

Literary Circle "ANIMA"

Agnieszka Jarzębowska

Alicja Królewicz

Anna Michalska

Dariusz Staniszewski

Maria Duszka

Zbigniew Paprocki

Literary Circle "ANIMA" was created in 2002 at a branch (hospital library) of City Public Library in Sieradz. Maria Duszka is its founder and leader. Within 10 years over 30 poets and writers have belonged to "ANIMA". Not only from Sieradz but also from other cities of Lodz region. Artists associated with "ANIMA" write poems for adults and children, epigrams, aphorisms, songs and publish books. Among the members there are laureates of numerous literary contests. Their art is translated to foreign languages and published in magazines and anthologies in Poland and abroad.

- Translated by Kalina Duszka

To the „Anima” belong:

MARIA DUSZKA - the leader of the Literary Circle “Anima”. She was born on April 28th, 1960 in Zduńska Wola. She is a poet, journalist and librarian. Her poems have been published in: “Tygiel Kultury”, “Poezja Dzisiaj”, “Wyspa”, “Przekrój”, “Metafora”, “Topos”, “Odra”, “Znad Wili”, “Wiadomości Literackie”, “Modern Haiku” (USA), “Reibeisen” (Austria), “Bdenje” (Serbia) and in the following anthologies:

- “Contemporary Writers of Poland” (USA 2005),
- “Enough Questions, Enough Answers : Modern Polish Poetry in Translation” (Rice University in Houston, 2008),
- “Uwalniam ptaki sny : Ich befreie Vogel – Traume – Polish and German Poems: Deutsche und polnische Gedichte” (Łódź 2009),
- “Oblaci u najkracoj noci : Clouds in the Shortest Night” – svetska haiku antologija: World Haiku Anthology” (Valjevo – Belgrad 2009),
- “Meine Welt – unsere Welt : Lyrik und Prosa” (Germany 2011).

She published eight books of poetry. From 2002 she has been leading Literary Circle “Anima”.

AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA, born in 1959 in Sieradz, a teacher, writes epigrams and lyric poems, an author of four books of poetry.

ANNA MICHALSKA - SAPKOTA, born on 19th of August, 1983, a graduate of the Mathematics Department of the Opole University, now teaching in a secondary school, her poems were published in Polish journals and anthologies of poems, interested in psychology and poetry singing.

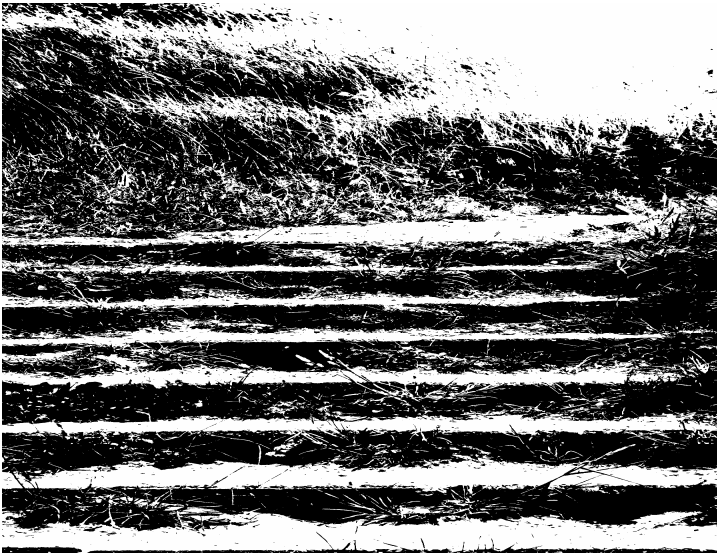
ALICJA KRÓLEWICZ, born in 1986, a graduate of the Łódź University and the Academy of the Fine Arts in Łódź.

DARIUSZ STANISZEWSKI, born in 1967 in Łódź, works in the District and Municipal Public Library in Łódź, the Chief Editor of „The Gazette of Creative Librarians and Friends „Na Stronie”, writes poems for adults and children, an author of six collections of poems.

ZBIGNIEW PAPROCKI, born in 1957, a poet, bard, composer, an author of music to 50 songs, performing with his guitar and mouth organ, participated in the International Festival of Bards OPPA 2009 in Warsaw.

Their poems are in this anthology.

Translated by Marek Marciniak



AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA

(Sieradz, Poland)

try to look for me
find me
in the mechanism of every-day life
modes
of accelerated time
where every minute
has significance in life
where every sun is
older
by one more
indiscretion of man
1982

Translated by Jarosław Jarzębowski;
edited by Piotr Najwer, Mark Weaver

AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA

poets
oversensitive
strange
creatures
weak enough
to suffer
strong enough
to tell the world
about

**Translated by Jarosław Jarzębowski;
edited by Piotr Najwer, Mark Weaver**

AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA

I got
from you Mother
a few life verities
and I spent a long time
unravelling them
and started to understand
what it means
to be a person
and to have a beautiful life
until you were in hospital
when it turned out
that a person can consist of
a name and surname
and a list of diseases
and to be a person
as long as the machinery
of intensive care allows
later
you can have a nice funeral
and be a snapshot in memories
and you know what Mother?
the flowers on your window-sill
are blooming with health

2006

**Translated by Jarosław Jarzębowski;
edited by Piotr Najwer, Mark Weaver**

AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA

For a fulfilling life
get off the couch, and strive!

He who brings the cure
Is often hard to endure.

A POLITICAL LEADER

No matter which nation
he'll subject it to indoctrination.

PROGRESS

My children and I develop multi-dimensionally: the kids,
vertically;
I, horizontally.

Where your thoughts fly, my ace,
no GPS can trace.

