

E F G H

Ela Galoch

Eligiusz Dymowski

Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney

Elzbieta Lipinska

Ewa Olczak

Ewa Alicja Słomska (Winterthur, Switzerland)

Ewa Zelenay

Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd

Henryka Wołoszyk

Ela Galoch
Summer

From my first love I memorized tales of my
grandfather and a kermes by
The forest- church
Snorting horses with checkered blankets harnessed
to a cart

When once a year magic stands were lying in
ambush behind the belfry
Luring by their pink cockerel
Turning small bits of sawdust into shining paper

A visiting monk was giving away blessings as if
they were candies
In front of holy water instinctively I closed my
eyes.

Then the miraculous holy medal from my
godmother silvered better
I blew on it so that it would not become a flake
- Pipes trumpets and crying of children did not
embarrass the procession
Sweaty aunts and their acquaintances cooled down
after the religious ecstasy.
And then all of the older folks drew out vodka and
chains of garlic's sausages

Scratching knees on the grass I ran onto pinnated
cumulus to meet
freckles of Jacek under eye-lids instead of stars

In my imagination starting a journey around the
horizon of hips and buttoned collars

Until hedgehogs were confused making paths
through the stubble-field
Though after fifteen minutes upon hooting for
mother one should come back
to the well behind the church wall

Where cattle have been watered being tired from
the heat
And on the Good Saturday -smoking hawthorns
an apples strewed in ashes in order to look at each
other without a novenna to Judy Tadeusz
Having in itself the whole of this festive scenery
Also a golden oriole with upraised tail sprinkled
with rain

Though it's not true that the first love is the most
important.
Among the forked willows I will still remain for a
moment
Because pictures ? in true life - they are kept mostly
in sepia
Leaving a husband to worry about an orange
thread
Extracted from the interior of a skirt on bushes of
wicker
Reminding him from time to time that I was here
with him in the motionless air
Apparently without a space and with a spark in my
pupil for faithfulness to
him from myself as a woman.

Translated by Danuta Ruminski

About the Life and Work of Eligiusz Dymowski

written by Zofia Korzeńska

translation: Agnieszka Maria Gernand

correction: Leszek Szymanski (aka Leslie

Shyman)

Eligiusz Dymowski: born, July 1965 in the Mazovian region of Poland, a Franciscan, Doctor of Theology, teacher of Pastoral Theology, charismatic priest, poet, literary critic, editor of the Parish Paper *Nie samym chlebem...*, juror in literary contests, organiser of literary activities.

Dymowski attended the secondary school in Wieliczka, then studied theology in Kraków and in Rome. He received his Bachelor's degree in Pastoral Theology at the Lateran University in Rome. In 2001 he obtained his Doctoral Degree at the Pontifical University of John Paul II in Kraków. In 1994 he was at the Catholic University of Lyon on a scholarship of the French Embassy at the Holy See in Rome. He worked as a priest in Pińczów and in Somma Vesuviana near Naples. Thus one might see that Fr. Dymowski is a homo viator. His basic characteristic is, more than of any other person – travelling; both in the literary and the mental sense, as well as the existential one. He moves through the world towards eternity, consciously and dynamically.

In 1999-2005 Dymowski was the president of the Higher Theological Seminary of the Franciscan Fathers in Kraków-Bronowice Wielkie. He is currently the superior (guardian) of the monastery, and a parish priest in Kraków-Bronowice Wielkie, and is involved in teaching, research and writing. Eligiusz Dymowski teaches at the Higher

Theological Seminary of the Conventual Franciscan Fathers, in the Franciscan Study Institute and in the Theological Institute of Missionaries in Kraków. As a writer, he is a member of the Catholic Journalist Association, the Kraków Confraternity of Poets, as well as the Polish Branch of the European Culture Society (SEC), whose vice-president he has been since October 2005. Since 2007 he has been a member of the Kraków Branch of the Polish Writers' Association - SPP (and since IV 2011 a board member). He also belongs to the Polish Authors' Association and to Academia Europaea Sarbieviana. He has published many works on theology and literature.

