

U V W Y Z

Uvi Poznansky

Vladan Stamenković

Wanda Stańczak

Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski (London UK i Vienna

AT)

Yvette

Zbigniew Derda

Zbigniew Milewski

Zbigniew Roth

Zofia Korzeńska

Zdzisław Antolski

Zdzisława Kaczmarek

Zdzisław Łączkowski

Uvi Poznansky
Plucked Porcupine

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

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

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

Note:

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

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

Note:

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

Uvi Poznansky
This Tissue Is Me

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

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

Note:

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

Uvi Poznansky**Late Lover**

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

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

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

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

Note:

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

Vladan Stamenković
PENANCE

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

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

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

18.09.1996 r.

Translated by Barbara Voit

Vladan Stamenković
OF UNNECESSARY SENSE

to the wounded warriors of Yugoslavia

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

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

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

02.10.1996 r.

Translated by Barbara Voit

Wanda Stańczak
Helplessness

The invisible space between
carries enormity of weakness

The scared eyes run away
having learned not to lie

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

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

Eyes are looking with lie
Eylids are not blinking.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Wanda Stańczak

„What Is to Be”

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

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Wanda Stańczak
Untill Tomorrow

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

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Wanda Stańczak
Gourmand...

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

you have never showed
any interest in tastes.

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

Wanda Stańczak
Raspberry Juice

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

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

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

Translated by Dorota Zegarowska

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

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

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

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

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

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

London – Hanwell, November 2010

Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki

Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski
(London UK i Vienna AT)

There will be no space

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

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

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

there will be no space
- new life struggles with memory
for today and the sense of history

- so it wasn't a dream
in which dogs
whores and demons
appear from nowhere
in dwindling space

London, October 11, 2010

Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki

Wojciech Jarosław Pawłowski
(London UK i Vienna AT)

Imagine
Introduction

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

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

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

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

London, October 2010
Translated by Krzysztof Zabłocki

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

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

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

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

so faith only remained
and YOU with land still promised

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

Yvette Popławska Matuszak
CAPTURING FEELINGS

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

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Translated by Tomasz Mielcarek

Yvette Popławska Matuszak
Twisted and torn

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

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

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

just like my sights
and days
that's gone

© Yvette P'M
Translated by Tomasz Mielcarek

Yvette Popławska Matuszak
Wayward hills of musing

Strollogy
amid analysis of a pen

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

The motto of timespace
my shadow

second I
is my ego
the status of life.

©Yvette P'M

Translated by M.M. Ogińska

Zbigniew Derda

x x x

Jackowi Podsiadło

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

Translated by Karolina Górnjak

Zbigniew Milewski

autumn

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

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

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

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

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Zbigniew Milewski
(Warszawa, Polska)

Goya painted naked Maia's body

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

Translated by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Zbigniew Paprocki
(Sieradz, Polska)

x x x

poets run
naked
along the pages of their books

x x x

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

x x x

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

searching love

Translated by Marek Marciak

**Zbigniew Roth
would if could?**

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

Translated by Blazej Majsterek

Zbigniew Roth
Masked faces

another day of
fiery thoughts
unspoken
words
has risen

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

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

Translated by Urszula Śledziewska – Bolinska

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

written by Anna Błachucka

Zofia Korzeńska

Goodbye, Dear Poplars!

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

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

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

And even with the Time:

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

Zofia Korzeńska

The stone that serves

*When human memory wanes
the stones will speak*

Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski

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

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

March 23, 2008

Translated by Janusz Ihnatowicz

Zofia Korzeńska
A bit of happiness

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

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

22 August 2008

Translated by Janusz Ihnatowicz

Zdzisław Antolski
SUITCASE

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

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

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

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

Translated by Adam Antolski

Zdzisław Antolski
SUMMER

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

WALK
Poem about love
Ballooning wrapped up
in words for you

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

Translated by Adam Antolski

Zdzisław Antolski

RAIN

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

TEA TIME

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

SUN IS A WRITER

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

LONELINESS

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

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

Translated by Adam Antolski

Zdzisław Antolski

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

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

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

Translated by Adam Antolski

Zdzisława Kaczmarek
Vincent van Gogh to his brother

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

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

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

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

Dear Theo

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

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

Dear Theo

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

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

Translated by Błażej Majsterek

Zdzisława Kaczmarek
Autumn

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

time of birds' goodbyes
butterflies dying
and writing poetry

counting harvest
weighing sins

waiting for the first snow

Translated by Barbara Voit

Zdzisława Kaczmarek

* * *

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

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

Translated by Barbara Voit

Zdzisław Tadeusz Łączkowski
when I will be passing away

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

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

Zagnańsk - Warszawa, 19-22 V 2007 r

Translated by Barbara Voit