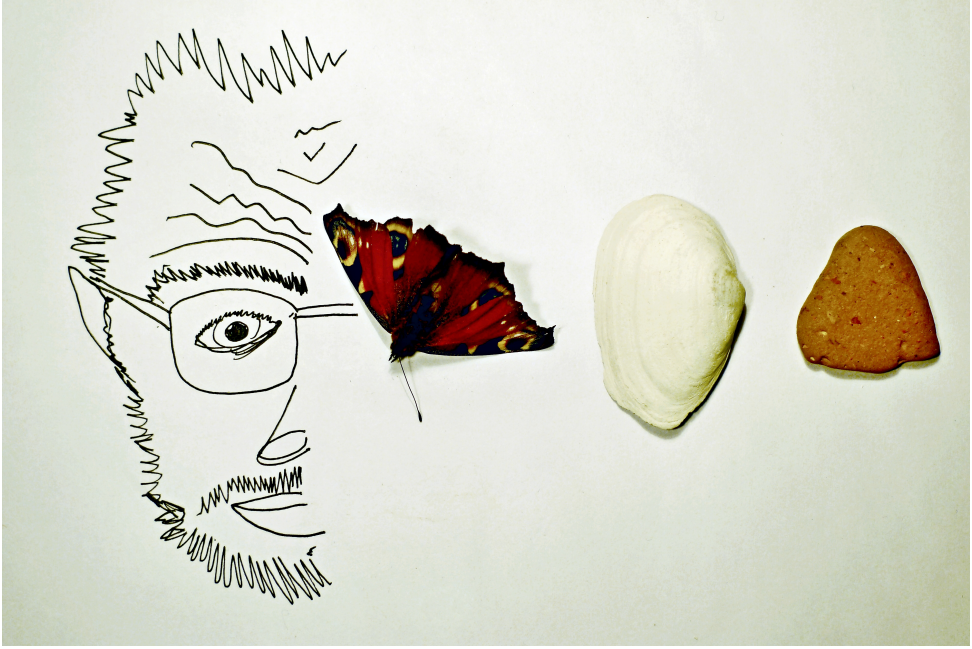
at the doorsill



Ryszard Павел Kostecki

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Stalker (*transl., jointly with Jadwiga Smulko, of «Stalker» by Jacek Kaczmarski*) *27.XII.13–20.V.14*

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彼岸の半ば 2020
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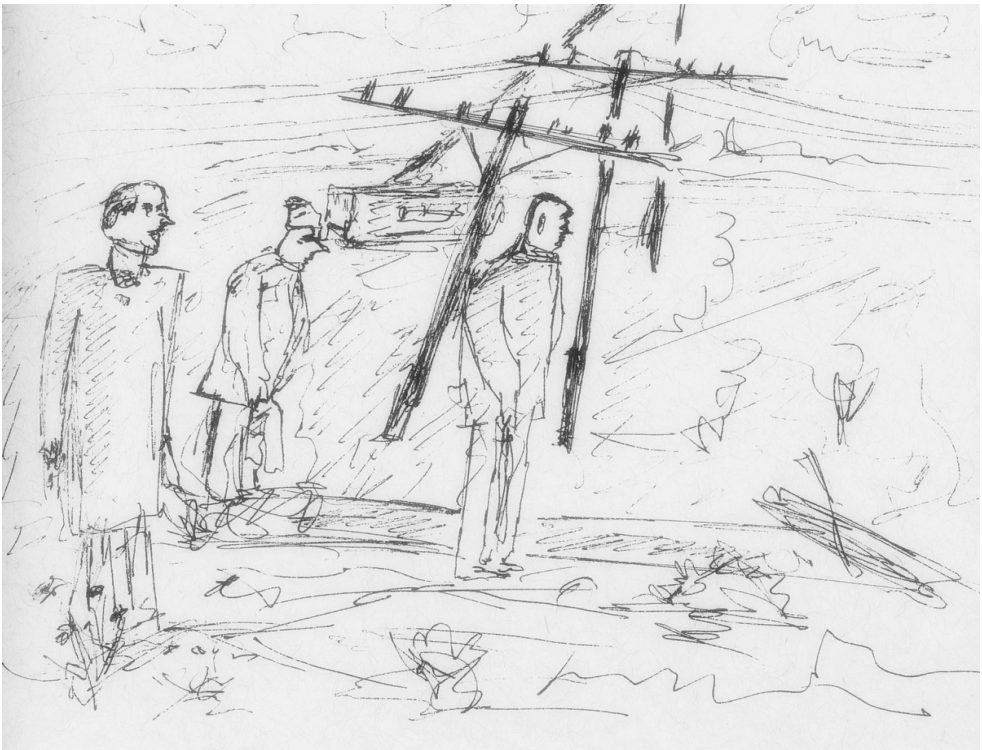
第 107 版
「excerpts」



