

P, R, S, T

Patrick Daniel Read

Piotr Kasjas

Piotr Prokopiak

Rafal Czachorowski

Roman Maciejewski-Varga

Stanisław Kęsik

Stanislaw Nyczaj

Stefan Jurkowski

Sylwia Gibaszek

Tomasz S. Mielcarek

***Cameo, we present our American colleague and poet
Patrick Daniel Read.***

Welcome to My World

April 22, 2013 at 10:25am

Welcome to my world..
Where things don't always make sense..
Where I base my current actions,
On what has happened it past tense..
Where I look at mistakes I've made in the past,
Hoping to find a better future that will last..
It's a world often full of confusion,
Where I try to find my way through this great
Illusion..
Where I always worry about whats going on with
family..
With friends..
And for the regrets of my past I try to make
amends..
I know I'm not perfect..
But I accept me as me..
And I try to grasp with life's hard reality..
I don't always know where I'm going..
But I always know just where I have been..
Welcome to my world..
Where every tomorrow ..
Is a brand new day.. a brand new time..
To start again..

(C) Patrick Read 4/21/13

Piotr Kasjas
The Way We Are

We are a thinking soul at the threshold of our life,
in open door of our fragility,
We are of those who have nothing,
except love and thoughts like verses.
We are a part of history we hold a memory
that creates our identity for centuries.
We do not have freedom. We are fighting for it
every day,
having a Decalogue in defence of our own
morality.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Piotr Kasjas
Two Symbols of Sin

Lovers – offenders of immaculate love,
their memories are swinging in their heads
and mix up their extremely decent thoughts.
Their mouth is full of the taste of the night before.
The mouth, that exchange in haste half bitten
words,
nasty and full just as their souls are filled with
gratitude,
Where a flame of craving is constantly burning
with wild fire

Their names – two symbols of sin – will be
forgotten
And let us forget these two bodies tormented by
sticky closeness
The affection breaded in a bliss of embrace will be
dying of longing for ages
– forsaken in haste in one of those hotel rooms.

The Church constitution forces them to escape,
therefore they vanish in the curve of morning skies
What they face is not what they expect.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Piotr Kasjas

Remembering the Midsummer's Night

A man has this memory,
that brings to mind a vision of a girl.
This girl of the past met at some place,
where the skies were full of sparkles,
Where words have stopped for a minute
in silence adequate to the moment -
when she was standing dressed in the fragrance of
innocence alone
on the boarder of hot breath embracing lips
and initiated sensual whispers,
drifted by wind to their flight.

She was like a flame whose eyes laugh with fire
and vision of magic caress foaming with chill

She was the first bodily touch under the spell of a
kiss,
that puts a stamp on lips and breast and breeds a
cause
of a thought so disobedient that kindles hope.

She was a dream-come-true, a foothold of love
that lasciviously uncovers tights upon the
trembling touch
and awakens love lulled in moist lips.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Piotr Kasjas
Love in the Fall of Life

When the breathless fog sets down lazily on fields
at dawn
I search for promiscuous words in my tired
memory
and arrange them subtly in a short poem.

The fall of our life quietly covers our faces with
wrinkles like leafs
and braids white stripes like grass stems into our
hair
But still see our youth hidden within us
and I still feel the real love every time my eyes
involuntarily follow you
Every time when I am near you
and when my lips are thirstily search for yours.

Thirsty and starved for delicate kisses
and subtle touch like butterfly's silky wings.
And savage kisses – rapacious and fiery
that rise to fly with quiet scream
and arise delight sleeping deeply in our hearts.

Stuffy darkness covers our bodies
and grows in us, in stormy night
I absorb your submissiveness and inhale
your hot words that explode in my head by echo
and flares up a fire that overwhelms me like
inferno

Every evening we become poorer by losing
another day of our life
However, it doesn't matter what time takes away
from us. Let us not shed tears in vain

Let us reject reality and hide under the cover of
contemplative silence
All the beauty is still ahead of us -
The most beautiful moments of days spent
together.
Let us put our secrets next to one another under the
skies' starry umbrella
and let us remain undefeated in symbiosis of
senses.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Piotr Kasjas
Autumn

The autumn full of colours brings baskets filled
with apples
and the aroma of wet grass moisturised by
morning dew
The fallen leaves – deprived of juicy green
fell asleep
The white breath of mist
filled the park entirely
and like a smoke from sleepy gardens
settles down on pathways

