

**Barbara Jurkowska** (Warszawa & Baltic Sea, Poland)

**Barbara Mazurkiewicz**

**Barbara Orlowski** ((Krefeld, Germany)

**Barbara Osuchowska** (**Warszawa, Poland**)

**Barbara Voit**

**Błazej 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 fiery 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**

**Błażej 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  
Thrusts 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 Blaszk 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 Warsaw.

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 Blaszk, 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