

Adam Lizakowski

Adam Siemieńczyk

Agnieszka Herman

Ala Pisarska

Aldona Borowicz

Aleksander Nawrocki (Warszawa, Poland)

Alicja Kubiak

Alicja Kuberska

Andrzej Zaniewski (Warszawa, Poland)

Anna Klejzerowicz

Anna Łęcka

Anna Elzbieta Zalewska

Apolonia Skakowska

It's good to start poetry with Adam Lizakowski.

Danuta Błaszak

Adam Lizakowski is the author of more than a dozen books of poetry. His poetry has been published in Polish and English, but also in Spanish, Russian, German, Lithuanian Chinese, Hebrew, Byelorussian and Ukrainian.

In 2008 he received "LAUREL UNESCO." The award was presented at the inauguration of the Eighth World Poetry Day, which is organized under the auspices of the Polish Committee for UNESCO and the Ministry of Culture in Warsaw.

In 2010 he received the first place from The School of Liberal Arts and Sciences Poetry Award (formerly the Elma Stuckey Poetry Award) which is presented annually by the Department of English at Columbia College Chicago.

In 2010 he was the winner of "Old Father William's Fabulous and Curious Poetry Contest" organized by Caffeine Theatre in Chicago. Three poems were read on the stage theatre, "A poem about Fox", "A poem about Hedgehog" and "A poem about stork".

He received his BA (graduated with honors) in Creative Writing Poetry from Columbia College Chicago.

Adam Lizakowski
A Poem about the Eagle

Once upon a time there were two brothers, Lech and Czech, who went hunting together but each of them followed a different prey and eventually they both traveled in different directions. Czech headed to the West and became the founder of the Czech nation. While Lech traveled to the North until he came across a magnificent white eagle guarding her nest. Startled but impressed by this spectacle, he decided to settle there. He adopted the White Eagle as his coat-of-arms which remains a symbol of Poland to this day.

-Old Polish Legend

Adam Lizakowski
A Poem About the Eagle

(continuation)

The pictures of eagles were in every classroom,
public office, and institution which were scary for
gray sparrows, bread crumbs eater.

Commanders valiant, armies fully trained,
Police: male, female, uniformed and plain,
United against whom?
A few ideas that are not new!

Eagles are like shadows of you what you eat,
whom you kiss, what color is your tongue
and thoughts. There are poems written at 4 am.

When I came to America to find what I did not lose,
the wings of eagles wait for me on Logan Square.
I put them in the box of a violin. They are naked and safe.

Long live to eagle with silver eyes.

Adam Lizakowski
A poem about the pigs

For many years the communist government warned us
of the capitalist pigs from America:

The American pigs will eat leaves from our trees;
the grass from our meadows and roots in the fields;

One day they will sell us the rope
which we'll use to hang them up.

The world would be beautiful
without those American pigs.

Those American pigs sold us to Russian butchers
but there were people who would offer roses
if those pigs had the courage to come to our homes.

I always wanted to see what the pig looked like.
Do they look like us?

Oh!!! How we love those American pigs,
one day they will hear our cries

Adam Lizakowski
A poem about peacock

I read an Indian poem written thousands of years ago,
 about the peacock in which a poet said that the bird,
 "Has angels' feathers, a devil's voice, and the walk of a thief."

I read that poem in Florence,
what lips my lips have kissed,
and where, and why,
 I thought about that poem in Paris,
 walking around in the cemetery Pere Lachaise
 looking for the graves Polish patriots
 from January Uprising 1863.

I cannot say what loves have come and gone.
 In London, in the window of a bookstore I saw
 a new edition of the "Two Treatises of Civil Government"
 by John Locke, and the fog was everywhere,
 in my eyes, pockets, bones.

I returned to the country I called my stepmother
 which greeted me with indifference,
 sweet home Chicago, greeted me with unpaid bills
 salt and air always arrived in sudden pockets of wind.
 Still thinking about the poem of the peacock,
 written thousands of years ago.
 I cannot tell what time your life became mine.