«We barely remember what came before
This precious moment,
Choosing to be here right now.
Hold on, stay inside...»

– James H. Keenan, *Parabol*

DARKNESS AND MOULD*

«ἔδωκαν αὐτῷ πιεῖν ὄξος μετὰ χολῆς μεμιγμένον
καὶ γευσάμενος οὐκ ἤθελεν πιεῖν» – Ματθ. 27:34

In the mass grave of dreams, my still alive lips
Taste mould and vinegar at the treat of defeat.
Feasting fragmented remains of a bygone life,
The unfulfilled cravings, and the darkness of night.

Whatever has been booked in those volumes around me,
The flight has never reached its imaginary destiny.
And whatever else has not been, there is no return of the fee,
So I search how to unfreeze this, what still has a chance to be.

As for the river I've cried in despair at this wall of the books of the dead,
Let it reach the other side, let it bring seeds to spring, if any of them are left.
As for the irreversible time arrow, painful to be known by it,
Let it keep me aware of the shadows that every light has to bring.

21.III.19 (彼岸の半ば), Xiążąt Pomorskich 5/7/13, Sopot

* Cf.: Stanisław Lem, 1959, *Ciemność i pleśń* (Germ. transl.: 1972, *Nacht und Schimmel*).

PHILO
(THE UNBEARABLE ITCHINESS OF NOW)

for Peter F.

There's no "here" – there is always a locus of focus –
(Although sectarians would drag you into some hocus pocus)
The choice is always made by you, the child who has dreams –
If you are in the water, how often do you change the streams of schemes?

How often do you change the game, beyond the narratives and judgments?
How often do you let your body strive for something beyond old motives and patterns?
How often do you sniff the floor, lick the plant, destroy a thing, scream and jump without a treason,
Follow the beetle, make pointless sounds and moves,... – shifting seasons for no reason?

Beyond the necessity of being something specific, there is never nothing,
There is just something unnamed, that you choose to do – faster than the mind is tracking,
There is a permanent change, the thousand-petaled pathway of void,
The permanent change that you embody as "it" – and it never stops.

They say "calm down your mind" or "don't ever dare to move",
Obey or run away – school is a prep for life, both kill the bodily truths,
One can meditate away some things sometime, yet one still has to poo,
And so "here" you always meet "it" (some sort of loo) – the form acting through "you".

They say "ego is an enemy", but what if it is just a boundary –
A place for adulthood to keep aliveness, while non-harming?
Within the self-chosen bounds you swipe the channels of being,
Outside there's myth-crafting with those whom you like seeing.

Who then is this witness, if he does not attend the pure silence?
Sober artisan sailing the acid of each second that happens,
Keeping the wheel of balance between the wilderness and a kind bow,
His name is Friendship with the unbearable It-qì-ness of Now.

