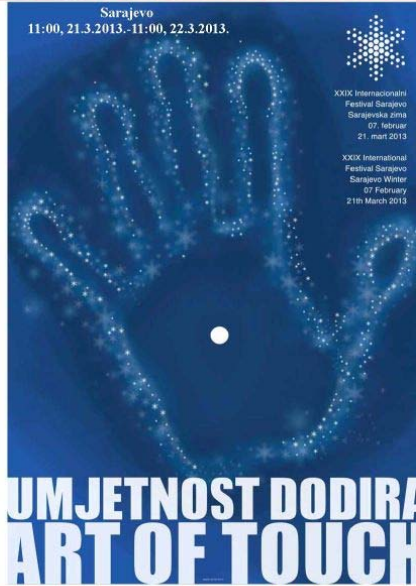


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# DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA POETSKI MARATON



<http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html>

**Krystyna Lenkowska, Poland**

## **In the Color of the Hollyhock – Chopin’s Waltz**

He played  
a waltz then meadow and air  
she soared above the bittersweet grass above a sonata  
and above a prelude  
as if she no longer lived didn't yet live in her body  
she said and invited him to her place  
tomorrow afternoon

*Mon Dieu!*

she smokes a cigar wears pants  
(is she a woman?) hats like flambeaux  
her white-red costume  
it's rumored the blood of a Polish king runs in her veins  
and she used to dance mazurkas polonaises  
my God!

before long  
he'll move his fashionable grand piano to her place  
she writes smart books each day after supper this new mother  
like a pharaoh's wife  
she calls him her genius and her weakling  
her children keep guard at the bedroom door hoping  
he'll die  
on Majorca  
he's rasping and dying  
the clamminess in his fingers and the monotonous  
chords of rain are killing him  
he fears death and compassion  
the island doctors say he'll die soon or  
has died already

in Paris  
salons await him  
a dandy he puts on a *gilet* the color of hollyhock and gloves  
like buckwheat white as snow  
a crimson storm surges in his chest  
its sparks will ignite everything  
into a perfect fire

he coughs  
and spits blood  
behind his breastbone Polish homesickness  
sleepless like cosmic dawn  
she's so terribly alive and beautiful  
all around kings of life drink gobble have fun after them flood  
and fire

far away there  
he dreamed of light  
and of the sky rising over a birch wood in pure fifths  
and octaves  
here beamed ceilings like tree limbs fall into hellish triads  
who's that?  
play sonny don't spare any sounds  
don't stop.

## Obituary for Wislawa Szymborska

After a life duly bearable and unbearable  
With her separateness concealed like the Nobel medal  
In her drawer  
Wislawa Szymborska died  
In her bed  
In her sleep  
On a bitterly cold night  
She didn't like to bother anyone  
And quietly disappeared the way  
One slips out to pick up matches at a newspaper kiosk  
While others are having the time of their lives  
So in such frigid weather  
Let the others remain under down comforters while she finishes  
Dreaming herself to the very end  
In perfected silence  
Where a *moment*  
Is crystal clear and in the morning particles of gold  
Fall from the sun so lightly  
They elude the law of  
Everything.

*Translated by Ewa Hryniewicz-Yarbrough and Teresa Cedar*

## **Rzeszów**

For the first time the city came to me at night  
everyone in the window waited for a comet  
I thought the stars blazed with living fire  
and dared not put my eye to the magic pane

the sky advanced upon me from the street  
it went by but came again in my dreams and waking hours  
the air murmured while grandpa counted flares  
and wondered if a war wouldn't spark in heaven

that street was called Butcher Street  
but it had no meat, only living horses  
I fled to the horses and the banks of the Wislok  
where Gypsies banged copper pans like drums

for the first time Rzeszow came at night  
and although no one said the word  
I sensed the city in darkness roamed the earth and sky  
and would still be there at the break of day.

**Charles Bukowski, *C'est Moi***

Beforehand I never would have thought  
how much I resemble Charles Bukowski  
that barfly  
Henry Chinaski  
or Mickey Rourke the actor who was one of them  
for several sleepless nights

and days  
the scandal monger from old photographs  
where he paws skimpily dressed girls

I'm not a prose writer  
and don't belong to the Beat Generation  
sex doesn't inspire me to write  
I don't hang around shady types  
I'm not drawn to lowlife  
I don't get drunk

I quit smoking  
I like perfect order and nights in my own bed  
before I leave the house I primp and preen and check  
many details too many  
in front of a mirror  
even though our names  
sound very much alike  
their endings suggest a completely different gender  
and yet I catch myself being Charles Bukowski

for a short while  
to the extent he was never someone like me  
and wouldn't have even imagined that.

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*Death is a simple thing*  
K. I. Galczynski

Death is simple as a cradle  
both are miracles of loss and gain  
in the perfectly perfected present tense  
is – isn't  
isn't – is  
there's material evidence  
beyond all doubt.

*Translated by Ewa Hryniewicz-Yarbrough*

