

Artur Chlewiński

IT GLOWS  
IT GRINS

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## Inhalt

Between Bryce and Grand Canyon National Parks.....	7
On the last scorching Sunday of August 2016.....	13
Irretrievable questions .....	18
Between Grand Canyon National Park and Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park .....	20
Concurrent routes .....	33
The sad happiness .....	34
The Experience of the Distance .....	40
With the Paths Guide and without Him .....	41
The Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument .....	42
Affiliated to triviality .....	45
What's left after us ... ..	48
When it's so close ... ..	49
A foretaste .....	51
Master knowledge .....	54
Appendix: On a sphere of the floor .....	56

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## Between Bryce and Grand Canyon National Parks

The long road winds its way in the hills  
like a rope from the sky  
and the earth unspoken  
open up in gorges and ravines;  
remote mountains approach  
rapidly vanish

Space flattens me behind the windshield  
and time is jumpable  
in moments of rapture  
when unsteadily I'm leaving the car  
by holding on to colours  
harder than rocks  
so hard  
that I pierce the thought with my eyes:  
t h e a d m i r a t i o n i s t h e f r u i t o f a i r i n g

The light brings the temptation  
to be madly indifferent, without memory  
I lower my eyelids – *Calcium carbonate* –  
a fossilized phantom flickers with the image of itself  
with existence; it leads the newcomer  
into the process of drilling ...

I come down under the rubble –  
the mouth of rocks  
greasepainted with the sun  
changes the grimace  
of the places left

I feel lower and lower;  
they are definitely here  
– where else could they be –  
they are all without a name  
in their homeland;  
clasped with a harsh gesture  
of the burial ground  
I'm crossed along the crest  
by a herd of mustangs;  
by a bit of secretion the world is changed  
flooded history  
the illusion abandons me

We're coming back to the car in silence  
a dry crack of the door; in part I remained  
weakly reachable

We're rushing forward  
I spot in the twinkling of an eye – a butterfly  
just a splash on the windshield  
It's not me who's driving  
so I stop in my thoughts:  
a n d i f i t w e r e a *buffalo* – t h e h e a r t t h e g u a r d  
t h e w h o l e p r o c e d u r e *National Park*

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We do not stop  
although I did not divert further thoughts:  
the betrayed airplanes  
from April July<sup>1</sup>  
and a butterfly  
did not fall into a human  
interval of the conscience;  
what to do with this stain –

\*

We're moving away  
and I stayed there  
weakly reachable; as if unrecognized ruins:  
spires columns, ribs  
smashed stained glass, arches  
Colours are variously hard  
layers of hues  
flow down the rock crosswise: I'm reflected  
by a drop inside the event –  
ancient polis: crowds  
a pageant of figures  
congealed in a remote scene;

---

<sup>1</sup> On 10 April 2010; near Smoleńsk (territory of Russia), the government plane with President of the Republic of Poland Lech Kaczyński and 95 accompanying persons (a few NATO Generals among them) and the crew on board broke up at low altitude in unexplained circumstances. No one survived.

On 17 July 2014; from the area controlled by the separatists in the fighting in eastern Ukraine, a Malaysian passenger plane has been shot down with 298 people (citizens of many countries). They all died.

through eyewitness existence  
into shapelessness  
slow motion of the return

A ray from behind a cloud  
flickers along the plane  
on the ridge of a crumpled tin –  
bares a face  
undressed faces  
Between the rains  
the bleeding wall is pierced by the light;  
the eyebright applied like a cotton pad  
penetrates with its veins into the tissue of the rock;  
leads through the land of the left  
of the snatched from the love felt  
of the betrayed  
A spiritual reflex of the Nurse  
is the first thing I remember;

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certainly there she is  
– where else would she be, Inka<sup>2</sup> –  
without the name in her homeland  
In front of the fractured firing squad their commander  
checked on the girl under eighteen  
how the crime system works

If I reached the meanings  
in the inhuman world  
She's been here for not long;  
it was not the execution that tore Her from the homeland  
not the executors –  
but only the salutes in honour to the torturers

---

2 Danuta Siedzikówna born 03 September 1928, near Narewka in Podlasie. Nurse, pseudonym Inka, V Vilnius National Army Brigade under the command of Major Zygmunt Szendzielarz pseudonym Łupaszka. As a nurse and messenger she attended the resistance to the Soviet occupation of Poland after World War II. Arrested by the UB (Secret Police) officers on 20 July 1946. She has been set in prison at 12 Kurkowa Street in Gdańsk. During the investigation she was humiliated and tortured, yet she did not give over anyone from her unit. On the basis of false testimony, although she was a minor, she was sentenced non-legally to death. During the execution on the early morning 28 August 1946 in prison, both convicted (beside Inka, Felix Selmanowicz pseudonym Zagończyk) refused to blindfold their eyes. When the prosecutor gave the order for the execution squad to fire, both prisoners simultaneously shouted (in Polish) „Long Live Poland”, which made the firing squad not to send the bullets directly at Inka. The control of the situation was taken over by the platoon commander, who shot at Inka's head. Before he did it Inka managed to shout „Long live Łupaszka”. The bodies of the murdered have not been found.

Life! I don't agree to ignore  
in silence  
the derision of Inka's beauty;  
in the shield of Her words  
I whisper  
*Long live ...*

*7.08.2014 Grand Canyon: Bright Angel Point*

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## On the last scorching Sunday of August 2016

In the heat curdling one's blood  
after thirty years  
I arrive in the town  
from the station I recognize  
still sticking out support frames of the shipyard  
upturned stumps –  
but how to set foot steps here  
This big organism many times  
needed dressing ...

Now we know about Inka –  
but earlier no premonition  
the time to get up to queue  
for abjection  
They were taken away from the place of torture  
to pits  
After the years of war  
that the peace we had;  
only the pain and stubbornness of their close relatives and friends  
pushed demands for the grave<sup>1</sup>

---

1 One of the first, as early as in the 1950s, demanding for the news about the place where the bodies of their close relatives were buried, were the families of Colonel Alexander Kita and Colonel Marian Orlik executed on 3 December 1952. heberrechtlich geschützt!

In my youth without any premonition  
I trampled pavements  
of Gdańsk; at the most after the rain  
a spurt of water  
gushed out of a shaky plate –  
and there the source was buried  
Nothing is mine from me  
and I am at the funeral  
which was not to happen  
the life  
which was to vanish  
under the plate of the pavement  
namelessly  
from the twilight of the morning  
of flared up summer –  
Facing the challenge each emotion here  
weakens the share;  
noble of us pick in the archives  
lay the skeleton for us  
kiss ...  
I will persevere consciously  
So what am I doing here?

I expect soothing –  
the victims were passing the abyss  
they are just emerging  
and among us they will lie  
with their own names ...  
Such is this world  
despite the advantages  
did not let Them disappear completely; the world  
thanks to people

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Nearly after a century  
I am standing over Her coffin  
– a quarter of a century too late –  
where the body of such fortitude<sup>2</sup>;  
similar to the weathered rocks  
what was left of Her; I should fall down  
but She exhausted experience:  
*sadly to Her but only She herself*<sup>3</sup>

says the source ...

Among the banners of the winged cavalry  
under the portrait of Mother of God  
we were to dress the bones of the Found  
in a uniform  
For a long time  
we could not recognize  
painfully  
consciously  
looking at her own end;  
She left it to us  
Inka ... and yet you are  
Inuś little one ... you didn't perish ...

---

2 Danuta Siedzikówna Inka, the participant of anti-Bolshevik resistance in Poland after World War II refused with full awareness to ask for the pardon. She believed that the man who was granted the right of pardon was unworthy of being the President of Poland for he was nominated by the Bolshevik Empire.

3 The travesty of Inka's confession smuggled from prison to her girlfriends "I am sorry I have to die, but it's only one to die." During brutal interrogations Danuta Siedzikówna Inka has given over nobody from her unit.

You're leaving everything  
You are untouched  
aren't you holy ...  
What am I doing here – I'm moving brochures  
I can see the banners  
I'm touching volleys and conversations;  
but to stand so single  
to know thoroughly  
like Her  
before the twilight of the morning  
of flared up summer  
would I too  
by flowing eyes  
lead my colleagues not to fall  
from the edge of the light –

Do I want it right  
on the ground  
where the grave was a gift  
the authorities feasted with foreign vodka  
dappled the murk with medals –  
And They fall down at the pace of eternity  
torn apart  
anywhere

A spring gushes closer and closer ...

Today the sun and confetti  
but I recognize the same bulk  
paints the claws, the same world –  
one has to be careful through the procession of the repetitions  
the hydra raises not so old  
heads; I'm fidgeting in front of the cathedral

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I get up I sit up I raise my hand  
the teacher avoids me  
and I want to know  
the clarity of what was at school  
pretence ...  
Glittering harness, sabres,  
cushions, epaulettes –  
I don't find consolation in it;  
I want power  
every day by a tiniest gesture  
a screen not to be spruced up  
from the victim of Hers;  
through the time remaining  
not to accept the silver change  
that has already got into circulation

I am here not for the joy of t h e R e v i v a l  
I restore Her again and again  
and I won't be able to fully bid farewell  
to so many N o t - r e v i v e d  
in Her<sup>4</sup> ...

*28 August 2016 Gdańsk*

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4 Inka's mother, Eugenia Siedzik of Tymińskis, tortured during the investigation by the Gestapo, was shot in September 1943, in the forest in the vicinity of Białystok and deprived of the grave up to the present day. Danuta Siedzikówna was an orphan, along with her sisters, she was brought up by her grandmother Angela Siedzikowa. Inka lost her father earlier; Waclaw Siedzik was transported into the interior of the Soviet Union on 10 February 1940. With the Polish Army of General Wladyslaw Anders he left the "inhuman land", but died from exhaustion on the way, in Teheran in June 1943. There he was buried. In 2017 his remains were transported to Poland. **rechtlich geschützt!**

## Irretrievable questions

Where do they lead?  
No answer;  
all of a sudden  
I find myself  
disinherited,  
and I'm not already coming  
home along the old path.





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## Between Grand Canyon National Park and Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park

### Descent from Grand View

Canyon fueled by the sun dazzlingly glows;  
drilling the imagination  
it grins with the shade of unbleached teeth;  
reddish brown roses exposed gums  
the river flushing leftover of surety –  
with a torrential trickle the sluggishness of this flesh rolls  
And yet the stillness and silence  
take the breath away;  
neither chest nor eyes will rest here  
sparkling with the edge of the mess  
with the crests of the couloirs  
it either narrows, moves  
grows away, fades  
or suddenly emerges

I arrived here for a while,  
an important while – to capture something from years ago  
as if it grooved just a moment ago  
and somebody weaved suspiciously;  
to distinguish an easy emotion

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