

Barbara Jurkowska (Warszawa & Baltic Sea, Poland)

Barbara Mazurkiewicz

Barbara Orlowski ((Krefeld, Germany)

Barbara Osuchowska (Warszawa, Poland)

Barbara Voit

Błażej Majsterek

Bohdan Urbankowski (Warszawa, Poland)

Bohdan Wroclawski (Warszawa, Poland)

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak (London, UK)

BARBARA JURKOWSKA
(Warszawa & the Baltic Sea, Poland)

Barbara Jurkowska
Talking to the Sea

I will tell my story to the sea
thoughts opening to space

I will tell of joy
like amber
held within
our everydays

I will tell of depths of sorrow
tears
regret remaining
not dispersed by winds of time.

And sea
bookmarked by waves
tells stories
roars gossips
still about itself.

Translated by Anita and Andrew Fincham

Barbara Jurkowska

□ □ □

I saw the sea
enclosed
within torn shores
and the horizon's even line

approaching slowly
and it
ran to me

engorged sand
made moulds
of my feet
and
waves with care
covered each trace
of our encounter.

Translated by Anita and Andrew Fincham

Barbara Mazurkiewicz
Praying can be inadvertently

At the edge of the earth where
with fluttering wings injured
cock his song begins.
Just like years before,
attic silent blue.

So, what with me for a poet
Since I cannot paint a word.
I went into the garden, lured
by the birds' singing. So little
I mean, among the chorus of flowers.

I walk along the paths, which
God has appointed me.
And his raised hands,
Church tower and bell.
The stained-glass burning humility
which incense is burned.

Translated by Alicja Kuberska

Barbara Mazurkiewicz
FAITH

If you ever cry
If you've ever suffered
If you ever loved

Surely you know what happiness is
It goes behind you like a shadow, which you do not notice

Just a small gesture
Just a smile
Just a handshake

Because there are people who are waiting for it

In orphanages - teary faces
In care homes - elderly dejected
At home, fathers - brothers busy

Thank God for the days before the advent

For the light that you saw
With a voice that you heard
With flowers that smell
If you feel that you felt

If they closed the main door, go to the side
Behind which lies the same thing.

Only there will not open, where you do not knock
Only this will not come home, if you do
not believe that it will
Only the lucky trample those who do not look at your feet
Only this has reality, who does not receive power

Start a journey down the narrow path, it leads to a wide
road.

Translated by Alicja Kuberska

Barbara Mazurkiewicz
LADY IN RED

I set off briskly stairs of the rainbow,
The world looks at me and listen.
Time monsoon ended,
Smile on his face lit up.

There is no trash, that the coffin!
Nothingness lay underfoot.
Sorrow, the trumpets sounded,
Defiance gives signals.

Look in the mirror - you're beautiful!
Spin words like a dress.
In the red is my face,
Spring with the birds sing.

They cannot poison the air,
It is to be a concert for two hearts.
I let myself whine at the door.
Jackals for losses numbered.

Translated by Alicja Kuberska

Barbara Orlowski
((Krefeld, Germany)

Butterfly whispers

Bouquet of wild flowers
I put on the threshold instead of the letter
I dry my hair
Let's go for a walk
There in the meadow
Butterflies are flying again
Butterfly dreams
And whispers of wild flowers
Morning smell rises up
With the first
Morning sun rays.

12.09.2012

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Orlowski
((Krefeld, Germany)

Sometimes the angels cry

When angels cry sometimes
Pearls falling from the sky at our feet
And brighten their luster
Way to the mystery.

When angels cry sometimes
Prowling around the empty fields
And wandering songs resound
Crash into the mountainous canyons.

16.03.2013

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Orlowski
((Krefeld, Germany)

Angels are flying

Where valleys are hidden
Between the mountains
Angels meet for talks
And you can hear their whispers
Which echoing bounces
The tops of the hills
They gather there
My Angels
Where I am with my
Thoughts and my heart
Angels are flying run in circles
Angels happy and smiling.

