

Wiesław Stanisław Ciesielski

Photosensitivity

POEMS



FOREWORD BY LESZEK ŻULIŃSKI
TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH BY ANNAYA CHOMCZYK

Boston 2007



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„Światko czułość” jest tomikiem
stosowanych mów wzbudzających
z mikością do lesięstwa

Wojciecha Kłmaka Czerwaka
Skupin 2007

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Wiesław Stanisław Ciesielski was born on May 13, 1959. He lives in Poland, in Słupsk. He published more than ten volumes of poetry. The most important are: "Famine" (1986), "Tower of Babel" (2004), "Almighty Illusions" (2005) – regarded as best work of poetry in 2005 during International Fall of Poetry in Posnen; "Face of Angel" (2006). Laureate of many prestigious literary awards, twofold scholarship holder from the budget of Minister of Culture and National Heritage. His poems were translated into English, German, Lithuanian and Russian. Editor and publisher of Literary Magazine "Ślad". Literary critic, chairman of Polish Writers Union in Słupsk.

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Foreword

The newest Wiesław Cieśliski's book of poetry is a very mature and impressive piece of writing. The author possessed a rare gift of touching with his imagination and lyrical language all the variety of aspects connected with existence of mankind where, according to the phenomenon of *The Tower of Babel*, the polyphony of meanings, values and phenomena reigns.

To put it differently: these poems say about the power of life and the power of death, the charm of love and the passion of destruction, the rise and the fall. These poems have been written fiercely; they are messages from the world of knowledge and ethics.

I am touched with Cieśliski's gift of "being lyrical" as well as his gift of constructing the essay-like poems. The book contains a lot of personal lyrics which at the same time can be recognized as the author's outlook on life. A reader can find examples of remarkable, concise and expressive phrases e.g.

My dog has torn to pieces its whimper/ and now it's howling at the moon/ If there is an eternity/ there must be a man/ For the one had to devise all those deeds.

The world of the poems is a sort of diagnosis of our times and state of minds. This world is like a mirror – our thinking reflection.

This is a noticeable book of poetry. It is supported by the author's gift of observation and the importance of messages included.

If there is a need to recommend – I strongly do that with all my opinion of a man difficult to please.

Wiesław Cieśliski deserves a titre of "a total poet", that is to say the one who intensively and constantly experiences the world by its lyrical compression. The gift of lyrical speech is the air and blood circulation of Cieśliski's. The two great harbors of this poetry are carnality and spirituality. Unique sensualism of the Cieśliski's erotics interwines with landscapes of ephemeral and subtle feelings that praise the sacrament of love. Cieśliski's poetry is also open to many other turns of fate.

There are echoes of political disputes, rotten doubts of a contemporary man; in *The Tower of Babel* of languages and daily matters meet breach and synthesis of human pursuance, beliefs, religions, hopes and surrender.

Another theme of Cieśliski's poems is archetypes, myths and symbols of culture. Only they exist beyond time, meet according to their own rhythms and amalgamate into the essence of Truth. Culture and art are just one big Central Park, wherein anyone is welcome to enter in order to experience fellowship. If a painter Degas is able to create a human being as well as God, we may wonder where form and content, poetry and life would cross. Within those poems – for sure.

Leszek Żuliński

From the author

Who gives the poet the right to ask questions? Even if these questions are not asked directly one may still feel a constant need to get some answers or a need for an everlasting search for the truth that usually is unambiguous. Usurpation of the right for that quest becomes very obvious for every poet and it is the key for a much better dimension. Behind this imaginary zone of questions there is another one - the zone of the omnipresent answer. The answer that can sometimes surpass the question.

Why none of the poets had the courage to show from the beginning to the end how their poems have come to life? Were they too ashamed of that? I surely will not explain this. From my own experience, I know that I lose control of that process and it would take me to much time later to go back and try to recreate it in details. I think if I tried to do that, this explanation would be different each time I think about each of my pieces. To subject this process of creation to some sort of control would be bound to failure. We can create only myths about it that have nothing to do with the truth.

It becomes obvious that my interest in theory of the artistic creation always ends very quickly and at the time of the realisation of my artistic ideas nobody could turn me away from the chosen path. The very meaning of a poem takes precedence over the mechanism of its writing. Though, I have to admit that the act of creation often seems to me metaphysical.