Listening to the hum of naked old trees
we are fleeting in this mist – all numbed
in the chilly break of greyish day
in sweet ecstasy and affectionate gesture,
in tiny drizzle of our love
Soaked to the depth of our hearts
we are hiding under the umbrella of our emotions
that protects us against all sorrow

Piotr Prokopiak
Children's Bay

My brother did not take a look even once. I thought he
didn't want me. When they were pulling him out
of mum he was quiet as if
choking with the world. "Uncle" Gierek
scattered candies
with lesser fervor already, but I would give him
all of those,
I would give him even the bought under the
counter
football, if only he would want
to run after it. He could not. Reportedly his little
hands
and legs were so stiff that father couldn't manage
to dress him. Covered with a diaper, they closed
him
in a box, like teddy-bears sent to basement
orphanages. A decrepit beetle stealthily
penetrated
braids of arteries. White little coffin was wobbling
as if
my brother was trying to get out. I wanted so
much,
but the ground wanted him more . They buried
him
like a doggy, without reverend bother. When
eight years old
I carried religious disputes with a nun. *Your*
brother
will not be saved. He'll never come out of limbus
puerorum. I had no arguments, I could
only scream, which made her beat me with a
pointer
and put me in a corner. During nights I dreamt
about my brother
crying on the edges of the abyss. He calls out for
me, and God

with the Nazi mustache is chortling over the
entire Kingdom
of Heaven. He grew up in my dreams. I
was passing the ball and he was shooting the most
beautiful goals
for Wielimie. On the first of November I took
my son to the cemetery. *Here lies your uncle. He for
sure
would be a good uncle. Would play with us
in the attack, under the very windows of the
Congregation
for the Matters of Faith.*

Translated by Krystyna Kilde

Piotr Prokopiak
DYSTHYMIA

In autumn stars descend down the leaves to
the streets passing through me rocking
with the wind's pulse weaves baste cumulated
worlds I would like to forget the pupils
betray me liquefying wax
houses holding on to a mother's hem
mists suck moisture cracked
chestnuts I arrange in the satchel before
the boiling roundabout discus flies away
on Freedom Square like taxies back then
flee from standstill through rushed
evenings all joints let go
sense sticks with elastic
sinusoid smoke supports households
captive mixed with silence
my present future pasts

Translated by Krystyna Kilde

Piotr Prokopiak
Homo Hereticus

I recognize
 luminosity
it burns through me
the chips of logos
I rub into commonness

I am
the one carrying on a narrow footbridge
pain of the earth
 I penetrate
temple walls
where the bloated idol of convention
tries to knock down revelations

I inner-church one
on the streets of the ghetto
listen to stones' speech
deny myself
at half-to-doubts
when they open abandoning
with a view on a pyre

Translated by Krystyna Kilde

Piotr Prokopiak

Night of St. Bartholomew

we surprised them while they dreamt
like teen-girls unwise
evangelism proceeded methodically
from skulls of children
we plucked out seeds of heresy
blood flowing on the walls

took the form of Madonna
cut off heads
we positioned as beads of rosary
and naked body we sawed up
not waiting for the harvest of the judgment

that night Paris
was like a temple of Providence
door-to-door
torch processions marched
with the one-only-saving gospel
swords were raised like crosses
indulgences were swelling in pouches
the resistant ones we scurried through the streets
filling holes with twitching heresy
and only the black dog of Navarre
in woman alcove survived the catechesis

the final solution to the Reformation issue
Rome blessed with the bells
The Vicar of Christ was minting medals
as we did thousands
for it is written *love thy neighbor*
and isn't *love Huguenot*

Translated by Krystyna Kilde

Piotr Prokopiak
We are all heretics

we are all heretics
dissented from a single trunk
in our own line
law-abiding
loyal inventive ingenious
thoughtless

deliriously mannered
reading Ecclesiastes
and doing our thing
fractions and reactions
conjuring independent time
serving messiahs
vinegar soaked sponge
only to feed a voracious god
devouring under the ribs
ever new philosophies
we heretics permanently distinct

Translated by Krystyna Kilde

Rafal Czachorowski

* * *

I saw a man
in an orange vest
who carelessly and fluently
waved his hands
in his government issued jacket
I thought he would alive
fly to paradise
but he didn't
he just took the shovel
like a cross
and went to remove
the snow.