Sopot, 18.11.18

PIERWSZY LISTOPADA (II)

gdy przez tych co żyją
przemawiają zmarli
objawień węże odkryją
sens w ciele własnym zatarty

wszak sny nam wspólnie pisane
w rytmach koron, korzeni
o tyle pniemy się w górę
o ile pod ziemię zejdziemy

dłoń złota na grani światła
milczy w ramach tęczowych
co umysł osadza w zasadach
rozpuszcza wnet jad zakwasowy

wolnością bez-troska – rzekł budda –
to w orgii tej obojętność
infinity plus minus infinity
wynikiem nicość więc wieczność

opadły liście na warmii
gdzieś dudni bęben prastary
kracze kruk wszystkich świętych
przodkowie w kościach zagrali

umysł wije historie
symbole, liczby, wspomnienia
mitochondria pulsują
ziemia ku zimie się zmienia

spirala trwa nieskończenie
nie-jest tysiąckroć sahasrāra
żul pije wódę i rzęzi
doktor teorie ustala

my gdzieś ciągle pomiędzy
w nieutulonej po-więzi
bo wspólnym zniczem czas tętni
świat żywy jest – póki tęskni

horyzont jest w każdej chwili
kwant każdej przeżytej treści
dostrzec niewiedzy dźwięk cichy
z dzielenia przez kosmos
  – reszty.

1.XI.18, Gęsikowo

BYE BYE SWEET 3.14159...

for Sūrya Rāghavendran et al.

Oh, dear rainbow of tears from my third eye,
Let thee flow no-signalling this goodbye cry,
Leaving behind the dusks and dawns over the silver lake,
Where we've meditated in the search for the ground state.

I know: as long as our souls will be flirting with the divine,
The dualities of self with another shall resonate in shine.
And while the beauty of math rises from the ashes of youth,
In the tryptamines we are all even with the truth.

As the life goes exchanged into the .tex tiles of codecraft,
Deep questions rise and fall in the microdosing of drafts;
Integrating residua of dreams of the euclidean time,
I see entangled friendship state in the heartmind of mine.

As it is time for us to cut-off, coarse-grain, and rescale,
I attach a list of open problems, for a longer inhale:

The inner witness
of the derived is-ness:
is it a buddha
or is it an illness?

The inner perception
of directional evaluation:
how a finitary rejection
meets the unbounded creation?

For whom tolls the control bell
of your saṃskāra germs
while integrating the signs of life
into a locus of lived sense?

Is the namelessness
of the innumerable shadow
a curse or an acceptance
in a meeting of the other?

How does timeless synchronicity
of the preemergent bliss
break into the cause-and-effect,
hit-and-miss?

And how to renormalise the range
of all these questions
without overwhelming breakdown
of cognitive comprehension?

All deepest questions are open, and we all have a chance
To pick fruits in the vineyard, drink, sing, ponder, dance.

«*Duplex est divisio – una substantiarum,*
quæ fit in hoc discidio – sed non animarum.
Vobiscum sum, dum vixero spiritu presente,
licet absens abero corpore, non mente.»*

3.IV/7.VIII.18, Waterloo/Warszawa

* *Hospita in Gallia* by anonymous author, from a manuscript dated between 1172 and 1200, published in: Wackernagel W., 1845, *Gedichte des Archipoeta Waltherus*, Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum **5**, 293–299. (Cf.: Werner J.J., 1904, *Über zwei Handschriften der Stadtbibliothek in Zürich*, Sauerländer, Aarau, pp. 134–135.)

µSAMĀDHI 420

dedicated to Ravi Kunjwal & Vasudev Shyam

We celebrated the right to live,
watching the strong sunbeams of late afternoon
dispersing on the waves of water,
still surrounded by the snow.

The sky was blue.

There are no fresh growing parts of trees visible yet,
but some birds are building their nests,
while other are already having them.
The pair of gees at the closed trail is waiting.
The female is sitting on eggs,
while the male is watching around the surroundings of their home.
We have not disturbed them.
Just exchanged the greetings.

We got a clue.

Vasu told me that a quite good strategy
is to have few dominant involvements, around four,
and then to make them compete for my attention,
with a dominant involvement being dedicatively pursued,
before being reevaluated, for about three weeks, or twenty days.

A 4:20 rule.

20.IV.2018, Cāra sau bīsa day, Waterloo

ANGELS ARE RENORMALISABLE

for my Waterlooan & Torontonian friends

A fallen ideal angel
Has found his way to his home
How he will craft his own pathways
Is perceived as unknown

Whatever happens – remember:
There are always right and left sides
Understanding self-cancels
For those who are still here, alive

The meaning is compiled by awareness
Establishing attachments – or not
The finiteness of its resource access
Duals infinity of worlds' words

The silence beyond any sign
Measures key feature of truth:
The source of a bliss that is witnessed
Cannot be named
– can be lived through

19.2.2018, Εὐκλείδης आश्रम, 78 Euclid Avenue, Waterloo

NOT A MIRROR

If it is
Not a mirror
Than it is that what is

I recognise all of 'you'
As the part of 'myself'
Not yet recognised by I as my self

As long as we both see differently
As if in the mirror
There will be the time

Being certain of uncertainty
I welcome myself and you as the same truth
That is beyond the abundance of here and now

> «*"Wake up*
> *There still is a time"*
> *– Mirrors whispered...*»*

24.X.17, 2+2=5 Christie St., Toronto

* English translation of fragments from: Leszek A. Moczulski, 1975, *Ikar* [*Icarus*], as performed in: Marek Grechuta, 1977, *Szalona lokomotywa* [*Mad locomotive*], Pronit.

ŚAVĀSANIC QG

for Lucelene Pancini and John Farley

The fountains of dopeness
Are hooping
In each quanta of time

If you free your heartmind
From the loops
Of perfect possession

You may experience yourself
And thus all
In the oneness of life

In the flow of ups and downs
Through the crystalline spectra
And the gravitating mud

Thoughts that think us
As the life lives us

Silence of the resolution
Sun with wind after a sweaty rain

24.X.17, «House of Yoga» Studio, Toronto

*** * ***

in the night bus
all stops
are on request

except the first
and the last

14.IX.17, Warszawa, while returning from the meeting with Karol Horodecki

ARHYTHMETHICS

for Tārā Kachroo

«R.[hythm] as presynt[ax]! (d'ailleurs partout!)»
– Sergeĭ M. Èĭzenshteĭn (~1935)*

It is up to me
To choose the criteria
Of finite convergence

And it is up to me
To choose the variables
Which I want to quantify

Given the available systems of my environment
The intersubjective soundness of my performance
Will be a matter of others' judgement

If I communicate my criteria well
And if I seek their relevance to the criteria of others
We may find an agreement on mutual adequacy

The boundedness and convergence is a key
To be able to represent an inner-defined faith
On the boundary of intersubjectively common facts

The yīn dive leads to acidic spiral of deconstruction and phantasy
Its unboundedness is a sin of a naïve selfpleasuring heartmind
Only completed bounded processes allow to perform an integration

And only such processes are communicable without seduction
The latter is the same as a nonrenormalisable model
Where you chase signs which diverge beyond the limits of your finite awareness

The nihilism of chán has its point, at infinity equivalent with zero
Yet even then you have to eat and sleep
And why shouldn't you, after all

Practice singleminded focus
Tatra pratyayaikatānatā dhyānam
Finitely complete bounded processes

Share the results with others
By the measures localised on the boundary
Let them choose

IX.17, Żoliborz

* A remark on the margin of page 79 of Èĭzenshteĭn's copy of: Marcel Granet, 1934, *La pensée chinoise* [Chinese thought], Albin Michel, Paris; as quoted in: Вячеслав В. Иванов [Vyacheslav V. Ivanov], 1976, *Очерки по истории семиотики в СССР* [Sketches on the history of semiotics in USSR], Наука [Nauka], Москва [Moskva], p. 188; c.f. also: Юрий И. Манин [Yuriĭ I. Manin], 1977, *Человек и знак* [Man and sign], Природа [Priroda] **1977:5**, 150–152.