Adam Lizakowski
A poem about the hedgehog

Nobody knows why the hedgehog doesn't sing
but I would like to hear him singing to his lover

How many spikes does he have?
And can we use them as a needle?

Why did the ancient Greek poet Archilochus say
"The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog
knows one big thing?"

What are his dreams when he rolls
in his sleep, in the apple orchard.

Adam Siemieńczyk

The leader of the literature activity Poezja Londyn

was born in Bielewicz (now part of Gródek), 12/03/1971 near Białystok. Now he lives in London. · An author of aphoristic texts, poetry, prose; · Drawer – satire, pastels; Painter tales about people. Author of the volumes: „Po wiedz mi kim jesteś”, „Pomiędzy”. He is included in the anthology „Ży ciem pisane”. Exhibitions (oil painting and poetry), among others. in:

Białystok: Teatr Dramatyczny, 2003

Olecko: ROK, 2003

Warsaw: Centrum Expo XXI, 2003.

Amiens:

– La Bri qu ate rie, 2004.

– Léo La gran ge -Fe de ra tion, 2005.

– FNAC, 2005.

Paris: Les Ga le ries Ar ti tu de, 2005.

London: POSK Gallery, 2011.

Member of La Maison des Artistes in France. Currently lives in London. There were created: „Elementarz człowieka szczęśliwego „Okruchy kropelki”, „Aforyzmyśli”, „Poznawanie Żyraf”. His poems have been published in.: Niva, Treuburg Post, Poezja dzisiaj, Miesięcznik. He describes the profiles of artists: po ts, painters, photographers, musicians. Publication, among others.: *Poezja dzisiaj*, *The Polish Observer*, *Tygodnik Północny*, *Nowy Czas*, *Magazyn Lokalny*, *2B*, *Nasze Strony*, *Brzmienia*.

Presentations, radio programs: Radio ORLA (London), NEAR FM (Dublin), Radio Ampol (Chica go), Radio WNET (Warsaw), Polish Radio Białystok.

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Adam Siemieńczyk

Touch

At first there is no even a feeling of it. The imagination can create its beauty neither.

It is in the other person, in a glimmer of uncovered knowledge, under clotted blood,

somewhere under coagulating lymph at the mere thought, behind the defensive gesture of withdrawing.

The atavistic expectation of fulfillment.

And then outlines of silhouette emerge. A face and eyes.

Some move. Some tone of voice, which is not a conversation yet.

Some rhythm of breath. A glance. Shapes of lips and cheeks.

Hesitation.

A step towards each other. And coming back to our own discoveries.

An invitation for a journey. The first common space.

A story turned into a conversation. An exchange of sentences

And understandings.

Generated energies won't wear out at once.

The words stay.

Reading and naming meanings from particles. Uncovering sensibilities. Uncertain answers.

A convergence of esthetics. Fairy tales, myths, imaginations.

Hoping for a meeting. Trembling. Does this world exist?

Is there only this first microsecond of a novel?

Being, which leaves the awareness of desire to be.
Words and words again. Trembling uncertainties. Answers.
This unknown feeling of intimacy.
Another meeting. A sense of the other person. Gestures.
Acceptance. Findings.
Music. A distant dream. Being together. Looking at the world
from one common point.
An exchange of clumsy dreams and embraces leading to
closeness.
Feeling the warmth. Close shapes of bodies.
The hour of dream. Everything becomes awaking.
Bent necks. Closed eyes can see. There is no imagination, just
feeling.
Warmth, smell and pureness mingle together.
Trembling turned into calmness and left the cheeks at the
moment of intimacy.

Translated by Magdalena Chojnowska

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Adam Siemieńczyk



- Why is it so difficult to say something?
- It is difficult only when you don't believe you live in the world of imagination.
- Exactly. I'm in it, and I'm afraid there is something different an eyelid away.
- Sometimes it is enough to raise the eyelids a little to notice a glance, and see another world there. Combined imaginations. Nothing is more real.
- You said Sometimes, so when should I open them?
- Sometimes means by means of time. Time is endless, but it passes. In order not to kill it, you have to do this now

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Adam Siemieńczyk



- Let me see it through a roll of paper.
- Why not through the folded hands?
- To impregnate the world with literature, before it reaches me, and let my vision draw a grain of imagination.
- So, is it all only about the record and creation of seeing?
- Well, I don't know. Perhaps I cut myself off slightly. Maybe it is a matter of focus. I want to look at something, only at that, to have a close-up not an enclosure.
- So?
- I can use my palms, with an orange glow inside. My hands will soak up light then and a gaze will have more of myself.
- Look.
- Do the same.
- Only a glance.
- Now do we have the whole world in our hands?

