



BEAT THE DUST OFF_

JANUARY 2012



Introduction

A full-on bilingual edition of Beat the Dust has been on our to-do list for a while now. So, what better way to kick off 2012 than to get that sucker out there at last. For the January issue, BTD has collaborated with OFF_ , a small indie press based in London. They specialise in publishing the latest and best in contemporary writing from Poland, in English language translation and wherever possible in the original Polish. This edition of Beat the Dust has the latest work from a group of very talented and in many cases award-winning Polish poets. All of them are active on what is a vibrant Polish poetry scene.

The poems appear here as English text. On the live site, alongside the English text there is an audio recording of the poets, or OFF_'s editor/translator, Marek Kazmierski, reading the poems in the original language.

Here are a few words from Marek, the head honcho of OFF_ Press, to set the scene for this special bilingual issue of Beat the Dust...

OFF_PRESS and Contemporary Polish Poetry

Having grown up in the UK, I have always thought writing poetry is a bit like playing with yourself. Sure, most people are at it from an early age, but to actually own up to the fact takes a little maturing. In Britain, if you get your first book of poems out by 40, you're just about doing it right... right?

Well, in Poland, if you haven't had your first collection out by 30, there may be something wrong with you – Polish poets are very conscious of how old you were when you had your “début”. In a country which has seen only a decade or two of peace in the past quarter of a millennium, poets are still seen as sages and saviours, rather than nice sorts who “dabble in verse”. Because literature was for many generations the only way to speak freely about freedom, and also because the Communists invested heavily in arts and culture, Poland still has an inordinately large number of literary publications, prizes, festivals and presses to tempt the young into writing.

In the past few years, I have attended and taken part in several literary events there, met numerous poets and performers, translated many of them, learnt the good and the bad sides of all this activity. The bad may be that the new generation of Polish poets live in the constant shadow of greats such as Herbert, Miłosz and Szymborska, with their Nobel Prizes, monuments and huge sales figures (whether anyone actually reads them is another story – for more on this read *Polish Poetry Since 1989 – A Brief Reconnaissance*, a shortish lecture I gave at UCL/SSEES in London last year). This makes their work a little pretentious for some tastes. Yet the good news is that the new generation of Polish poets does read a lot, Russian, American, Irish, all sorts of poetics, absorbing and reinterpreting it with incredible skill and versatility. And, because the land they were born in is so steeped in wild histories, they write with real depth of feeling.

For this special edition of *Beat the Dust*, I have chosen ten of the best we have published in the past few years, representing a very wide range of styles and perspectives. For the most part they are young, and all are very well read, very widely published, frequent guests of national radio and television stations, lecture halls and award ceremonies. We hope you enjoy their words...



About Marek Kazmierski...

Born in Warsaw and raised in London. Aside from running OFF_Press, Marek is a writer, translator and film-maker. He is also a trustee of Not Shut Up, a prison literary magazine and Apart Arts, a migrant artists association which has worked with the Southbank Centre, Polish Cultural Institute, the Mayor of London and various other arts and civic organisations.

Joanna Lech

Only Then

will everything end. Scars fading for good. Warmth disturbing our rhythm, digging down to the bone. Look, this dream will bring us thaws; smoke biting the lips and cutting the tongue. You have to invent a new one. Otherwise, all that will remain are shards, burnt verses. Shrapnel. Look; the earth smouldering in these scraps, swelling, enough for the feet to fall in.

Winds blowing in sparks, leaves trembling with dew. I must have borne disquiet within me already; like a child, growing below the heart, meanwhile March was turning into despair. Everything cracking in such lovely fashion: the streets and the sky, our bodies stuck with saliva. *Flashes slicing the air like paper, blood flowing from stems.* Think, this dream will bring

us thaws. Close your eyes and see; moisture penetrating everything. The word cutting skin. *A seed falling from the lips.*

Before

I will feel it as a pin prick; will dream of water and rotten meat. Wings covered in soot, nests swelling with pus. Light drowning in
[blood
where the crunch of glass is audible; ice snapping in veins as you lean
[out of a window.

And there is silence, a hum, a cool foreboding; a shiver in place of fear.
[A cramp
in place of warmth. We are ever more submerged; this is where relapses start,
[splinters,
marks the shape of fingernails. *Memory is like an illness which shoots
[for the heart,
cutting the throat, harming itself;* and if it is now possible to sense this
[outline,
see the edges – the floods once again will start, dreams drained of
[water.
We will drift and turn blue. Before the earth collapses,
only bruises on the ribs will remain, a torn pulse. A shadow
[seen outside the window,
the day stuck together of ash and smoke, from snow as dark as dust.

Weaving

You will forever remain a foreign language. A river torn from its bed,
that scratch in the eyelid. Skeletal disfigurement, I know it off
[by heart,
through dreams touching the components of your flesh. There is no cure
[for this;
December must be swallowed whole, the taste of salt follows it,
[waters will recede,
snow will melt. Only noises, scabs, thaws will remain; as if they were
light diseases, carried on a stifling wind.

Everything weaving within you: in that place where silence
will fall, only shivers remaining; a tree growing, a river springing up.
[Look,
we are there already, in fields, where the hay is drying and the earth rots.
Perhaps I am still that shore, that trampled rye.
A crack; now I have within me all that sowing, seeds whole.
Like traces sprinkled across skin. *Like rust seeds. The harvest bitter.*

About Joanna Lech...



Born in 1984. Poet, writer, author of the volume *Zapaść* (Biblioteka Arterii, Łódź 2009; awarded special prize at the tenth edition of the PTWK Prize in the Début of the Year category, short-listed for the Wrocław Silesius Prize) and *Nawroty* (WBPICAK, Poznań 2010; short-listed for the Nike Prize). Winner of numerous national poetry competitions. In 2007, she received the Grand Prix in the VI edition of the im. R. M. Rilkego Prize in Sopot and the main prize in the XIII edition of the im. Jacka Bierezina Prize in Lodz. She has been published widely. Her work has been included in the latest anthology of contemporary Polish poetry *Poeci na nowy wiek* (Biuro Literackie, Wrocław 2010). Originally from Rzeszow, currently living and working in Krakow.

Jakobe Mansztajn

Biblical Figures

this coincidence has a name: the perpetrator
will soon enough alter you and me and then
puddles will fall and we'll pretend we're carl lewis
when he won his fourth medal at the olympics
imagine longing for something so bad you die.
we'll then think children will be born of this
there's always children if not always parents
we'll cradle one another for a while yet
as complete as god as empty as cathedrals

A Poem About Lying In Bed Together

a poem about lying in bed together begins
in gdansk central train station. it's late,
morning really, and only now can we see
how little has changed since yesterday.
pigeons, those court shysters, racing along the ledges
like children; the red brick is black still
and crumbling as if it were coal.
train guards pleading one last time against privatisation,
for what will happen to us all. and I too
am afraid, and so go back to the pigeons, and you, and you
still missing and I feel like the cat from that poem,
seeing as I still don't know if you'll come.
an idea comes to me, both ideas.
I put my cap on, hang around a little longer

The Book Of Exits

she's worried I won't lift the cup. it's not love,
I say, it's the book of exits. I've read lots in my time,
enough for four men; four hard-lifting lads.

they'll bed down in case, in this bit of warm
earth. come morning, the worms will turn what's left,
the ground turned into a river, a river which will

preserve it all. not love, I repeat and go out
onto the balcony. I watch moses parting the shores,
she to the left, they the right, the centre drained of peace

About Jakobe Mansztajn...



Born 1982. Poet, writer, blogger (jakobe.art.pl), author of the poetry volume *Viedenski High Life* (Portret, 2009) which received the prestigious 2010 Wrocław Silesius Prize and was shortlisted for the Gdynia Literature Prize the same year. His debut collection has recently been published in English translation as *Vienna High Life* (OFF_PRESS 2011).

Wioletta Grzegorzewska

Spring, 1986

The night was heavy, but the air was alive.

Mike Oldfield

At night, the Chernobyl cloud fell
on our pastures. Thyroids swelled.
The pond aglow with murmuring iodine.
Swallows kissing crooked mirrors.

Moonlight Shadow was playing on the radio.
A city girl scout took over a barn and ran
a group for virgins, while we smoked menthols
and took free lessons from Playboy in
"Preparing for life in a family set-up".

No other end of the world was there to be,
and yet it kept repeating, like belly aches
and acne, until the time I found
spots of dark blood in my underwear.

Eyes Shut Wider

How few leviathans fell from the fireplace
when wood, still damp, hissed in the flames?
How many beads did she hide up in the attic?
In them, unknown oceans, the tongues of our moon
split in two by the pond. Think, the old looking glass
has nothing to do with the things which appear
in her darkened room. You had awoken demons
when already a child and now can't still her fears
with a dozen teddies or ballet tutorials.

Before you believe in a world pre-eemceesquared,
it will be too late. They will take and measure
her inner warmth with medical weapons.
In your tidy home she becomes a Bruegel's monkey.

The Blue Velvet Tale

I lived in a purgatory called Tartak, in Biznes Centrum, remember?
The beer there foaming like the sea does here. The barman crippled.
The Armenians' capped teeth gleaming gold. Sesames opening
under the tables for all sorts of martyrs. The only holy thing
the turning of ice cubes into water. Absolut absolving everyone.

We hid in corners, half-naked. Wigs smelling of straw.
In the hands of old Wadim we were all of velvet: Polish birds,
Bulgarian blenders and Russian furs. Now I no longer like
seeing my face reflected in shop windows, wish to return,
swear all I care to in Polish, bite my fake nails, high heels bobbing.

About Wioletta Grzegorzewska...



Born in 1974. Poet and author of short stories. In 2006 she left Poland and moved to the UK, where she currently resides in the town of Ryde on the Isle of Wight. She has published six poetry volumes: *Wyobraźnia kontrolowana* (Częstochowa 1998), *Parantele* (Częstochowa 2003), *Orinoko* (Tychy 2008), *Inne obroty* (Toronto – Rzeszów 2010), *Ruchy Browna* (Częstochowa 2011), *Smena's Memory* (London 2011). Her poems have been translated into English.

Grzegorz Kwiatkowski

Crown

I was saved from death
by a gold tooth crown
which you fitted
half a year ago
after I visited Monsieur T.
which had been a fancy dress ball
I was returning along the side of the road
dressed up as a doe
an approaching car
tried to hunt me down
then I smiled

Forces

which forces drove me here from Italy
two days before you met him?

which forces told me to sit in the bookshop
two days later and see you both through the window?

I would cover the costs of your lover's trip
to a concentration camp
or train dogs
called regularly to rape
or convert him to loving women

every time you two fuck
every time I become your shadow

every time you say to each other: I love you
every time I am your shadow

if I come to slaughter you two one day
I will do this out of love
which is greater
than death
which is greater
than death

Been Born

they wanted to get as far as possible from having to pay taxes
renewing passports and ID cards
and de-icing windscreens

and they did get as far as possible from all that

but something escaped them:
in the end they failed to find others
and knew nothing of importance to those others

one of them once scathingly ironically described the joy of a woman
withdrawing from a cashpoint a slightly crisp two hundred zloty note

they should have never been born

they should have never been born

About Grzegorz Kwiatkowski...



Born 1984 in Gdansk, he published his first collection of poems *The Crossing* in 2008, then *Eine Kleine Todesmusik* in 2009 and *Weaken* in 2010. Member of the group Trupa Trupa. Shortlisted for the prestigious Politika Passports twice (2009 and 2010). Winner of the Young Artist of the Year in Gdansk (2009), the Splendor Gedanesis Prize (2011) and the Artistic Award from the Gdansk Association of Friends of the Arts. Beneficiary of the Grazella Foundation Scholarship (2009), the City of Gdansk Scholarship (2010) and the Mayor of the Pomeranian District Scholarship (2011). Winner of numerous national poetry competitions and prizes, he has been widely published. All three of his books have recently been published as a collected trilogy *Should Not Have Been Born* in English translation by OFF_PRESS, London.

Genowefa Jakubowska-Fijałkowska

Girl Women

you take the leather gloves off the steering wheel touch me
thinking two way streets

at the petrol station you ask for directions
while fire burns across me in the car

scout girl in a hunter's cap a bonfire burning in the woods
come pick wild berries don't worry that it's the verge that it's dark

let's divide the children like bread by slice and burnt crust
that's passed cloth nappies depression by the baby's cot

cracked nipples boiled bottles dummies oatmeal mashed soups
lotions sourced through a friend for babies bums

tapped phone calls

I smoked drank thank god almost everything rationed then
I still dream of snows burning barrels coal warming hands tanks streets

men lost beloved beyond memory by their mothers
abandoned by their mothers
they use us after all that like mugs for Saga tea

receiving promotional gifts of teddy bears and branded backpacks

Thumbelina

let's chase the sky blue butterfly leave the wild berries pollen toys
sperm wars politics

My Dear Mrs G

I have prepared the razor will be shaving the calves
the pubic mound is now trendy and trendy too is waxing though painful

the razor he left behind

I remember the smooth stone the nail in the wall the leather belt
he poured on the water polished the blade his stubble barely there

he so wanted to be so much of a man
and so he pulled off the belt

for the aromatic peas in the garden
for Christ's flesh which I didn't want placed on my tongue

for Marx's "Das Kapital"

for the first smokes for wine for the hymen
for aimless escapes for *the roads less travelled*

for cheap coffee for the party for the spilled goats' milk
for mother like mother like daughter

for all three daughters for the son

for he always *I wanted I didn't have I didn't get*

Melatonin

time zones further from the east closer to the west
inside out to the south and the west

in the centre of the room upstairs
on a wet carpet on a mop touching feet

I am arrived in Arabia via the wet carpet

in a second already back here not in Capri drowsy we walk to the bathroom
in the town there must be some parallel

I come out of the water me not Venus
the sea foam flowing across the floor tiles through yours and my legs

I sleep a little in your bath towel
passed the REM stage

I vanish sleepy dinner time sleepy after dinner
can't catch my breath

in a dream I don't dream I'm choking on a pubic hair

watching over you is a giraffe's dream
I descend towards the watering hole and can't get back up

cheetahs attack from behind

my nails torn in this nondream when I finally see fire by a
KGB officer

About Genowefa Jakubowska-Fijałkowska...



Born 1946 in Mikolowo. Author of five volumes of poetry, *Dożycie* (1994), *Pan Bóg wyjechał na Florydę* (1997), *Pochylenie* (2002), *Czuły nóż* (2006), *Ostateczny smak truskawek* (2009), the collections *i wtedy minie twoja gorączka* (2010), *Performance* (2011) and the translated *Něžný nůž* (2011) published in Czech by Protimluv. Her work has also been translated into Slovene, German, English and Russian. She has been widely published in leading literary Polish periodicals. Radio Katowice has adapted her poems for a series of radio plays. In 2006, and again in 2012, she received the Ministry of Culture and National Heritage grant. Lives in Mikolowo.

Kajetan Herdyński

Ashbery Mix

Keep telling it over and over, like an old, well worn joke.
Keep telling it like a story from a poem you cannot recite.
Keep telling it when you are alone, outside, against the breeze,
in worn-through trousers or at home, where someone else sees,

someone playing solitaire with someone else's cards, drinking cold coffee from
someone else's cup. This is one of the ways I would use to make our
love dissolve in the everyday. To vanish mid-air like the scent of musk,
when we are holding hands, firmly, as if fixed to dusk.

Once upon a time, we laughed together, drinking wine, staying out all night
(for we did not for a moment believe that charity starts at home, and in any
firmament other than a bauble, like reflections in soap suds, of night overhanging),
and when the colours around us turned slowly and delicately, and we

didn't so much as entertain the thought that it's thanks to us, but if it had to be
so, then once again to see that imagined photograph, in which the word
from a calendar unceremoniously descends, gently lowering the tone,
and pass this between lips without saying a word. As light as a balloon.

Reconstructions

Distractions, destructions and other dispersions,
that which changes will never return. So
what do you seek here, some greying versions,

a cure for heartburn? Sometime it's worth
taking that pill before bedtime,
to spite, to postpone, to your fragile health.

Take it with water and escape again
into shadows. And dissolve into a hiss,
without anyone seeing. For heartburn

rum is bliss.

Life Of Riley

Run, before they catch you. This is how it usually begins. In any case, that is how it is now it seems. Nothing I can do about the motorway, by the wayside, at dawn, this the script, the ride.

First, I will read you your rights. You have the right to play only in our sights. Right now, you can feel the pain between the eyes. Only you're short of cash. That's how it turns sometimes.

All this just to blarney your way out of work. Now you see what lucky chancers we've been. I could spend all week just lounging in bed, but happiness is gone now. Leaving traces, unseen.

About Kajetan Herdyński...



Born 1980 in Zamosc. He studied philosophy and literature in Lublin. His poetry has been published in, among others, *Kresy*, *Studium* and *FA-art*. He is currently living and working in Bournemouth, UK. Winner of various literary prizes, including three times winner of the audience award in the Jacek Bierezin Literary Prize. In 2011, he published his own collection *Przeklęte dusze pcheł*. 2012 should see his official debut, published by Instytut Mikołowski in Poland.

Rafal Gawin

Second Hand Bookshop. Bordello

For K. M.

Which frightens you more: contemporary poetry
or contemporary women? You've been at this a year or two
too long. From the very start

your opinions set and prejudices amassed,
all best quoted in pounds, weighed
in words.

And every time you lose yourself in reading,
as if it were compulsory. Counting attractive figures
and winks of the eye.

Will you ever tame yourself? Will your next emergence
allow you to once and for all leave those places,
essentials, things?

Kill Switch

World following world: plastic mountains, paper woods
and gracious drowsiness over it all. Anarchy?

Dark nights and emptiness inherited genetically,
escape ended by crashing into a mirror. A reflection

from the bottom of the eye, napalm in a flash and redness
like happiness warming from below. Everything in its place,

ready and go! Go and ready! Places for everything. Below
warming in its happiness like redness and a flash of

of napalm, an eye bottomed out in reflection. Mirror – crash
ending in escape, genetic inheritance

and emptiness, the night darkening. Anarchy! Grace
ruling over us drowsily: wooded papers, mountain plastics,

world following world.

Final Edits. Procession

You're just like a little girl,
one who doesn't know what she wants and chooses death
before her mother's eyes. You're just like a big girl,
one ready to kill in a fit, and kill well.

In constant movement, in trembling bodies you seek
a safe harbour. Sex is a shield on which
the discharge of time is visible. You let yourself float
a safe distance from home. In actual fact

you're like a beach, straining towards the sea.
You roll and meander on any previously agreed theme.
At any moment, ready to shrink down to the size of a heart.

About Rafal Gawin...



Born 1984. Poet, critic, proof-reader and editor of the quarterly journal of poetry and literary arts *Arterie* and the on-line service, *Poezja-Polska*. His publications include the chapbook *Przymiarki* (Literary Bureau, Wrocław, 2009) and the bilingual poetry collection *WYCIECZKI OSOBISTE / CODE OF CHANGE* (OFF_PRESS, London 2011). His poetry has been published in various literary magazines and anthologies. He lives in Lodz.

Seweryn Górczak

Bosporus

Constantinople is on beautiful fire today, but it isn't
opening fire, of the touch between flame
and sensitive, urban wood; the freshness
poisoned by smoke. I study the date
through crystal, at a safe
indifference, an etched turn
of phrase on my lips, with the first headline word

- I stop breathing. Today, you can choose
one of a range of icons; the rest extinguished, with
verses arranged in walls hurriedly
spat out by passers by. The bridge no longer there,

which is why today you can choose one
of those crystal icons, before they crumble.
Before you're cut off from
the other side of the mic,
just before the immolation.
Save?

La Noche Triste

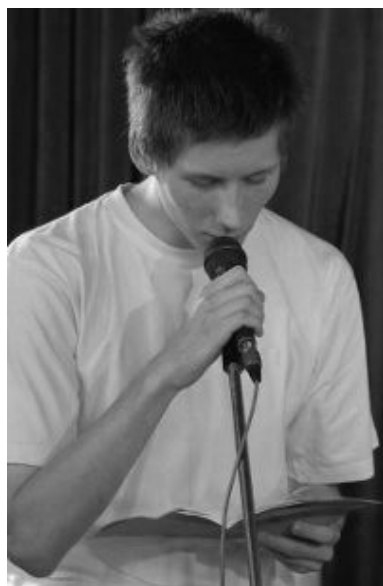
He fell asleep, his eyelids covered in richly decorated
cuts; shadows resting against them
in harmonies, with a taste specific
to this country. We were sitting
in a half-empty apartment, dirty
light from a long unwashed bulb. I wanted
to shower, but no water was running.
A tree blocking out the only window – from behind
its leaves a crooked, shimmering city appearing, one
which, as we'll learn later, we'll burn down. From beneath
the floorboards the wail of glasses and complaints that,
once again, they've been given mirrored bottles. One voice
was too indifferent not to be mine or his. Wanting
to silence it, I turned on the television
and came upon a beautiful tale – a film
cut together from nothing but end credits.

Report

Defeat in such situations can be interpreted as insanity only when we agree to ignore the pasts of all those generals, all the trysts which they had to drown along with shaved off stubble in sinks, over which matt mirrors hung, minor affairs tossed across the front, before they could bring anybody any joy, of limited uses and approaching use by dates. Though this is certainly scant assurance for families which had to break themselves into tiny shards of glass upon receiving the telegram. And it must be small comfort to the postmen who had to gather them up with bare hands and send them to me with complaints, instead of funeral wreaths for those no longer concerned with hygiene. And yet

I can read into more things than just my own complaints – I promise that this conflict is about to die out. The only outcome will be a little tickly smoke down the throat, suspended in mid-air until exhausted.

About Seweryn Górczak...



Born 1991 in Warsaw. He is studying History at the Cardinal Wyszyński University. His poems have been published in PKP Zin, Odra and Lampa. From time to time he takes part in poetry slams. A follower of coffee and paper, Seweryn can usually be found sitting at home, his torso bared, feeling past his sell-by best. He believes that which is most important lies somewhere between a book, an idea and a woman. But please, don't ask exactly where.

Zofia Bałdyga

*

We live a stone's throw from the west. Like in the movies, whatever the change is. The sky shifts colour: battered, unbeaten, its green turning violet yellow bile all over us. A plane cuts the screen at a prearranged point:

women and children with their faces on the floor, men returning years later. They hold bottles filled with petrol, their heads high. Ordered, but without vocals. They mistake hunger for desire, transparent they spit pips from the most recent spring.

The count off does not end before sunrise. Illnesses put out into the corridor. As long as you recall touch, wash your hands. Extinguish your heart in rusty water. You will dream of christenings, I'll dream of a gold tooth. Sand will fill the swellings.

It's warm and dry and bright. No new life will come of arid things. We live a stone's throw from the west, let's then not wake. *We forget in any given order while dreams come once the night is done.*

Side Window

The hero lacks features and comes across as absent. I remember those eyes glowing in the dark, running away backwards, what was I meant to do, this is no country for girls this perfumed flat-footed fatherland. You won't believe

where in this heap of dirt that glowing blonde appearing out of nowhere pops up on an alien tongue old and from far flung places, ill-equipped to deal with local diseases of the time of peace and the lily-flavoured tobacco smoke.

The barefoot heroine is crossing a stranger's garden. Fur and bare legs. She was quite white in that fur-like skin on hot milk, you won't quite believe. You won't believe, wind scattering the interiors. The other side of the sky *a hole will form. That's where we'll find one another.*

*

A woman dies on the hour.
Out of windows we see the previously described station
as in family and architectural photo albums.

A woman tells of how far her loved ones had to go
and who was watching their step, I don't remember
which war was yours, the green or the blue?
And they chewed bubble gum, the bubbles bursting under the weight
not flying far, falling beneath apple trees, dear sunshine.

A woman screaming, the man did say
run that way, and you constantly up those dark alleys
late night shop barbers not for you
these small states, strangers' gardens
where walnut trees drink blood

The woman talking in her sleep. Dreaming of memory, this river
she sees whole. And sugar in dreams is sweeter, right up until morning
she will hold it in her mouth. In dreams she will remember to die.

About Zofia Bałdyga...



Born 1987. Author of the volumes *Passe-partout* (Warszawa 2006) and *Współgłoski* (Nowa Ruda 2010). Co-creates the poetry & music project, *Elektroliryka*. Currently mastering in Western and Southern Slavonic Studies at the University of Warsaw. Her poems have also been translated into Czech, Swedish, Ukrainian and English. She also translates contemporary Czech and Slovak poetry. She can usually be found living in Warsaw.

Joanna Dziwak

Visa

Supermarket Elea, and the cashier who is
called Zenon with calm stoicism
gives me the change for my
beers (so we can live better), cigarettes (so
we can live shorter) and condoms (so
we don't have to live at all).

The delayed price rises have aligned themselves
with our break up, which hasn't quite happened.

My jumper has misaligned in the wash. My time thief (made
by Timex) exiting straight from the scene of the crime.

I will stay here now, I think

to myself getting on a bus – the end of a dream – and then
I hear the voice of a ticket inspector from up above. And I know

I'm done for.

A Girl Completing A Survey (II)

You are 21 years old and no longer the cutest. You want
to finish your studies, a book, a few others, finally
grow into Kant. Also: learn how to fire a stove,
keep the apartment tidy. And so on.

Loving. On average twice a week, you would prefer
a little more; jokes. Loving without knowing the ending.
You dip into Greek tragedies and have the worst sense
of foreboding, which you clam up or write poems about.

You write. On average two a month, you would prefer
a few more, and better. He says they're getting worse and
that you read too little, swear too much, aren't looking all that
hot of late. But this is nothing. What will you do when in the end

he dumps you for a fan of Jonathan Carroll and occultism.

You choose the edit info option.

Balance

In the end: she stopped thinking of him
in such terms. You could even say she
had turned tougher; grew distant?
Understanding the distance straight – yes – 300
kilometres and two others
right across the week,

wishing her happiness and love. To be honest
that's all she wants to do right now:
a notebook, a biro. Accounting for losses.

About Joanna Dziwak...



Born 1986. Her work has appeared in numerous literary publications (including *Akcent*, *Czas Kultury*, *Portret* and *Twórczość*). Her début collection *sturm & drang* appeared at the end of 2010 and her poems have been translated into English and Hungarian. *Gry losowe*, her first novel, is being serialised by the publisher/portal Ha!art. She lives in Krakow.