Eligiusz Dymowski has made his debut as a poet in 1987. He has published the following works

W cieniu drzew (*In the Shadow of Trees*, 1988); *Wołanie głębin* (*Calling of the Depth*, 1990); *Krople nadziei* (*Drops of Hope*, 1992); *Tęsknota do bezimienności* (*Longing for Anonymity*, 1993); *Cierpienie anioła* (*Angel's Suffering*, 1995); *W poczekalni świata* (*In the World's Waiting-Room*, 2000); *Rozmowa z muszłą* [poems] (*Conversing with a Conch*, a super-luxury edition in 3 copies - 2000); *W ciszy Boga, czyli kilka myśli na chwile codzienne* (*In the Silence of God, or: Some Thoughts for Everyday Moments*, 2001), *Okruchy poezji* (*Poetry Crumbs*, a Polish-Italian volume) (2003); *Przemilczenia - Umtold* (a Polish-English volume) (2005); *Wędrowki z Nolis* (*Travels With Nolis*, 2006); *Zerwane kartki z kalendarza* (*Miniatury poetyckie prozą*) (*Torn-Off Calendar Pages (Poetic Miniatures in Prose)* 2011); *Zwyczajność rzeczy* (*The Ordinariness of Things*, 2012). Also co-translation of Giosué Borsi's book (1997) from Italian into Polish.

All critics note the extraordinary appeal of E. Dymowski's poems, which consists not only in their

aesthetical values, but also moral and spiritual ones – I shall name them simply the characteristics of the Author's personality of emanating warmth and goodness. The critics also claim that poetry be beautiful, wise, deeply human, and at the same time very clear and simple. It reflects the Poet's sensitive soul. The Poet looks at our earthly world in all its complexity – in its truth and its lies, in its mystery, its beauty, its love, but also its sinfulness: in the good and the evil. The Author sees and reconstructs in his poems the charms of nature and all the beauty of the world – like, for instance, fascination with space and the possibility (or maybe necessity) of physically wandering the earth or even the cosmos ("the space seduces || like passion | twines around your neck" – as he puts it). He also conveys his fascination with various kinds of art (world architecture, literature, music). His sensitivity is open to the beauty of everyday life and activity. But he sees the misery of this world, pain and suffering, as well. Yet his poetry exudes hope. Above all, the Poet points towards God. He says: – You are *here and now*, you are supposed to enjoy the seasons, find joy in each moment of night and day that is given to you. But remember – it all passes away. In his poetry, Fr. Eligiusz opens windows to the other world. He reminds us of the eternity we are to head towards with hope, peace and joy, by getting closer to God.

This poetry emanates particular sensitivity to human psyche, faith, feelings: love, suffering, moral shame, conscience torment or discomfort, and to human sinful nature. The moral issues come here to the fore. Rarely can one see in modern poetry such frequent reference to the conscience. It may even be called *poetry of conscience*. The

issues it concerns are the more to be valued, as it is poetry at a high artistic level, truly excellent.

Fr. Dymowski's poems show, above all, the people - such as they are: in their beauty and ugliness, in the good and the bad, in strength and weakness. The poems sketch the picture of a man who suffers, desires, aspirates to something — but also sins, sinks into apathy, is manipulated, or standardised. Those poems show so much human sorrow, pain, fear, uncertainty and sadness, up to sleeplessness, so much loneliness, helplessness, so many tears, such weakness, anxiety, suffering... That is the human lot. But just as distinctive is the picture of the people as they should be, as they wish to be: good, and full of love. His is a poetry of subtle and deep experiences, philosophical reflections, psychological observations, theological statements and reminders.

That blend of delicate sensitivity with wisdom; simplicity with precision and mood, gives exquisite results in operating the metaphor, and thus gives birth to interesting, vivid language and rich poetic imagery. It also allows for succinct structures, even aphoristic ones. Those deep thoughts, found in the Author's poetry, are often surprisingly current. They perfectly reflect how the people of today act; they show the truth about their mentality, attitudes and faults. They give a shortest evaluation of the way people think, they give philosophical and moral evaluation, and show human characteristics and habits.

Let us note one more interesting feature of that poetry: the keywords, such as love, hope, faith, loneliness, travelling, conscience, sin, shame, silence, suffering, death, and several others. Because of that repetition, they enhance and re-interpret one another,

like the poems in Fr. Dymowski's volumes. Accumulated, they proclaim higher values, which are the essence of Fr. Eligiusz's works.

Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand

Eligiusz Dymowski

z tomu *Przemilczenia* (2005)

“Reading Hesse”

Tears in his eyes, he looked at her picture.

In the tired mind there bustled one

and only thought:

“Never again will we meet. Never again...”

and he was dying of longing like a beggar

Vienna 1995

Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand

Eligiusz Dymowski

in memoriam: Lady Diana

sometimes love will hurt
bone-deep
so that you just want to throw it out of the window
for the concern or joy of those
who never knew it

Rome, 6th September 1997

Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand

Eligiusz Dymowski

“***”

If you say: I LOVE
is that all?