LOST* IN TRANSLATION

yogis flow closely with dào
yet do their cliffed burdens admit
that the necessity of purity
duals the fear of defeat?

a yogi moved
and breathed out the voice:
dual to void
is the possibility of choice

as we both agree
that to live is to be
sthīrasukham āsanam
dàos us as free

28.VII.17, Ząbki–Graniczna

* Lewandowski J., Okołów A., Sahlmann H., Thiemann T., 2006, *Uniqueness of diffeomorphism invariant states on holonomy-flux algebras*, Commun. Math. Phys. **267**, 703–733. arXiv:gr-qc/0504147. Cf. also: www.fuw.edu.pl/~kostecki/photos/_cqg#LOST.

I FIGHT

translation of «Walczę» by Marta Rakoczy

To have a zeal in my own silence,
forged by modest stoutheartedness,
is the green summit in feeling,
the shield of heaven and the armour of my awakenings.
Because I defend myself against entanglement
among actions, among thoughts, which like to play human,
among the wingless flutter,
without real air,
the puff of a crystal.
Because I do not want to suffocate,
in my own temples.
I will be raising opened hands,
to remember myself in a short moment
within the colonnade of clouds,

to twitch with the constellation's chord.
I want to smash windows, with humility,
in myself, in the heart.
To let the stone, the tree,
the fulfilment of grain,
and the noise of spoken words
to barge in.
I am knocking out the window
in the name of the stained glass,
which is able to be translucent,
wear the humble transparency,
the timbre donated to light,
not its own.

≤ 2005; translated 19.VI.2017 (with some later corrections suggested by Daniel Ranard)

MASQUERADE

the geometer
draws zealously in the air
the multi-coloured shapes of hundreds of figures
with a ceaseless effort he is trying to
wove the veil separating from the passers-by
        and to hide, in the figures, the helplessness
        of the geometer –
in the midst of blizzard
the castle
stands still

the astronomer
looks from afar
on the pleiades of words scattered around
shining with the cold light
he closes the door with the latch
        and throws in tears to ignite
        the fire –
yearning for warmth
the night
does not end

the alchemist
leaning over the weight of the books
mixes the cards of their pages
in the deck with which he is played
he is still amused by this game
this brewing of an elixir
within –
among so many substances
looking for
the recipe

X.2004, Warszawa; translated I.2017, Waterloo

AUTUMN VI

Autumn leaves in the mountains fall onto stones
The sky and the wind see themselves in this scene
The cry of a rain dances an outplayed theme
With the rays of sun in the twilight of tones

2008; translated 10.XI.2016

SQUID EST

Pyta się doktor, który tu siadł:
Gdzie jest prawda? – powiedz mi,
Bo w kwantach sens, fakty, i czas.

Chciałbym odnaleźć kształt
Który splecie łzy, sny, i dni,
Rozproszone przez wiatr...

Perimeter Institute, Waterloo, 1.X.2016

ἄπειρον (ὕμνος)

Jeśli jedyność Ostatecznego Bytu
Pochodzi z niemożliwości władzy nad Bezimiennym,
To wszelki owoc poznania dławi w gardle
Deficytem uobecnienia Logosu.

Na cóż Tobie, o Poszukujący,
Cokolwiek prócz ściany ciszy,
Za którą nieskończone, bowiem bezmierzalne, nie-coś,
Ἄpeiron, samādhi bezzalążkowe?

