

U V W Y Z

**Uvi Poznansky**

**Vladan Stamenković**

**Wanda Stańczak**

**Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski (London UK i Vienna**

**AT)**

**Yvette**

**Zbigniew Derda**

**Zbigniew Milewski**

**Zbigniew Roth**

**Zofia Korzeńska**

**Zdzisław Antolski**

**Zdzisława Kaczmarek**

**Zdzisław Łączkowski**

**Uvi Poznansky**  
**Plucked Porcupine**

I miss the swish of grass and clover  
The crunch of twigs, no pangs, no hunger,  
That place is far--I must not pine--  
For a poor, plucked porcupine

I watch out for the angry poet  
I stumble back, too late to exit,  
She glares at me, at these sharp spines  
Her ink has spilled, so here she whines

I hate, I hate to wish her ill  
She writes this poem with my quill

Note:

This poem was meant, at first, to be a sonnet, which as you know is a form of poetry that contains 14 lines in four verses: 4 lines in the first verse, 4 in the second verse, 4 in the third verse, and 2 in the last one. For example, the rhyme scheme in a Shakespearean sonnet is a-b-a-b, c-d-c-d, e-f-e-f, g-g; where the last two lines are a rhyming couplet.

However, by the time the ink dried on the paper, the poem seemed to be missing a verse. Fittingly, it is a plucked sonnet.

Note:

You can see my paper sculpture Plucked Porcupine, here:  
<http://uviart.com/fpluck1.html>

**Uvi Poznansky**

**This Tissue Is Me**

Shimmering luster, let me try, let me reach you  
Layers beyond layers of red, all aglow  
With trembling fingers I touch... Flimsy tissue  
It comes down upon me, folding high into low

I dance with abandon, with no inhibition,  
Entangled in fabric, I can no longer flee  
Can't breath, for now I can see the strange fusion  
Now I know: this tissue is me

Note:

You can see my oil painting that inspired this poem, here:  
<http://uviart.com/ffree.html>

Uvi Poznansky**Late Lover**

A diamond short, a decade late  
I come to stand outside your gate  
Unlock and open, let me in  
Forgive me, love; what is my sin?

I fled from you across the land  
But now I ask you for your hand  
A decade late, a diamond short  
I can't imagine why you snort

My limbs are frail, my breath is cold  
I must admit I may look old  
I fall, I kneel, why – I implore  
You are the woman I adore

I feel so weak, I feel so brittle  
Don't touch! I may be impotent a little  
You loved me once – or so I thought  
Stop! Take your fingers off my throat –

Note:

You can see my oil painting for this poem here:  
<http://uviart.com/flatelover.html>

**Vladan Stamenković**  
**PENANCE**

They tested  
each of our glances  
each of our sighs  
and each prayer.

They forbade us speak  
of deeper scars.  
Up front they determined  
each detail of truth  
that we were learning  
too late.

Only feelings  
we buried ourselves.  
Voluntarily we determined  
Not to know how to forgive.

18.09.1996 r.

**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Vladan Stamenković**  
**OF UNNECESSARY SENSE**

*to the wounded warriors of Yugoslavia*

Today I hear the sunrise  
and I don't feel the longing  
of my eyes.

Often when they tell me about colors  
I don't smile but am afraid  
of green gray - green  
in which I laid for a couple  
of days in trenches.  
I fear this azure that I saw  
looking up and listening  
To the hiss of falling grenade.  
I fear the redness that I felt under the fingers  
that were too late to cover the face.  
I also fear the white of the field hospital

Only blackness calms me down.  
And covers me each night.

02.10.1996 r.

**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Wanda Stańczak**  
**Helplessness**

The invisible space between  
carries enormity of weakness

The scared eyes run away  
having learned not to lie

Down on my knees I change my silent doubt  
into a loud I believe

I give an absolution to each lie  
dressed in a cloth of hope

Eyes are looking with lie  
Eylids are not blinking.

