

INKED sadness

poems by

Martin Krzywinski

1

There's nothing thought,
There's nothing said,
We have our water,
We have our bread.

The system works,
Or so it seems,
Our leaders tell us
In their dreams.

The days crash by,
The dying are dead
With those beyond
Our daily dread.

The air is clean
Though for how long?
At least it still
Carries our song.

We sing of choices,
We cry of fears,
And in the end
They take our tears.

They take our tears,
They take our soul
And when we die,
They crush our goal.

We're now a number
Placed in a book,
To think a life
Was all it took.

Our children now
Fulfil our place.
They're still a voice
Without a face.

They think of death
They watch the moon,
They wish for it
To happen soon.

6-7-90

At the age of 10, my mother and I escaped Poland in Autumn 1981, fearing economical and political prosecution. Her fears were greater than mine – at that age the politics of the play yard were my currency. I returned to Poland for the first time in the summer of 2010 and found the memories I buried there 30 years ago on Warsaw's Freta street.

2

There is between the sun and sky
A place upon a midnight high,
A place where both the marvels meet
The only place where I am complete.

It is itself a fantasy,
As blue and deep a dream can be,
It does exist but for a sigh;
And as I wake, I wave goodbye
To a place that is both far and near
To something I hold forever dear.

I do not want to, I know I must
Dismiss the memories that now are past
I do so slowly, with deep regret
Although the sun is now long set
I wish to stay, just for a while,
In the only place that makes me smile.

4-7-90

Even now, I like sleeping in and only slowly returning from second reality.

3

Not even once did I distrust
My inner self, to which I must
Give up my being, soul and heart:
My offer yours, lest we should part.
Assure myself, and every night
Until the darkness takes my sight:
I am a soaring silver dove,
To you I carry all my love.

6-7-90

Stumbling words as the heart searches for surer footing.

4

I sit and look
I look around,
But as I gaze
To cold end's bound,
There's not a soul
There's not a mind,
To share the moment,
To be of kind
That dashes wisdom
And harvests thought,
That is unbroken
By hardship wrought,
That would not yield,
Nor turn away,
The chance of ideas
From reveries astray.
Is there not someone?
Emotions so fine
With glitter of mind,
Together combine
To love the eternal
The spirit's escape
To fancy the senses
To my life reshape?

23-12-89

'no' is always curter and sharper than 'yes'. The word is shorter, but not its consequences.

5

The silent moonlight falls on the waterless lake,
The final fish its last airless breath doth take.
The woods sway majestically across horizon bare,
Reflecting brightly the offering of starlight's glare.
The last skiff has landed, broken on the shore,
The priests now venture home, forgetful of their lore.
The sun retreating shyly, the day is getting old
With morning soon to come, plentiful and bold.

30-12-89

Old ends always mark old beginnings.

6

In a silent wink, I have explored
The endless boundaries of space,
In a tiny moment's glimpse I caught
Its fractal nature and its grace.

In but a short breath's span of time
A myriad of particles evolved,
In a fleeting pause's flight
The Schrodinger equation solved.

In a time less than imagined
I have experienced all of matter
With its strangeness and attractors
With its beauty and quantum clatter.

And now I am, as one can be,
A mindful sanctity of light;
Pen in hand and paper free,
Imagination once more in flight.

21-12-89

Covered by a blanket of cosmic mystery, I peeled away a few layers with my first introduction to quantum mechanics. The universe isn't just more mysterious than we imagine, but more than we can imagine.

7

In forests green and valleys deep
Where Nature in her love doth sleep
I met a man, both old and wise
And with his wisdom my heart now lies.

He showed me things I've never seen
He took me places I've never been,
He showed me feelings I've never had
But most of all, he made me sad.

I've wept for him, I've wept for me
I questioned our reality;
But through the tears, and through the crying
I witnessed him as he was dying.

I heard him say a single word
He said to me, my vision blurred,
A single word I gently kissed
Before he died, he just said "Missed..."

4-7-90

Is this me, today, talking to myself when I am old? Or me, as a child, talking to myself now?

8

Take my hand and lead me on,
I am far too weak to stand;
Friends are gone, my home destroyed
No more sun will warm the land.