*

Meditovať!
– –
– –
– –
– –

*

Dopóki słowa znaczą i lęgnie się sensów sen
Smak i rytm wikłają w czas, w ułudę, w cień
I nierozwikłany pozostaje podejrzeń splot
Czy mit pustki nie jest pustą kulą w płot

Bratislava–Dúbravka, 29.VI.16

*** * ***

I fell asleep on the floor of my office
in the institute of theoretical physics
somewhere in Canada
on Sunday, the first of May

I dreamed that it is a summer of '99
we are somewhere in Sudety mountains
at the geological camp
the reality is so palpable

in my mind there is chaos and noise
fleeting mindfulness
everything in short shots
but other people are still so closely and so softly

we are walking along a path forged in the rocks
over a mountain creek
I know that we are together
and there is a whole life ahead of us

I woke up with tears in the eyes
and with Post Regiment in my head
«all wrong
all that burns you»^

I miss that time
I did not make it on time to be
simply
together

*

and supposedly I want to say just this, because what else
I reluctantly touch the computer keyboard
virtuality mills our lives into a phantasm
but the locker room around 7 a.m. in Hoffmanowa is long gone
we bear the seriousness of responsibilities and personalities

here in Waterloo for last three days finally there are buds on the trees
geese at the lake hatch the young
yesterday I've spent few hours with two friends on the platform over the lake

once I used to write poor poems
then I stopped, because it was a trap of poisons
yet, I wanted to tell something important

three years ago
when they've pulled me out of nothingness without light
the doctor told: «breathe – if you want to live»

I try as I can

but sometimes memory beats the glass
it is hard to glue together so many broken pieces

in these old places
in Hoffmanowa, in Zwardoń, at geological camps
and at these two camps of Old Wildcats
I was more

I do not know if it's just a question of the intensity of this
how my brain was processing the sensory data
or whether it's a matter of selectivity of memory
or maybe it's something objective

these dreams return from time to time
dreams, in which I'm «more than here»^^
(«To those from the opposite – Carbonator»^^)

with my honesty here, I want to
deconstruct this torment of the virtual connection
to stand on the side of what I feel to be true
because ultimately each of us looks at his or her own screen
and we are rarely together
unfortunately

I would like to create here some ending
but probably I don't have anything more to add
I wish you all a fantastic May picnic
a lot of quality of life here and now
and kindred people

«while owl, dog, and I – merging into the colours of background –
we'll look again
on the fight of night and day»^^^

1.5.16, Perimeter Institute (written during preparation of "Local quantum information dynamics", arxiv:1605.02063, and "Towards (post)quantum information relativity", PIRSA:16050021); translated 30.12.16, Waterloo

^/^^^ English translation of a fragment from: Post Regiment, 1992, *Znaczy wiesz* [*Means you know*]/*Konie* [*Horses*], in: Post Regiment, 1992, *Post Regiment*, Qqryq.
^^ «Carbonator» («Saturator» in Polish) was a vandal-poet, leaving the trace of short poetic texts, written with big black letters on the grey background, on the walls in Warszawa in the

second half of 1990s. This particular text was located on the wall of the Post Office building at Nowogrodzka 45 street, and was facing the building located at Nowogrodzka 44. The carbon monoxide poisoning experience, referred above, has happened inside the latter building, over a decade after Saturator's poem has disappeared, and few minutes after I bought a ticket to Canada, to go there for several years.

DIALOGUES HEROES III*: ИЗ ВАГАНТОВ *(fragment)*

or Dr. Afanasol's "Canadian Notes on The First Snow", vol. 17.4%

dedicated to A.F. & K.B., Djentians of The Space, {M.K.}^2, and D-Bros

> «Profundity ratings for statements containing a random collection of buzzwords were very strongly correlated with a selective collection of actual "Tweets" from Deepak Chopra's "Twitter" feed (*r*'s = .88–89).»
>
> – Pennycook G., Cheyne J.A., Barr N., Koehler D.J., Fugelsang J.A., *On the reception and detection of pseudo-profound bullshit*, Judgm. Dec. Mak. **10** (2015), 549–563.

(...)
...so if I'd believe in something from nothing today, in laudative *Te Deum*,
Wouldn't it be better to believe in the happy Mickeymouseoleum?
In the spirits of dreams, the spirits of trees,
And—free of blood and gluten—the simulacras of tears?...
(...)

Waterloo, Ontario, 23.XI.2015

[1] Eric Alli, 2012, tabulature for: Adam T. Jones, 2001, *Lateralus* (in: Tool, 2001, *Lateralus*, Volcano).
[2] Georg W.F. Hegel, 1820, *Grundlinien der Philosophie des Rechts oder Naturrecht und Staatswissenschaft im Grundrisse*, Nicolai, Berlin (Engl. transl.: 1896, *Philosophy of Right,* Bell, London).
[3] Blaise Pascal, 1670, *Pensées*, Guillaume Desprez, Paris (Engl. transl.: 1688, *Thoughts*, Tonson, London).
[4] Simone L.E.M.B. de Beauvoir, 1964, *Une mort très douce*, Gallimard, Paris (Engl. transl.: 1965, *A very easy death*, Pantheon, New York).

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* D.H. II = *Liquidation* (2005), www.fuw.edu.pl/~kostecki/liquidation.pdf (in Polish), inspired by *Hamlet* (1990) by Franco Zeffirelli, based on *Hamlet* (~1600) by William Shakespeare; D.H. I = *Szatan jako źródło ludzkiej pychy w utworach romantyków* [Satan as the source of human conceit in the works of romantics] (1998), www.fuw.edu.pl/~kostecki/szatan.pdf (in Polish), inspired by *Dialogi* [Dialogs] (1957, 1972) by Stanisław Lem, inspired by *Three Dialogues Between Hylas and Philonous. In Opposition to Sceptics and Atheists* (1713) by George Berkeley.

JESIEŃ VII

Przez okna ogrodu zoologicznego
Spoglądam na pustkę, i wodę co płynie,
I tli się uczucie, nie wiedzieć czemu,
Że, tak jak i wszystko, ta jesień – przeminie.

Sowicie skąpany w dialektyce przemian
Wychwytu wtórnego dzieciństwa, i tlenu
Łzę ronię nad światem, co nie ma
Wytchnienia – bez naszych ukojeń ku temu.

Od czadu krainy lizergid nie chroni;
Błogo sławię więc ciszę, która tęczą pulsuje.
W niej czekam joni jogińskiej bogini,
Z którą mandalę wiatrem namaluję.

Bo na marginesach nie dokończymy uwag,
Rękopisów i ikon nadmiar sam się stoczy.
Zanim opadną łuski z drzew, obłoków, ruin,
Łódź odpłynie w ciszę, w której słońc są oczy.

Perimeter Institute, Waterloo, 12.XI.15

8:09 7.5.15

translated by Michał Kotowski (with some corrections by the author)

The key is the frequency I'm working at.
Lower the frequency, to bring out a longer wave of consciousness.
A magical falling in love with life, combined with mindfulness – a sort-of-mythologisation of here-and-now, focused on opening, not closing, of all the senses.
Dynamic changes embraced with loving affirmation.
Mindfulness instead of mindlessness.
A marvel in every detail, because of perception beyond patterns.
Fears do not exist, as they are a trembling of a fiction – of a personality built on schemes and appearances.
That which exists abundantly in the field of view is slow. Even chaos is infinitely slow.
The belief that one can be late for anything is an illusion.
One is always just in time for the foremost feast. It is right here.

A characteristic, warm and outward – and at the same time enfolding – care,
tenderness, delicacy.
A softness of movement, a step beyond the nonsense of division into the active
and the passive.
A dance that is a sensitive contemplation and a creative affirmation.
They do not preclude appropriate actions, filtering out noise and cracks; yet
actions that are loving rejections – not reactions.
Remaining in reaction is a trait of a superficial personality, this armour of
distrustful disbelief in the possibility of synchronisation in slow being.
Outside the window, where the trees and sun illuminate the lawn in their
shadowplay, a duck is strolling; a small rabbit is hopping in the bushes, other
ducks are flying over the lake; one can hear their cries, and tweets and trills of
small birds in the tree branches.
Ever slower, ever more beautiful, ever more towards oneself in the foundation.