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**

**Wanda Stańczak**

**„What Is to Be”**

Another day given  
wrapped in uncertainty of tomorrow  
I squint my uneasiness  
by hopeless acquiescence  
for „what is to be”  
And this is how humility  
raises helplessness to the pedestal

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**

**Wanda Stańczak**  
**Untill Tomorrow**

I am closing the evening  
by a cup of tea  
sweatenimng twice  
the bitterness of thoughts  
asking about tomorrow  
I am turning  
another page on my calendar  
using a plastic clip  
for hanging clothes  
I am clipping our „us”

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**

**Wanda Stańczak**  
**Gourmand...**

You ate the whole apple  
off me  
you thought  
that nobody  
will take away  
the pip

you have never showed  
any interest in tastes.

**Translated by Dorota Zegarowska**

**Wanda Stańczak**  
**Raspberry Juice**

You were giving me raspberry juice  
Whether I needed it or not  
for good health  
replacing sugar  
with a smile with an aroma  
of alabaster hands

you were giving me raspberry juice  
in a transparent glass  
once I wanted to sketch it  
and could not find a pencil  
with matching color  
you said with a smile  
„there is no such pencil  
I have colored this juice with love  
We laughed for a long time

Why this is not funny to me  
today?  
You colored it too much  
Mom...

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

**Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski**  
 (London UK i Vienna AT)  
**Prayer for Rain**

since I began to love you  
 it stopped raining  
 the sun has dried out the words in the mouth  
 the nights have become stuffy and cold

since I began to love you  
 the wells got covered by ashes  
 of unfulfilled moments  
 the rivers of hope have dried out  
 in the pupils of animals' eyes death has been lurking

- it wasn't to be like that  
 fate didn't foretell defeat  
 - first cry of the child  
 - first snow on the eyelashes  
 ever since I began to love you  
 I remember more

why don't the storm clouds approach  
 we have performed the ritual  
 of the prayer for rain  
 with songs and dancing  
 consecrating the dead land  
 with semen  
 menstrual blood and sweat

the rain doesn't come  
 but more and more of our tears  
 fall on the stone

*London – Hanwell, November 2010*

**Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki**

**Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski**  
(London UK i Vienna AT)

**There will be no space**

there will be no space  
- time has fixed the boundaries of the day  
love attained treason  
truth transformed into pain

there will be no space  
- light dimmed by stained glass windows long extinct  
stray dogs in the fields  
jumping at each others throats

this is the end  
frames restrict the canvas  
obscure the background detail  
the word  
the gesture  
beyond the background of the past

there will be no space  
- new life struggles with memory  
for today and the sense of history  
  
- so it wasn't a dream  
in which dogs  
whores and demons  
appear from nowhere  
in dwindling space

*London, October 11, 2010*

**Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki**

**Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski**  
(London UK i Vienna AT)

**Imagine**  
*Introduction*

imagine there will be no tomorrow  
the day will not be put out by the night  
pain will not enter the non-seeing eyes  
there will be no time though eternity lasts

there will be no child man woman  
no flowers love or this moment's despair  
there'll be no treason as we've already betrayed  
everything and everyone and ourselves alas

imagine there will be no tomorrow  
as if you crossed the boundary today  
non-seeing eyes fixated on void  
they're waiting but tomorrow won't come

imagine imagine this very moment  
here and now before today becomes the past  
you will say that we are although we were  
and if you wait until dawn wait also till night

*London, October 2010*  
**Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki**

**Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski**  
(London UK i Vienna AT)  
**Prayer for Rain II**

so only faith remains  
in the fulfillment of prayers  
and like our ancestors  
we perform the ritual of life  
every day making an offering  
for the rain to fall

there was hope already in the hearts  
- in the middle of the desert  
seeds sprouting  
- scattered by the sower's hand  
or maybe a passing bird lost them  
- why ask declared the sages  
and the people whispering stifled the words of truth

why ask  
- in the middle of inhospitable fields  
on contaminated soil  
a flower was born  
- beauty born in toil  
grew more beautiful from tears  
while we awaiting rain  
admired the rose dying in the vase  
- for there was certainty  
that the rain won't come  
as nothing could be brought back to life

so faith only remained  
and YOU with land still promised

*London – Chelsea, January 29, 2011*  
**Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki**