Wiesław Stanisław Ciesielski

A Photosensitive man

Overgrowing with ivy, dark
and damp mossy stones,
forehead dismal in abstraction,
home walls, their blind indifference,
in this small room,
in corners of ossified webs,
a girl holding in her hands
lightness

and a man drinking from those hands
a bed by the wall all in chiaroscuro,
dusk hour
drops of the light in her words
her kisses, caress.
Rays within floor and ceiling,
The door suddenly locked,
muffled music of love,
so that no one will eavesdrop,
no one rob those thirsty bodies,
strip them out of the light.

Hands in playing with sun rays.
A girl and the photosensitive man.

A Photosensitive girl

I know this intensification of the light,
cat's fur smoothed
green eyes
and Degas painting your nude body.

Empty is this world, as room happens to be.
Mystical walls of erected altar.
Ceiling as firmament of the sky.
I shall run my lips on light's brink,
breasts flowing with breath.

through the sun I gaze
through a carpet of the green leaves
nerves of light.

Degas knew all nooks and corners
of your photosensitive body,
though he did not paint them all.

Body landscape know Degas? ... as I exist

So much wanted I to settle by body coast,
where mythic landscape of cosmos stretches.
snow would melt too slowly, though
It will take long to wait for postglacial era.

Let's carry lit glimmer to lips
On the level of a word and oratorical gesture
Address mob.

For me this will do for life, for admiration,
For river valleys, for mountain peaks,
For me this will do for sunlight being.

We march steadily,
to lose ourselves in pleasure, and arouse beast,
black beast of desire,
lose ourselves completely, with throats stifled in extasy.

Let's teach a little child to fall asleep by the breast,
Let's teach him death silent and eternal,
Let's teach him body landscape.

Here I am

This horrific meeting, here I am,
standing and knocking at the door.
open, this is where I live
in the heart of homeland moloch,
as a bug inside vast cellar.

Let's hold out,
let's kiss long, as if that was most important.
Morgue of amputated ideals filled to capacity,
nothing more will be accommodated in hospitals of loony concepts,
ceaseless attempts at eternity.

Great death is created out of thousands small ones,
plague spreads in the world like vermin,
takes on the proportions of eternal death, hereditary shift.

Cosmos is paralyzed,
I own one angel's wing,
new age matches perfectly,
perhaps I shall discover new way
to Columbus tomb,
where all comets take off to.

They say puzzle of the universe is not
complicated.
I hold a baby crying.
not complicated is baby's cry.

I am putting on mask of tenderness, delicate caress,
Subltle lip brushes so exquisite as flower,
blossoming just once within eternity.
I am sick with sensitivity of this flower
with dream of timeless earth, of bulge.

Mineral of face seems to be non-persistent,
it is not monolith for sure,
neither sculpture in marble,
it is non-persistent, will surrender to any whim.

Here I am,
in image of family moloch.

How should you know Degas? galvates8

Discovered I today
it is you in Degas's pictures
your body shakes like an aspen leaf.
You being within myself
stagnated in those simple activities,
you tilting jug, you eternally pouring water.
Life so long and beautiful.

You wash your hair,
and eyes cannot be seen,
I feel you see me, though
on the other side,
me, mortal and transient

What makes me think,
is whence you knew Degas,
darling.

Bestowing with questions

Once I passed him on crossroads of straight
and curve, he toothlessly grinned and ask
"Who are you?"

I am the bowels of word love,
A place after a bird in the sky
trembling of love.

Won't that do?

Is that what we are expected from shadow?

Do you have today's newspaper, sir?

What time is it?

Just a dollar, sir?

What have you been doing here, sir?

Who is gonna answer
all these questions?

I have come to a standstill.
Now I am not moving forward,
perhaps I am not moving forward
to Columbia road,
where all dreams take off.

They say puzzle of the universe
cannot be solved.

I hold a baby crying
not consoled in anybody's arms.

I am putting on make up and not looking at myself,
Brushing my brushes to make them look
attractive just once when I come
I am sick with separation of the
will from the flesh and the flesh from the will.

Mixed of love seems to be non-existent
it is not there for me to
honor or ignore in me
it is non-persistent, we do not stay when

Here I sit,
in image of family lineage.

Just one more time

Just one more time shall I run barefoot
through heavenly constellations, play comet with daughter
and then I will try to approach the strange, evil
and uncertain,
try to approach other side of moon,
warily, to avoid insanity,
at once seeing all that veils
on the other side of each of us.