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Agnieszka Herman
Human II

Insane guide of the handicapped herd,
you were able to connect land with land through an
underwater tunnel,
get to earth's core, to suburbia of the universe,
and those who live themselves are you able to change
back?
On the power of mercy of the king, to joy of the masses,
you let elements loose from under closed eyelids
and it is increasingly harder to believe that something will
happen
there where animal ends and begins Human

Translated by Ula de B

Agnieszka Herman
Human

You say it sounds proud - Einstein, Czajkowski, Gandhi.
In heavens, he hung up satellites like stars.
Quarks, computers, grafts,
skyscrapers (modern towers of Babel).
Civilization and nature wrestle each other using fists.

I say it sounds gloomy - Hitler, Stalin, Mao.
Armed armies growl in deadly grip,
religions dipped in blood,
elongated old age in homes for the lonely.
The scream of fright as knife marks the future.

Translated by Ula de B

Ala Pisarska
December Morning

December morning drew the curtain,
and started day's spectacle.
Everyday happenings ran onto the stage,
and I stand among them.
I stand bare, trembling and helpless...
Which way to take a step?
So I open my arms but I am afraid
to scare away the dreams.
Strong heartbeat gives me courage
and I hear the whisper from the depth of soul:
"pick up this leaf that no one stepped on yet
and hold it to your heart in silence."

Translated by Barbara Voit

Ala Pisarska
Penetration of thoughts

First a thought went into the unknown
far away from the noise of the street
it was stopped by the familiar path
that went along the Drweca river

- go this way - it showed the direction
toward the boulevard on the beautiful lake
- only bow to the familiar birch tree
and smile to the troubled water

the thought listened to the whispers of nature
directing its steps straight onto the pier
suddenly the eyes noticed other eyes'
surprised friendly glance

both thoughts trembled with joy
embracing this friendship.

Translated by Barbara Voit

Aldona Borowicz

ACCORDING TO POUSIN AND GUERCINO

winter is happening: with constant dying and eternal mourning
I'm freezing in disperse of everyday, and when the pulse slows
down

I shall become a glacier of some unknown land and darkness

...

then will come tomorrow and others, and so on, in all eternity
today is nothing but a salty trace on snow: negligible episode

between the jingles of little waving glass bells,
I will sing an anthem, unnecessary for a long time,
because there, at the event horizon, time flows differently

here night is darkening, plained with wings of the bat
with a blessing, when an hourglass fights with a flow.

winter is still happening, herdsmen are penetrating a woman
looking down her skull, and reading an entrance to the cave

and even I lived once but now I am in arcadia
thus I fall asleep before a picture in a ghostly vision
Im perceiving depth of the window and the golden eye form afar

I feel breath, I'm touching a warm hand. Night is happening

Translated by Adam Antolski

Aldona Borowicz
THE WALK

My Dog takes me for a walk after midnight step by step,
through the avenues, on the same leash meditating over
whims of senility.

when the full moon sparks high up in the sky, snow cracks
The area is filled with our breaths.