**Yvette Popławska Matuszak**  
**CAPTURING FEELINGS**

It's transparency  
of looking into an object  
sensing the situation  
and putting  
your thoughts  
into an image  
to capture  
with one look  
elusive moments  
and suddenly  
you notice  
infallibly  
that all muses  
ascending amongst clouds  
are fascinating

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Translated by Tomasz Mielcarek

**Yvette Popławska Matuszak**  
**Twisted and torn**

so it is alive  
somewhere inside  
thoughts bounded  
with my innocence  
I'm disillusioned  
with no hope  
and I'm reaching

for this notebook  
that is covered with dust  
only it can understand  
what I want to save  
from my past  
and distant dreams

because the sheet  
that's been twisted and torn  
cannot be undone

just like my sights  
and days  
that's gone

© Yvette P'M  
Translated by Tomasz Mielcarek

**Yvette Popławska Matuszak**  
**Wayward hills of musing**

Strollogy  
amid analysis of a pen

with soul  
on a steppe  
of the borderless poetry...

The motto of timespace  
my shadow

second I  
is my ego  
the status of life.

©Yvette P'M

Translated by M.M. Ogińska

**Zbigniew Derda**

x x x

*Jackowi Podsiadło*

at one time going north the Road E-17  
I met a young hippie girl she was waiting  
for God or some car we went together  
I was fishing and she said she made a supper  
stars were falling down right to our fire  
and sparkles were going up and die at day  
we were sleeping at seventh day I created a new world

**Translated by Karolina Górnjak**

**Zbigniew Milewski**

**autumn**

autumn came to the village  
spinsters  
they say that although she is rich and pretty  
is not able to buy a lover  
who will take her in the arms in  
possession

first  
artist idiot  
she took him in the potatoes field  
where they painted her in yellow  
then shades of red and brown  
potatoes giggled until the leaves got lost  
she gasped  
in heavy clips of rowan

now walking from one cottage to another  
give away bouquets of white and lilac heather

this is for so many of my friends  
the village is talking  
that whore  
the fool who does not take  
so I take in mouth  
as others  
her firm and juicy plums  
and spit out the seeds

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Zbigniew Milewski**  
(Warszawa, Polska)

**Goya painted naked Maia's body**

gracefully made sculpture  
anxious hips, willing breasts  
around of subtle perfume  
without her

**Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak**

**Zbigniew Paprocki**  
(Sieradz, Polska)

**x x x**

poets run  
naked  
along the pages of their books

**x x x**

at night  
turning off the light  
we care about nothing  
besides  
our words  
and our bodies...

**x x x**

in my poems  
like a child  
I move from word to word  
  
searching love

**Translated by Marek Marciak**

**Zbigniew Roth  
would if could?**

anything in life if I could change  
stop pain and poverty  
give bread to birds  
a flock of small birds  
how many maybe thirty  
which bird will be first  
I am able to stop death  
on its asphalt way  
wake up some dead souls  
warm the heart of yours  
heat the frozen bread  
keep the sun in zenith  
side effect of power bothers me a lot  
the sun stuck in zenith may burn there a hole  
woken ghosts or souls  
can request skeletons  
veins eyes or hearts... they may ask for more  
which soul will be first  
in the line for clothes  
in the line for flesh  
a circle not a line  
let's build a wreath  
of flowers and leaves  
wreath of hearts  
wreath of souls  
stand in the circle together  
all what mine is yours

**Translated by Blazej Majsterek**

**Zbigniew Roth**  
**Masked faces**

another day of  
fiery thoughts  
unspoken  
words  
has risen

outside the window  
the heat of the morning sun  
a pond leisurely cooling off  
a road through our house  
a wall built within us

people with a thousand faces  
each serving a different god  
masked lips tightly closed together  
will speak regret  
and terror

**Translated by Urszula Śledziewska – Bolinska**

**On the work of Zofia Korzeńska  
written by Anna Błachucka**

**translation: Marek Marciniak  
correction: Blazej Majsterek**

Zofia Korzeńska - poet, essayist, literary critic, organiser of literary activities.