7.V.15 (exactly two years after near-death carbon monoxide poisoning),
Perimeter Institute, Waterloo, Ontario

'98/'99

szósta rano
za oknem ciemno
włączam muzykę
jeszcze zaspany
ostra gitara rozbudza
idę zjeść kanapki
piętnaście minut do pociągu
wybiegam
szron na trawie
ziemia pachnie
mgła
biegnę do pociągu
w głowie muzyka
pociąg
tłum
potem dworzec wileński
przeskok przez dziurę w płocie
i zbiegam w dół koło przystanku
patrzę na czterech śpiących i cerkiew
i ruszam na autobus

tam może czeka wojtek
przyjeżdża 517 i hop
ostra muzyka w głowie i sercu
tyle chciałbym zrobić
potem już dworzec centralny
czasem przystanek wcześniej jeśli już się przejaśnia
i chcę chłonąć poranek i ludzi
biegnę z radością
szatnia
święty czas rozmów
ludzie przychodzą i wychodzą
dziś bartek przyniesie nową kasetę
będzie dużo słuchania
tyle energii
zapachów
muzyki
ludzi

3.1.15, 50 Avondale Av., Waterloo

STALKER
(after a film directed by Andreĭ A. Tarkovskiĭ,
based on a script by Arkadiĭ N. Strugackiĭ and Boris N. Strugackiĭ)

*translation of «Stalker» by Jacek Kaczmarski**

Who of us has never travelled by a drowning wreck?
Who amongst us dares to contradict he is flawed?
Who of us has never been by a blinded bird misled?
Who has never been led into wasteland by a stray dog?

And yet, we are enthralled by the fenced area
Which is excluded for a purpose – we want to believe
It's not us within it – it's taken from us – the Zone
It is for us to pace it, with our own gait, be it unfirm
Until all hope, defeated by bitterness, is out – gone

Thus, in spite of wires, guards' posts, and watchtowers
We long to go where going is forbidden
To possess useless, ridiculous mysteries' kōan
If only we could burn with longing fever once again
Before a sudden blast flicks off the occipital bone

The way might be misleading and roundabout
Our guide might be a swindler, craving to make a dime
But better this, than death on calcifying ramparts' dawns
At the trenches and invisible borders' lines
Where – so resembling a convict – soldier yawns

The path leads through the inundated glens of ages gone
Under the shallow waters – illegible kites of times past
A trail over the icons, the manuscripts, and guns
Above which the paddle draws Apocalypse's splash
The wail is not for us, nor the ancestors – but for sons

Is then the truth for us to find – an empty room
With switched-off phones, that suddenly start to ring?
The dearest blood, that slowly flows in lifeless brook
A forceless wrath against indifferent Firmament
And the spell of words to save from bad bewitchments' hook?

Is then the truth for us to find – a table of stone
From which the object of the prayers fell, untouched by hand?
In transport's wheels clatter – Beethoven's aria blazes?
Bottomless abyss, and – above it, suspended –
One's own face, watching itself in spaces

Of the drowning – whom fortune did not send a raft?
Of the flawed – whom it had ever failed to heal?
When the blinded bird has finally found the right track
And the stray dog has at last sat at the doorsill

17.6.1988; translated jointly with Jadwiga Smulko 27.12.2013–20.5.2014

* Cf. www.fuw.edu.pl/~kostecki/msx/stalker.mp3 for the meditative soundscape adaptation of the fragments of this translation, featuring Jessy Cerritos on bass, and LIGO's GW150914 gravitational wave signal of two merging black holes (with a quite high probability this is the first historical use of the black hole merger sound in music).