11.01.2013

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Orlowski
((Krefeld, Germany)

In gratitude to the poet

Into poetry comets
From around the world
Included are the feelings
Our longing
Marked trails
Between the vertices of
Our lives
Give signs with flashes
And moving
Between verses of poems
At the time of the event.

01.01.2009

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Orlowski
((Krefeld, Germany)

Comet

Comet trail sets
certainly
I'll hear in the silence,
these dreams
and fragile dreams,
will warm the heart,
whispered tenderly
and sprinkle with silver,
glow fades
stars buzzing
and stellar piece of heaven.

01.03.2011

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Orlowski
((Krefeld, Germany)

Enchanted words

Sensitivity of my soul
I reach further and further ...
Without limits and without end
Plain words,
Smoothes wrinkles
Arising out of the soul.
I feel and understand
With thought wise, sanded
Stones of my fate,
And tender words
Soft as a spider's thread
Recognized in a poetic reflection.

10.02.2010

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Barbara Osuchowska
Letters

Silent drops of red
Sounds of impatient whispers
Are there some letters?

Wings of belief carry
Letters to dead soldiers
Torn sheets of paper embrace
Like shrouds
Dark crosses of despair

Translated by Susan Rippe

Barbara Osuchowska
There is

There is a clenched fist
Shaken in bandits' face
There is maturity
That never forgives
Felony
There is a mound of soil
Taken by emigrants
From tombs of parents
There is a stone
With which David
Will hit Goliath

Translated by Susan Rippe

Barbara Osuchowska
About the sunset above the sea

in memory of Joseph Conrad

Seagulls' screams call the imaginary
And I see the ancient words
Already on the sky-blue waves
The crimson vessels race

The sea is their cradle
Dark abyss is their thumb
Wives of the Vikings never cry
Feminine weakness is their strength
The Poseidon's music rings on
The hum of the sea's shells and horns
For there's a need for a new offering
To the ancient gods

A young man stands on the shore
Listening to the voice of waves
He talks to his the ghost of his father
He raises his steel sword
In the blade's red brilliance
The sun's firry death
The clouds as white wings
They flare as a pearly crown
So many men have died
As they left to concur the world

The vessel ready to leave
Stands in the port all set
Long centuries will pass
Till water returns its extortion
Human sadness is always alive
Sobbing is present in the night's

Here the story breaks away
Far from here the ship is gone
It's just a puny page
From my diary of sea dreams

Translated by Ula de B.

Barbara M. Voit
My Mom's Prayer

In the asylum of Mary, Mother of God,
On the island of Providence
I found a shelter for my family
And now I'm not afraid of Satan anymore
From my prayers, little rocks
I build a pyramid
And beg for health and happiness
For my family!

Orlando, Florida 2008

Barbara M. Voit
Life Instructions

Don't use two words
when one is just enough.
And keep quiet
When you don't have anything good to say.
When you experience eclipse of your mind,
Turn off the voice.

If life is a stage,
Then pick a role for yourself
And play it well
With the good share of humor
As it keeps us strong
During life's storms.

Have class and be self assured
Without being conceited.
Class is the inner discipline and wisdom,
It is never cowardly,
And gives you strength to live.

Barbara M. Voit**Best in Life**

To fall in love,
To laugh aloud incessantly,
Take a warm shower,
Sleep till you have enough,
Take a ride into the woods,
Hear your favorite song
Stay up till wee hours talking to a friend.

Receive a long awaited letter,
Find money in a pocket of your hanging slacks,
Go to the beach,
Have a cold drink on a hot day,
Take a long walk,
Feel a gentle breeze on your face,
First kiss,
Locking your eyes with a handsome stranger,
A warm hug from a child.

Barbara Zamaro-Falińska
Raspberries and mint

my body smells of raspberries and mint

I am not afraid of the night full of stars
of the sun's blazing wonder
that undresses girls from Mazury

my body smells of raspberries and mint
like a summer garden breathing
with juicy lust which returns
in the morning
every night ---

Translated by Blazej Majsterek

Błazej Majsterk
Nonexistence

i do not exist
created by dreams

my fears:
when dreams come true
the reality will push me away
when somebody is with you
you cannot hear my voice

your love:
being always together
me created by dreams
the real always with us

material and spiritual:
you
the real
and me

Bohdan Urbankowski
Eve

Lovers eve
Spruce branches on the table
Warm green fire
Which signifies home.