Born in 1931. She graduated from the Polish Studies at Jagiellonian University in 1955; worked as a teacher of the Polish language and a librarian.

She has published seven volumes of poetry: The two edges of the time (2001), Pick up scattered moments (2004), must be a point after (2004), Walking through Nineveh (2006), Wake dawn (2009), Masuria ... Masuria (2010), Gifts of the moment (2011).

She has developed a poetry anthology of old age Fri "At the edge of autumn", is co-editor of the anthology of poetry of John Paul II, Fri You in us, Holy Father, translated Magnificat C. Arbelet evening.

She has published several volumes of poetry and reviews on contemporary fiction writers. She publishes at "Acanthus", "Radostowa", "Now", "Quarterly Holy Cross", "Know", "Sunday in Kielce" and the weekly e-[www.pisarze.pl](http://www.pisarze.pl). She writes about poets and poetry, essays and books on Antolski, Łączkowski, Zyta, Antoni Dąbrowski, A. Bachłucka, Herbert, Kamieńska, Ihnatowicz, Milosz, Piskulak, and others.

Zofia Korzeńska a unique poet, essayist thorough, ingenious editor of books and, above all, curious about art . It amazes her never-ending desire to learn, explore new ideas in any field of art. Literature, painting, music and film are the daily nourishment.

Her poems are my mental ambulance that is on the spot heals injections sense - being and duration of human on

this earth. Each text comes with great thought and wealth of life experience. Each phrase line is deep and stirring message of concern for truth and justice.

**written by Anna Błachucka**

**Zofia Korzeńska**

*Goodbye, Dear Poplars!*

*It can be resurrected together  
sometime in the New World?*

*(From the poem: Whit on fuel, poplars for milling?)*

*This poem I have in mind and I think that this passage should not be explained. Death of trees as given does not require comment.*

*And even with the Time:*

*Childhood and old age  
two edges of my time  
tense one memory buckle  
I constantly wonder:  
I - still the same but different?*

**Zofia Korzeńska**

**The stone that serves**

*When human memory wanes  
the stones will speak*

Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski

They say you are hard  
my Brother Stone  
cold and unfeeling,  
a symbol of toughness and inaccessibility.  
You trouble us always.  
Men struggle to reach  
the source of your being.  
Whence and when glaciers dragged you here.  
Your remains scientists divide  
into physics and chemistry  
Is this the end of your mystery?

No. There is also your age-old  
service to man  
until the grave -  
in daily life  
and in art.  
Your stony memory  
wakens millenia  
and human hearts brings to life.

*March 23, 2008*

**Translated by Janusz Ihnatowicz**

**Zofia Korzeńska**  
**A bit of happiness**

The cat turned on its instrument of happiness  
Wonderful purr resounds  
in my ears and heart  
like the organ in a cathedral.  
How can I join in the song?  
What organ to turn on?  
No longer can I hum,  
the bell of my laughter  
entangled in daily cares.  
But do I really not know  
how to find joy in life?  
Oh, I can, I can  
Like a stone I can  
for hours on end watch  
flowers and trees  
and a burning fire  
or the flowing river.  
And a cat ceaselessly chasing its tail.

After all, each one of us has in his soul  
a little bit of happiness.