It's not enough to divide the heart
into days and nights

You need to still differently
hug
lull
and fall asleep in the embrace

but that
you must spread out over eternity

*One day in Père Lachaise, at the tomb
of Abelard and Héloïse*

Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand

Eligiusz Dymowski

„The Host”

Seemingly –

small

swollen with lightness

and

all God

Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand

Eligiusz Dymowski

"In the World's Waiting Room"

(...)

*and I wait
in the night white from thoughts
I wait and am nailed
to cross-shaped boards*

Zdzisław Łączkowski

maybe we'll leave some poems
a handful of unnamed feelings
the dilemmas of farewells
wrested from the spider's hold
yellowed pages with fragments of letters
and the smile of chrysanthymums
warming their petals
over a candle's flame

Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand

Eligiusz Dymowski

“Rooms”

In the rooms of my heart
there are no empty walls
I hang
threads of imagination
to scare away those
who enter from time to time

Translated by Agnieszka Maria Gernand

**Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney
SIBERIA1940
grandfather**

There is a Russian kettle in your cabinet.
I didn't mean to but it wobbled out to me
Its tired blistered feet back from a hollow reef
Assigned to shadows.

What distances he had to go before
The world turned backwards inside the iron shell
He carried fastened to his head like final
Weight of the horizon he saw escaping him?

Some say he journeyed through the ocean.
Snow falling endlessly and only trees like dreadful
nurses
In white coats unmoved by all the colors death
comes in.

No use to shout one's name.
That land had sunk again again.
The living and the dead under same sheet of frozen
waters.

Your kettle will it ever boil it off will it let go?
Of depths in passing time I've dug a frozen skull .

**Eliza Sarnacka-Mahoney
The Muse of Creation**

it's a pradox of course that the matter
we spin from in our memory dance
of words demands the same attention
as a hair painfully tangled in a tree
or a bleeding finger

and is jealous of us wants everything
we can offer it from our tongues
traversing the silence of many forests
of our misjudged wisdom
of feelings (not) to (presumably) happen again

relief however – it will accept
most commonplace things: a hair tangled
in a passing star or a bleeding
inside we could have gotten nothing
but we did
steal freedom from the fore mentioned event

Elżbieta Lipińska
West Berlin 1976-1983

It was for you Berlin whistled
spiel mir das Lied vom Tod,
for me it sang with Yentl's voice.
Back then, for us both it meant
a freedom which could last a long while,
if only wound up carefully
like a clockwork orange,
though a warning came via
Alex DeLarge's viewpoint.
We would doze off fitfully in Spandau,
the very name arousing terror,
behind us, a wall stood in silence.

Their fear lurking in coal heaps along the S-Bahn.

Translated by Marek Kaźmierski

Elżbieta Lipińska

Vision

A bird took up residence in our bathroom last
night.

The feathers dulled, it looks all but dead.

I recoil from the idea of touching it,
close the door quietly, trying to sleep.
We both turn to lie on our sides.

In the morning, it is nothing more than a muddy
shoe.

Translated by Marek Kaźmierski

Elżbieta Lipińska

Dream diary 3

I've been to China.
I've been to China and it entered me.

Perhaps you didn't know, but China is
a self-penning poem.

It writes in me each night in black ink
with a well-honed brush.

Yesterday, it scripted Zadura illuminating
a Chinese road with a Polish font,
today it's Tilda Swinton, as white as snow
against a black backdrop of control limits.

They're taking it all from me. I feel like uncle
Tarabuk,
only that my manuscripts have been turned inside
out.
Hard to decipher.

Translated by Marek Kaźmierski

Elżbieta Lipińska

According to her

*A pig can't look up at the sky, it's neck is not built for it.
Victor Pelevin, The Sacred Book of the Werewolf.*

I don't get them,
but I apparently belong to the most intelligent of
animal species.
They walk around, gazes glued to the tips of their
shoes,
bumping into one another,
their lips narrow and clenched,
their eyes faded.

Even if they do raise their heads,
they rarely look up at the skies,
and if they do, nothing but uncertain smiles are
sent,
appearing like insects tossed onto their backs,
helplessly wiggling their legs.

Then they rub their sore necks
unlawfully reaching for the skies
and go back to their works.

Which sometimes involve killing.

Translated by Marek Kaźmierski

Ewa Olczak
Let me be...

I'm not a girl... Neither am I a woman.

I'm a certain painter's impression.

He created me from colour and silence
and the intoxicating wine of the night.

He splattered the paints right onto canvas.

Instead of eyes, he painted two moons.

With the touch of his fingers he gave me life.

When suddenly he was overcome by merciless
sleeplessness.

He talked to me as if I were real.

He fell in love with me. And soon he lost his mind.

And I remained an unfinished painting.

One of many in the cobweb of fear.

Too soon the paint dried on me...

The brightest colours faded.

Only the greyed walls in front of my eyes.

And then I felt the need to be a real woman.

Dreaming about love. Real love.

(A painter gave me life after all, didn't he?)

So I silently came out of the frame spraying
raindrops onto your lonely days.

Do you know now why I'm different?
Because I'm a certain painter's dream.
I don't expect anything. I just want to love...
And I yearn for your love. If you do, too...

Translated by Urszula Śledziewska-Bolinska

Ewa Olczak

Autumn

Crazy wind blew off
the leaves from the trees
some still green
but burning red
Frosty with gold.
Cold wind
cools the bodies warmed by summer
instinctively I hide my
cold tired hands
looking absentmindedly
into loneliness
and I cry.....
I cry for the time that flies
between the fingers
flies away
Away!

Translated by Barbara Voit

Ewa Olczak
WOMAN

I will once be a woman
that finds sense for her existance
on this earth in poetry
one that runs to the ends of the world
for self realization
And takes the wind in her hands.

I am only a woman
tired of fighting
For today and tomorrow.
I carry a heavy bag of experiences
not needed by anyone
Perhaps needed by me alone.

I was a woman weaved from a dream
light and flowy like the wind
wrapped in a silver shawl of hope
waiting for life's miracle
for love without betrayal
For a song sang with whispers.

Translated by Barbara Voit

Ewa Alicja Slomska (Winterthur, Switzerland)
boomerang

In the ruins of my own thoughts
I see you walk away
They're all gone
Now everything dies
We are already history
Curled up in a corner of the room
I can not have
Cry
And do not know
That I
But it does not matter
So I'll
Absolve you

Translated by Bozena Helena Nazur-Nowak

Ewa Alicja Slomska
on the wings of a butterfly

on the wings of a butterfly
I will raise up in the sky
with threads of cobwebs
I fall down in the jasmine tree
of smell of flowers
I will build a cocoon
and
survive in it
till the next meeting

Translated by Bozena Helena Nazur-Nowak

Ewa Zelenay

teacup

rescued from a tide of brews and infusions
thoroughly cleaned of brown deposits
with a worn gold rim delicately kissed
by guests' and neighbours' thirsty lips

a fragile handle with old-fashioned curve
an almost faded bunch of painted violets
an orphan rescued from a wartime blaze...
the last romantic from granny's teaset

I touch the porcelain skin
how many years this love has lasted... I can no
longer count

I pour more tea, as tart as the memory
with a teaspoon of sugar to sweeten it out

Translated by Graham Crawford

Ewa Zelenay
from Adam's rib

for dissimilarity
for temptation

from him
against him

ready to create
ready to destroy

consistent
inconsistently

ordinarily
extraordinary

each day
opens love like a window

curls up days like paper strips
powders the everyday

tirelessly
irons out life
like a Sunday dress
wrapped in a sensuous fur
tests her looks
in the mirror of his smile

in the evenings
passionately
wipes the shadow from the face

nights in scarlet lipstick
flick on the lights

when bad
falling tears - necklace beads
threading tears - rosary beads
his to the end
to the end of the world
Eve

Translated by Graham Crawford

Ewa Zelenay
moment

I'm still learning the moment
I am only a moment
it's all I have

here and now

once - is dead
tomorrow - uncertain
yesterday - unused

only here and now

the pleasure of presence
the joy of unity in existence
and coexistence

...I am

Translated by Graham Crawford

Ewa Zelenay

needle

first bone and horn - then metal
needle joined leather and animal fur
wove fishing nets worn by silver scales

a pin stuck in the wig of the Egyptian queen
pulled out of the lacquered bun of an exotic geisha
lost in a haystack, it wailed in a gramophone
drowned in white waves of fine lace

it pinned veils, sent voodoo curses
snow white fingers sewed on pearls
embroidered flags and stitched wounds
worker, artist, patriot, witch...

it joins the separate - patches the torn
darns the worn, tacks, unpicks
takes up and lets down, injects and transfuses
brings soothing with lethal pain
cures serious illness, commits genocide
deludes with narcotics, protects through vaccine
pulls out splinters - then flies into the cosmos...

kept in the hem of a net curtain, stuck in a pin
cushion
a woman's friend, and her enemy
the eye of an angel - claw of a devil
needle

Translated by Graham Crawford

Ewa Zelenay
my summer

my summer explodes in flames of nasturtiums...

my summer explodes in flames of nasturtiums
in curves of green stems of Art Nouveau

and leaves on the plates, silver drops of dew
beads of mercury falling into a furrow

my summer tastes of nasturtium juice
licks bittersweet nectar from a flower's spur

in the thicket of unravelable pale stems
counts the hard seeds in ovoid pairs

Translated by Graham Crawford

**Translated by Caryl Swift and Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd.
Correction editor Frederick Rossakovsky - Lloyd**

Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd - artist, painter and writer. He made his debut in 1992, in Toulouse, publishing his first book of verse, entitled *Avidite* (*Avidity*). He went on to write and publish more verse, as well as stories, in the columns of French magazines and periodicals. Ten years on from his literacy debut came his first exhibition as a painter, an exhibition which ended with great success, since every single picture presented there was sold. From then on it, his shows have followed a similar path and his characteristic, faceless figures, which have become known across the course of the years as the Noughties, adorn private collections the world over.

Frederick has also published several plays, some of which have been performed on the stages of numerous theatres. His best known play, "Confession" aroused enormous controversy, yet brought its author incontrovertible renown.

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd
(London, UK)**

Drowsing Demon

My Angel, lupine-toothed and black of wing,
Adorned in drops of blood with ruby gleam,
Unfolds by night a picture darkly drowsing
in my head. And whispers soft “ ‘tis but a dream”.

With candle’s flame and incense sweet - I call him...
His body awes, the blood like dewdrops’ cream
I lick... my thirst my snare, midst half-light dim,
I fall... and, whispered, hear “ ‘tis but a dream”.

Our bodies join, we’re lost to time and place,
for pleasant dreams will call forth memory’s lapse.
Non-being, rapture, close to Death’s embrace...

Yet wake we must... and let that death elapse.
The Angel fades to nought... and waits to face
me in his dreams. Or so I dream, enrapt.

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd
(London, UK)**

Inexpensive Saints Statues

The Madonna
has a thousand faces:
a twisted-off head, sometimes,
or a flickering eye.

A face adorning balloons,
and plastic medallions.

She can be met:
in churches,
on market stalls,
and in rubbish bins, and skips,
if the balloon bursts,
or the head topples.

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd
(London, UK)**

Questions upon waking

Is that the beat of my heart,
or is it yours, at my core?
Do I hide something, apart,
is it your oblivion's furore?

Is it love I am dreaming,
or is it love dreaming me?
Have I true chances, or seeming
is it just the day's joy running free?

Am I dreaming, or lost in reverie?
Is this real, or fantasy's flight?
Do I live alone, or with another in every
fulfilment, or hold fulfilment in fantasy's sight?

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd
(London, UK)**

C'est la vie!

I haven't had fun
for ages.
Chance marks
the borders
of my pleasure.

Hormones steering internally,
free radicals externally,
and thoughts breaking up sleep.

I haven't had fun
for ages.
I'm like a football, beloved
when I land in the goal,
kicked.

Memories stink
like rubbish.
Fretful dreams
like children,
leaving for other homes.

Yet I love and am loved
and that suffices me for plans
which dissipate with time.

**Frederick Rossakovsky-Lloyd
(London, UK)**

Naughty Desires

Be a droplet
Slide in
Petals half open in me
Passionately crimson
Swollen with desire
Languorous
Transitory
Like a hectic wind

Flow inside
Where seductive scent
United with you
Yields voluptuous sound
Like silence - subtle
Like thunderbolt - passionate
Like life - perfidious

And a ray of sunlight
Illumines inside
Gives us the hues
Of rainbow bliss

And we spinning
In hectic dance
Cry out in bliss
And the nectar of lifeBursts into infinity

Henryka Wołoszyk

a piece of coal is rolling in flames
as if a spark did not matter
yesterday I was closing my eyes
against the wind anti-anaesthetic in rains
full of crazy understatements
as if there was too much in us
a quarter of an episode provides an insight in what
comes up
in silk there will stay a frisson of excitement
thrown over carelessly among chill

Translated by: Lilla Latus

Henryka Wołoszyk

You and me

You and me

And both of us again

Railways as years someone gets in gets out we pass
each other

Briefcase of talks still the same

Signboard above cafe is mossy of time

Coffee is bitter black before my eyes

One step or two gutter repaired

Swallow bird no longer the same but from the same
slot

Dark-eyed girl singing chorus

Let's love

Can not embrace the whole world

In times of war everyone prays

To their god

What if will comes drought in feelings

To whom then

How

Shall pray thirsty

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak