salty sea

I no longer write
Poured out my grief
Onto a paper soaked with bitterness
It will bring everything

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Katarzyna Campbell
(Strzelce Krajeńskie, Polska)

Uninvited guest

You show up uninvited
I get angry
seeing the reflection
you leave trail
on my face
the next ripple
signature
I was here
the time.

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Katarzyna Campbell
(Strzelce Krajeńskie, Polska)

Unwanted guest

She is all over around
In the morning, she takes a bathroom
Long hours looking in the mirror
Her sad reflection

All day long she
Is a Queen of remote control
Jumping from channel to channel
She loves melodramas.

At night keeps me awake
Spins and nagging ...
Finally gives up
Living cold bed.

You are
Do not go nowhere anymore
I do not want her to come back,
The loneliness

Translated by Bożena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Katarzyna Campbell
(Strzelce Krajeńskie, Polska)

Talk to me, talk ...

Words are like buds,
full of colors and flavors,
when they are fed with love,
bloom in mouth into red.

Soothe the soul, caress the heart.
Do love! Open more and more buds.
Give me a bunch of words,
please, talk to me my love, talk

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Katarzyna Nazaruk
Illusion's piggy bank

You won't find the answer at the bottom of the
carafe
aiming for a state of bliss
You must cope with the monsoon
of negative emotions
You don't take the injection of pessimism
from brother chameleon
You bite off the woody umbilical
of fake friendship
Kill the hydra of family delusions
Chase away beds of vain sirens
Surrounded by their toadies
And you become
with temperant, clear gaze
Mature
enough to throw into the piggy bank the illusions
given you on your birthday
the pennies of hypocrisy

Translated by Graham Crawford

Katarzyna Nazaruk
The Bedouin's Wife

Hunched
sad
withered
Bedouin's wife
Wordlessly passing the water to wash the feet

For her
the last morsel of lamb
last sip of water from a dirty gourd
With no right to refuse
without will to live
without will to deny
that she is happy
How often are you a wife
and how often the Bedouin's wife?

Translated by Graham Crawford

Katarzyna Nazaruk
The mythomaniac's world

A rough edged crowd on the corners of alleyways
whittled by the dull blows
of time.

It participated in the procreation of souls of
multiple existences,
brother and sister samaritans,
moguls and internet hermits,
who the world does not understand.

The seagull through the window and the flower,
which will bloom anyway
when we are no more...

Why are you usurping a place
on the podium, on the pedestal of bloated human
pride?

Trumpet of Jericho. You begin
slowly to ring hollow, like the music of your soul.
Ugly, diseased, consumerist participants
of sales of photocopies of the Mona Lisa's beauty.
Your ego, frozen like a bank account
overdrawn in common sense and decency.

Indistinctly coloured consumer, you dislike quiet.
You adore the epicentres of chaos, the cacophony
of the streets,

In which the corporate brands impudently play
poker,
the teeth of the person beside you grinding in the
fever of an empty wallet.

The unnecessary absolution of a chanting priest,
a woman in a dressing gown and thong, in
jewellery of banknotes
with whom you dance the tango of the mundane
in a garden leased from Adam and Eve,
by the light of raucous fireworks.
In your own way you direct the mythomaniac's
world: I came,
I paid, I purchased.
I won, because I possess.

Birds will build nests and flowers bloom
even when we are no more.

Translated by Graham Crawford

Kazimierz Brakoniecki
Motherlands

Barczewo December 1952. mother pushes along a stroller
with me
a big key of the sun changes slowly the rust of frost
well-shaved father thinks of vodka in spite of Christmas
grandmother stays with my sister wearing a velvet dress
the guests know her dress is from St. Anne's charity
It's not far from home guests know it
Little houses three churches jail and German cemetery
I can't fathom what my parents could do there
Except that they had the warrant to work
The town like ice cubes
Nonetheless the real life got there like bloody ice-hole
And from there I see Wilno's priest of St. Anne's
Christening me nearby willingly silent Winfried
Warmia's German boy whose father's in jail for refusal of
getting Polish ID
And then time floats like ice tight together
We stand in front of his family home
And he doesn't want to reminisce nor come back
He asks whether we are brothers from the same town
The same baptism the same religion
The same believe in our beloved motherland
He shows me pictures of his parents who died from
nostalgia in Germany
I show him pictures of my mother and grandmother when
they came from Kirgizja
But why
While everywhere there's the same pathos of passing time
And chaos of small and grand memories
But all that we share is not from this earth