It's time to go, a time of sorrow
Goodbyes unspoken passed my lips,
My hand is shaking, my heart is empty
I've seen too many sunken ships.

And as the shore departs my sight
I offer it a grateful tear;
And like a hunted hare I whimper
All that I cherish now is fear.

The water's vast, the world so small,
The starlight tumbles overhead;
The sky assures me with its blackness,
The dead of night I wish to wed.

12-9-90

Growing older, I've cheered up significantly. Even if it doesn't show.

9

Je suis le ciel,
Tu es le soleil;

Je suis un jardin,
Tu es les arbres;

Je suis la nuit,
Tu es les étoiles;

Je suis la mort,
Mais tu es ma vie.

15-10-90

The only poem I ever wrote for a specific person – my feelings mingling with their language, both foreign and fresh to me at the time.

10

Death now is welcome,
My mind wants rest and peace;
I yearn the void of blackness
I will my heart to cease.

The sun has risen in awe,
The moon has set in tears
And still the world plagues me
With sorrows and with fears.

I'd love to end this flight
And mark the site of end
The sky mocks me with life
And hence false hopes are sent

Life's reasons flicker by
Death's answer hangs above
The question now is asked
Ah, blackness is so

I'm was too young to brood over scotch, or too sensible. Writing, as a way to get things out, seemed a better means to address what I considered to be one of my excesses than drinking, which was a way to get more things in.

11

And in the end, no light is mine,
Things dimmed right from the start.
And in between, not few were days
That slipped past by my heart.

Time passed, they came
And stayed with me -
I counted them so many.
They crawled together,
One by one,
With difference hardly any.

Now, they're like the
Same little leaf which
Falls from sky to ground.
It falls, it lives,
And underneath
Lies dying till it's found.

So secretly the leaves all fell,
And left the branches bare.
Should I expect another Spring
To fill what once was there?

12-5-99

I was heavily into Dorothy Parker at the time. But she not into me.

12

I think I love you,
I am sure,
That when I put to test
This what I feel
That I will find
It deep inside my breast.

I thought I knew you
I was sure
That when I heard you say
This what you feel
That I will want
To stay another day.

But now I think the love I feel
And don't feel what I know

The difference is – one is real.

Thinking about feelings and feeling about thoughts can take a long time to resolve.

13

There's little in talking or listening
There's little in water or wine;
This answering, this answering, this answering
Was never a project of mine.

And phones are the province of presage
And pagers don't serve very well
So I'm thinking of taking a message -
Would you kindly speak at the bell?

17 May 99

Variation on Dorothy Parker's Coda.

14

Hello Sir! Love for a dollar?
A single, shiny coin.
Oh, do please buy, oh please kind sir,
You seem to have a lot.
A lot of coin, but not of love
And so I offer this:
Love for a dollar! Who could resist?

Hello Sir! Love for two dollars?
It still isn't all that much!
Twice what before,
 second time around,
You know of what I speak.
It's love, you seek it,
 and you have the change,
Play with two coins, or buy love,
The choice is up to you.

Hello Sir! Love for three dollars?
I know that times are tough.
You walk past and never buy
However many times.
I offer love, for a small price,
I'm sure you can depart
From this little money that has no use
Save to put love in heart.

Hello sir! Love for a million?
Ah, it may seem a bit steep.

But after all, love is sweet
And bitter millions rot.
You haven't that much, this I know
But you could always pay
A bit each day, one coin, one coin
With weeks that do add up
To the whole sum, eventually
But take the love just now!

Hello sir! Now tired and old
I no longer sell the love.
It's gone. It was here. You saw it,
 at a glance.
But now, for you, I offer this:
Despair, regret, and angst, and bile
Yours free, I wish them yours
Take one, take all! Feel them each day,
And use your coins for play
Not pleasant play, not cheer, not free
But choked, as now are you.
You should have bought,
 I would have sold.

It could have been enjoyed
But maybe next time,
Though not me nor you
Another time and place
In softer heart, through finer eye
And on a sadder face.



martin.krzywinski@gmail.com
<http://mkweb.bcgsc.ca>

