

Poetry Series

**Aleksandra Szymanska**  
**- poems -**

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# Aleksandra Szymanska()

I started writing poems when I was eight years old - I grew up in poetic surroundings of a historical place at the west part of Poland which had imbued my imagination with its mystery...

I started writing in English (the international language) in 2006 when I won bronze in an international poetry contest organized by The International Library of Poetry based in U.S.A.

Since summer 2009 I've been having a huge problem with those who steal my artwork and accuse me of plagiarism.

Please do not break into my account and attach your pictures to my profile on this website...

This account is the way I look, walk, think, frown, laugh. This account is my age, my face features, my finger prints...my hands and feet...

Please do not share my poems on or any other website...

## 327...

Is my phone ringing or is it my brain,  
and what is the clicking around my ears?  
Bolt's on the sky but there's no rain,  
a madman's calling is all I can hear...

Hello! Your 'highness'! What a scandal!  
I feel there's something to explain!  
I'm sorry, I must have stepped on your sandal -  
I have confused it with your brain...

This is how low your face has fallen -  
you've lost it in the dust 'neath your shoes...  
Tell me: what are you chasing, what have you stolen?  
I hope not the waft of my scarf - I'm confused...

You're the contractor - a schizophrenia 'king'...  
How many lives have you claimed?  
Tupolev had landed without its wing!  
How many berets need to feed your fame?

300 prostitutes have worn my clean clothes  
to tell others 'who I really am'...  
And a pimp like you has traded my thoughts  
on 'submarine' and other waves...

If I could create a layout for my verses  
it would present just a hog...  
The champing by your manger is dispersing  
with bad smell's release - fluctuosis smog...

P.S. What was the name of Holy Father in 1984?  
Your drugs and alcohol have wiped it away...  
You were the vicar - I didn't know!  
Kids got paid £327, not your 300 way...

Please do not break into my tiny bedsit and destroy my clothes...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## A Handshake In Rain...

Am I still your friend when so desperate I seek  
the unwanted news I never seem to get,  
guessing, wondering, trying hard to avoid  
assumptions that weave misfortune's thread?

Am I still your friend when I try to hide  
from the inquisitive eyes and controlling hand,  
gasping heavily whilst catching scattered hope,  
as I run, escaping the hostile, cold land?

Am I still your friend when I want to protect you  
from the dark masks' frenzy and their dance of doom,  
their voices that can lure you into a blind maze,  
their lies that can leave you by loneliness' tomb?

Am I still your friend when I know that I'll fade  
like dust on leaves washed by crystal, warm rain,  
accused of black magic swiping the earth,  
then unlawfully kept behind the bars of disdain?

Am I still your friend when I cry in silence  
for the legions of ghosts claiming back their rights;  
the ghosts of the land my soul was born from,  
the land envied, then drowned in cold, long nights?

Am I still your friend when I simply don't dare  
to built my happiness on the other's demise,  
believing that freedom is a worthy jewel,  
resplendent in but a different price?

Aleksandra Szymanska

# A Holy Man Cut Out Of A Paper...

I'm a holy, noble man from Syracuse!  
I'm the only one without a single sin!  
So, I pick up stones and throw them in excuse  
of defending God's commandments - I must win...

Those who have no shame are my only target.  
Their debauchery just stains my virtue's gown,  
so a fine catapult for my words in haste I get,  
then the battle starts - what is thrown, is thrown...

I begin to tell my truthful, holy story -  
like Münchhausen I ride my cannonball.  
If I end up in a swamp I don't worry -  
I pull myself up by my hair to stand tall...

So, beware all the lovers in the world  
of the power of my mouth and its fire -  
it'll come down on you like the Spirit's sword.  
I've been born to put an end to your desire...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Beechwood...

I skip under the dark red tree, wondering how long I've done it for,  
how many skipping ropes I've used, what's been lost and what's been torn...  
I skip every condescending look, lies spilled all over me, every sneer;  
I skip my angry thoughts and sadness; I skip cold envy, creeping fear...

I breathe the purple air of the tree, I let it shower me with its tears,  
I have forgotten how to cry; I've learned no pain I'll ever feel...  
Perhaps I'm numb, or maybe strong, as hard as the tree's thick, old bark.  
I haven't forgotten where I belong, I run with horses in the dark...

I skip and spell in my mind the name of the old, dark green-purple tree...  
In my language its name sounds like God's name - the magnificent, violet  
beech...  
Is violet the colour of something unknown, a secret I've chased since I was  
young?  
I skip and listen to whispering leaves, my arms become branches of my lungs...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# Bow To A Honey Bee...

There's golden dust in the cosmic space  
which explores the universe's expanses.  
It knows ancient mysteries, the real face of time,  
each speck of it so freely dances.

It's hard to believe and say it's true  
that it has travelled from the distant Earth,  
where it comes back free and so pure,  
so full of life magically preserved.

It comes back home to flower buds  
and covers them with cosmic gold,  
then makes them bloom, sweeten the air,  
and sing about treasures their hearts proudly hold.

The song and scent touches a hive  
filled with laborious, buzzing dance.  
Each bee decrypts the scented message,  
finds precious nectar miraculously at once.

Good-hearted bees work very hard,  
exchange the nectar between themselves,  
then do their magic - produce golden balm,  
as if they were fairies, life healing elves.

The truth is that pollen from cosmic space  
can be digested only by bees.  
Its immortality combined with resin  
becomes a remedy for any disease...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# Butterflies' Queen...

The Moon's made of diamonds, the Sun's made of gold;  
their light passes through the ancient prism of God...  
The colours' array swirls, magic unfolds;  
butterflies great days with a peaceful nod...

They carry blissful dreams on their iridescent wings.  
It's a tiny gift for their wonderful queen.  
She wears dress made of pearls; she's their mother, the spring.  
They ornate her hat with pastel shades of green...

I am awestricken when I look at the scene,  
so I stop and bow to the lady and her host.  
Elegance and wisdom paint her face serene.  
Spring's the queen, the season everyone loves most...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Butterfly Photosynthesis...

I've seen clouds of butterflies and my heart fluttered like their wavering wings.  
When they danced above me I admired colourful shapes: waves and rings...  
It looked as if a child took a pen and left its doodles all over the sky -  
the waves were the sea full of life, the rings were the sun, moon and stars...

'Butterflies! Butterflies! ', I uttered in silence of this, as it seemed, an unearthly dream.

In response I heard their tremulous bodies that painted a mute, multihued scream...

I imagined they screamed about the future, full of bright, sunny, simple days.  
Their wings were like fortune telling pages overwritten in many different ways...

So, I've seen cosmic explosions submerged in purple, light blue and grey gold,  
their mystery swayed to and fro, sharing a story nobody has told...  
Above it green hope blended with rouge and softened the air with pollen's scent -

I inhaled the smell of scattered rainbows, their hues sprang into the air then gently bent...

And I looked closely at the butterfly wings with greed to find and learn even more.

I saw the veins that gave them life and traced the map of their cocoon's core...  
I looked at the palmate-veined forgiveness wrapped in a soft, silky yarn -  
the branching hope fluttered in the dark, becoming a torn ends' holding darn...

And I saw dead butterflies, their vein skeletons looked like lace monuments:  
strong like marble, as gentle as velvet, and beautiful like old, truthful friends...  
And I imagined the butterflies were leaves born from buds of ancient oaks  
or other mighty, mysterious trees, fed with sun beams, rain and hope...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Cast Thoughts...

Oh, give me a horse, sculpt it out of bronze:  
leave magic in a mold cavity,  
then shape it into a galloping mustang,  
free and wild, escaping gravity...

Entwine the wind with its mane  
and let its heart be a butterfly,  
then forge golden shoes for its hooves,  
near stars and the moon let it fly...

And leave its back saddle free  
to make the space for its wings.  
Let's listen to its joyful snorting  
when into the air it gladly springs...