Lovers eve: whispers
And gifts
So small that one could hide them
In a tightened palm
In one lie.

Wishes not sure of each other
Like a smile through tears

Shaking wafer of tongue
On the lips
Shade of the cradle
Shade of the smile
Of a baby
Which was not allowed to come into the world
Lovers eve
Never falls on eve.
Only it only it is true by itself.

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

Bohdan Urbankowski
(Warszawa, Poland)
Erotic poem for successor

1.

Carry her over through the room
As if it were a path inside a forest
On the table light a rose
Good as a small night lamp
Then undress her gently
Off defensive movements
Off clenched hands
Trembling of her shoulders.

Hug with a whisper
And if some day she suddenly runs out of a room
run after her
don't allow
to hide her face
in your big hands

Speak words lots of words
All those
Which I didn't remember
Which I was ashamed of

I ask you
Whom I hate
Who comes after me
to scratch off traces of my hands
from her petty breasts
part her knees
I ask you
be good for her.

Bohdan Urbankowski
(continuation)

2.

I don't know
That you will love me
That she will tell you words
Well-tried with me
That in her hair
You will feel my breath
On her belly
You will come across
My hands.

And if sometimes
Drawing you inside herself
Till choking
She will be mistaken about our names
Don't think about me with hatred
As I have taught her
Not to be ashamed
of cries of naked bodies.

It's me
Who sometimes speaks to you
At that time I thought that
I was speaking just to her.

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

Bohdan Urbankowski

Third love

Third love - - the wise one
Knowing all grasps skills
Underlying its beauty with a lipstick.

Third love

Not being afraid of pregnancy sharp words ugliness
Cutting faces like wrinkles
Not threatening with death any more
Not desiring of immortality.

But it's not a third love my Dear
Even not a second one. With anxiety
Looking at a mirror and eyes in which flame of next day is
going out
How will we manage
The sudden first love?

How will we dare to kiss each other in a park
To cuddle in a dance among pairs
Younger ones more dexterous than us - -

How we will dare to be younger than them?
How will we venture to be the most beautiful ones?

With an uncertain cry like a sinking person
We fall our legs plait
At daybreak
The sea will expel our bodies on the shore
dead
will they not be afraid of death any more?

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

Bohdan Wroclawski
That which is no longer relevant

When leaving the gravel
The road leading through the forest
Opens me
Few passing by reality

Not all had time to process the story
Their weakness teasing landscape

A detailed
Can close up in a theatrical imagination
A bad director

There's a madness of young poetry in it
Trying to wander across the sky with the sun
And more sublime and mature

Yes it accumulates in our
Impatience
Knocks on the door timidly from fear
An old peddler

Sooner or later, accidentally stumbling along
Spreading a shrub promenade
You will find it crumpled in a tin garbage bin

It will continue to move with you
On a small table in the shade of the Baroque
Cast by the bedside lamp
At the keyboard
Of an old Laptop

Accrue the moment
Wherein the eyelid

Fall down
Phrase for phrase resort along coastal cliff

You could hide it deep into the oak drawers

But do not
You insist

Insist by reading of Lowell
Discussing with Freud
Arguing with Charles Bukowski
In a room filled with cigarette smoke
Ejected at the moment of Alan Ginsberg paragraph
Drinking wine with Jack Himilsbach

I heard the voice
Who came to you
From a distant youth
And perhaps even earlier
Completely close of the Middle Ages
Hosting in us
Civilized word and gesture

The turning point in the rugged hopes
Of a desire to be

And heard the voice
Which has attacked you over the years
Colored lips saliva frozen
Of the wonderful yellow sand beach

You're back again
Moored boat at the same reeds
Stopped being afraid of
Dark waters of the Vistula Lagoon

The short wavelength

Do you understand?
It is already late in the afternoon
The words come and go
Pain in their physicality next wave
Events affecting the sides of boat