**Translated by Marek Marciniak
and Włodzimierz Holsztyński**

AGNIESZKA JARZĘBOWSKA**FOODIE**

His love device-
spice.

TATOO COLLECTOR

My body is covered in tatoos
-my soul craves tatoos too.

Among words so tense
I long for silence.

Be nice
but read between the lines.

**Translated by Marek Marciniak
and Włodzimierz Holsztyński**

ALICJA KRÓLEWICZ
(Sieradz, Poland)

x x x

I am the opposite of
 who I think I am
 elegance
 in a creased skirt
 dignity is sports shoes
 health in a Chinese soup
 lust in an aureole

Translated by Marek Marciniak

ALICJA KRÓLEWICZ

x x x

stay with me
 as I do not know
 what it will be like
 do not make me swear
 for eternity
 as I do not know
 what it will be like
 but you promise me
 as I do not know
 what it will be like

Translated by Marek Marciniak

ALICJA KRÓLEWICZ
YOU KNOW NEITHER THE DAY NOR THE HOUR

mum says: it does not pay
to darn that pillow
soon it will be torn
but I go on darning
perhaps it will do
till the end of the world

Translated by Marek Marciniak



ANNA MICHALSKA - SAPKOTA

(Sieradz, Poland)

THOROUGH CLEANING

actually

I'm grateful

you didn't leave any
embroidered cushions
brass candelabra
empty chocolate boxes

you never gave me
your shirt
which I could sleep with
when you were not around

what I have
fits in a trouser pocket

I'll throw it out
on the way to work

Translated by Joanna Kowalska

ANNA MICHALSKA - SAPKOTA**TRUTH**

what do we need the truth for
if only lies
allow to breathe easily

are you sure you wanted the truth
when you asked

did I want it
looking for a painless answer

we love lies
because we want to believe
the one that came
- loneliness
is a choice

and the truth
is what separates us

Translated by Joanna Kowalska

ANNA MICHALSKA - SAPKOTA

* * *

To the ones who know

All right - I promised
I'm writing

it's just that...
you know

I guess the poet in me is dying
and don't be surprised
that this poem
is about nothing

that I have replaced
affection
for words with
the colourful world of ethanol
(can you notice seductive shapes of bottles?)

am I supposed to write
I'm still waiting for him?

he won't even guess
that this sadness is about him

Translated by Joanna Kowalska

DARIUSZ STANISZEWSKI
(Łódź, Poland)

SOME SKIES

there is a blue colour
and a blue edge
and a shell listened to
there is a silence
and its echo
murmuring eternity

Translated by Marek Marciniak

A HEDGEHOG

a fog makes little coffin
a ball getting cold still pricking
a mongrel learned it a moment ago
one of the gawkers along the road
what is most important is near
two cars lying upside down
the hedgehog's family silently weep in the grass

Translated by Marek Marciniak

DARIUSZ STANISZEWSKI

x x x

she tried not to understand
though she was shown a photo
a shirt and birthmarks
and the same things
in the reverse order
she did not want to believe
only this morning
she got up so easily
changing grey into joyful spring
as against all odds
she believed in that life
with him

Translated by Marek Marciniak

DARIUSZ STANISZEWSKI**x x x**

the sun stretches out
like a cat
it scratches the window
may I?
may I cuddle you?
caress you?
will my song not sound
false
in your sorrow?

Translated by Marek Marciniak

MARIA DUSZKA
(Sieradz, Poland)

x x x

I have hung your jacket
in my wardrobe

all my clothes
want to be near to it

x x x

I'm lying in forest
birches are blessing me
with their branches

x x x

sometimes I envy
the dog
which you are stroking

Translated by Kalina Duszka

MARIA DUSZKA**x x x**

you say:
you want everything

and for me it is enough
to look through the window
at your way
and think
that you exist

Translated by Kalina Duszka



MARIA DUSZKA
QUESTION

we parted without words
time of becoming used to
loneliness

only when I came here
birch
jasmine
grass and mulleins
are asking
what I am doing here
without you

x x x
greyness has many colours
I have discerned it recently
in your eyes

x x x
he looked through the window
in a very misty morning:
"oh, there is no world"

Translated by Kalina Duszka

MARIA DUSZKA

x x x

trees

- that is what we have left
from paradise

x x x

22 years

since the beginning of our love
we are talking about men
that live double life
-they have wife and lovers
(because they can afford that)

I am asking

if you would like to live like they do

"I think I would like to have double you"

you reply

x x x

june is like

being

eighteen years old

x x x

stop

look through the window

(there

is some poem

nearly always there)

Translated by Kalina Duszka

MARIA DUSZKA

x x x

in memory of people close to me

and it seemed
they would last forever
in that camomile yard
in that warm house
in that safe bed

time blows them up one after another

Translated by Marek Marciniak

MARIA DUSZKA

x x x

love was for you
„ a horrible word
meaning fucking and subjugation”

love was the word
you did not utter

once you said to me:
„ coming here
brings me pleasure,
not coming here brings me pain”
and
„let it be so
until it is so”

yesterday I got books
returned by you
on top there was
a collection of poems
by Mayakovsky „I love”

Translated by Marek Marciniak

MARIA DUSZKA

x x x

Where are poetesses from?

B.

I was a girl
of a bad home

but my yard
faced
a holy birch wood

but a rich red rose
gave its flowers to us
through the window

and mum used to sing songs
- once she told me
she would go mad
if she could not sing

everything turned into poetry

Translated by Marek Marciniak

ZBIGNIEW PAPROCKI
(Sieradz, Poland)

x x x

poets run
naked
along the pages of their books

x x x

at night
turning off the light
we care about nothing
besides
our words
and our bodies...

x x x

in my poems
I move from word to word
like a child
searching love

Translated by Marek Marciniak