

# White Silk

poetry compost and garden

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## WORDS BEFORE WORDS

Here's a bunch of children who grew in the wilderness.  
They grew in secret although were never hidden.  
We lived together, so far away and right next to you.  
We traveled. We pumped the passion and youth until our bodies begged for rest.  
They witnessed my loves and losses, addictions, releases, formation, fragmentation...  
They always had a strong voice and I trusted them.  
They taught me to dance, to move in old clothes without shame,  
enlightened by my own vision of the moment.

Here, in this garden, over the compost  
with a wild rose shooting through,  
up to the hedge and down by the stream,  
you can watch them dance again  
wrapped in silken clothes  
they jump about and slowly disappear from view  
to the field of fields  
and beyond.

## FLYING POEMS

I went out from  
home without food  
to get hungry  
in the city  
writing  
flying  
poems

a way to  
be for  
today

and if only this  
- it's enough  
I'll taste  
what's left  
of my mind

## RAW BEAUTY

women  
who had never touched  
woman's body  
as their own  
succulent full-shaped  
temple

who had never drank  
their juices  
of youth

who had never tasted  
their fever for plump or caky

who had become dolls and figures  
before they've ever grown to be  
women

undressed from feminine features  
and empty  
with no shine in their breasts  
cold shivered in winter  
and hungry  
women of modern crime  
i call to

they who dress for fame  
they who believe in beauty of face  
rather than thighs of soul  
freshness of their unshaved  
triangle love  
i call to

pure ancient and primeval  
over bizarre of magazine canons  
i cherish  
and love all women  
lost or found

## BLUE

From the concrete of smell where fear ends and dark velvet dream starts  
she calls three names, each upon one star.  
The sky becomes clear, the stars can see her.  
Wolves collapse on their moss-beds, making room for another howl: his love.  
And nothing falls down more than it has to

The sound of the glass ball dropped onto tiles  
The wind in her hair  
Softness of a child  
Gratitude dripping from its pink body

The skin  
The silky pearl-like  
With light blue traces of life-liquid  
Of rivers to the heart  
Their marvel, their purity!  
Knowing them flushes his eyes clean, suspends him in heaven.

For a split second he is, he becomes  
a mono-coloured field of that hot liquid  
He stirs himself to life  
he pushes all upward, all lightward

The spiral dance of children yet to come,  
of her ruby-glow womb - the pallet to the being.

## CARO

Her name was Caro, not from Caroline.  
She wore men's clothes, thick finger-cut mittens,  
looked you straight in the eye, and cursed as old Scottish sailors do.  
One January evening she poured some cheap black tea into the only three mugs she had  
and in the dim white light of her workshop told us with raging voice about art university,  
abstract painting, justice and art vip parties she didn't intend to go to.  
It was cold and no heating. Her father was fixing a yacht in a nearby room.  
The three of us falling in love with her rough outline, a sketchy mess of her hair hidden  
beneath the dusty woolen hat.  
After her words there was only grey wall silence and nodding and sound of sipped tea.  
My fingers never got warm in that room but my heart melted.  
And as we started to gather our bags, and shift the shoes on the ground,  
as she looked around like a startled deer, as she began to apologize for taking our time,  
the inadequate temperature and other things present  
as we did our best to comfort her in that last minute,  
and thanked her and really meant it, i thought  
"I might never see you again",  
then sent her a soft kiss with my hand cupped  
and turned  
to exit.  
The black bulky buildings - beasts of Prague  
they called her name all at once,  
they shot it to the moon far behind the thick clouds  
and I knew she would paint that night.