Order of birth
Of life and death

Thinnest
The most colorful line of pathos

On board you drink poorly sweetened tea
Watched the sun
Disappearing
Behind the edge
Not far from the riverbank nearby forest

And all that
Which today has ceased to be relevant

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Bohdan Wroclawski
Whisper in the Fog

Look between our words
There is too much fog
its consistency
free of innervates
loses its breath and sharp eyes

still makes us forget
making us more and more
distant from each others galaxies

Meanwhile, in our darker sea
in which
non guessed space
of my body screams

sometimes weeps
louder
than prayer

the universe

still non cooled down
ash
just extinguished fire

resound in the
orphaned emotion
stun desert storms

and ever fallen from
desires

I know

words still mean nothing now
their flavour colour
melted in the mist encircling

just me prompter
oblivious to the

still screaming it into the empty stage
boundless in amazement

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Bohdan Wrocławski

Pain

Because you are still in this place
From which all letters return

And their blue hearts still pump
Deep all the way through horizons
I'm trying to touch you in one of my dreams
It doesn't matter which one

Maybe this one in which
dried ground hard like an Athlete's muscle
Thrusters out in virgin pristine of the mountain snow
Falls laughing like a waterfall
All the way to the tip of our lips

Again the pain is her companion

You could possibly start to like it
Accept his humanity
Existence of septic hospitals with whiteness
where by the help of weflons
It probes into the most hidden niches of the body

Or when it dives
Between the waves of your habits
It tries to convince you of the future trip one day you will
take
Submit to him - attach great wings
And you fly somewhere into the unknown
Geographical areas

The sun leads you to a giant gate
In which are visible engraved inscriptions

Of the purest humankind intention

Somebody hides inside
with a gesture of full professional indifference opens the
gate's wing
In the streak of a long ray two of you try to continue the
trip

You and your shyness
You hear a scream from the other side of the sun
This is your pain - protesting

Translated by Ule de B.

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak was born in 1958 and comes from Opole (Poland). In search of work she migrated to the UK. She now enjoys a nursing career.

Her poems were published on web portals such as Poetry London and Kronikarz-Citizen Magazine. Many works of the poet can be found on her Facebook profile. Bozena Helena's literary debut was the line "our love" (2011), which won first place in the competition of one line. This poem and many others, was published in the pages of The Polish Observer, Angora. The poet has released three volumes of poetry. The first "on the banks of the river called life" in 2011, the second "ticket to the Happiness station" in 2012, the third "on the departure bridge" in 2013.

Rows Bozena Helen Mazur - Nowak included in the Anthology of Emigration Poetry "Beautiful People Poets of My Emigration" published in 2012 by Adam Siemieńczyk. In 2013, will be released anthology, "Contemporary Writers of Poland" by Danuta Blaszak which will contain poems and poets silhouette. Verses author, translated by herself into English, published in the USA and the UK.

She was a poet issue in March 2013 in the quarterly "New Mirage Journal"(USA).

Her work has been presented in Writing The Polish Diaspora (USA). Bozena Helena Mazur -Nowak is a member of The Poetry Society of London and Polish Authors Society Branch II of Warshaw.

In July 2013 a book of selected poems in English was released under the auspices of the International English Association (IPPA), based in London (UK). This new book is a collection of love poems. It is touching, and lyrical. This collection is special because it establishes that Helena Bozena Mazur-Nowak is skilled in writing and translating her poetry into English. Her work is simple and accessible, but lyrical and well crafted. The poet has many close contacts with poets all over the world, and has been invited to participate in exciting international poetic

endeavors. She is glad that her poetry is appreciated and also understandable to readers without "Polish roots."

She was also invited by American poets, Frances Ayers to participate in an e-book "Tender Words And Vibrant Songs" and by Lewis Crystal to Anthology "FM Summer 2013". She is also a translator of poems by fellow Polish poets and examples of her work on their behalf can be found on FM An Online Magazine and in the anthology "Contemporary Writers Of Poland" by Danuta Blaszak, volume 4.

In March 2013, the poet took part in the European Poetic Dialogues at University College London (UCL) School of Slavonic and East European Studies.