Oh, give me a horse, sculpt it out of bronze,  
so I can feel as free as its heart.  
Let cold days and gloom vanish forever  
in beauty and power of the art...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Cinderella Story...

When I was a child I told my mom I wanted to be Cinderella.  
'That's hard, my dear', she replied - 'you won't find any fella'.  
Time has passed, I've lost my footgear so many girls wanted to claim;  
I've searched for it everywhere, being always the one to blame...

Alas, I've lost it, let it be, let others take my place and have fun.  
Now I am dangling my bare feet above the head of every man.  
This means I am totally free to think, to do whatever I want -  
I've climbed my shelf and look at the world from the highest 'MOUNT'...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# Commemorating...

[\*] [\*] [\*] Katyn [\*] [\*] [\*]

Oh, Soldier, betrayed, disgraced!  
Your weapon had been taken by the guile side.  
Your valour, bravery, nobility,  
like your hands, with a string had been tied...

You did not have to die in shame,  
but from bullets on glory's battlefield,  
defending your country's freedom  
like an eagle with a valiant shield...

You did not have to wait in custody  
when your heart so loud was screaming  
that innocent blood ought to be revenged  
in fight for all that hadn't lost its meaning...

Your death by foreign ground covered,  
which for you had been shedding bitter tears,  
had become forbidden truth's seed  
and in its shadow outlived long years...

In vain thrived the dance upon your grave,  
in vain grew the forest's blind.  
Your skull so bestially shot  
the naked truth's arms did find...

And the memory about you, Soldier,  
has been carved by the pen of eternity,  
in hearts of those who know that you are  
the symbol of stolen freedom & dignity...

[\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*]

Zolnierzu, oszukany, zhanbiony!  
Tobie bron podstepem zabrano,  
Twa odwage, mestwo, szlachetnosc,  
jak Twe rece sznurem spetano...

Tys nie musiał zginąć tak podle,  
lecz od kul na polu chwały,  
broniąc kraju swego wolności  
jako orzeł waleczny, wspaniały...

Tys nie musiał czekać w niewoli  
gdy Twe serce tak głos no krzychało,  
ze niewinnych krew miałeś pomścić  
walczyć o to, co wciąż ocalało...

Twa śmierć obca ziemia pokryta,  
co nad Tobą tak gorzko płakała  
była ziarnem zakazanej prawdy  
i w jej cieniu pół wieku wytrwała...

Na nic tańce na Twym grobie,  
na nic zdawała się lesna zasłona.  
Twa haniebnie przestrelona czaszka  
wylonili nagiej prawdy ramiona.

I pamięć o Tobie Żołnierzu  
jest wryta piórem wieczności,  
w sercach tych, dla których jesteś  
symbolem skradzionej wolności...

[\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*] [\*]

Quiet prayer...

I have lit more than twenty thousands of white candles,  
let them burn in silence among woodland's cries...  
Let their wax melt in peace, turning red  
like the blood of those who had to die...

Oh white candles, be the guards of the shattered peace.  
Oh red rivers of the wax, be the mute memory...  
And the tongues of the flames, oh please quietly speak  
of the days of strength, honour and glory...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Domine, Tu Quercu Es...

There's only one place you can really hide  
and feel free, feel the air of life on your skin.  
It's a different dimension, so colourful and wide;  
in the middle there grows a gigantic tree...

There, existence is made of air molecules so ancient  
which paint eternal roots, branches, leaves, every acorn.  
Everybody's role is to grow their own patience  
and make it last on the tree trunk - the invincible stone...

And like a sculpture looks the tree bark, so golden, so bright,  
and the sculptor's name is the Spirit of Flame.  
Every shape has been carved by the holy light,  
and the tree burns in life, blooms in Eden's rain...

The earthly crown of the tree is no longer made of thorns -  
they have been transformed into planets and stars,  
and the King of the Universe His own firewall grows  
in the mirror of the souls free from any scars...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Every Crane Carries Synagogue In Its Heart...

Cranes, cranes what do you hide between the feather of your broad wings?  
We hide a story, what we saw; we carry the truth, many things...  
Cranes, cranes what is your scream above the empty, lonely field?  
That is a secret as dark as the soil under the dirty nails of the guilt...

We saw young children's joyful play as they ran to catch a ball.  
We heard many screams; we froze in fear when we saw what then did roll...  
We saw the earth move and breathe; we heard its whisper, its quiet plea.  
We saw the fire and what it consumed; now we are asking how could that be?

Cranes, cranes where are you flying, are you going to return?  
We're flying away, carrying what's buried, to meet the life that didn't burn...  
Cranes, cranes are you the angels God has sent to sing this song?  
No, we are the souls, the ghosts from the past, the broken-hearted; here we belong...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Fading Lavender...

Doomed to die when it ought to thrive, it bends its head on its tenuous neck.  
Only its eye, still so aureate, exhales mellifluent nectar's precious speck,  
and looks at the world with hope when above it gossamer weaves its flimsy  
glove,  
though, its blossom amorphous, turned into coarse haze, once alive, silky and  
mauve...

And when you come closer to its mellow scent, and look deeply into this eye,  
you'll see an ocean, once solemn, subdued, now rough and deaf to seagulls'  
cry...

You'll see a nebulous, thundery sky and furious, cold waves as they cascade  
in front of rocks' stony, soulless hearts; you'll learn why the ocean's roar won't  
fade...

The naked, dark rocks deprived of warmth just stand and watch in gloom  
how ocean's waves beg them to take the life they bring and among stones let it  
bloom...

In vain pleads the ocean, in vain it screams - its desperate call just agitates,  
then suddenly stops, as if in a deep sleep, its motion congeals, its roar slowly  
fades...

And proud, pompous rocks start falling apart, when touched by the merciless  
frost.

Their cruel hearts which barred the waves roll down like stones - that's the  
cost...

And all this is kept in lavender's soul, its soporific whispers of goodbye.  
It knows that soon all will disappear: the rocks, the ocean, you and I...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Faithful, Fearless...

I stepped down to the underworld, wading through a humid smoke...  
I chased cold wafts of the wind, all the words they broadly spoke.  
And I chose to walk in darkness - I'd been cursed to get no light.  
Barefoot, stripped of everything, I just walked towards the night...

In the underworld I searched for an old love's sweet beginning,  
all its clues withdrawn by force and its warmth full of meaning...  
And I carried in my arms broken pebbles of the past  
which had bound two hearts and minds in hope they'd ever last...

I had talked to cold, mute magma, sleeping by the earthly core,  
in return I'd heard an echo of my own steps, nothing more...  
Accidentally, when I stumbled, I leaned against a rock's cold face  
and my fingers begun to read the whole story of the place...

Tracing incised, ancient signs, I had learned love's not a myth,  
its dimensions were far more than a height, length, and width...  
So I dived into the depth of the wise, mysterious gaze  
which I'd feel underneath my skin as it'd spin around for years...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# Gallop In Rain...

Wild horses are like wind or ocean waves that never freeze,  
and with the wind their hearts merge, their snorting is a light breeze...  
Freedom is their mother born from thousands of rivers and rain,  
bravery is their father ever free from fear and pain...

Their hoof-beat is the rhythm of their life they bestow upon the ground,  
on their timid back they carry love, in their eyes gentleness can be found...  
Rain and the sun transform them into wildly galloping hues -  
their tails and manes are rainbow brushes and paint the world with their Muse...

Wind fixes drops of rain upon the strands of their manes and tails,  
so they become bead curtains attached to a spring, fresh-aired veil...  
And they clink as they run, snort as they splash every puddle and stream.  
They are free and have no fear, exist to be just a distant dream...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Glass Art...

Dreams are like fragile stained glass,  
touched by divine, flawless brush.  
These illuminated wonders just pass,  
on the sky of life they glide in rush...

