

New Writing of East Europe

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Equation of the heart

They strangled the air with banners.
Under all the triumphal arches
the rebels put dynamite.

Who am I? An exile of birds.

The table under my pen, having swollen up to its edges
exceeds itself
like a tank about to attack.
Already today the house burns with tomorrow's fire,
faster my heart assaults me.

Shrapnel bursts from poles of street lights:
The lamps were lit in the streets all at once.
The day passes in an armed song of soldiers and gives its last rattle.

From the rusty grass the ribs of the fallen ruffled the sod.

Alive, I walk in this present and yet bygone city.

Who am I? An exile of birds.

The gardens—the new moon like a thorn rising from the boughs—
The world without me fulfills itself, motionless and free,
and only the laurel of autumn leaves falls on my head.

... so that I never keep silent.

Gentle,
I would turn my every pocket into nests for swallows
flying away from people.

JULIAN PRZYBOS (b. 1901) is a poet of the Polish Avantgarde and an influential art-theoretician, known for his highly intellectual and 'constructivistic' poetry. He lives in Cracow.

Tabu

JACEK BOCHENSKI

Reverend Fathers, now I will tell you all.

Yes, I admit it, it was arranged.

No, Reverend Fathers, I don't know why.

The place was arranged—past the toll-gate, in the copse to the
bridge; and the time was arranged—immediately after sunrise; and
Yes, and the disguise.

Why, Reverend Fathers? I don't know.

I was not thinking anything, except that it was a beautiful morning
that day the sun had begun to shine after a long period of rain and
cleared; I was not afraid of anything, except whether Diego had
be there waiting, nothing else; there was a ringing in my head,
hardly slept that night, and I had risen at daybreak; so I was walking
out a thought, in the sun; the road was deserted—I walked past the
none stopped me, and past the toll-gate it was still brighter and at
was no one about, so I almost ran, and I was looking at the sky and
Pyrenees.

No, Reverend Fathers. Diego didn't know either.

Diego was there already, by the river. I turned off to the left of
the copse. I moved quietly, there was not a sound; I could see the
stream behind the trees and I thought—it's here; but Diego had
yet; two donkeys were cropping the grass, one grey, the other mouse-
the grey one saw me; I came nearer, my heart standing still, but
didn't see me; he was sitting by the stream, the water was gurgling
was looking at the water. "Diego", I said, just whispering the name.
He trembled suddenly and turned away. "Sister Dolorosa", he said,
at me, and I looked at him, and saw how gay he looked; he was
radiant all over—and said again: "Dolores". The water gurgled and
cropped the grass. "We must hurry, Sister Dolorosa", he said. "
said. "What a beautiful day". "We need to get as far as we can from
"I'll ride the grey one", I said. And we went to the donkey. But
go like this", he said, "you meet all sorts on the road, I have a dieg