Only one more time shall I run barefoot
through freshly mowned grass,
on rough skin
with my lips shall I run.

it was right time I had dried up water of my body
go for walk with daughter
on the many way.

An Old angel's courtship

Now cleans its wings an angel that walks on the earth
The world bowed to him, and silently yelled.
Heavens badly drew near the world,
one may gather a bit of holiness.

Chopin who wrote within myself most beautiful
music of world, passes away also within myself,
as gray-haired old man of millions of years.
Chopin acts within me old angel,
smiles even,
I pass him too quickly on bus, though.

An Angel on the bench by the statue of Chopin,
with an empty bottle,
mumbles:
Nice would do,
would do,
Nice.

Wreck of my body

Wreck of my body covers bottom of the universe
in the very entry to port,
no boat will get away into infinity.

Four angels would stand above my wreck,
wanted to carry me to heaven,
sat beside, though, began to play cards.

Soaking wet they finished game, nude and wingless,
edged themselves from room, leaving wreck of my body
and four pairs of wings.

On the very bottom of the universe
heard I cheerful voice of my daughter's
and I knew,

it was high time I had lifted up wreck of my body
go for walk with daughter
on the milky way.

Mirages

May I take you into my arms,
hug and render warmth and love?

May I embrace this world with my whole self
and make it any better?

Galloping beasts of apocalypse,
alongside electrical shepherd,
for it was decided to program the end of world
with precision to one millennium.
Such solitude of insane masters
is worse than plague,
such solitude makes them absent.

Are we governed by anyone? Perhaps everything is just illusion,
nobody was proclaimed a dictator.

May I take into my arms insane master,
chant him lullaby, hug this child armed
With steel claws?

Question marks were put
instead of road signs.
Some try drive from memory,
others don't try at all, though everyone is much afraid.
No chancellor in court,
somebody brought rifle instead.
This somebody is God for sure, or perhaps dictator,
perhaps it is me, once I dreamt of Christmas,
it was time I could perform that.

They decided on this strip of land for birth,
decided on this strip of land to bury me.
I will not be sketching Zodiac Signs on wet sand,
I wish hands were given space,
legs progressed, body procreated.

Bonsai tree glances at me,
I feel its look,
try to look round, touch those parts of body
which I do not see, everything alright I assume.

In clay bowl received my portion of daily groat,
savory cereal of stars.
I suppose I have got right to speak of immortality of sand dunes,
their subtle existence.

Winter, everything around lives as never before,
within ice crystals atoms of hydrogen and oxygen roam.

THE TOWER OF BABEL

And when I saw in the crowd of perplexed crowd of bewilder spectators
I thought
this is God's person that
but can show
and beautiful teeth

Mirages III

Abundance and prosperity
try to bestow people in vain.
Trap set for behemoth
traps on influential posts
in order to capture authority.

Now and again good luck would knock on our door
angel that stood behind my suggesting which card I should I lead
his smile is like wind, touching puddles,
of July rain.

Someone has eaten jam from my store-room,
drunk off cream from milk, selected best tidbits.
Someone escaped their fate, becoming insane...
I saw him howling like beast
in barred window of hospital,
he was soon taken by orderly,
peace should not be disturbed.

I
think though,
he had something to say.
Just nobody wanted to listen to him.
For we forgot
the insane are well taken care by God.

The Tower of Babel

What can you tell me?...

Nothing or perhaps everything,
that the world doesn't always mean a big mess.

You're looking after your butterflies,
which grow like delicate flowers,

It's not big deal that people are weakness of God's,
that's why you're piercing butterfly's heart.

There's war in the world and people dying,

And perhaps this all is just illusion,

For how can the suffering exists

In Your garden?

Where are You going to?

What truth do you want to experience?

And then I thought

that there are only two of us in the world,

we're both as clear as morning dew

falling off petals of withering plum flowers

then bulldozers came

and started to destroy God's garden

What's going to be here? - I'm shouting

THE TOWER OF BABEL

And when I saw a big crowd of people,

I thought

this is God's garden too

but gun shots

cut beautiful roses.

But then what is a human body, and what a human being?
Nature of good is beautiful, then again nature of evil ignominious
and gazing at your monument standing on Capitol,
in old Rome, think I
Marc Aurelius,
that so few wise sovereigns
were given birth by history.

To be master of world, to be master of one field-patch...
What does it mean?
Not much whatsoever, very little.
And when I gaze at your right hand, at this gesture
of possession,
know I,
you were right,
the biggest treasure is thought
and word, which gives name to this thought.

Therefore, no one laughs,
that with stoical peace you look
at the world,
being eaten by ignorance
of good and evil.

Out sun crept, all green out of pain,
trudged to feet, and died away.
Our hands search somewhere in night,
our legs err, our bodies whine.

Out sun crept, hairy and big, roared then
into emptiness, then the planets began to descend,
Moon, meteorites,
to new constellations gave rise.

Man is born with planet round his neck,
throughout life
he progresses with it in the universe.

Standing by deep water,
thinks he of how much this planet weights,
standing by tomb, feels relief,
does not even suspect
that he irreversibly vanishes into cosmos.

I enter
cloud full of love,
with chest of breath
and hands ready to put sun out.

Labor was to be joy,
but no one wanted to perform other roles.
Frequently feel I like child in front of toy store
However, I think in Massachusetts
any Mexican kid of immigrant's
also stands in front of toy store.
And then I recalled all those drear faces
from express train Warsaw – Gdańsk.

Someone has to take nightshift, somebody drowned today
in Seine, somebody made hell at the bottom of cesspit,
and you, darling, continually speak of what
women in the world wear.

Put it here and wait in car,
in my head still wild fields and clay-pits,
One can swim in.

Someone says that children alike my own ones
Hitlerites would take away from mothers. The World was created
due to woman.
Entangles surgeon stitches cracking walls,
I cannot staunch bleeding,
he screams to assembled mob, we are going to die.
No one takes his words seriously.

Opposing death of cores

Hard stones scattered on plate
shine with subtle moisture,
knife with dosta of juice.
Nucleuses of life.

Perhaps they will rise as tree
blossom, rustle with wind, weight
and grow big.

Don't throw cores out!
You oppose abortion, yet.
Tender breath.
God knew the world is good.

It just occurs
what core are we fruit of?

I knock and the gates don't close
her breasts full of violence,
the eyes close with no shame around it.

The world starts where
a human being is born.

Dominoes

dominoes to risseb gnieoqqo

A child's toy. Picture dominoes.
You put the matching symbols together.
Tree with tree.
Bird with bird.

Exchanging glances, kisses and gestures,
once you came out for me at night,
your pieces didn't match,
you had to adjust to my palms
Woman to man.

Cosmic idea
of God
and when I feel this powerful trembling,
I put child to child.

Someone says that children are the ones
that would have saved the world, if only
due to women.
Entanglement surgeon, surgical, surgical
I cannot stomach bleeding
no longer pain to remember names, no am I going to do
No one takes his words seriously

The very beginning

The world starts with a single finger touch,
when comes this only
irreplaceable giver of morning dew.

The world starts at the moment of my song.
I don't believe local press informing
that someone has spat into my well.

I'm against four legs of chair,
against circularity of the Earth.
Giver of oranges from finger reach
up to remote constellations.

City of polluted wells is screaming
through the shadows of those hiding below the windows,
for them God himself sets table for supper.

I knock and life giver opens door
her breasts full of nutrients,
she opens door with no walls around it.

The world starts where
A human being is born.

And how to, with a photoensitive touch,
feel the shadow that somebody cut upon the wall.

Holding power-line, another kind of touch,
as if I hold millions and millions of stars
anything.

Last seconds on a bus stop
Gone
didn't stop
was overloaded anyway.

And yet Life...

Die here...

Current of Willa divides memory
like heart, into halves.

Candle's glaze that smoulders thoughts, to get away from
screen of hands, let the face be reduced to ashes.

To die here,

where the sun raises light of wounded candle
from ground, this bleeding hope of life.

How will I call you, son originated in flame?

And when I had provided myself with this life,
it escaped me that sedition blows up body,
the way hands swell.

I have been expecting friend to tell him,
that everything is as hitherto, same woman
in my life, in my house.

I had provided myself and was omitted,
someone rubbed my sleeve, could not remember me, though.
has never been born-last descendant of sensibility,
son-cry I after him,
my hands accustomed to work,
Return quickly from your journey around globe.

Live here...

Current of Willa unites memory.

Vilnus, May 2005



Last drive

My 16325th day just passed
and I wondered:
what if I had planted a tree every day
or every day had fetched a stone
every day had rescued a word from death.
Perhaps I would move a mountain?
Perhaps I would save one's distraction, perhaps my own?

Last hours in hospice
Attached to the counterpane's corner,
I am waiting for the moment
to while away, waiting for my pain to explode,
breath to cease.

It is still too soon for this waiting
I still must turn the world to the other side
rock the baby to sleep, feed the dog.
God could pass by
not noticing me, not hearing my words.

I lived out 16325 sunrises
and the same number of sunsets.
16325 newly met faces
and the same number of forgotten ones.
And how to, with a photosensitive touch,
feel the shadow that irrevocably outpaced its will to exist?

Rattling golw-tube, another kind of silence,
as if I called the universe and dxmillions of stars
emptiness.

Last seconds on a bus stop
Gone
didn't stop
was overloaded anyway.

The prophecy of my time is like
Lord's Flute

The Most precious instrument for nothing
if one can't play it.

The prophecy of my time
is as faint as a flower that sheds its blossom
fading hope
despite strong indications,
everybody will remain dumb.

One can beg playing the Lord's Flute in underpass to other world,
but there is no other world.

There is only too long shadow for the passing life.

I had been discovering the truth for many years
hurting myself by importunate presence of the world
its loneliness.

Sentenced to remembering
to everyday negotiations with life
to constructing marvelous world
with this sticky substance which is illusions.

Between next word and the other one
I will perform noblest mystification
I will determine death as arranged spectacle,
between me and regular blunder.

Who struggles the word dies with the word
So how to, here in underpass
for retarded Children Birds,
play the lullaby on Lord's Flute?

The prophecy of my time is like aspirin,
it may seem that it avails for anything.

Negative intensity

On this world even the deceased lie,
pretending, they are only sleeping, only dreaming
omnipresent dark is only electricity breakdown,
deadly silence is just kind of contemplation.

The moment I endure till cooling,
Till rigidity
The dog that does not eat dog
will approach with eternity
will approach with nonentity.

But today there won't any dying,
today there is a place for child-bearing and life,
blossoming, buzzing, gathering honey,
so today there won't be any cooling,
you dispose your roses to the sun
even thorns won't be dreadful
caress of pricking with drops of blood
like stars on white sheet,
that is negative of the world.

Perhaps I never burst into flower...
How far is the sky from the birds?
How far is the sky for the stones?

The spring

evitagem

You brought me a hand of water
I read your hands

certain that being with you
indicates slating thirst,

On the other side of your face
discovered I bird's flight.

The spring bored granite stone
and smoothed its senile forehead.

I laded hand of water
drank its solemn griefs to the very last drop.

Suddenly heath-cock rised from the ground,
he also drank the water.

Between red world and the other world
I will perform modest mediation
I will determine doom as arranged in mediations
between red world and another world.

Who struggles in this world with one world
So like to friend as antipodes
for instance Cheshire Cat
play the tulley on head's Play?

The prophecy of my soul to the world,
if may when that's done for anything

I never know if it is the truth that remains silent
or it is me who's dumb.

Strolling through springtime apple tree gardens
neglected, yet beautiful in their blossom,
think I my life is hike
to town

I have never been to,
though I know exactly
of church tower,
of bright small room with tiled stove,
skin of paint on doors concealing
each renter.

I set my ear to cold ruins
covered with moss
I listen intently to the everlasting
suddenly I hear cheerful laugh of children.

The Purpose

1.

Bird is not just a symbol, it is time measure,
measure of freedom, on wind string,
life taut to shot.

Two winds like the universe, small point
only one familiar star, I run along shore
of sea wounded by distance between you and me.

You are a point at which every line converges.

2.

Do I know all autumnal beaches,
abandoned and cold, with trash scattered around.

Certainly I do know two or three, where roots
transport beads of moisture into pines' boughs.

I set my face toward wind from sea, I feel strong
when I see child flying kite.

I hear remote sounds of range,
observe faintly visible flashes on horizon.

Sore electrocardiogram registers final
impulses of the world.

3.

Rise and fly away immediately. Hit horizon
with bang. Nobody flies so silently
as fallen stone, with wings touched by moss.

Wayside bird, fly away, don't stay here even moment
longer, freedom of space await you there,
millions of tones of air. Whereas here every inch of ground taken.
Won't even do for tomb.

Bird, I would fly away with you, I am lacking in spurs, though.

You achieved perfection of both hands by creating
space that tightens around you as loop,
this light of east and west, and red from frost.

You wan wooden crown and fortune of this world,
words of no value, stony bow – humiliation
and freedom that is not born out of hatred.