And our hearts melt many dreams,  
then our hope inflates them into bubbles.  
Above our heads flow glasslike streams  
meant to conjure away all troubles...

We live in a mosaic of bliss to come.  
Melange of desires spreads through the sky,  
where our hope and faith gently roam,  
though sometimes bad fortune makes us cry...

But still the sky gets filled with glass balls.  
They glide smoothly through, or quickly break.  
The stained glass image persists and calls  
to dream and give whatever it takes...

### Glass art II

There's a window made of this glass:  
magical motley of purple and blue.  
Time paints each flower with a straw of grass  
that grows in the land of wisdom and truth...

There's the window and its art  
through which honour looks at the sky.  
Every smallest piece plays its part:  
life's molecules glide so fast and so high...

I've seen beds of violets set in the frame  
made of diamonds and its warm smile.  
Velvet scent softens sweet, spring air -  
I take a straw, I walk long miles...

I meet on my way lavender fields  
and slowly dive into their breath.

A hand of justice erases the guilt  
imposed upon me by lie and theft...

There's the window and its hope:  
its glass is so strong - it never breaks.  
It's shaped into a heart for all to cope  
with their life deformed by others' mistakes...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## In The Time's Ballroom...

Oh, pendulum, pendulum of the passing time,  
with such grace your arm ever smoothly swings,  
as you count falling stars, humming silent song  
about moon and sun carried on the time's wings...

Oh, tell us the truth about the vision you hide  
in the wide open eyes of your mirror like face.  
Share the kaleidoscope of all passing whiles  
lit by Pleiades' hues spread around life's space...

Let us walk in the rhythm of your swaying arm,  
let us dance to the beat of your ancient heart.  
Serve eternal air's molecules like champagne  
we shall taste to live worthily before we depart...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# It Doesn't Cost Much...

I went for a walk on a sunny day  
aiming to find the yellow brick road.  
I'd heard it lead to everlasting May  
where one could lose empty days' heavy load...

But out of the sudden the sun disappeared,  
wind started to howl a heart wrecking song,  
then rain came down, its hue rather weird -  
an orange stained path expanded headlong...

So, step by step I followed its sign  
that pointed towards a huge, wired gate.  
A heavy padlock seemed to whine  
barring the entry to the estate...

Then in the dark I saw thousands of eyes  
staring at me through the wired gaps.  
The eyes of lost dreams, their silent cries  
had told me the story of thousands of traps

that had waited for them before they were born  
and now they ruled their butterfly hearts.  
Their little hands wounded, their growing wings torn,  
their future had gone through their bruised body parts...

They had been locked behind the steel gate  
and nobody knows where to find freedom's key.  
But the truth is it's simple, it's never too late -  
locksmith's store is just there, in you and me...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## It's Not You But Me...

My life is like a cab, passing me by...  
I travel home by bus, I don't mind, I don't cry.  
I think of other people, and why it's not fair  
to squander a fortune, give a beggar a blank stare...

We all struggle with crisis, and you drive on my expenses -  
it's simple - you just sit and wait - I scribble my verses...  
'Madam'! Get out of this car and go home on foot  
at the snail pace of mine, when I am so screwed...

Do you want to be me? Don't dye your hair; quit smoking;  
wear no make up; show your greys - I am not joking...  
Do you know where I am when you call that cab?  
My exhausted brain is wired in the 'holy' lab...

This is very simple - I am lost for words...  
Poetry is my hobby... Please do not enter my poems into any competition, behind  
my back, without my consent. Please do not reward anyone who is not the  
genuine author of the poems written by me...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## I've Seen Dawn At Dusk...

I've seen Your painting, Your masterpiece - this is all I have got...  
You are the artist of all times, You are meek, wise and humble.  
I've seen the way you play with light, the way You tell things to merge and swap,  
  
and there is something else about You - You save me before I stumble...

Who am I to talk about Your virtues, Your infinity and Your power?  
I don't deserve to kneel before You and 'fasten Your sandal's string'...  
I dwell alone at the bottom of hell, counting my life's heavy hours -  
the only rosary I've got - forgive me - I still must learn new things...

Covered by dust of inserted sins, breathing the air of the dark unknown,  
I whisper as quiet as I can, asking for yet another painting:  
If only You could rearrange the entangled folds on my gown,  
so I could touch the earth again, devote last moments to Your creating...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Ku Pamięci...

Miałam zaszczyt uscisnąć dłoń  
mądrości, talentu i wiary w dobro...  
Wszystko to głęboko wyraża  
ten skromnie dany, ciepły autograf...

Krótką rozmowę z mistrzem-człowiekiem,  
jej szczerość i odwagę przy otwieranych drzwiach,  
stała się darem cennym jak diament,  
a teraz wspomnieniem, co płynie przez lzy...

20 Listopad 2008

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Leafless Future...

What do I see when I look at trees?  
Can I still read the shape of their arms?  
Do I remember when I played by their feet?  
The air they breathe tastes like sweetest calms...

What did I learn when I hugged them strong,  
played 'hide and seek' with dearest friends?  
Listening to their roam I know where I belong,  
although the road is narrow and always bends...

What if my road runs around a tree,  
as if it was a mountain, steep and high?  
Which branch will break, where it's safe to seat  
and watch the whole world as it passes by?

Who was I? Who am I? What have I become?  
Soon all trees will wither, then I will die...  
A tree crown looks like something that's gone -  
my brain synapses, the light in my eyes...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Life's Potpourri...

If life is but a flame, an ephemeral spark,  
thin thread in the eye of faith's steel needle,  
isn't its worth meant to light up the dark,  
embroider answers to existence's riddle?

Let every day become a scented, blank sheet,  
just ready for God's invincible pen.  
Let every dawn know each dusk's been complete  
by the song of goodness filling meek soul's den...

And even if love is but a dreamlike sigh,  
an erratic dancer, evasive but so dear,  
follow its steps in trust you won't cry,  
look passion in the eye without any fear...

Stand tall when your dreams meet a bad fortune's sword,  
with the truth on your shoulder play the fair game.  
And fight if you must with a wise man's word,  
die rich in freedom, like a peaceful flame...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Lilac Buds...(Sonnet)

Thoughts like peacock feather sway in my mind  
and I pray not to die proud of wrong deeds.  
Time and fate connive, every while they bind,  
and leave on a bookshelf of long lost needs...

Time is but a horse, ever wild and free...  
It won't slow its gallop, as per fate's call.  
It will let always grow an ancient tree,  
rather than stopping the days as they roll...

If only to touch universe's face  
and find in its eye tiny speck of dust,  
or a cell of hope, be its smallest trace,  
to wake from the dead ever broken trust...

But the truth is spring and its lilac scent,  
still can touch the life and last till its end...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# Medieval Resent...

Electronic twitting wrenches my heart -  
I dream in despair of days filled with life.  
Birds, trees, and wind are no longer one,  
wired spine of nature fills like helpless strife...

Where is the exit, way out of this maze?  
What deeds weight so much that you pay for them this way?  
Will God's masterpiece sink in this electronic haze,  
so for ever we'll wade through sounds of dismay?

I don't want to translate nature into your speech!  
I don't know who's the 'genius' and what's his aim!  
Murder me and bury by an oak tree, so I will be rich,  
nourishing my bones with earth's balm, not so lame!

You will never copy God and His timeless creation!  
Don't even try to erase His holy existence!  
You and your 'achievement' are just an extension  
of evil fought by the truth and its persistence!

In simplicity of my ordeal I just briefly state  
how I loath this game which I've never asked for!  
I'm the victim of your greed, jealousy, and hate -  
all what's beautiful disperse in your giga-bite store!

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Moon Generators...

Psychotronic rectum molests me nights and days;  
sleepless, I just ponder on the mysterious frequency...  
I've been combing through the density of all lost, barred ways,  
it feels as if the life's essence has changed its consistency...