Translated by Barbara Voit

Kazimierz Brakoniecki
End of Century

On the sandy backyard wind falls
and lifts tanned finger to broken windows
I was three it was 1955
I looked with my mom at construction of the base for a twin
house
When it began to snow and I understood
The unity that flows through me my mother and the snow
No one sunbathes anymore on a tar plank of wood close to
chimneys
No one mocks Reich rushing after his thin wife
Around the house of hours of our first hidden places for love
No one spits with Krauts and Teutonic Knights
No one climbs an apple tree that doesn't exist any more
No one listens to the Beatles and Nalepa in the basement
No one steals rabbits heaters scrap metal
I'll never meet Tomaszewski wondering why I will not be a
house painter
I'll never see Grzonka and his stamp collection
Nor Norbert's penis that looked like a surprised lizard
There are houses there's a street there are seasons cars and
Sundays
There's no unity
Who would discover that life in the sand and wind and sun
The closest memories are covered with unknown weeds

They're all in Germany -
My childhood brought me to the end of the XX Century

Translated by Barbara Voit

Kazimierz Brakoniecki
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Translated by Barbara Voit

Kazimierz Burnat
Ignite sense

It is not enough to reverse thinking
in another direction
towel wrap dreams
relieved heat
her body
moistened in the clash
with just sketched stimulus

you need to determine nonsense
to later
luminous tentacles forearms
excite the sense of
in the arms of Morpheus

Translated by Patrycja Ewa Majewska

Kazimierz Burnat
Taste of awakening

Grab unskins the edge
of light disappearing back stars
becoming a crescent

Black fading trail
penetrates the edge of perception
of human imagination

buckthorn dawn
mark length
Whisper from buzz

dry palate
absorb the dew –
blue

Translated by Patrycja Ewa Majewska

Kazimierz Burnat
Amazement

Even the bedroom door creak
and already in a huge bed
born phantoms

cracks in the windows of music
quiver in the air
Princess meadows bloom white

haunted him for longing
for almonds
but her eyes filled with light
do not allow to fall asleep

life is just a drop
swimming at the edge of impossible
need to blend in its essence
and choke the ocean

Translated by Patrycja Ewa Majewska

Kazimierz Burnat
Embers dusk

Screaming loneliness
pain violet light

you could have been
and you are not

understanding the meaning of dissatisfaction
deprive you of hunger

Swarms of sand
the cavities of scars
foreign body

sea in front of you
water splash
in the dry wells

still burning
to the virtue of modesty
anchor the soul
in the bottom of the night

Translated by Patrycja Ewa Majewska

Kazimierz Burnat
Future

Living

He becomes friends with silence
and immobility
consciousness relieves
wraps the native land

soon overgrown roots
honored boulder
content of saturated structure
I'll be waiting for the shadows
living form
(even dehumanizing)

memory lapse when the lights
soulful ask
What about the promise of eternity

or now my answer –

the strings of vertices
wind
will win a pathetic melody
while the pulp of trees
merge ashes
the amber amulet

Translated by Patrycja Ewa Majewska

Kazimierz Linda
this fall (tej jesieni)

I won't give away this fall
I am waiting for it as if for the first take-orr
like for a delight of an unknown face
or a beautiful dejavu lady

This fall I want to write poems
about a memory covered by veil
so that it remains like a dried flower
between yellow pages of my diary

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Kazimierz Linda
Colors (Kolory)

Dressed in white
you gave me
a green pebble.

I was counting callendars
expecting
colors to change
into reality

Now I know
that the green
is not different
than grey

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Kazimierz Linda
A chance (Szansa)

I was peeking
Through the half open door
I did not know if
I should leave and forget
There is a rustle around
Noise made by passers-by
Rises and falls
Choosing smaller evil
I am not Hamlet
nor am I his creator
I have strayed
Looking for my chance
Desperately

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska