

Poetry Series

joseph rzemien
- poems -

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joseph rzemien(1935)

Taught English in Hirson, Auxerre (training college) , Troyes (training college) , Troyes Institute of Technology.

Occasional poetry readings in Burgundy.

Lives in Bercenay en Othe, Champagne-Ardenne.

And Beyond

Are they expecting us
And when they know we're on our way
Will they wait on the doorstep
And be thrilled

And say we sure make a mountain
Out of a molehill
No just come in
Not to worry have no fear

Will they say
Everyone's welcome here
There's so much talking to catch up with
And we've got time now

If you get bored
There's the show down there
The whole world
And beyond
Beyond and all round here

Hopping from a cloud to another
You get used to
And besides you can't fall
Not to worry have no fear

November 21st,2009

joseph rzemien

Jailed Tropic

Gust-bitten by wild winds
Tearing at their moorings
Their hulls gray with time
Dead boats
On the beach
Dead boats groan and dream

Broken by the worries of love
Deafened by the sterile call
Of shredded horizons
Stroked by the hands of trade winds
By waves undulating a shameless offer
They howl the painful sob of dead desire

In today's winter the skin is burning so
That still to dream of weighing anchor
To the far away harbor
Still to long for satin Jamaica's
Palpitating palms
Is madness raving in March

Dead boats on the beach
Their molten gold tears burn the sands
At the estuary by the cliffs
They used to round so smoothly
As they sailed away
Oh so very long ago

Saturday, July 26,2008

joseph rzemien

New Land

My song is about blades of grass beheaded
New from Krakow's far away voivods
Like starlings on the live furrows
Checking in to live here on labor
That tasted of hunger
Back there

My song is the lament of transparent warriors
Marching on the grey meadows of a grey future
On a map of blind mornings of grey stables
And evenings of some fat in see-through slops
Nights on the oat couch
Listening to a night's slow journey

This house its clock and the flowing of time are the deal
The calendar learnt by heart plow and sow and harrow
By rote the spire that tells bread and cheese
The long expected time by hunger's clock

Pale and plain still are the words
Like buried endives like a corpse
And so wan also
Words sound a stupid sound
Like the silly bells of unseeing cows

I hear the wheels I hear the train
On roads at standstill
I hear my home receding
My stray heart my lost trees
My stream and the dirt on the footpath

Staying was a grave it was death every day
Here or there I remain poverty's mean orphan
But I left no forsaken regret behind
No empty place
Just unchartered expectations of unchartered emptiness

june 2nd,2009

joseph rzemien

Rayons D'Absence

Jour trempé d'heures mouillées
Soir brillant de diamants noirs
Dans un sommeil d'autre monde
Le ciel en haillons fleur de gris
A mis au printemps des barreaux

Jour de ténèbre ou jour de fête
Dans ses frimas l'averse a volé la saison
Le jour est un cachot où l'on s'embête
Qui s'égrène goutte à goutte en déception
On marche en rond on doute
Et l'on guette l'évasion

Le ciel s'est endormi sur la terre
Comme une tristesse qui s'attarde
La campagne est une rose pâle
Et l'horizon ferme sa porte
Le ciel en haillons fleur de gris
A mis au printemps des barreaux

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