And my life's become liquid or perhaps it's like an air;  
it's been running through my fingers, as I search.  
Hallucinogenic sound takes over my body cells;  
my consciousness is untouched, but my ears are wrenched...

I and other people who just pass me by  
have become one - the enslaved body...  
Soon we'll serve those who won't let us be 'that high',  
they'll refer to us 'IT' rather than somebody...

Our minds will be joined and we'll speak the same words,  
there won't be different thoughts, various ideas...  
Our brains will be stuffed with orders of all sorts;  
Antichrist has opened modern slavery era...

We'll be like an octopus wired to hard work  
and no prize we'll ever get, no matter how much we'll endeavour...  
Our common brain will be placed on the 'master's' fork  
and mauled, then reborn for centuries, for ever...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# My Tribute To Adam Mickiewicz...

Reduta Ordona (opowiadanie ajutanta, fragment) ...

Nam strzelac nie kazano - wstapilem na dzialo  
I spojrzalem na pole dwiescie armat grzmialo  
Artyleryi ruskiej ciagna sie szeregi  
Prosto, dlugo, daleko, jako morza brzegi  
I widzialem ich wodza przybiegl, mieczem skinal  
I jak ptak jedno skrzydlo wojska swego zwinal  
Wylewa sie spod skrzydla scisniona piechota  
Dluga czarna kolumna, jako lawa blota  
Nasypana iskrami bagnetów jak sepy  
Czarne choragwie na smierc prowadzi zastepy  
Przeciw nim sterczy biala, waska, zaostzona  
Jak glaz bodzacy morze, reduta Ordona  
Szesc tylko miala armat wciaz dymia i swieca  
I nie tyle predkich słów gniewne usta mieca  
Nie tyle przejdzie uczuc przez dusze w rozpaczy  
Ile z tych dzial lecialo bomb, kul i kartaczy  
Patrz, tam granat w sam srodek kolumny sie nurza  
Jak w fale bryla lawy, pulk dymem zachmurza  
Peka sród dymu granat, szyk  
pod niebo leci  
I ogromna lysina sród kolumny swieci

Tam kula, lecac, z dala grozi, szumi, wyje  
Ryczy jak byk przed bitwa, miota sie, grunt ryje  
Juz dopadla jak boa sród kolumn sie zwija  
Pali piersia, rwie zebem, oddechem zabija  
Najstraszniejszej nie widac, lecz slychac po dzwieku  
Po waleniu sie trupów, po ranionych jeku  
Gdy kolumne od konca do konca przewierci  
Jak gdyby srodkiem wojska przeszedl aniol smierci

Gdziez jest król, co na rzezie tlumy te wyprawia?  
Czy dzieli ich odwage, czy piers sam nadstawia?  
Nie, on siedzi o piecset mil na swej stolicy  
Król wielki, samowladnik swiata polowicy  
Zmarszczyl brwi i tysiace kibitek wnet leci  
Podpisał, tysiace matek oplakuje dzieci

Skinal, padaja knuty od Niemna do Chiwy  
Mocarzu, jak Bóg silny, jak szatan zlosliwy  
Gdy Turków za Balkanem twoje strasza spize  
Gdy poselstwo paryskie twoje stopy lize  
Warszawa jedna twojej mocy sie uraga  
Podnosi na cie reke i korone sciaga  
Korone Kazimierzów, Chrobrych z twojej glowy  
Bos ja ukradl i skrwawil, synu Wasilowy

Car dziwi sie ze strachu, drza Petersburczany  
Car gniewa sie ze strachu, mra jego dworzany  
Ale sypia sie wojska, których Bóg i wiara  
Jest Car, Car gniewny, umrzem, rozweselim Cara  
Poslany wódz kaukaski z silami pół-swiata  
Wierny, czynny i sprawny jak knut w reku kata.

(...)

Spojrzałem na redute; - waly, palisady,  
Działa i naszych garstka, i wrogów gromady;  
Wszystko jako sen zniklo. - Tylko czarna bryla  
Ziemi niekształtnej lezy - rozjemcza mogila.  
Tam i ci, co bronili, -i ci, co sie wdarli,  
Pierwszy raz pokój szczery i wieczny zawarli.  
Chocby cesarz Moskalom kazal wstac, juz dusza  
Moskiewska. tam raz pierwszy, cesarza nie slusza.  
Tam zagrzebane tylu set ciała, imiona:  
Dusze gdzie? nie wiem; lecz wiem, gdzie dusza Ordona.  
On bedzie Patron szanców! - Bo dzieło zniszczenia  
W dobrej sprawie jest swiete, Jak dzieło tworzenia;  
Bóg wyrzekl slowo stan sie, Bóg i zgin wyrzeczce.  
Kiedy od ludzi wiara i wolnosc uciecze,  
Kiedy ziemie despotyzm i duma szalona  
Obleja, jak Moskale redute Ordona -  
Karzac plemie zwyciezców zbrodniami zatrute,  
Bóg wysadzi te ziemie, jak on swa redute.

Adam Mickewicz, 1832 rok.

Ordon's redoubt (the story of an adjutant - fragment) ...

We weren't allowed to shoot. - I joined the gun team  
I looked at the field; two hundreds of cannons were thundering.

Lines of Russian artillery are stretching, making their way,  
Like the sea shores; straight, long, far away;  
And I saw their leader; he arrived, beacons with his sword  
And like a bird one wing of his army he did fold;  
The confined infantry spills the wing beneath  
Like an avalanche of mud, as a long black column it is spread,  
Piled up by sparks of bayonets. Like vultures, hovering  
Black flags to death regiments lead.

Against them a white, narrow, sharp, sticks out,  
Like a stone holding back the sea, Ordon's redoubt.  
It had only six cannons; they're still full of light and smoke  
And not so many hasty words the angered lips throw,  
Not so many feelings will pass through a soul in despair,  
How many these guns threw bombs, cannons, grape-shots into the air.  
Look, there in the middle of the column a grenade sinks  
Like a lump of lava in waves, with smoke the regiment it dims;  
In the smoke cracks the grenade, the array flies to the sky  
And a huge boldness among the column shines.

There a cannon, flying, hisses, howls, threatens from afar  
Bellows like a bull before the battle, runs around, nuzzles the ground; -  
It has already reached; like a boa among columns it twists,  
It burns with its chest, it tears with its teeth, with its breath it kills.  
The most horrid you can't see, but recognize it by its sound,  
By falling down of the death, by the wounded groan loud;  
When the column from the end to the end it drills,  
It looks as if through the army's middle walked the angel that kills.

Where is the king who crowds slaughter arranges for?  
Does he share their bravery, or risk his neck of his own?  
No, he sits in his capitol five hundred miles away  
The half of the world's self crowned ruler, the king, so great.  
He's frowned, - and arrive suddenly thousands of kibatka wagons;  
He's signed, - for their children weep thousands of mothers;  
He's nodded, - falls whipping from Chiwa to Niemen.  
As God great, as satan sinister, the strong man,  
When Turks beyond the Balkans are threatened by your bronze,  
When the Paris legation lick the feet of yours, -  
Warsaw alone your power hurls abuse at,  
Raises its hand on you and takes off the 'hat',  
The crown of Kazimierz, Chrobry Dynasty of your head,

Because you son of Wasil, have stolen it and with blood stained!

The tsar is surprised - the Petersburg men shiver in fear,  
The tsar gets angry - out of fear die his courtiers;  
But the armies pour, who's God and faith  
The tsar is - angry tsar: we die, we'll amuse him.  
The Caucasian leader is sent with the forces of the half of the world,  
Like a whip in the executor's hand, fervent and capable.  
(...)

I've looked at the redoubt; - stockades and embankments,  
Cannons and our army's handful and the enemy's bunches;  
Everything like a dream has disappeared. - Only a black solid's stayed  
Of the unshaped soil - the collective grave.  
And there are both those who've defended; - and those who've broken into,  
For the first time to sincere and eternal peace have come to.  
Even if the Cesar told the Moskals to get up, the soul already has been  
Moscow. there for the first time, the Cesar it can't hear.  
There are buried so many hundreds of bodies, names:  
Where are the souls? I don't know; but I know where Ordon's soul lays.  
He'll be the protector of trenches! - the destroying work of arts  
In good matter is holy, like the creation's artwork part;  
God said 'become', God 'die' will say.  
When from humans faith and freedom run away,  
When the earth tyranny and insane pride  
Flood like Moskals do Ordon's redoubt -  
Punishing the tribe of winners poisoned by crime,  
God will blow up this earth, like him his own redoubt.

Written by Adam Mickiewicz, 1832.  
interpreted by Aleksandra Szymanska

Aleksandra Szymanska

# My Tribute To Cyprian Kamil Norwid...

Fortepian Szopena (fragment) ...

## VII

O Ty! Co jestes Miłosci-profilem  
Któremu na imie Dopelnienie:  
Te - co w Sztuce mianuja stylem,  
Iz przenika piesn, kształci kamienie...  
O! Ty - co sie w Dziejach zowiesz Era,  
Gdzie zas ani historii zenit jest,  
Zwiesz sie razem: Duchem i Litera,  
I 'Consummatum est'...  
O! Ty - Doskonale-wypelnienie,  
Jakikolwiek jest Twój, I gdzie? ... znak...  
Czy w Fidiasu? Dawidzie? Czy w Szopenie?  
Czy w Eschylesowej scenie? ...  
Zawsze - zemsci sie na tobie: BRAK! ...  
- Pietnem globu tego - niedostatek:  
Dopelnienie? ... go boli! ...  
On - rozpoczynac woli  
I woli wyrzucac wciaz przed sie - zadatek!  
- Klos? ... gdy dojrzał jak złoty kometa,  
Ledwo ze go wiew ruszy,  
Deszcz pszenicznych ziarn prószy,  
Sama go doskonalosc rozmieta...

## VIII

Oto - patrz, Fryderyku! ... to - Warszawa:  
Pod rozplomieniona gwiazda  
Dziwnie jaskrawa - -  
- Patrz, organy u Fary; patrz! Twoje gniazdo:  
Owdzie - patrycjalne domy stare  
Jak Pospolita-rzecz,  
Bruki placów gluche I szare,  
I Zygmuntowy w chmurze miecz.

## IX

Patrz! ... z zaułków w zaułki  
Kaukaskie się konie rwa  
Jak przed burzą jaskółki,  
Wysmigajac przed pulki,  
Po sto - po sto - -  
- Gmach zajął się ogniem, przygasł znów,  
Zapłonął znów - - I oto - pod ścianę  
Widzę czoła ozalobionych wdów  
Kolbami pchane - -  
I znów widzę, acz dymem oslepian,  
Jak przez ganku kolumny  
Sprzęt podobny do trumny  
Wydzwigają... runal... runal - twój fortepian!

X

Ten! ... co Polskę głosił, od zenitu  
Wszędoskończoności Dziejów  
Wzięta, hymnem zachwytu - -  
Polskę - przemienionych kolodziejów;  
Ten sam - runal - na bruk z granitu!  
- I oto: jak zaczął myśl człowieka,  
Potępiany jest gniewami ludzi,  
Lub jak - od wieka  
Wieków - wszystko, co zbudzi!  
I - oto - jak ciało Orfeja,  
Tysiąc Pasyj rozdziera go w części;  
A każda wyje: 'Nie ja! ...  
Nie ja' - zębami chrząści - -  
Lecz Ty? - lecz ja? - uderzmy w śladnie piętę,  
Nawołując: 'Ciesz się, późny wnuku! ...  
Jęki- głuche kamienie:  
Ideal - sięgnął bruku' - -

Cyprian Kamil Norwid 1863

Chopin's piano (fragment)

VII

O You! Who are Love's profile

Whose name is Fulfillment:

The one - which in Arts has been granted a style,  
So it permeates the song, gives stones their shape...

O You! Who in history are named the Era,  
Where upon the history no zenith rests,  
You are named both: the Letter and Spirit,  
And 'Consumatum est'...

O You! - Flawless realization,  
Whatever is Your, and where? ... mark...  
Is it in Phidias's? In David's? Chopin's creation?  
Or in Aeschylus's improvisation?

Always - you'll be revenged by LACK! ...

-Insufficiency is the stigma of this earth:  
Fulfillment? ... tears him apart! ...

He - prefers to start,  
Headlong to throw away presage he prefers!  
Wheat spike? ...when he saw it, golden like a comet,  
Hardly in the wind it sways,  
Drizzles rain of wheat grains,  
By its perfection alone he's upset...

## VIII

Look, Frederic! ... this is Warsaw:

Fiery star beneath,  
Strangely flaming, I've seen it all...  
Look, the organ in the cathedral; look! Your nest:  
Patrician houses - here and there  
Like Commonwealth, old,  
Squares paving deaf and grey,  
And in the clouds Zygmunt's sword.

## IX

Look! ... From alleys into alleys  
Caucasian horses are pulling  
Alike before the storm swallows,  
Before shelves they're following,  
In hundreds... - in hundreds...  
The edifice has caught fire, then again it's died,  
Again it has stood in fire - and now - by the wall  
Fronts of mourning widows I watch with all my might,

The butts are pushing them all...  
And again I can see, though I'm blinded by the smoke  
How before the courtyard's columns,  
Stuff like a coffin they're pulling,  
Lifting... has fallen down...down... the piano of yours!

X

The one who by the zenith advertised Polish nation  
Of greatness of their all times,  
Taken, by the hymn of admiration -  
Poland - of the transformed wheelwrights;  
The same - has collapsed - on the granite creation!  
And here he is: like a human thought, noble and kind,  
Torn by people's wrath,  
Or like - from the old times  
To the old times - he'll awake all that!  
And here he is - like Orpheus's body,  
Thousands of Passions have into pieces him shattered;  
And everyone's howling: 'Not me! ...Somebody! ...  
Not me'- its teeth have clattered...  
But you? But me? Let's hit the doomsday's song,  
'Enjoy, late grandson! ...calling, have preached,  
Groaned, deaf stones:  
Perfection paving has reached...'

Written by Cyprian Kamil Norwid, 1863  
Interpreted by Aleksandra Szymanska

Aleksandra Szymanska

# My Tribute To Juliusz Slowacki...

Hymn (Smutno mi, Boze...)

Smutno mi, Boze! - Dla mnie na zachodzie  
Rozlales tecze blasków promienista;  
Przede mna gasisz w lazurowej wodzie  
Gwiazde ognista...  
Choc mi tak niebo Ty zlocisz i morze,  
Smutno mi, Boze!

Jak puste klosy, z podniesiona glowa  
Stoje rozkoszy prózen i dosytu...  
Dla obcych ludzi mam twarz jednakowa,  
Cisze blekitu.  
Ale przed Toba glab serca otworze,  
Smutno mi, Boze!

Jako na matki odejście sie zali  
Mala dziecina, tak ja placzu bliski,  
Patrzac na slonce, co mi rzuca z fali  
Ostatnie blyski...  
Choc wiem, ze jutro blyśnie nowe zorze,  
Smutno mi, Boze!

Dzisiaj, na wielkim morzu oblakany,  
Sto mil od brzegu i sto mil przed brzegiem,  
Widzialem lotne w powietrzu bociany  
Dlugim szeregiem.  
Zem je znal kiedys na polskim ugorze,  
Smutno mi, Boze!

Zem czesto dumal nad mogila ludzi,  
Zem prawie nie znal rodzinnego domu,  
Zem byl jak pielgrzym, co sie w drodze trudzi  
Przy blaskach gromu,  
Ze nie wiem, gdzie sie w mogile poloze,  
Smutno mi, Boze!