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

*Every day throughout the world
a woman, wife, girlfriend,
waiting for the return of soldier
sometimes she gets an unexpected telegram.*

Telegram

Beautiful sunny weather
The whole world smells of spring
So you want to live

Doorbell

I'm not looking for anyone
You're so far away
I really like it when you wear the uniform

Telegram

For me?

With trembling hands
I cuddle up to my chest your name

This can not be true!
You had to go back in May

Sunny Sunday
World smells so beautiful
And I do not want to live any more

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

You do not ask me about the silence

It is difficult to tell the heart does not cry
For what is deeply buried in the bottom of
It is difficult not to write so that yearns for
Away from home somewhere in a foreign land

My memories are like icons
About which I care very tenderly cherish
Instead of lullabies for my granddaughter I tell
And pull the memory out of my head

Though my grandmother is not still living
But in my heart she and her hut on the rushing stream
I do remember well that hut was blue
A garden full of hollyhocks and snapdragons bees

Meadows carpeted with red poppies
Weeds in crops with which my grandfather fought
Blue sky above white-tailed eagle
And on the meadow I kites

White mare with soft nostrils
Head has placed gently on my shoulder
And a young colt behind the barn romped
I chased him with childish look

Perhaps I will never ever see up close again
What lives in my heart at the bottom
But I will write the when longing comes
And pull off from the heart what is dear to me

And you do not ask me more about silence
Because my heart is tired so much
Must release what is hidden at the bottom of it
To could come back with dewy tears

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Tears in the rain

Pregnant rain clouds
Hanging low you can touch them
I stretch out my hands catching drops

I like to walk in the rain
Then no one can see me cry
Flits between drops

People hiding under umbrellas
And look at me with surprise
I do not care what they think

Rain gently flushed grief
Helps cool down a break
Get back to life

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Wind

Suddenly it fell on me today in the garden
Where I sat reading some wonderful verse
The wind in my hair dipped their toes
And I tangled tresses are slashed
Then again gently rubbed my hair

Brushed my neck and shoulders flow over
Gently slid his hands under my dress
I flushed and embarrassed burned
And I felt like my blood pulsing in my temples

This scatterbrain no thought to give me a break
Getting nicer and caressed me flirtatiously

I whispered when he stopped dreamy
Come back once more mischievous wind to me

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Frederick plays piano today

You went out never to return
And the piano is still waiting for you
My violin with a torn heart
Fondly stuck to the lid
And these notes of Chopin are ready
To begin our concert for two hearts

Roses in crystal vase
You remembered that I like them red

Dusk creeping softly outside the window
Passing by the street lanterns
Tea is made for two

You are not here

Christmas again is knocking on the door
How am I to sit at the table by myself
Wafer and tears on a my plate
And Frederick plays piano today

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Waiting room

Stuck in the waiting room
I still hear faintly
Tomorrow just wait a little bit more
My heart sinks

Days are flowing and I'm still waiting
Time however will not wait
Milder autumn returns
Another winter goes

I am waiting
I can't breathe
I'm dying from waiting
You had to love me my love
Of what are you still afraid?

Now I have a silver hair
Now my health fails me
I long to get out of the waiting room
To go for long walks
To hear birds twitter
So love me or go away
Surely the decision is easy?

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Gulls

Beach today so empty
I'm looking in vain
Our footprints on the sand

Yesterday we were here together
Sea tickled our feet
Wind entangled our hair and hands

Morning tide washed away it all

The surprised gulls
As if to ask
Where did you leave your lover
Tell us where

Shells in necklace
Sadly hum

White sail on the horizon
As far away as you

Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak
(London, UK)

Happiness as a slice of bread

Take me for a walk along the river
On the meadow nestled into the edge
Where the sun sings from above
And the wind my raises my dress up

Pick for me a bouquet of wild flowers
Tangle love into it with a pink ribbon
On the bench under the fragrant jasmine
Read poems written in the spring

In the evening back at home
Let's hear the crickets lullaby
Under the sky that we favor
Let's have bread that smells of happiness