

**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 what's 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 loosing  
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 leafs - 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 chocking 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 Thumelina'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 an 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' plaites

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 tressed 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**

**Sylwia 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)*