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Leslie Kot

Leszek Zulinski

Leszek Posyniak (Kraków, Polska)

Lilla Latus

Łucja Dudzińska

Leslie Kot

AARON NEVIL AND "AVE MARIA"

Look out! Darkness coming up!

It want to shake hands...

Are you afraid? Are you ready? What did you do?

Did you? All that you supposed to...?

Don't look back - what's done is done.

Don't judge yourself too hard...

Trust me! No matter what! Don't! Leave it to your kids!

They know how and what to do with it!

They've got a future! Do they?

Have you seen a shimmering light on the horizon?

You are very romantic tonight - what's wrong with you?

I beg your pardon? Aaron Nevil is singing "Ave Maria"?

How touching - he's got that voice as gift directly from God!

She says: I wish you could sing like him - then maybe I could fall in love with you...

But I can't and even if I could - I wouldn't!

People just pretending! Playing games...

Years goes by... cool...

Leslie Kot
THEN YOU DON`T

And so
I ask you to climb with me a mountain
Called "Forever"

Like sundays used to walk to the church
Like camels walk through a sandstorm
Like searchers reaching the truth
Like the saints go to heaven

Find your own place
Find it on the shining side of The Blues
Then you don`t drown
Then you don`t

And so
I ask you to fill me up
With unconsciously - endless pleasure of a sound

Like a broken match loves the flame
Like a dry lake loves its water
Like an evening loves a sunrise
Like my tear loves your smile
Then you don`t drown
Then I don`t

Leslie Kot
WEEKEND IS NEAR

A vanished rush is rolling - on the empty streets
Friends of mine are calling - saying their needs
Children at home and the blues is here
I feel great - a weekend is near
With you darling - hand in hand
Together - till the end
Children at home and the blues is near
I feel great - a weekend is here
Under your pillow a gift for you
Open it now and look it through
My heart is in it - only for you
Oh Mighty Lord - you know it's true
Children at home and the blues is here
I'm so happy - because you are near

Leslie Kot
A VERY SPECIAL BLUES

This is your blues
A very special blues
Blues that never ask too much
A reaching hand - feelings touch

Blues let us know when we`ve come to grief
Blues want to show what we`ve got to give
It`s your heart felt blues in my polish shoes
Always coming back down along the track

Blues - sacred goal
Comin` from your heart and soul
Says what are we living for
This is your blues - knockin` at my door

Leslie Kot
GLITTERING STAR

The night is stretching out its hair
A glittering star is dressing itself
Inspired hope is waiting for its share
Ghosts are waking up around twelve

Twilight zone is spinning on the water
Bumble-bee calming down the wings
A wave of the wind is lightly shorter
A song infiltration of broken strings

A broken string an empty word
A surpent`s bite a dirty dirt
Awakened ghosts after twelve
On the thin line enjoy themselves

We are deaf and we are blind
It`s all worthless we`ve left behind?
We can`t hear and we can`t see
All that counts now is you and me!!!

Leslie Kot
REAL LIFE

Time to wake up - bell is ringing
Boots are ready birds are singing
Time to "dive" in real life
Clean the house catch the bus...

Leslie Kot
FRIENDSHIP

Nations divided by oceans and seas
 People've got the same visions and dreams
 First - to have love and kids then a little pocket of gold
 But I say friendship is the most important of all

Reach out your hand to your friend
 Friendship gives no money
 A lot of happiness instead
 Will make you always glad.

Make a call to someone and say
 Hello - you've got a friend "4 always"

The whole world
 Is gonna get together today
 We'll learn to know each other
 We're gonna be friends all the way

Hey listen Jack!
 The whole world is gonna get together today
 We'll learn to know each other
 Yes - we gonna teach each other
 What do you say ?
 IMAGINE - ALL THE PEOPLE - COME TOGETHER!
 We gonna be friends all the way!

Leszek Posyniak
(Kraków Polska)

Birch-tree

Lonely birch is like duration which
with time becoming whiter silence.
Port unfathomable, human dreams
and about waiting line of poem.

For it's past in the distance look
no roring sound of sincere fields.
In repentance lifting the burden
of fate and some grief unheard.

It is the blue of the sky clear
drop untouched greenery frost.
Always faithful wind marina,
when time to return after tired day.

It is whispers night of confidante,
poetry all the colors of autumn.
Is like the tears of widows, which never dry
and like a prayer of nameless.

Lonely birch, birds sanctuary,
for leaves is the joy of dawn.
This is a port of timid human dreams,
or stanza's poem about waiting.

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Leszek Posyniak
(Kraków Polska)

Vanishing

Soul does need a silence,
when despair is knocking on.
Human nature is like a dream,
when time put stamp of their meaning.

Let flower drink a silvered dew,
of taste like sweet ambrosia.
As night turns quiet in to morning
song of the day - nothing is left for you.

Chronos creates so their work.
New still is born, the old is bury
and does not care about what passed.
And do not never look behind...

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Leszek Posyniak
(Kraków Polska)

Rose petal

Look the sky is burning like copper.
From the willows, which were divided
Field behind the village sleepy membrane
Hephaestus is like to shed
Steel for Zeus's bolts
In the ladle, where was given first
Rose petal purple,
To set firmament in the fire.
Old pastures already non-green
Asleep, fawns to the birches in blackness.
Stillness night will make them,
And the heat of heaven - will peace extinguish.

