

Jerzy Kaśków

Still

I meet people who want my good.
They are generous. They share their experience
and knowledge with me. They want to cure me, to heal
my soul; they suffer when they cannot see
their evil
in me

More

often than not, I lean toward just silence,
to parley with the word as little as possible. Which

way do we go to reach the undefiled sources of life? How
to shake off the feeling that the noise and bustle of the monkeys

makes us only a substitute for existence.

Words become a void. They are a training for crime.

They die in the onset. Incapacitated,
the imitate life...

I would like

to die in solitude, in isolation;
in the silence of my own soul, in which I
always felt the best. No one wanted
to even come close to me because it is too difficult,
because it is too hard, too incomprehensible. My name is
loneliness, let it alone watch
our separation. What a perfect
relationship, pure, beautiful, and dignified –
it will say later when I am gone, but who
will love loneliness like me? Who will
take it in? Can I die
in piece, unconcerned
about its future?

what a pity

my friend, that you will no longer pray with me
for tomorrow's anxiety, such great pain eats away at my heart,
because you will find no more reason to doubt
the meaning of everything again,

 what emptiness comes when you fall asleep;
the quiet, involuntary desire of us all.

I would like to disenchant this moment, stroke the hair
of death, for it to turn back, wait a little or
longer, to suspend the irrevocable in a vacuum! I would like,
my friend,
to remain with you for eternity,
to touch your thoughts before going to sleep, to kiss
your hands in the morning, bring coffee and eggs on bacon,
break your being into pieces, so that you can barely
stand until the evening, that you may love me for the sin,
for the evil you would glorify, because it would set you free of yourself,
what a pity, my friend,

 that you never came

and yet I am sorry that

Kierkegaard will not show up at my door

I would so much like to take him for a cognac

somewhere for a quarter of an hour¹

¹Paraphrase from Okudzhava.

Are

you?

Who are you?

Bread lying on the ground

dirty, discarded

who?

will lift, kiss,

who will touch the living sin?

Between love and the mouth

a desperate cry for acceptance

provokes awe

out of fear of being alone

we die curled up and dirty

under the feet of those going nowhere

You know,

we could spare ourselves from saying what is uncomfortable
difficult and disturbing. We could forget about it – not
shatter each other into pieces as the tension builds. You know this.

I can say that I love you. Right now, in this moment.

In a fit of pathetic inspiration and an ephemeral
flame of desire. You may be counting on it, but I will not
do this. I will not say I love you for being here, but for this
majestic moment that I will somehow capture – I will penetrate it,

I will isolate it from the hundreds of desires through the tenderness that connects me to
the world; in the end I will also lick it off of you – and which against
the exchange of elusive words would lead me to believe that never
will you let me conquer you. Then I will know that you
do not want my downfall. Then I will say I love you.

For your courage.

Are you

still there? If I knocked on the table

would you answer?

When I break down the walls with my bloody fists,

will I find you?

Jesus, where are you? Where is life?

There are

days like this,

when, distressed

[burned out and empty

bitter from waiting

for the dawn sweated

smelly and disgusting,

I find joy in ineptitude

and lawlessness;

shred a white bear with a razor blade

birth certificate having smudged shit

on the walls of temples]

I fall asleep

Strict ethics

sister

contracted the coronavirus. She caught it at work.

She is a caregiver for bedridden, crippled people,

completely paralyzed. They beg for death,

they ask, they lament, they drool. A certain 30-year-old man

can only move one hand, which they restrain anyway.

When someone approached, he gripped them so firmly as if he
wanted to kill.

Sister loves to have power. Control of the poor

that she feeds on.

Incapable of love, she wraps her arms around the unfortunate.

Having fed her selfishness, she proudly flutters her eyelashes

when they ask for mercy.

Death

should come unexpectedly. Quietly.

If only right now when the mind is busy
writing.

Death, however, should be a commitment.

The building block of unrestrained love.

Only humans expire in dignity.

Animals merely die. Terrified.

Deeply longing for each other.

For a life that is worth nothing.