25.12.1989; 21:25

Translated by Barbara Voit

Rafal Czachorowski
Stories of old folks

Old folks on the pale canvass
relate stories that smell
the same as books in the attic

they talk about love, war, home
articulating at the same time
long gone names

when one of the old folks dies
the other would cry with wild strawberries
that long ago I ate with sugar and cream
in the garden for the first time
listening to stories smelling
like pale canvass.

26.11.1990; 23:08

Translated by Barbara Voit

Roman Maciejewski-Varga
song for friends

my friends
the world is just one global village
Wołodia Wysocki didn't live in Russia
Louis Jurkowlaniec in Chicago
Genowefa Tumialis isn't Lithuanian
nor is Jean-Paul French
I'm not Polish, either

if we — together —
should sing Grażyna Auguścik
Ewa Bem, Ela Wojnowska, Niemen,
Cohen, Brel, Jaromin Nohavica
Tolek Muracki, Alexander Rosenbaum
in the sincere voices
I'll become a world citizen with you
a comrade of the united states europe
tiny ball in the universe
mother earth

I beg you in the most beautiful language of the world
with my soul's flickering:
do not leave me for too long
my fellow aborigines
when you're returning to your Vilnius
Strasburgs, London, New York, Paris, Warsaw,
Olecko and God knows where else

then the most beautiful of stars comets
always fall
from my private heaven and sink
in the scarred over lakes
of Olecko, Szczytno and Lemany

Translated by Ewa Bielawska

Roman Maciejewski-Varga
to slowly walk further

we shall wander along the road and further into the
world
we shall have a similar search of conscience
although the soul's grief returns
the same as repentance of sins – to the wives perdition
penance talks at the break of dawn and at the crossroad
our bundles on the stick – inconspicuous attire
children grown-up, but we're still in our infancy

Czech-angellic Jaromir Nohavica: first awe
then only creeps on my back
Antoni Muracki calls in his song about not to run away
from life
too early, but to come back to it
Frank O'Hara has left me with wings still ready
at the Conney Island beach
at Bay Ridge my sister and brother-in-law think up
creative adrealism, painting in sweat and tears
very realistic pictures, and in my yard
my artist-neighbor's index finger's swollen

flow big kid into that Thumbelina's
Peter Pan's subtleness – into ports friendly with silence
maybe you'll manage to save yourself from the globe's
cloaca
come to this place, sit with me in silence
it might turn out that unconsciously
on our infernally aching wounds
we've been pouring wormwood instead of the medicine

Translated by Ewa Bielawska

Roman Maciejewski – Varga
Frank O'Hara invites to Long Beach

I'm so sorry Frank
but we won't swim again together
I just want to add
your unnamed words
I don't want to go into the abyss with you yet

what does God do for these sick soldiers
where the Puerto Ricans at the Jamaica station
wanted to kill me because I was white
when I was returning during a Brooklyn night without
cash
with just a washed brain and some clothes

among colorful and white veterans
of the just, and then unjust Vietnam war
which was won by flower-children close to me
I expose my soul, I happen to be a therapist
I sweep at the American mental hospital
in the old general's small room I help to glue together
model submarines
the general who commands this fleet thanks
Holland is cool

I'm a waiter, cleaner among former
heroes of the best army in the world
who are ready to get killed for brief, intimate nearness
for a cigarette, a talk and some additional food

mentally ill, sailors, B-17 pilots
commandos, regular soldiers
snipers shooting children 'cause they carried grenades
I forgive and cry with them

I wash them whole, I put them to sleep in the clean
linens
I stroke their grey heads and toothless faces
they fall asleep, not understanding the Slavonic whisper

poems spoken in Polish

going to bed in roach-filled den, in the former garage
without windows in the 100-degree heat
I drink the cheapest whisky just not to go crazy
Jadwiga, the one from Lesman
hugs me

 "rather body uncaressed to toss to the wolves
 into woods after woods, than to not taste a
caress
 even with a monster"

American garbage uncle gave me
a bike without brakes
'to begin here it's a lot,' he says, 'I didn't even
have one like this one!'
when I ride it the next day the truck doesn't kill
I'm protected by God
and pulled out of the bushes close to New York
raspberry thicket

uncle dear uncle
how to stand up to toils in this job tell me
how to live here
with roaches in a basement without windows, in
the heat
five for an hour, as if it was none —