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Leszek Żuliński
Sketch of a meeting in Tuileries

w przygotowaniu

korekta językowa jeszcze nie skończyła pracy

Leszek Żuliński
Viva la muerte

LILLA LATUS**Flight**

and later there was the Sal island

my hair was rustling
on your belly

the sea lost its salty taste

the sky loved me
with your eyes

thanks to us
the Earth was going round

planes flying by
recorded
a further turbulence

LILLA LATUS**Romeo**

he does not have
to sleep alone

he is looking for Juliet
in younger and younger
bodies

a bed helps put
loneliness to sleep

Romeo does not stray
only he cannot find
the balcony

LILLA LATUS**Awaiting**

I was expecting so much
from that night

it showed up
full of promises
and in festive black

I was expecting so much

only dawn
did arise

LILLA LATUS

Frida

death did not resemble
 an old, wrinkled lady
 it was a dancing girl in
 a Tehuacan dress
 alluring and floating
 above her head
 like a bird which
 sat over her eyes

on that day Frida
 got on a bus
 (she wanted to buy *taco* or *churro*)
 which was to take her
 to the limits
 of pain

a driver was glancing
 either at the picture of St.Mary of Guadalupe
 or photos with naked girls
 a painter with a bucket
 full of red paint
 was leaning against a handrail
 which was about to pierce
 Frida's pelvis
 excluding one of
 the possible versions
 of future

and Diego did not know then
 that he would be
 the next accident

Łucja Dudzińska
Tied with chains

(for Dorota)

Too spacious the house – I don't want to say: empty.
 Severing the umbilical cord doesn't hurt. Windows,
 as if bullet proof, dull the hum of city streets. Walking
 window to window (feet thunding). I close, open the
 curtain –

flowers and a trapped butterfly staring. I am speaking to
 you,
 the echo just seemeing to find its voice. I am looking
 for a trace of nastiness in a lit candle, for it entraps moths,
 or in the web of a spider – yet you are not a foolish fly!

I calm myself, flattening the folds of my skirt. As a child,
 you laughed when the lobster lolloped, while ghosties
 flew.*

I look for my migraine pills, bite the bitterness – it will heal
 hypersensitivity and you will stop calling me a mad bitch.

**Polish children's rhymes*

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Łucja Dudzińska
A glass ceiling. Drifting

(for Dariusz)

That you are submerged does not mean you are sailing.
Time as if it were water - drop by drop takes
the breath away. You gulp air, stealing life.
You are wondering if it is over or beneath the surface.

The glass parts, while life goes about its own business.
The changing of wetness into dryness takes place
by itself (everything began in the water). You waited
until amniotic fluids receded*, knowing you would
become

homeless. Now you are on your back, clenching fists
ready for a fight. Smiling in your sleep,
someone's hands straightening the covers, sinking

into you. The shell still absorbing. Foot prints going
nowhere,
the course set by a ship's compass, before the ice hardens.

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Łucja Dudzińska
Obstacles

It is as if with looks alone you had to knock down a wall
of bricks. Been there for years. Many fingers have tried
poking
holes in the mortar, instead of learning how to
go round it; telling weathers from clouds, dream own
dreams.

Unnamed complaints are blurring the background. In
hiding
scars etching, where snakes are shedding skins. Everything
passing, like summertime campfire chats. Later,
keys ring in perfect harmony with the flight of cranes.

I know why you won't shake hands, hiding behind your
back
broken fingernails, shins scratched from being hit.
Now you are smoking, the smoke weaving nests overhead,
nests which then fly off along with the birds of your
imagination.

A silence remains, like a million bells ringing in your ears.

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Łucja Dudzińska
Azymut*

You smile into the distance which her gaze hunts after,
 without considering how many she will lose along the
 way.
 She measures the distances between points known to you
 and
 always is, will be far off. The point of road to nowhere
 becomes
 defined, expected. Its breadth is defined by side roads.
 Detours. Doubts. Journey stops are points with a view of
 places of
 excess. Falling. Entering.

Another trail of events signifies the marathon, but no
 bearer of bad news will come. You believe that they will
 build a bridge heading your way beforehand. Will lay
 down railway lines, build a road made of stones someone

dropped
 or which fell in the water by themselves.
 Do you know there is life set in stones?

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Łucja Dudzińska
Disharmony

At dawn, he had turned into a watermelon; rolling. Rolling
down

bleeding when sliced. Wandering if the blood would
ferment, become wine, or congeal instead. How is it
with a vitamin K deficiency? He did not analyse dog love.
It simply is, in return you take them out for walks and feed
them,

once a day. Does everything has to mean something?

Drilling

holes, howling. Bells are ringing (because dawns are
rising),

flies shimmering. Jazz behind the wall, outside summer

hits on the radio walking past. Sensitive to noise, he
vanishes.

Or reappears redoubled in strength, to scream. Imparting
meaning to that which desires, that which he needs today.

It's like that Central Train Station – no one knows if it is
a home for the homeless, the start or the end of a journey.

The ghost train expected to arrive at platform 3
will be delayed by a 120 minutes.

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