Animals tend to cry, when they feel death

However Trotyl vanishes in snowdrifts, eaten by diabetes
he has been chosen by the common God, who gave him
the grace of human disease

To make him more human and noble so we walk ahead or
we run towards a direction that nobody knows

Under the lamplight, we open the scrolls of mystery
waiting for the howl of hungry wolves.

and when we're coming home, we open quietly the door to
evoke the puppy years without reins

Translated by Adam Antolski

Aleksander Nawrocki

Barbara

You put your name between raspberries
Behind the heathers the deer smell your smile
To the ill cherry tree you bring a prince
And wolf's cry you frame in silver

A palm is smooching (?) to you with celebration
And a bustard breaks the jug and runs away
Patiently you collect the pieces teeth
In a beautiful mosaic day is lost thought

Everyone is living you paint the snow
Spider that once was a star

You put on your hand to listen to heaven
Until spring broke on twigs yesterday
And king ordered king's red to the rains
And I threw my burke from the hedgehog
I dig my teeth into dawn of the oak
When together with the juice of hidden raspberries

I drank your navy name out

Translated by Ula de B.

Aleksander Nawrocki
To Anna the second poem

Let the man coming back to himself notice
 What he is compared to all that exist (blaise pascal)

Anna our existence

Is merely a trace

In full weather of the world

I know this hand movement defines you

And the silence running behind us is defined by a star

By a pattern falling

You were saying: we are going to find a shore against

Passing springs where flowers hide

Scream of multiplying questions in the lips

And scare the flames of fear that peak behind the trees

And the birds will lift the clocks on their wings light and
 strong

You were saying: on a silent shore

We will forget about human's eyes

They are lost looking at the dance of the passing shadows

By throwing toy ships down the river

We will salve our time

From caprice of god

In love in suffering of earth

Anna with bright hair we are the fulfillment of the will
 that is not ours

And by creating love we look for its proof inside of us

Deep like a breath of the sea.

Translated by Ula de B.

Alicja Kuberska**A perfect man**

I was late.
I added my name
To the visitor's Red Book.
Most of the guests left.
I did not get to know them.
Here I am, almost alone in the big hall.
Sorrow - I will never see them again.

The trees from the Amazon
Went out roaring.
A few leaves on the ground.
The birds have flown.
Some feathers remain in silence.
Mammals and fish have disappeared.
A few pieces of hair and scales.

Lonely, sad planet.
I feel alienated.
I - the perfect Man

Alicja Kuberska
Ingratitude

It goes by many names, has different faces
 Wears a mask in the hunt for the naive.
 It knows only barter, nothing for free.

Like a thief it steals kind thoughts and deeds,
 to use and throw out later.
 It pretends that it does not remember yesterday.

It cannot smile and say thank you.
 because it is not taught in any school.
 Where there is emptiness in heart, everyone is the enemy.

Alicja Kuberska
Illusions

I'm sorry that I thought you out
 I created an unreal world
 Answering the questions knocking to my mind
 - Unasked.

I did not give you a chance.

Nights brought dreams, the days, delusion.
 I've been living in a dream, which, like watercolors
 blurred the reality.

Alicja Kuberska

Conversion

It is a pity that I cannot buy a new soul.
In supermarkets, there are no special offers
-New Soul! On Promotion!

The old is dysfunctional.

It is much easier to have a simple vision of the world.
Feet on the ground, do not have dreams.

Being greedy protects the heart
Life has a physical dimension. Ideals hurt.

Gain a prominent place in the rat race.
Dispose of sentiments, tears.

My soul is able to forgive.
It cannot learn to trust again.
It says it does not enter the same river twice.
Unreasonable - it pulls away from people.

Does not listen to reason. It forgets that sometimes
everyone hurts.
Eternally stupid, it does not learn anything.

Alicja Kuberska
Reversal

You are asking for a meeting.
 It's like watching a movie from the end.
 Look
 Wind puts the hat on the head of a passer.
 The overturned chair raises itself back up.
 A bouquet of red roses falls into someone's hands.
 A kiss -to greet you?
 -to say goodbye?

Alicja Kuberska
Lost key

You say that you love me,
 but in these words
 there are no roses, daisies,
 or the smell of morning coffee.

Somewhere you have lost the key
 to stellar gardens.
 We do not walk together anymore
 Along the night sky.
 We do not weave dreams
 on the reel of thoughts
 or follow the thread down to earth.

There is little me
 in the bills, repairs and new cars.
 I go through life barefoot
 barely touching existence.

Alicja Kubiak
The Evening

a heart still restless
 a thought isn't peeping at a dream
 somewhere afar a dog is howling

eyes want to uncover the night
 from somewhere the nightmare will come
 afar the lights of the motorway are twinkling

a hand want to write a poem
 wind is whistling quietly
 is ringing in the angles of the frames

Translated by Agnieszka Mąkinia

Alicja Kubiak
To you

we will meet
 on the fields
 of tranquil words
 couriers
 of the world

by means of clearance
 in salt of the Earth
 to lose ourselves

Translated by Agnieszka Mąkinia

Alicja Kubiak
The Sculpture

To Kazimierz Rafalik

brass is the king
 stone is the throne
 solid is imprisoned
 by a special form

a phenomenon is putting
 its wings together to the wind
 the flight assigned by heaven
 where the beginning and the end

Translated by Agnieszka Mąkinia

Alicja Kubiak
Eyelids

pain is knocking
 a scoundrel behind the back
 it is sticking its clothes into its victim
 is fraying it, rolling into an embryo
 with the heaviness of the stone
 it is staying and reminding

The night is brighter
 Without the cover of the eyelids

Translated by Agnieszka Mąkinia

Andrzej Zaniewski
Evil the closest

If you want to get to know evil in it you must
participate
If you want to get to know evil stroll through its streets
If you want to get to know evil speak its language
Who the evil is you will know when you understand
That it could have been you and you could not be against
You did not fight did not protest
You could not did not want to were afraid and
surrendered
Tamed evil
Ravishing evil
In suffocating town of dying thoughts
You will become your own Charon

Translated by Ula de B

Andrzej Zaniewski
Memo to meat devourers

Remember
The time is coming
When all animals
That you killed or ate
Will gather on your bedside
And will watch as you die

Translated by Ula de B

Anna Klejzerowicz

translated by Urszula Śledziewska-Bolinska

Prologue 1

Tokyo, Japan, 1905

Dusk has finally fallen...

This time, he didn't take a rickshaw or get on one of the many horse ridden omnibuses that travelled the streets of Tokyo, or Edo, as many of the more conservative residents still called the city. He didn't take a streetcar, a new means of transportation with just a couple of routes opened only two years earlier, as few passengers rode it. Someone might remember him.

It wouldn't be difficult to notice a tall, blond European on an almost empty streetcar!

Even though more and more Europeans were visiting Japan, they still attracted attention.

And he certainly didn't want to be noticed that evening...

He preferred to blend in with the crowds under the cover of the night. He often complained while talking to friends, that you could no longer enjoy peace and quiet on the streets of the city, neither during the day nor at night. As soon as Japan decided to become westernized, it wanted to be more "Western" than the West itself.

Today, the hustle and bustle of the city was very welcome. He moved stealthily through the streets of poorer neighbourhoods, subject to occasional harassment, swearing, and at risk that the local thugs might throw stones at him. He was passing long rows of rickety shacks of the poor and the tiny houses with miniature back yards where the local merchants lived.

The streets were narrow and unlit and only occasionally did someone holding a lantern pass him like a firefly.

There were many ditches and building materials strewn everywhere as this amazing city has become a construction site in the past few years. He had to be really careful not to

trip and twist his ankle. He didn't complain though. He chose that route. Only when he reached the more modern areas of the city, could he no longer avoid the intrusive light of gas street lamps.

He pulled his hat down over his face but nobody was paying attention anyway. The buildings

In that part of the city were mostly new, made of brick, with European design. The streets were wider, full of traffic and the constant rumbling of the passing rickshaws, clapping of the horses' hooves – usually a source of irritation – today were welcome, as was the colourful, noisy crowd.

After the recent victory over Russia, the city was still in a state of euphoria. There were the Japanese dressed in the traditional kimonos and the Western bowler hats or - for a change - in elegant suits worn with Japanese clogs; as well as groups of European gentlemen and American officers looking for nightlife entertainment. An ancient Japanese woman holding an open European umbrella, despite the pleasant autumn evening, bared her painted black teeth at him. He shuddered. An old, horrible tradition, luckily disappearing.

- *What time is it, sir?* – Suddenly he heard the question coming from somewhere down below, asked in a shrill child's voice. He nearly tripped over the youngster. Not far away there was a little crowd of giggling children. Irritated, he felt like pushing the boy away. Japanese children often teased white men like that. They wanted to see a pocket watch up close. They didn't really care to know what time it was. What a nuisance. Still he resisted the growing impatience and took out the watch. The excited children surrounded him at once exchanging comments in their strange, barking tongue... When he finally managed to free himself from those little, yellow devils, he looked at the face of the watch and snapped it

shut. He had to hurry.... A few minutes of brisk walking and he was on Ginza Street.

It was a wide avenue leading to the railway station – Shinibashi, the first station to be built in the Western manner. Treed with rows of young willow trees, surrounded by huge colonial style houses, equipped with stone pavements, it has become a place close to the European heart. Expensive restaurants, bars, tea houses, private schools, residences and warehouses belonging to rich salesmen have found their place here. The street, lit with electric lights, was nice, noisy and lively, criss-crossed with the rails of electric streetcars. He even saw an automobile with a napping chauffeur inside parked in front of one of the buildings. Most likely an important government official came to this area to enjoy heavenly relaxation or to do business.... Fashionable European clothes, fancy hats and elegant manners of the capital city high society were dominant among passers-by. He quickly looked around.

From the novel „Cień Gejszy”;

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Kryminał miejski z Gdańskiem i sztuką w tle.

Anna Łęcka
Sliver of sky.

In life there are various moments,
bad, dark from excess of grief.
Colorful like butterflies.
Memories take flight,
so that in a moment by the Milky Way,
... they turn into dreams.
Those don't know each other yet,
they escape fate,
sometimes they pass each other,
they don't find their harbors,
They look for straight roads, winding,
they sail like clouds in the blue expanse.
Unforgettable moments,
stopped at the edge of the sky,
our sky, full of sun.

Translated by Chris Reynolds

Anna Elżbieta Zalewska
Questions about suffering

Nobody does not understand
dying bird
yelp of a dog foreboding
a fright of a day
frightened roe deer running
over dangerous road
woman
being in a hidden scars her suffering
a child
without brightness of a day
and a love
dying by night.

Traduit de l'anglais par Catherine RÉAULT-
CROSNIER

Anna Elżbieta Zalewska
Palms

There are palms which cherish a suffer.
There are palms which sew.
There are palms which bless a still.
There are palms which cut bread.
There are palms which let go a white butterfly

In spite of a tremendous outcry of a child.

Traduit de l'anglais par Catherine RÉAULT-
CROSNIER

Apolonia Skakowska
(Vilnius Lithuania)

love

Love ...
This is a warm breeze
That gently caresses

Love ...
is the apple blossom
In which the spring is located

Love ...
a bird's nest
In which a small bird in nest

Love ...
how hope
Which brings good news

Love ...
This is a carousel
Which quickly turns

Love ...
The children's face
That touch us fondles

Love ..
A goblet of wine
In which the whole world is

Love ...
This is a leaf of autumn
What rustle in yellow

Love ...
Is a silver thread
Which in the cycle of life twists

Love ...
This is our heart
That in the whole world fits,

Vilnius, January 30 1998 years

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Apolonia Skakowska (Vilnius Lithuania)
Prayer

Whether you're at home or at Monte Cassino
 Where red poppies bloom
 Always remember your prayer
 I am a Pole

If fate will throw you into unknown countries
 On the distant island of Ithaca
 Always remember your prayer
 I am a Pole

Or storms will grab you and let you down
 To the islands of the Archipelago
 With honor and pride to repeat a prayer
 I am a Pole

If you live in the far distant from your country
 And you are called a man of the End of Word
 Your prayer is a hundred times stronger
 I am a Pole

Remember that we have a white-red flag
 Which has a very great strength
 And the mouth whisper a prayer
 I am a Pole

Remember that the white eagle nest
 Embrace every all around fellow
 And you prayerfully return to the country
 Repeating the prayer I am a Pole

Vilnius, January 24 1998 years

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak