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**For blotting out
for blacking out**

/From the journey through
voices and appeals/

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How much some people
have to undergo
to be in their own grave

Contents

The route not from the ticket	7
Someone missing.....	9
Silence in the Craters of the Moon National Park.....	10
A talk with a fellow countryman in the Grand Teton National Park	11
The intermingling worlds.....	14
At the foot of <i>Crazy Horse</i>	16
Suspension in the Bad Lands National Park.....	18
Forming in the Big Bend National Park.....	19
Intermezzo	23
The Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Park	24
Between the Bryce and Grand Canyon National Parks.....	25
Death Valley.....	31
A thought of the return.....	33
From blacking out.....	34
A talk with myself.....	35
The whale	36
The coda	37
Master's knowledge.....	38
 Photos	 39

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The route not from the ticket

I am not now going to withdraw; I am sinking in the airbus
with an uneasy sight
through the small window I am weighing two colossuses
under the leafy wing;
as if the snouts of the mythical creatures
lazily chewing the air;
I am following their nostrils – they are whirling slowly
they are sucking in my patience
how different from a bird
this lurking in wait is
for a jump into the expanse ...

I am squeezing in the seat with earphones;
the mandibles of the colossuses more silent at present
After several clicks I am greeting the element of the aria –
Here she is, Maria Callas
from Carnegie Hall
we are just to take off
here in Frankfurt

Despite the earphones the world from out of the window gets in;
the hum increases
the bulk twitched – I am arriving at the myth of dawn
with *Norma by Bellini*. In every country suspicious acting;
Oroveso's daughter ties herself up
and extricates herself
the admiration for her scruples
blossomed over the languages
Cassiopeia strange Poland

~~Das Lied ist urheberrechtlich geschützt!~~

had many occupiers,
but not so clean, adores heroes differently;
and the priestess of the Gauls staves off treachery,
does not deny love

Instruments, delicately,
and singing ascends, higher and higher tones
lightness on the rotations,
the rumble of the tires, powers, jolts
The voice develops the motif; the chorus,
initially for support,
supersedes *bel canto*,
is consonant with the colossuses;
in unison, take off in Frankfurt

Piercing soprano comes back;
the rising line of the aria –
a prediction for the journey.

Someone missing

At the edge of the canyon of the Columbia river
against the background of the sky's blue
in their last move mustangs
are approaching
with the whole slope, frozen
and I can see better –
the breath is held;
although none on four limbs
still motionless;
in variable intervals
the rush is held
All of a metallic hue
with a layer of rust
like swords of newcomers
from whom they ran away

Free,
they raise anxiety; there are strangers here
and there are no present ones –
built of mountains and rivers of their own land

Who then was the sculptor –
still carving them in *Crazy Horse*
though already laid to rest at the foot of the mountain.

Silence in the Craters of the Moon National Park

Oh, the Earth darker
than black hair in blood,
jumping over the snakes of
congealed lava
I am not a buckle for you
neither scissors
nor a tampon
for the outflow of life
from the back of the head¹ –
When I am staring at these ribbons of iron oxide
the streaks of sulfur, fluorine
a phantom is formed ... A scorched
military uniform;
half lying along with the crater slope
gathers the rest of strength
to flick off the ash
to signal
that they are here
at full strength

What can I be for you
the Earth, a silent groan,
forging into magma?
Let me be able to listen
to your trembles.

¹ A shot in the back of the head – a characteristic execution of thousands of Polish prisoners of war in Katyń, Ostaszków, Miednoje, Bykownia, Charków /1940/ by NKVD officers.

**A talk with a fellow countryman
in the Grand Teton National Park**

Good evening good evening where are you from?
/wooden beds of a mountain hut can be heard/

... from Seattle to Yellowstone

- I was two days
tomorrow to Dallas to work

I'm tired, sorry and I prefer to speak German

- I speak only Polish ... and not well

Really?

You forget – why, what an attraction!
unexpected

- Good day,

Good evening, I'm on vacation

we're doing *a road trip* through the parks of the States

- I prefer nature to ...

There's a lot to see, you are, where from? I'm from
Bialystok

From the same side of the Vistula ...

Since when, through the Atlantic, in Dallas?

- After the marshal war ... Wife, a Pole

Not long ago the chief of WRON ¹ received a gun salute
at the Powązki Military Cemetery

- I have contact with family, I know
not long ago I was in Poland
only a month

The General didn't manage to keep an eye
you absconded

- Absconded?
And on what did he manage to keep an eye?
In Poland the West

Slower, slower
slowly with that West
more appearances but there is a question; on what was he keeping
an eye?

He got the time to check the rights
but didn't go out beyond the mantra

- What was it for?

¹ The **Military Council of National Salvation** (Polish: *Wojskowa Rada Ocalenia Narodowego*, abbreviated WRON) was a military junta administering the People's Republic of Poland during the period of the martial law (1981–1983). The rather unfortunate lettering of the Polish acronym (WRON; *wrona* means a crow in Polish) was immediately picked up by those that the regime sought to repress and widely used in a form of non-violent opposition jokes.

For the lesser evil with impunity
something fancied friendly

- So much strangeness did they at the cost of
generation
nobody will be held responsible

Helpless, we feel challenge in this talk –
He experienced something more painful
than Siberia ...

He lost Mother; different Polands
farther than America

voices cannot be recognized from close range
one can't recognize oneself

it's entanglement of fate

from afar my hearing catches more faithfully
well, General used to leave too little

others had to reduce a backlog; and it would be funny
if it weren't painful any longer; history is pawed
mixed, overturned –

But he saw to something, to what?

To the high pension for himself and his comrades ...
and to the gun salute.

The intermingling worlds

I was invited by the Buffalo
to full of geysers fields
lying with a pipe of peace
it puffed smoke circles out of its horns.

The Olympic Buffalo
among multicolored circles
distinctly moves its snout,
breathes in fogs and vapors.

Is it strange in *Yellowstone*
that something seethes here, puffs
bursts or quite contrary
oozes, stratifies, drips?

At the parking lot
I saw the geyser pierce the asphalt,
as if the body was shaken –
the crater choked, coughed.

Although the Buffalo is
at ease and crumples weeds,
not of mint but of sulfur
smell of burning wraps this bulk around.

Dizziness of the thoughts just a reason
to call for medical assistance
but the pageant of vehicles
wouldn't let through easily.

In time like a child's remote dreams
a restored part –
parallel spaces,
I can see żubry¹ in buffaloes.

¹ Polish bison; they live in the Białowiecki National Park.

At the foot of *Crazy Horse*

A form of mustangs
over Columbia
was cut from steel
and welded

Here, a grandson of emigrants
from Poland, of a relentless face and sight
a loner
with wife and children
for many years
was carving in the mountain
the visage of faithfulness and bravery

Here – not far from *the four presidents* –
in South Dakota
with an axe he began with scaffolding;
climbed up and down ladders
in the rain and searing heat;
clambered up
with a hammer and an old compressor