## LIKE THIS

if only you could  
crack open a rock  
with your eyes  
and hear  
the music flowing  
from it  
right into the cloud

it would sound like this

## SOPHIEL

piece of my life  
on a blank page  
with a sound of harpsichord  
and a pinch of east

i worked hard  
to let go  
to learn that  
it's not to be worked  
out or through  
but it's just to be  
done

and no new life can help  
admiring  
the old life

and if there is anything as new life  
i do not want to enter  
before this one is  
present  
and i am  
as i promised  
an angel of my epoque

reaching up  
the lilly flower  
how simply fair  
to white and gleam



## WHEN YOU FIRST MET ME

When you first met me in Vilnius  
it was near McDonald's, the main Station, the Square  
You came a little bit late in your linen shirt  
and we walked, and walked, and walked.  
Everything was yet to come.  
Black streets in golden lights.  
The shirt in colour of sand.  
Your eyes glowing with yellow ran fast and deep  
right into me.

When you first met me in Vilnius  
I got there delivered by a truck driver who was horrified  
knowing you aren't meeting me halfway.  
I laughed, said you were busy, and pushed away  
the thoughts that brought shivers.  
If I were his daughter - he wouldn't let me hitch-hike like this  
he said.  
A very fancy truck, looking rich by its navy blue and red  
seat covers with golden linings.

When you first met me in Vilnius  
you were an acrobat and a clown.  
A fast walking, short-cut, eagle-eyed wonder.  
Your language, your presence, and mine  
that seemed like a dream.  
Where were we going?  
Old houses, passing streets,  
the lights of shimmering gold,  
the four legs walking god knows where.

When you first met me in Vilnius,  
I waited for you in a small park  
vastly awake.  
Darkness pinned with dots of light.  
First time that far east, I didn't know where I was.  
The clock. The tower. There I waited for you.  
Timepassing. Minutes.  
There I jumped off the high-seat truck and waved  
goodbye at the driver - the driver who  
had warned me about you  
and waved hello  
at the citie's evening-night. The lanterns like stars.

When you frist met me  
really met me  
it was at the lake. The night. I repeated  
names for moon and stars in your language and cried  
from happiness.  
For a while I resisted

to touch stroke and squeeze  
the cookie-monster-blue blouse  
and everything it held.

Menulis. Zveigzdes. Eyes melted  
in lake water. The darkness, the chill of the air  
as I moved closer to you  
and you moved closer to me,  
We swayed.  
The dim sound of love pumping  
our hearts  
the short notice of freedom right before  
the kiss, the final  
night fall  
firesome  
finding at the core.

When you first met me,  
I was strong enough  
to be standing alone naked  
right in the middle of a forest  
or a storm or a desert.  
And I was  
able  
to scream  
with light power  
of a woman's heart,  
I  
was me  
I was  
Her.  
Me.

Standing in the middle  
of anything-everything  
realising  
potential  
of being myself  
right there, in that barefoot  
moment  
square  
silently  
dripping

Alight and full-bellied  
Agrown and swift-footed  
Future mother, but then  
alone  
I went to do  
what I wanted  
to do that morning  
the morning I finally understood  
I don't need

no-one / or you  
and just then  
    you met me first time.

When you first met me,  
at the head of god's pleasure  
I swang  
innocently enough  
to make a heart sore  
with wisdom arising at dawn  
we crushed  
the lips  
together we  
    and you were no longer you  
    and I was no longer me

For the first days  
we tried to hold these  
    moments  
        square  
            silently  
                dripping

\*

The going of self on its own  
that was  
    essential to grow  
and the going together  
that was  
    essential to grow  
got transformed  
    by the eye-hold  
at the head of god's pleasure  
as we called it all names possible  
at the moment when  
our lips crushed  
the steam of night  
curling and weaving  
the question  
    around itself  
    a question that's hard to read  
    and will only be written two years later  
    as I sit by the lake  
        and my thoughts  
            circle  
                silently  
                    dripping

## VIDUTINE

Naked standing  
In the field  
Empty  
Stone circle around me  
A candle lit  
A prayer breathed  
Nobody here  
Trees only hear  
Distant sounds of thunder

## GOD DOESN'T RESIDE IN CHURCH

god doesn't reside in church  
i went to visit anyway  
and though they don't have tissues  
they sure offer  
a space to cry

a shoulder  
rocked me last night  
and the field  
with its tree split in two  
told me the same the same

life to death to life again  
i am a friend  
we made love  
and war  
will not come

## GENTLE GRAY

there is a black dot in the white field  
and a white dot in the black field

dolphins sing their song of two  
and i believe there is so much i do  
not know  
in this what i think i know

to smell evening air  
with you  
to walk in silence hand in hand  
was heaven on earth

and when we woke up  
the sky was gentle grey  
showing Ojen in a farewell hue  
and the rainbow of chaos  
a walkaway  
a gentle grey

## MAY MIGHT

i could be young again  
swear drink and curse  
so much  
that the earth would tremble  
like i  
under your touch  
and starry skies and sun shades

i could be young again  
don't care about  
anything  
slowly getting to the point  
of the thing  
being hungry and skinny  
with eyes rather dreamy  
like you  
under my spell  
like a monk  
just ringing the bell

## INVISIBLE

I see it when the fields are burning  
I see it where the summer world ends  
I see it being thrown over the fences of jails  
I see it in the rain  
I see it over the clouds  
I see it in cut hair and in old people's faces  
I see it in my notebooks  
I see it in electricity  
I see it on the rooftops  
    when the pigeons sunbathe  
I see it in Autumn winds  
I see it in the branches of things that I  
    don't understand  
I see it on the edges of mint leaves  
I see it on that path we can no longer cross  
    and the yard we can no longer step into  
I see it through the wires  
    and the sharp thorns on those wires

I see the place where we first kissed  
    but there is no sofa, no chicken and no  
    shiny plastic beads hung over  
    the wooden wing of the chicken

i want to scream a big NO!

Here was our home  
was    was    was

I see it in the way we fly  
I see it in the way our wings turn  
I see it in ruined houses half asleep  
I see it when a child is born  
I see it and cannot stop it  
    and the closer i step to reach it  
    the more blurry it becomes  
    the less shape of a cathedral  
    although i've seen its windows from afar

I see it through my tears  
I see it with hungry eyes  
I see it and no longer  
    wait for it

as it is  
as is  
is

.



## MONTH OF MAY

spring

is

here

love

in

the

moon

lakes

jump!

ANGEL

i learn the melody of lines  
a scent to be

fallen into  
wept into

like stardust itself

in the name of the cherry tree  
your cotton trousers bleached  
or high bone cheeks  
or whatever  
no matter what

but sturdust

spread across the slick

surface of navy blue  
dark blue  
dark dark blue

## EVENTUALLY THE DOGS FELL QUIET

eventually the dogs fell quiet  
evening collapsed  
as if from the mountains  
avalanching soundlessly  
and blessed by the thanks  
of natives on the way  
for they couldn't agree more  
for it fitted the night perfectly  
and ventured through their eyes  
meeting brothers and sisters there too  
crying open heart  
she fell  
the dogs bowed  
angels in the snow

## ROAD TO GO

there is a road to go  
in a middle of a storm  
both sunny and snowy  
and there is no word for it  
actually  
no word at all

there are the watchers  
and dancers  
the drinkers  
and yet-to-be-lovers  
in their hiding places

enjoy when they are awake like this  
it is free fuel and anybody's welcome  
of course everybody is too  
more or less out of their mind

they spin  
and smoke  
take pictures  
and sweat  
their memories out  
hanging loose  
at the edge of mornings  
they are like babies  
going down the slide

## THIS IS HER

This is her,  
my mother.  
I came from between her legs.  
I came  
because long before  
he came.  
and before  
on the street  
told my mother  
she had a hole in her skirt  
but she didn't mind  
and he followed her  
and then  
years began  
and on  
they went  
and grew  
bit by bit  
to form opportunity  
and this tiny body -  
me.  
Lakes embroidered  
in my blood  
long before  
he came.

## SOUTH TO NORTH

I've escaped mountains  
with blood on my thighs  
Shelters there don't have  
running water  
and I am a woman  
running

I waved constant kisses  
at acorns, roots and stones  
the sky of fog  
and the multilined horizon  
Another separation not wanted  
but made

## WOMEN'S DAY

women's day  
women's everyday  
whatever we do - it is ours  
the hours in days  
as we do whatever  
it takes

sometimes a miss  
sometimes mistaken  
naked-exposed or  
well-hidden  
we are the women bidding  
the listing of the world  
giving more and more  
as the days build  
into years  
and faces build up  
with wrinkles  
of smiles and frowns  
and questions  
of every day  
we are on the way

look up dear  
it is near  
it will never disappear

## WRITE

Early morning  
fresh yellow sun  
it became my passion  
to wake as early  
and on empty stomach  
go somewhere far  
walk, like today  
the dry grass horizontal  
the leaves thickly tucked  
the oak behind my back  
but not touching  
the distant hiss of car and train  
passing  
dog barking

I sit here and whisper to the leaves  
Write to me  
about how you handle an ax  
and cast it down  
what's left of a cut after it's done  
what's left of a moment after  
it's done  
write about the amplifying silence  
the infinite and unimaginable  
stillness of hours  
as you rinse yourself with them  
working.  
What is the wood like  
what is that smell?  
Don't write to me  
but just write  
forget the pen  
pour ink from your heart  
forget the admiration  
for what's left  
of the ink  
of pages, hours, memories  
after they are done.  
We are here  
write here.  
I've seen you doing this before so  
I know you can.  
Forget the admiration  
for what's left  
of the ink  
of pages, hours, memories  
after they're  
done.  
I'm here  
Write here



## MANUAL FOCUS

blank card begins with silence  
slung over your shoulder  
like towel after bath

simple, morning-like, or gleaming in the rain

silence

angel wings at the window  
two outspread wings  
and a solidified sentence  
undercooked  
and my yearning to envelop you with lips

i have a depth of focus  
in my eye

    i can see  
those pages

    i see

miracles  
burning

light and a breaking shadow  
unevenly spread duvet  
uneven in my head  
picture-thoughts

for my monsters

    you open the window

## SACRED

this is sacred  
how you hold my  
stone heavy  
midnight head  
and rock it  
with no movement  
slow eyes

sacred  
as you reach and try  
what my body feels like  
pressed by undertones  
by whispers

and if i sigh  
for this reason only  
you shift the universe

sacred,  
how we fly  
into the vast space  
between us  
and open

that is genuen  
that is sacred

seasons are turning

we have met  
on the spot  
of understanding  
little words matter  
hard desk and woolen blanket  
beneath the back  
of two human magnets

resolution of this vision  
is sacred

## OFF THE HOOK

i've got a telephone  
in my heart  
can call you anytime  
and spend hours talking  
telling stories  
of one hundred past my soul

and it's never too long  
or delayed  
or disconnected

i trust this  
and you  
are getting longer  
in my phone book  
dialing present

## TO LIVE AS LONG

To live as long  
as to see  
a tree healing its cut-off arms;  
as to realize  
your freedom of choice  
of a reaction  
to whatever comes next.

## IN THE YARD

i cleaned my nails from dirt  
ate too much muesli  
thought of your voice  
drank chamomile-melon tea  
took a picture of sleeping sky  
saw a star  
went to my room  
took a pen and wrote a few words

## OCTOBER SECOND

God,  
I would like to talk to you and walk with you.  
I'm getting fat in this house  
and it's been just over one week.  
I feel like heading off into another travel,  
just I don't know where to go. Ireland's growing cold.  
I have dreams still.  
I watch new days rise and fall  
and I want this change in me and sometimes think  
I can't make it  
but then I listen to a song,  
some that awakes me,  
and my body starts to dance.  
It feels so good  
like I'm living again.  
It's all too short to waste -  
or maybe I got too much used to running  
so a slice of silence feels like  
eternity in suspension.  
When the night calls  
I hardly ever pick up, just anxiously listen  
to the passing time.  
But then sometimes somebody offers to go  
and play basketball  
in the skatepark at night  
and it happens to be one of These Moments  
simply ripe  
at the top of my lungs.

## DAYS

i went to the cemetery today and saw  
the deadstraight piece of marble upon the place where i remember  
they put my granfather's body  
cold marble but doesn't shine  
and i saw a woman with white hair  
sweeping that marble surface with a cut-out piece of old pyjamas  
his pyjamas  
navy blue with white dots  
she swept it clean  
moving tenderly around what's left  
beside her thousands of memories  
and secret stories yet to tell  
in a dream

she has him  
as a gift from life  
she really has him now  
even if imaginary at heart  
and will never be the same  
but the river is flowing  
and she has him

## APPLEPIES

our house full of people i don't know  
and the sea of apple-pie and vanilla ice-cream.  
it is a festival,  
a festival actually

fire in the garden  
some men throw branches and everybody  
talking  
fire smells like you

i lick the plate  
clean  
this ice-cream saves me  
pie is too much

trying to get a sense  
of belonging  
at the side of my mother  
but it's not there

instead beginning to float  
people - like waves  
voices - like waves  
plates and forks and cup steaming teas

13 degrees  
what a beautiful night!  
they need your company  
and want to sing

wind blows and stirs the candles  
in their nests  
a long neck of Lila the birch  
swinging peacefully, indifferently

they go  
from place to place  
gray floor of this room  
moved by steps, a rush

their youngest one  
is rolling on the sofa and screams  
with wide open mouth  
waaaahhh waaaahhhh wahhhh

he knows, and doesn't give a damn  
about a thinnest slice  
of apple pie



or my flame-coloured cheeks

he knows, and with his back gathers  
the leftovers of dust  
mildly forgotten  
by a vacuum-cleaner and my mother's soft hands

the cats all disappeared  
i wonder if i could too  
as the clock branches on  
into fifteen

## POOL OF LIGHT

People build cities  
so the sun can shine  
through them

Church engulfed  
by the sun  
River sparkling  
with diamonds,  
thousand of little suns

A boy walks by  
He stops in the pull of  
light  
and drowns

## FLIGHT IN RED AND BLUE

When the woman loses her ground  
what's left is the sky  
often with stormy clouds  
but a room to fly

she is drifting  
legless  
wingful  
whimsical creature  
without understanding

I'm thinking of the word "becoming"  
being. and coming.  
with the necessary rooting  
in the present moment  
and, by that,  
coming to the new.  
to be in the new

when the woman is flying  
she needs nothing.  
only the sky  
with the stormy clouds.  
legless and wingful  
with no understanding needed

as textures and thoughts  
and colours and light  
dissolve

## I WOULD RATHER BE A YOUNG FIRE

I would rather be a young fire  
visit my friend, swan at four o'clock  
in the morning  
our hands finding the right notes  
in the moonlight sonata swaying

the gifts of this moment  
the magic of this night  
a very rainy night  
a rainy night  
a rain  
    night  
    gift

forgetting  
walking

along the rows of cabbage  
in this RAIN

one way  
and back again

i believe in the continuum  
                                concept  
the light is my soul  
and we are safe

cabbage fields  
playing children

in the belly  
b e l l y  
bloom

## IN THE SONG

in the song  
in the soft  
hair river  
flushed night  
with your cheeks high-fevered  
with my arms upright  
fully winged  
and circled  
eye-catching sparks  
of this what we are  
even our darks

\*

slowly, most deeply  
i cry the full song;  
the boy is standing here  
banging on his gong

## YOU KNOW WHO

i'm trying to feel safe  
with love  
despite that touch you've given away  
to a wrong woman  
and drawing hearts on my vagina helps  
even though i don't want you  
to see  
this love is growing  
and one day i will let you  
know  
that i forgive  
forgive forgive  
and let you into  
my heart again

S i g n a l s

i n t h e a i r

c a n y o u

f e e l

?