Ty bedziesz widzial moje biale kosci  
W straz nie oddane kolumnowym czolom;

Alem jest jako czlowiek, co zazdrosci  
Mogil popiolom...  
Wiec, ze miec bede niespokojne loze,  
Smutno mi, Boze!

Kazano w kraju niewinnej dziecinie  
Modlic sie ze mna co dzien... a ja przecie  
Wiem, ze mój okret nie do kraju plynie,  
Plynac po swiecie...  
Wiec, ze modlitwa dziecka nic nie moze,  
Smutno mi, Boze!

Na tecze blasków, która tak ogromnie  
Anieli Twoi w niebie rozpostarli,  
Nowi gdzies ludzie w sto lat beda po mnie  
Patrzacy - marli.  
Nim sie przed moja nicoscia ukorze,  
Smutno mi, Boze!

Pisalem o zachodzie slonca na morzu przed Aleksandria,  
19 pazdziernika 1836  
Julisz Slowacki

Hymn (I am sad, my Lord...)

I am sad, my Lord! - For me at the West  
You've spilled a rainbow resplendent in the light;  
Before me, in azure waters you put to rest  
A fiery star...  
Though, for me you gild the sea and the sky above,  
I am sad, my Lord!

Like empty wheat spikes, with my head held high  
I stand, with no passion and wealth, emptied but true...  
For strangers I wear the same face of mine,  
The silence of the blue.  
But before you I will open my heart's core,  
I am sad, my Lord!

Like a small child that cries and complains

For its mother's departure, I'm close to tears,  
Looking at the sun, that casts at me waves'  
Last glistening...  
Though I know, tomorrow will shine through a new dawn,  
My Lord, I feel down!

Today in the great sea so lost,  
Hundreds miles from the shore and beyond the shore  
I've seen flying in the air storks,  
Their long row.  
For once I used to know them on the Polish fallow  
My Lord, I am full of sorrow!

For I often pondered on the peoples' graves,  
For I hardly knew my family's home,  
For I was like a pilgrim, struggling on his way  
By the lighting of the storm,  
For I don't know in which grave I'll lay down,  
My Lord, I feel down!

My white bones you will see  
Which front columns won't guard;  
But I'm like a man who envies  
Ashes of the graveyard...  
So, because I'll have an unsettled bed,  
My Lord, I am sad, I'm dead!

An innocent child was told by the homeland  
To pray for me every day... but I  
Know that my ship doesn't head to this land,  
Around the world it glides...  
So, because the child's prayer doesn't do anything,  
My Lord, I am sad, I'm nothing!

At the rainbow of the light, which so hugely  
Your angels in the sky have spread,  
New people, somewhere, in hundreds years will be  
Looking - dead.  
Before to my nothingness I will nod  
I am sad, My God!

Written by Juliusz Slowacki, 19 X 1836

Interpreted by Aleksandra Szymanska

Aleksandra Szymanska

# One Mile Man...

I dream like people whose hearts beat in the rhythm of the earth's heart  
and I am but a speck of dust; I believe I can be the part...  
the part in building something strong, something that would last forever,  
something beautiful and simple like the truth written in heaven...

Take one step and create a foot of a gigantic human being,  
take another one to design His hand - one and two is just the beginning...  
Run with me and let pure air open His strong, healthy lungs.  
Let's run and breathe for the man, holding our hands...

Let's put a smile on the colourful face of our human design,  
let's join our hearts into one: what's mine is yours, what's yours is mine...  
Let our thoughts resonance with that one gigantic brain,  
let good will and wisdom flow every day through the human's veins...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Ossification...(Sonnet)

Smart kids who sing and dance get invited,  
or simply get trapped unaware of it...  
Red orbital bones get so delighted  
when they lure and push them to a blind street...

Happy kids play inside the nasal cave,  
chase echo around the lacrimal bone...  
Blinded, to their childhood 'goodbye' they wave;  
slide down maxilla to keep tasks well done...

They climb zygomatic bones of the game,  
not secured, they land on the mandible...  
But still they laugh and hold on to their fame  
when the skull calls them 'incredible'...

Playing 'hide and seek' round inferior walls  
they let their life slip down their death's dark holes...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Painted Stones...

Oh stones, the eyes and hearts of these rocks!  
Your beauty won't cease, not for million years...  
I look into your soul, hearing ticking clocks  
inlaid by time on your hilly stairs...

And the time is the king of the stony art  
as its brush has touched your every pore,  
fed with blotches of grey your every part,  
added touch of red sand, then green hues galore...

This motley of mystery so subtly adorned  
by ivy festoons that yearn to touch the sky,  
turned to stones all faces which have ever scorned  
at your grandeur spread in heaven so far and so high...

I've looked upon your shoulders - beds of your glory  
where the history in its arms hides the glow  
of a mighty sword which reflects its story  
onto the inclined trees' crowns, as to you they bow...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Poem 3

Let's tear the God made silhouette into pieces,  
just to please our eyes with the wondrous view...  
But the radiance is incomplete: what is missing?  
There's an invisible hole - the painful truth...

And it breathes, expands, year by year,  
and engulfs something you just don't want to taste...  
We're protected by a cobweb, that's thinner than a hair -  
its map is imprinted on an angel's face...

Can you touch that face, and turn it into a stone?  
Go on, poke it now with your arrogant finger!  
You won't even blink when all will be gone,  
and your selfish name amongst ashes will linger...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Prayer For Dying Leaves...

Leaves, what can you do when cold winds tear you down,  
so you tumble in the air, thinking of a velvet lawn?  
Some of you just only dream of long-blade, bushy grass,  
which would let you sway in peace as your time would slowly pass...

Little offsprings of strong trees, it's a dream that won't come true  
and you know you'll hit cold ground when your time is due...  
Let the winds just carry you, as you sing your heartfelt song  
of the meaning of your life which won't last too long...

You just look at your home's branches as they rage and groan in pain,  
but your little hearts can feel you won't die in vain...  
Gentle earth will let you pass through its deep mystery's pores,  
cooling your sorrow-burned bodies, healing cuts and sores...

It will let you pass to angels so you'll play with them till spring;  
lilac scented air will call you when the sun new life will bring...  
And you'll wake up in the buds of spring flowers and birds' hearts,  
but for now just land with courage where bad fortune deals its cards...

November 2009

This is my personal tribute to all children dying of cancer and their parents. Some time ago I had donated a manuscript of my first novella to the organization supporting those less fortunate and their families. All money generated from the project based on my story was supposed to be given, as a gesture of my good will, to the charity... Nobody, except for the children and their families, was going to get a penny...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Prayer Mode...

I am the daughter of Maat... Deep motion of justice rages through my veins.  
Let the justice for deep misery be done, I am here to heal the pain...  
I am calling the mother of stars, her power of conceiving each season,  
let the justice for deep misery be done; be found and gone, wrong reason...

Order, balance and strength have been dancing round my fragile, empty hand...  
Maat sees through my eyes, touching things I see with her wand...  
And with feather of her truth I shall write about the shame  
caused by greed that bows to its deity - the unfair, dirty game...

No one can escape their deeds - they've got weight which pulls you down,  
whether you are wealthy or poor, an ordinary man or a clown...  
If you shatter others' lives, in some time all will be averted -  
when you least expect it, your life into chaos shall be converted...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Priceless Maturity...

A wise man I shall always admire  
and crave for his wisdom he could bestow  
to show me the paths I still haven't discovered...  
I know so little...or perhaps I've forgotten how  
it really feels... It's been a while since I juggled it  
between the fingers of my soul, touching its  
very core, feeling its essence, breathing in its air:  
human touch – its three basic dimensions and  
all levels of its ever changing form, yet undiscovered;  
this unknown-forgotten part of life buried  
under the layer of stiff schemes of an abusive programme  
keeping nature behind the bars of its experiments:  
'you mustn't break the rules; you must talk this way;  
that's the way you ought to treat her' ...  
Does awareness show a way, or lead  
to a blind corner of everlasting pain?  
A man, wise and patient knows the taste of a healthy soul,  
knows life and answers to its many tricky questions,  
wearing them on his chest like a magical amulet  
made of drops of rain... And if I asked him  
would he ever accept just one tear for his collection?  
Would he help me to find the way back to humanity?