Therefore, conceal scriptures of wisdom,
homeless words, no one can read them, besides,
in chapel of hands oil lamp will burn.

Listen to heart beat, lean your forehead
against dead wall, this coolness is inside of stone,
that thought itself to death.

The truth is neither at the beginning, nor at the end
the truth is omnipresent, nowhere thus.

Temples of Famine

At the dusk windows redhot from light
remind of thousands people
living their miseries,
in stony temples of famine.

Everything around inscribes to my face,
with shiny wrinkle, shadow of newly begun day, it lives on.
I rush out not to be late for this whirl of vanishing,
every day to hit place specially prepared,
to sustain shadow still warm.

I walk asking strangers about my nooks,
table in the middle, hands carrying plate
and your kindness full of hot soup.

Everything around freezes as wasted moments,
hopes great, unreachable
among them myself continuously wrestling,
where is my home?

I will draw my fingers into soft flesh,
will saturate with hand, then go away, leave this famine
that does not want me anymore, off I go towards other
unknown islands of good hopes.

Veronica

Insane Veronica tells everyone
she had been raped by the devil,
with her hands out of bars
she howls through her bit to blood lips.

Stuck of horse that for moment forgot
of which machine it is a cog.

Insane Veronica exposes her hands like two birds,
look,
shout orderly, she is going to fly away.

Put on him flip flops,
for he's afraid of cars passing by,
they put on him flip-flops, bit, and horseshoes.

Orderly Gawel says,
girls like Veronica should be anaesthetized.
Old this horse is,
to slaughterhouse, for pariah dogs' fodder,
it should be taken.

Veronica is still young, though,
says drunk orderly,
gaping at buttocks of Veronica
standing by the window.

Photosensitivity

Salmon's

They placed logs on sea shore, new links
to drive in bottom, trees that grow into waves.

Women with baskets full of shiny fish on way under cross,
waiting for speeches of shadow, that irresistably outgrows
verge of light.

On shore of us all, someone evenly arranged
out petty cases and great hopes.

My silence in body. Slamming forecasts leaving.
The sky of blossoming human ways and earth seeded with walks.

Forever committed to tracks, in defrosting of moment,
truth at every beck and call.

My silence is faith. Knit with horizon sea of manifestation.
Whereas birds are so tender to me as the unknown.

In abdomen of light,
neither discover, nor think. I am word trusted to earth
along sea lips cut open.

Chagal's dream at dusk

Painful it was to paint the world
that already does not exist.
Vitebsk, hometown reduced to rubble.
Was it worth to bring it back to life again?
Raise from the dead,
mating at site of fire.
Chicken headed figure embracing baby,
escaping lighthouse from town of famine and death.

You heard chanting that resembled angel's dream
flowed above the earth, and reached every place
would leave gifts of good.
Everyone forgot about innate nature of beast,
touched by this singing,
were undergoing inside metamorphosis.

An Angel above town quietly went its way.
Calm down dream above town.
Silence fell above town.
Town remained.

How to paint the world that will never come back?
How to paint this foreign world?
How to paint remote constellations?

Therefore it was so freezing to think
about street corner boy, who
flew his kite named Gabriel.

That remote world couldn't have been brought closer differently,
it always hurt when you stood with your palette in front of easel
touching your wife's profile with your face,
breathing her breath
only green horse would pull sleigh
on snowy plateau, blurring memory.

How to believe that it is the same moon
still above the world.

Frivolous dance

Mont Everest of your right knee.
Mont Everest of your left knee.
I, alpinist conquer by excavating
shiver of universe,

and then I will just tell
insane masters this tender fondness
of butterfly's wings.

In center of the world
your dancing to music of car horns and klaxons,
vortex of thoughts, when blood flows in
and horizon would bend down.
This spur might be vulgar.
Nude body dances to rhythm of castanets.
My veins shall cry with pulsation,
I would prefer more of romantic atmosphere, though.

Subtle candle glow.
Delicate, jazzy voice of Norah Jones's and her:
"Come away with me".

Later it's only two knees apart,
your whisper and cry, it was supposed to last just for moment,
but we happened to transform the whole world,
moved Mont Blanc to Himalaya
our tops, delights in ourselves.

And I just know that your naked body
will be always better than naked truth.

Most deeply I shall touch you

I will hug your fondness with trembling of doe
and eye twinkle will shell,
to utter words most silently, born out of you and me,
will circle above heads as birds.