'you have your head and dick, so wangle,' my uncle said
my mother's brother

Translated by Ewa Bielawska

Roman Maciejewski-Varga
Bell Port (Long Island, USA)

to survive for five dollars per hour
I tell the truth a bit too loud
to the Ukrainian-Jewish-American boss
who even at the Sabbath
feeds ill elders agreed with fellows
with outdated food, so
it wasn't long since I've become a waiter in the
elder house
driven out to drags of cleaning fifteen rooms
toilets and bathtubs

I win the inmates' favors
sharing a word, chocolate or cigarettes
then they talk less about the unswept dust
poor-made bed
my indistinct accent
a toilet plunged too late

mutually
I pretend not to see Suzan
when she makes love to Norman in the hall at night
I see only Shakespear-like tragicomedy
of the clumsy moves of sweating
mentally ill
440-pound Norman

several days later, as customary, Suzan
in short skirt outstretched on the couch
shows around that, as usually, she doesn't wear her
panties
soon appear
filled with psychotropics veterans

they sit opposite from her, Norman brings roast
meat,
cola and pizza
they look into that place focused
in silence they put there grilled chicken thighs

the next day fat Norman dies of heart attack
my spirits are raised by Janusz Panasewicz
with the song "Warsaw"

what are you doing there and why
Panas sang to me
crying I shouted through the ocean
from that New York
to my tiny cottage in Masuria
I get the fuck back tomorrow

Translated by Ewa Bielawska

Stanisław Kęsik
Krubinski Garden

Krubinski garden
Like a table covered with lace
Festive quiet

In the sage carpets
And the white spruce lamps
From the East
To the elm shade

Divided into quarters
Of white birds from hospitals beds
- colorful arteries ways

Strolls in fall
Among split cardiac roses
- may be the last ones

the day is crumbling
by a doormat at the chapel
and hands are a long way apart

Translated by Lilla Latus

Stanisław Kęsik
Oscilowski Forest

Beyond home beyond a field beyond morning fog
There is Mazovia forest with a chronicle open
Where a woodpecker knocks back to heart
A pine song -lily of the valley in the sunshine
Knocks back to all sides

Dignified count's forest wise and warm
Already browned and longing with children
Full of berries humus mushrooms

Above the pond spring
With grass snakes' plaits

Forest with a broad cemetery shadow
Which repeats to trees and you
Last intersections trembling

Beyond home beyond a field beyond morning fog
There is a family forest with poem lamp

Translated by Lilla Latus

Stanisław Nyczaj
Any moment

I

Yes, I must be quite good...
since all elements calm down by me
and the treaded Earth has got such a temperature
that its ice melts on poles.

In telescopes
like in an old cinema
still the same funny rush goes on:
the escape of galaxies.

Raising my hand to say goodbye
I'm nodding leniently
but I don't know why even this gesture is taken
for my new threats.

II

Any moment,
in five billion years
our Sun will recharge
and we will have to evacuate
to another planet.

As early as now
I'm looking out for somebody
who will manage to get through
the interstellar ocean in time.

How will the natives greet us?
Will we take their knowledge
or will we impose on them
our own only rightful religion?
I simply can't sleep a wink!

Translated by Elżbieta Kwasowska-Jachimowska

Stanisław Nyczaj
In the complexity of the worldscape

Here I am
in this complexity of the worldscape.
Verify on every map where
stretched between the lines of latitude
I breathe with all my skin.
The glow of the sun equator
and the snowy poles spreads on my face.

Here I am.
You follow my each move .The aerials tremble,
the eyes tear a grey mask off from the screen
to uncover the colour of skin.
I breathe... You quicken your breath
up to music which hearing originates from.
The growing chord wraps its tones around us.