Aleksandra Szymanska

# Rajewski - The First Engima Code Breaker...

Why should you remember, mention his name?  
Who was that guy, what had he done?  
He hadn't done that for money and fame,  
now credit's been given to the other man...

Turn the left rotor, I'll turn the right one.  
Let's read the story of the never ending war.  
Let's watch the spin of the rotten crown  
above the envied land's every sore...

If mathematics was a great magic,  
I'm sure he would've conjured death away...  
His great equation turned to be tragic,  
he shook the wrong hand, looked the wrong way...

Enigma screamed, 'Katyn! Aushwitz! Ghetto! '  
But those who read it chose to watch in peace.  
The collective grave couldn't say 'Liberum Veto! '  
The guardian angel fell down on his knees...

Enigma resounds in the heart and head  
of everyone who wants to share the true story,  
of those who scream for so many dead,  
but controlling greed won't ever feel sorry...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Reptile...

What is popularity on a poetry website?  
Don't ask, I don't know the word's meaning any more...  
You may get there if you try with all your might.  
Let me stay on a side as you reach your goal...

But beware of a creature that dwells between your words:  
it's got eyes, it's got a tongue and lots of scales.  
The eyes are scanners and the tongue swipes your points,  
and the scales land on your way, so you progress like a snail...

The greedy hands change hues just to be your match.  
They might even sneak into your bank account...  
Keep an eye and remove what they might attach.  
People cheat, people steal and you know you don't...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Sleet...

Who are we, these little people with a glassy gaze?  
Why do we walk so puzzled, as if life was a maze?  
What do we see through this glass of burning tears?  
If it breaks will we be able to face all our fears?

I look at you briefly, as you pass me by...  
Have you also noticed the glass in my eyes?  
You don't have to say anything, explain where you're from -  
the glass in your pupils tells we share the same home...

And this see-through blind is the liquidised feeling -  
our hope, faith and sorrow, lessons and their meaning...  
We pass by one another in this empty silence,  
knowing we shall fight it, though without the violence...

Our land still exists, till our hearts are full of youth,  
what's been torn we'll get back with the sword of the truth...  
And we'll look at the world through the glass in our eyes,  
we'll remember those who fought, gave us life, and died...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Smolensk Mythology...

This plane had Icarus's wings, but nobody ever knew...  
Thick fog surrounded its engine, absorbed brains of the crew.  
This plane carried flowers for those who didn't have to die.  
It changed into a candle; nobody heard its cry...

I count the beams that stroke its eyes and its heart.  
I still hear devil's anthem above its shattered parts.  
I watch how it lands on deceit's bloodied square.  
Coffins like plates for hell's feast are carried with such flair...

And those who carry them dance for their courtesan.  
Faded lilac fills the air as they sing under her broad wings span.  
But how did she get these gains, the rainbow feather and fame?  
These are the stolen wings of that misfortunate plane...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Substitute...

Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce myself:  
I am almost forty; I am on the shelf...  
It is not that I've never wished to marry anyone,  
but too many people say I should have no fun...

Healthy sex these days is a MUST, you'll agree.  
I am cautious, I use logic, and I love being free.  
So I buy cucumbers - there's wide choice of the size.  
They are really economical, I do realize...

I get small cucumbers, just to feel relaxed,  
and I slice them for my sandwich - money spend is axed...  
And of course I do wash them just before and after use -  
the hygiene is important, there is no excuse...

There are many women, who claim they are me...  
I am puzzled, I don't get that. How could it be?  
Ladies of the GAME here is my advice:  
admit that you too enjoy it and then have the slice...

I would like to make a statement: I am not registered on any public/ social website, such as twitter, facebook and other 'dating spot', but I do sense somebody does use my name somewhere there in the cyberspace, exposing 'my' profile against my will, behind my back, making fun out of me and the people who think this is me.

I don't text anybody - my SIM card has been cloned, so I keep my balance at £0 (you won't use my money to text anybody on my expenses without my consent)

I don't know who you are, perhaps the same person who has broken into my tiny bedsit and stolen my vitamins. Well, next time take the whole box - the half of the dosage doesn't help (Rutinoscorbin is available in every Polish shop; you can get Immunace at your local Pharmacy) .

I wonder what else I am going to be robbed of...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Summer Music...

When it rains thousands of glockenspiels descend  
from the sky which can never hear their euphony -  
full of envy it frowns, then thunders, its hues dims,  
and the rain just dances with the sound's harmony...

Every dropp - a crystal bar - turns into a drumstick  
when it lands on swaying, humming, old trees,  
and transforms their branches into gigantic cymbals -  
their clashing becomes resonant with woodland bliss...

Liquid magic gently drips from a leaf to leaf,  
chimes on grass's blades, taps against every stone...  
It feels as if time hanged thousands of clocks,  
then tuned their hearts in to perform the carillon...

Ancient trunks inhale the melodious, humid air  
then exhale it from their insides with their whole might.  
They become bass pipes as their drone resounds  
in unison with birds' chant when the sky turns bright...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Sunken Pain...

What can you find in a forest apart from ancient trees,  
velvety waft of air, and silence growing in bliss?  
A silver mist which kisses young, fragile leaves as they tremble?  
Or maybe a moss-cushioned stem of cracked, wooden heart, but still stable?

Perhaps you can find a path hidden between woodland flowers,  
and you can walk enjoying the nature's heart beat for hours...  
And you can feel how it merges with the beat of your own, human heart,  
so that you and the nature unite and don't ever part...

And what can you find when you bend over a green, bushy fern?  
And reading its rolled up head, what do you see and learn?  
And what do you find when you look at its time-incised, long, slender leaves?  
What can you hear when their whisper becomes a mysterious hiss?

What can you feel when they start to tell a story of gloom,  
saying the sunken lines on their face are born from a dark secrets' womb?  
You learn they've been fed with juices from the depth of the saddened ground,  
the ground which holds a mystery nobody has ever found...

You listen to the sighs of the crying, ancient, wise, fern,  
you listen, gulping heavily the mood that grows rather stern.  
You embrace the discovery with the arms of your pain-struck heart,  
you swallow the taste of the history which now is your new body part...

It's your brain with the chamber of pain that batters the need to forgive,  
it's your eye that sees the naked truth which in dark for so long had to thrive...  
It's the tongue of your beaten soul when it twists trying the taste of lies,  
it's the stomach of your identity which is stuffed with innocent cries.

So you leave the forest and go, take new burden on your shoulder,  
feeling like a fossil with the fern's imprint, as you run away and wonder...  
And the skin on your hand exposes the newly carved, painful furrow -  
intaglio of digging up, then burying back the stolen tomorrow...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Talk To My Bottom...

This is voice -to- bottom technology,  
somebody owes me apology...  
In the lavatory I let something out  
and it spoke, so it sounded very loud...

Now I ponder on Olympics 2012:  
does the 3D involve magical ELF?  
To know the score of your favourite team  
just go to the loo - as you'll pee it will stream...

This is voice -to- bottom technology,  
somebody owes me apology...  
God teaches to let go, but I'm not a forgiver  
I didn't agree to be a broadcasting receiver...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# The Name Of My Dream...

Oh, where are you heading creature divine, as you run through the unknown expanses?

What song do you hum galloping alone when your mane so carelessly dances?

If only I could follow your path and gently touch what your eyes can see  
to live and breathe the way you do, to be free... to be free... to be free...