Whole world is sick with desire, therefore with my heart I must
carve your breasts, your lips with drops of dew.
I must learn words of your body,
most deeply I shall touch you
Not to wipe off fur of your wings, little butterfly.

You nestled down into feline trembling.
You crave for lullaby murmuring dreamt on your lover's torso.
With subtle touch of your girlish breasts
you strive to bring the universe closer,
so that only for lip brush
there was,
came true,
was completed
life out of life,
wonder
as dreams speak of
within clench of girlish fists.

Fulfillment is painful.
Fulfillment exists beyond limits.
Fulfillment is almighty,
as illusions are too.

The most important in the world is pain.
It gives birth to new life,
beyond pain there is only emptiness.
Sky blue, winter, and nothing else.

A Letter to Sylvia Plath

Dear Sylvia,
I know you undressed yourself for death,
what is death, though?
This is just abandoning body.
You did more, denuded your soul
and so stripped, naked,
you passed to other side
as Lady Lazarus.
I glance anxiously
at your poem
and this anxiety escalates, intensifies tragedy.

At your birthday
heard I from the darkness
Yes, yes Herr Doktor,
yes, yes Herr God, Herr Lucifer.

Anxiously I immerse
into your heaven.
Dear Sylvia, ginger-haired Angel,
do it again
and I will do this again too,
together we will touch an empty space
left

A Letter to Sylvia Plath II

Dear Sylvia, wind of late explosions
is not heard any more, no cracking waves,
blue woods, flares,
and your nakedness is linen,
neatly laid, and awaiting
lost dimension, conception.

Do you remember last winter,
ossifying element that is sea,
huge icy trees.

Once you touched face
its deathly warmth horrified you.

Hurricane hit from the sky
as wind of vast bird
or bomb of undefined force.
Bird growing out of atomic mushroom,
like old man with long gray beard,
Grew out of center of the earth.

If you set your ear - you'll hear
quickened horse rattle.
Heart of universe escapes
from itself, to avoid coming across people
and so tracks that we would leave behind
will not beat our desire for existence.

Dear Sylvia,
this charming cry dwells within you
waits till you perceive its presence.

The most important in the world is pain,
it gives birth to new life,
beyond pain there is only emptiness,
Sky-blue, crimson, and nothing else.

A Letter to Sylvia Plath III

Dear Sylvia,

It is always the same fret that seizes me
when door slams shut,
I get impression of its uniqueness
every time it does this differently,
as if it never had its own face
and with different moan cries after me – farewell
so nameless it is
that cannot be accused of anything
would just lock space after itself
just refract light,

when I feel rusty handle, though
I don't have to descry my honey
in the darkness, she ain't here
fled angry bay
of door sick with imagination.

After those who I irrevocably pass
always remain faces,
their nameless countenance, so present
I can't do without them,
though deaf and dumb as mirrors.

Dear Sylvia, you closed another door
wounded by distance between two persons
Irrevocably the only love passed away.

Shall anyone blame you for
not being able to do without love?

Antigone

Harnessed to treadmill of universe
must I to outlive eternity,
finish this dream, finish plate full of stars.

Research on Antigone's death
hovered in void, unclear indeed
if she had been my lover.

I have undergone short course of pilotaging earth.
I shall be just landing
where rages war,
in the very heart of humankind.

Where are you, Antigone in mask of lioness?
You stroll with catlike pace
snowy plateau of bed.

Catlike tracks left on desert of desires,
no certainty that universe gave birth to
Antigone, and no certainty
about the very universe

Trample the universe

No use of marble vault.

No use of blush into ashes of ideals.

Trample the universe, the task
of new days.

On my hands and knees ran I through constellations
and my Angel Guardian pulled my down.

Prophet of exultation, piper and God of exultation,
vulture of soaring altars, to trample the world
Is not to fly around.

Chewers of life gristle.

One needs to stand strong, in order to gaucho
and be kicked.

less of my heart. again.

No use of marble vault,
in case of trampled universe,
in case of continual marching,
treading earth with tracks new and abundant.

Trampling new constellations,
new nebulas, new worlds.

Dear Sylvia, you caused another note
wounded by dismembering the persons
treasuring the only love passed away.

Shall anyone claim you for
not being able to do without love?

Raising of fallen echo

I am the telegraph
tapping heart's asthmatic beat
current political affairs
new war within the area of my scull,
borders encroached
fatality expected in norm.