Translated by Elżbieta Kwasowska-Jachimowska

Stanisław Nyczaj
Man

Man:
the best luck
of genes' intuition

From day to day he got bigger and bigger
despite so many victories
of restrained elements

His arms grew
got stronger
in time
to fasten them around the glob

He erected glass houses
and some ranges of impassable cinder tips
in the background of lazy plains

He surmounted the nature
and went beyond his own limits
Any moment
he'll cope with
all sorts of expectations

Translated by Andrzej Diniejko

Stefan Jurkowski
Facebook

the deceased live on facebook
prowl around the web every day
celebrate birthdays
show up at parties

as the pictures speak
they are smiling
timeless
enjoy invitations

and arrange banquets
usually on the banquet menu:
ribs in cemetery sauce
coffin pies
and liquor on fresh angels
hellishly strong

the deceased
visit our homes
invite us to come
to make us familiar with
the exquisite pleasure
of endless banquets

Translated by Błażej Majsterek

Stefan Jurkowski
Rain lyric

Rain that falls today
reminds me of your presence
it does not remind me – you are constantly here -
just it makes you more expressive

your presence heats me and protects
from rain from clouds
gives hope for better
and that's a lot of
especially for someone of a certain age
when so easy to forget about the sun

so let it rain
because your presence by my side
becomes more and more expressive
sunny and protective
over the clouds

Translated by Błażej Majsterek

Teresa Kaczorowska
Other Polish Poets

Polish-Jew
Polish-German
Polish-American

What kind of poets are they

Jew
German
American or Polish

When returning from school
Burning with Polish bravery
A stone hit my back
Remembered a Polish-Jew
Mathematician from Tel Aviv

Thank you Lord for that longing
For the colors and deep breaths
Wrote a Polish-German
Poet from Lubek

I had a cool boyhood
Said Polish-American
Banished from Kolomyja
Also a poet

Dispersed all over the world poets
Retain in their work
Juices of their roots
Shiver of poetry in still pictures

Translated by Barbara Voit

Teresa Kaczorowska
Take Me to Erato

Take me to the land of poetry
let's take a horse carriage to Erato
just the two of us
on this crying black night
and behind us
your tux
and my dress train

Take me to the land of songs
on this moonlight night
let them play harps for us
and the angels sing
in the bright glow
with the stars of Muses
whose hearts give light to poets

Take me to the land of truth
so what that the carriage looks funny
and is not all true
enchanted
truth is in poetry
which directs us towards heaven
and gives relief

Translated by Barbara Voit

Teresa Kaczorowska
Truth Behind The Door

Truth is standing behind the threshold
dressed in veil
crumbly insecure
quiet
helpless

often cringes
blushes from shame
from loneliness

sometimes it roars
vigorously opens the door
enters saloons
violently exposing lies

no one is listening to it though
dwarfed with greatness they look up

Truth is a myth
Truth is relativism
Truth is a lie

now even more frail
more pale
Truth comes back
to its corner
behind threshold
behind the doors

until it extincts
and then
the world collapses...

Translated by Barbara Voit

Sylvia Gibaszek
The parable of taming

I'm waiting for you as if
waiting for a fox
who miraculously escaped from clutches of a
poacher

the fox is still afraid of people
still limping
licking his swollen paw
which shows a scar

Every day I bring him a basket of strawberries and
blueberries
do not approach close
I leave the fruit under the tree

I lay down on the ground
smell the flowers
read
I listen to the forest

when the fox comes
he is watching carefully

every day closer
we look into each others eyes

Translated by Blazej Majsterek

Tomasz S. Mielcarek

monsters

we were taught not to think about them
we annihilated them by splitting single atoms
and what was left speeding away
to those inscrutable multidimensional spaces
and uncountable parallel universes

eventually
we forgot that they had ever existed

until now

Tomasz S. Mielcarek

exhibit

(after Damien Hirst)

they were shown hidden behind thick glass
clearly visible
desiccated or in pools with formaldehyde –
succulent

cut lengthwise or crosswise
always definite and in the same time – equivocal
full of depressions, hills and planes
that composed hundreds of superfluous patterns

delightful, as if seen from the air
skin of the fertile valley
blooming
dizzying with uncountable colours and scents

leaving no doubt
carefully crafted composition –
endless combinations
only one code

Tomasz S. Mielcarek

Penelope

today is much colder
and your skin is cracking louder

fear is liquefying in your eyes so quickly
that nothing is left to be seen

you're drying up, alone
like a candle flame

stripped
on the window of the empty room

Tomasz S. Mielcarek

alone

first appears dusk

I'm looking inside but it's empty

I'm squeezing my face through the cold glass
immersing

drop after drop

*(I'm rolling between my fingers
the old photograph of you)*