*22 August 2008*

**Translated by Janusz Ihnatowicz**

**Zdzisław Antolski**  
**SUITCASE**

He came to us from the capital  
writer from the countryside holding a bulging suitcase

We thought he brought books  
that gave him fame and a right to own a flat

But he came for the scent of the apples  
stolen from the priest's orchard in the childhood

We walk him back on a railway platform  
with a suitcase full of fruits - heavy as stone

**Translated by Adam Antolski**

**Zdzisław Antolski**  
**SUMMER**

In the empty classroom  
sunshine is pointing  
with his golden finger  
on a dusty map

**WALK**  
Poem about love  
Ballooning wrapped up  
in words for you

**AUTUMN PARK**  
I'm wading in up to my knees  
in yellow drifts of autumn.  
surprised trees.

**Translated by Adam Antolski**

**Zdzisław Antolski**

## RAIN

Smoke creates a cloud  
drops flow on the face.  
Burned letters

## TEA TIME

It'a time for a tea.  
kettle locomotive.  
quiet whistle

## SUN IS A WRITER

Sun on the table  
writes a new poem  
with his ink of light

## LONELINESS

knocking of falling chestnuts,  
Love has already moved out  
This town is dead.

Moby Dick?  
Swimming whale  
of white cumuluses.  
Ocean of heaven

**Translated by Adam Antolski**

**Zdzisław Antolski**

BOX FROM THE ATTIC  
Souvenires from the paradise  
before we were banished  
to an adult life

THE PORCH IN SPRING  
Butterflies on the glass  
moving stain of wings  
we're taking off

THE ORCHAND IN AUTUMN  
Apples are falling,  
hollow knocking  
boots of autumn

**Translated by Adam Antolski**

**Zdzisława Kaczmarek**  
**Vincent van Gogh to his brother**

Dear Theo  
I live in Arles in the small  
yellow house  
still open  
my hungry windows  
waiting

Dear Theo  
I am no longer the same  
Paul Gauguin arrives but  
I know  
his loneliness is another land  
and will soon have to leave

Dear Theo  
I'm tired  
My palette is still thirsty for the sun  
as for blood  
tremble in the air landscapes of fields  
in convulsions of olive trees and cypresses  
climb into the sky  
green flames

Dear Theo come here  
banish those voices  
I'll give you white roses  
irises  
a few heads of garlic and wine barrel  
and bouquets of suns burning in me  
replace them with bread and cheese  
jug of olive oil

Dear Theo

I feel like an empty chair  
like abandoned by foot booties  
they say I am crazy  
they do not want my sunflowers

I escape from here  
just say goodbye to my guardian spirit  
postman Roulin and his good wife

Dear Theo

I write to you from Auvers  
in time of flowering chestnut trees  
I'm alone and around  
voices uproar  
like a raven  
aggressive  
the eyes are cast  
waiting for dawn  
and the cereal box that I paint now  
fly the whole flock of ravens  
makes the sky dark

I'm afraid-my brother  
"I wish it is the ending"

Translated by Błażej Majsterek

**Zdzisława Kaczmarek**  
**Autumn**

it is the season of gold and red  
fattening wild hogs  
gentleness of fading deers

time of birds' goodbyes  
butterflies dying  
and writing poetry

counting harvest  
weighing sins

waiting for the first snow

**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Zdzisława Kaczmarek**

\* \* \*

I was born not where I should have  
I didn't sign up there  
where everything is for sale

I fell in love not with the one  
that was worth it  
and I believed not the right god  
so  
forgive me my son  
that I don't know how to show you  
which way  
one goes to heaven

**Translated by Barbara Voit**

**Zdzisław Tadeusz Łączkowski**  
**when I will be passing away**

when I leave  
then the nine-pointed star  
will fall to the ground  
not of platinum  
but made of metal  
a child will be born  
and in his hand  
there will be pleiad of planets  
goddess Euterpe  
on the ruins of Acropolis  
will quietly play on zither  
and brother poet  
great brother  
Spaniard  
whom I read  
when my mother's heart  
was breaking  
will wide open windows  
when I leave  
my dust will burn the street  
on which my foot  
will never flame away  
when I will be leaving  
I will hear one more time  
a note  
just like thunderbolt  
of Tchaikovski  
and then there will be  
silence of oaks  
in my childhood I used to hide  
in their boughs  
from evil

when I will be dying  
only rocks will talk  
and the wind will close  
written in pencil  
collection  
of my poems  
in splinters

*Zagnańsk - Warszawa, 19-22 V 2007 r*

**Translated by Barbara Voit**