I am shortwave transmitter in meaning of personal feelings
between you and me,
our never-ending dialogue of implicit suggestions.

I am Negro drum
announcing foe's assault,
new Asian fatal influenza
reaching far beyond carnal death.

I am tambourine in rhythm of Gipsy's ditty
I am fiddlestick right from Tatra Highlands folk band,
I am seismograph, listening intently for the world collapse
I am like air
might raise leaf, might raise tree
but not echo fallen once.

Rhapsody in Blue

And lightness came.

Look,

You bird wallowing in freedom.

Rhapsody in Blue,

Performed on Gershwin's spine.

I might even believe

That a man was created in God's own image,

Man is chosen one.

And lightness came

So that we will never part from

Our shadow.

To what extent of insanity, extent of felony and treason,

Extent of love, tender warmth,

Full devotion,

To what extent to touch the very essence?

Comb children's hair with furrowed hand.

And lightness came.

There is wounded earth in mother's face.

Somebody turned flesh to the left.

Like air gun, from linen.

Lucky we he did not the same with soul.

And lightness came.

Therefore world lost their sight.

Intentions of nature

Darkness hollows human minds.

Heart of light.
Birth of star, infant prodigy.
fire in its fierceness
becomes salvation.
creek in its murmur
remains just murmur.

Look dispersed in intentions of nature,
nestling that fell out of nest
kittens drowned in river
shake I the dark sky
punch I
ragged gable let go
float I into space
toward rotten horizon.

Most I wish I were
shivering of leaf
that surrenders to intentions of nature. Irrevocably.

I spread words in time and space.

With brush of lips

You touch
landscapes known from childhood.
Same clouds
same shadows.

This whole horizon
under which body becomes motionless
eternal dream.

Though
the world still exists
in convulsion,
being reanimated,
against all odds
our naked bodies
don's fall asleep in Gardens of Eden.

With brush of lips,
kiss.

From the author

I shall raise a glass of water like a gaze
into emptiness
of drunkard pondering over sense of life.

Life is paradise, whole stalls of apples,
dozens of types, ripe and green,
cheap, forbidden, and grubby.

Utrillo comprehended this paradise,
landscapes of his silence were forbidden
fruits,
greedily gnawed and thrown into mud.

paradise, paradise views
whole stalls of apples
cheap, forbidden, and grubby

Hashish

Sweety dumpster, ethereal scent above
burrow of our desires.
To bloodstream turned into sewer
was connected transfusion of words not tainted yet
of prophet unknown.

Don't build bridge above city, don't search for
underpass, run into ambush you might,
no other way will road signs show.
Best hashish on earth is duskiness and daily grind,
one won't flee, won't break free, until
is destroyed
humiliated, touches bottom.
In superstore it is possible to get loaf of bread
unimpaired by rats yet.

You, oracle of the deaf, prophecy of the dumb,
You, hashish of this world, to rejoice,
to get into debts with this life, let it all begin,
to reach distance faster.

It was seventh day of strike,
When they took Christ from our workshop.
On a day when God was resting
after creation of the world, for Christ they came.

Round we look... Who kissed in order to sell him out,
then who yelled: "let's crucify!".
Round we look
till rooster crawled for the second time.



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WIESŁAW STANISŁAW CIESIELSKI belongs to the most exciting contemporary Polish poets. His lyrics is an attempt at unearthing the essence of humanity and sense of existence among the continually twisting world. At the same time this is the art of word. It exposes inner structures of conscience, reaches vast depth of beastly ego that reveals itself only in extreme situations – traumatic experiences. The poet speaks of the world and its reflection in wounded mind. Above all he strives to rescue the groundwork of every moment, every infatuation, every wound and scar. By opening to outer reality and hollowing with reflection what is hidden within brains, the poet cerates the idea of transcendence. He tells all of a human being, and defines their anxieties, trembling and frustrations. This art of word is a fascinating intellectual adventure, a great achievement of the author, his generation, and country he writes in. By taking advantage of Slavonic aptness for creating vast existential visions, and concurrently forming consecutive lyrical enclaves within a poem, the author of the volume remains to be a universal poet. His success may also develop into a success of the reader, who will experience a mark of existence, sketch of the moment, elemental bit of conscience eat photosensitive poetic membranes. Beyond doubt, with the passing of time Cieślinski will belong to the group of those who spoke most prominently of the turn of the century, and at the same time reached most deeply into the dark.

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