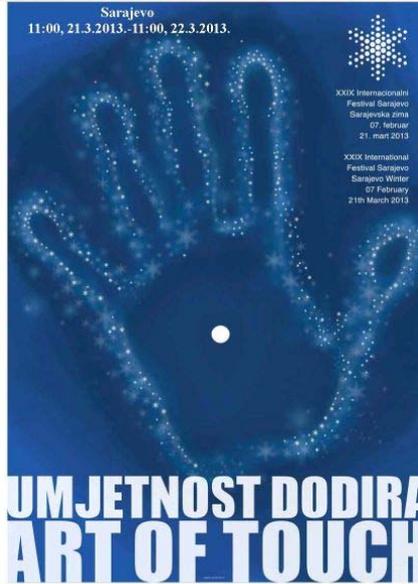


SARAJEVSKA ZIMA
<http://sarajevskazima.ba>

DIOGEN pro kultura magazin
<http://www.diogenpro.com>

DIOGEN TRAŽI ČOVJEKA POETSKI MARATON



2013-Umjetnost dodira unutar odjajaja pjesništva

2013-Art of touch within the reflection of poetry

<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.

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