Oh, let me be just a mere speck of dust and softly cover your saddles back,  
so you'd know no sorrow would ever break you, no pain would ever stack...

If only I could become the shadow when you rest your head under the tree  
to hug the same dreams the way you do, to be free... to be free... to be free...

Oh, let me be your misty silhouette, so I'd know clear air's cooling touch...

Let me be just a tiny, silver nail - your shining horse shoes' perfect match...

If only I could become the rhythm of your heart beat when to the light you flee  
to know the truth and the taste of real life, to be free... to be free... to be free...

To the memory of Marian Rajewski who had been enslaved and forced to work  
hard in Beltchley Park almost on his own...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# The Spots On The Sun...

Oh Sun, mother of our Earth which you hold dearly in the everlasting spin,  
tell us, mere mortals, what secrets you know, tell us our story and how it  
begins...

Your beauty no one could ever deny - the pale dawn, golden noon, multihued  
dusk

are the canvas of our prayers, dreams, and faults, hard work and questions we  
often ask...

Bright star, how many and what languages do you speak when you unleash your  
fiery tongues?

Are you able to teach us the difference between the side of good will and many  
wrongs?

Are you the pupil of the whole world, hidden in the iris of the universe?

Is your vision clear? What do we know? Is the truth solid or does it disperse?

What are you - just an exploding mosaic of green, purple, gold and dark blue?  
Or perhaps you're the soul of every green leaf, every purple, blue petal, or  
golden dew?

Are you an ancient book of wisdom we mortals for centuries have struggled to  
reach?

Will you ever share the words you hold, let us die in peace, in your knowledge  
enriched?

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Aleksandra Szymanska

# The Way We Laugh At Each Other...

Your arms, like my thighs, portray tree trunks:  
attributes of Roman infantry do apply...  
Are we women, or are we ancient hunks?  
What would you say if your bottom looked like mine?

If you joined your torso with the rest of me  
a powerful deity would be born...  
I can see how you'd caress her or him;  
my useless womb would resound like an angelic horn...

Hold my hand - let's merge our unique bodies;  
let's sing the song of what's still to come...  
Let it be unison of two loving buddies -  
Herculean sister, take me home...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# To Tell You The Truth...

'If trees could speak what would they say? '  
I wonder when I look at their crowns...  
They'd probably roam about green May  
or winter's frost - life's ups and downs...

I lay my palm on their strong trunks  
and trace their bark with finger tips.  
Their silent words fill my lungs;  
I freeze in terror, I seal my lips...

They speak of waves that cut through skin,  
devour life, consuming its heart...  
They speak of slaves who've lost their dream,  
giving their best, working so hard...

Perhaps I am just one of them  
you call so loud 'just a joke'.  
I simply offer my broken pen  
that sounds like the last screams of a black hawk...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# To The Entourage Of The Lazy, Cunning And Greedy...

You've got no right to claim you are me,  
to say you've written all these words...  
I won't give in and just let it be,  
my thoughts will flow like sharpest swords...

You've got no right to look for children  
and say they've suffered instead of that boy...  
You can't swap lark's songs with tunes of a wren;  
you won't play my life as if it was your toy...

You won't play behind my beaten back  
your foolish, matchmaking masquerade...  
This game's not consensual and rolls down a wrong track;  
here's my footprint, my barricade...

Please do not try to claim copyright of this account. I've already explained I am the sole author of my scribbles. I write for my hobby, private satisfaction (I don't co-write) . I write because I get inspired. How can you compare inspiration to an addition and how can you convert poetry into gambling?  
Stay away from my creativity. You won't cash hits for my poems. Don't even try...

Aleksandra Szymanska

# Trafficked...

I live in a house made of few cards,  
no weather will ever surprise me...  
If wind blows again, it'll rob me of heart;  
rain will wash my brain... Who'll recognize me?

I live in a house made of few whispers -  
they dance with moon beams above my roof...  
Illuminating illusion is rather scarce,  
but woodpecking lullabies can be a proof...

I live and I am a traded commodity;  
I've got no right to be who I was born.  
I am a lab rat - here's my identity;  
my name has been stolen, defamed, then torn...

And I avowedly utter for those  
who have no rights, no name like me:  
something has changed, the end is close;  
no matter what end, soon we will be free...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Tribute To Roy Batty...

Give me a handful of soundless seconds  
and I'll kneel and kiss your feet...  
My time won't cease to run, I reckon,  
I can hear its clock, beat by beat...

The truth you speak is like cooing dove's tunes  
please don't stop - your name shines in the sky...  
Don't you know your home's got its own moons -  
it spins round God's head, so far, so high...

Let me watch it - I am mesmerised.  
The pantomime in the universe is so grand...  
I am speechless, I am gently hypnotised.  
God's your Sun - He'll silence the whole rant...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## 'Vibratious' Reality...

'Auntie, I love this story, but know you can't read it to me,  
because there's something wrong, I'm upset by a bee...'

'Sweetheart, I feel it too - the bee buzzes all day.

I know you suffer more than I do; I promise I'll find a way...

My heart's crushed into pieces, but I'll get you out of that hive.

No matter what's the cost, I'll do everything, I'll strive...

I'll call for help and make sure the whole world hears my plea.

Good people will catch and punish every evil bee...

I'll scream for every woman and an innocent child.

I'll stretch a rainbow above their heads, so long and so wide...

It will wrap them each day in its soft protective hue,

and then I will come back and read the story to you...'

inspired by 'The Vibrant Versifier' by rajendran muthiah

DEDICATED TO MY NEPHEW WHO WAS ONLY 5 WHEN THAT HAPPENED...

Introducing 'Twenty Seven Million' with Matt & Beth Redman, and LZ7

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Water Existence...

Is life just a river meandering through time  
on rough or smooth waves' sinuous symphony?  
Can it not straighten its ever winding course,  
and bend what's made straight by the hand of irony?

Is it a waterfall cascading with power,  
descending with heavy matters' gravity?  
Or does it quench thirst of forgotten dreams  
by the spring of peace and eternal vitality?

Or perhaps it's a fountain filled with jets of hope,  
faith's architecture, unique in its style...  
Let's toss our coins into the wishing pond  
and see if we can buy just one happy while...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## We're Not Alone...

I've dispersed one tear, let it pour down like rain.  
I have strength - I can't see, but I'll rise again.  
I will rise like the sun when the earth opens its eyes,  
I will rise, all will change - you will realize...

I have opened my palm - please forgive it's so small.  
But there's warmth between the lines, there's hope - that's all.  
I wear smile in my pocket, and I guard it like a dime -  
Friendship grows like a tree, it will grow in time...

My life's a pageless book, but your words bring hope.  
I wade through a new dimension, sometimes I can't cope...  
Spread your wings and go to reach another star -  
All you need is just there, you won't fly too far...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## When I Wake Up Again...

Stars are like flowers overgrowing eternal expanses,  
sleeping calmly in the Universe's buds.  
They wait patiently for God's creative will  
that awakes splendor in their stony hearts...

I have stretched my hand and reached the sky.  
I am bringing the twinkling bouquet  
for the soul to be drowned  
in its calming fragrance...

Aleksandra Szymanska

## Winter Forecast...

The cold breath of the world soon will display its odd art  
framed in arms of the winds chasing echo down earth's heart...  
It will showcase few bouquets of God's frozen finger prints  
on the window of each house touched by workplace of iced hints...

Life's a puzzle and the answers lay beneath all what's unknown,  
all what can't be ever touched, so fragile, so easily torn...  
And we know that only time can decrypt the hidden truth,  
as it's tried the taste of all bits, life has fed us since our youth...

Look at cold, wintery sky, the bruised clouds which glide so fast...  
Are they there to let you know their sad song won't ever last?  
Look at petals of the roses shaped by frost every dawn:  
don't they tell you what you'll find on the spring, sun-warmed lawn?

Aleksandra Szymanska