

**Episteme: an online interdisciplinary, multidisciplinary & multi-cultural journal**

**Bharat College of Commerce, Badlapur, MMR, India**

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***NOTHING***

*to Pawel*

**By Joanna Kurowska**

Son, I would like you to  
know two things  
under the sun

the garbs' whoosh  
the echo absolve  
rosaries' droplets  
temples' vaults

and

nothing  
on the top  
in the thin air  
where you are alone  
chiseling your path  
with fear

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*STAINED GLASS*

I don't know whose garden this is  
the wind-whisper gently blowing

an ocean under the leaf's surface;  
in a spider, universes crisscross

a chase down the harvested field  
hair strands scattered by the wind

Lake Košno smelling of shells,  
its soft waves golden from the heat

—pieces of stained glass I must  
arrange, knowing they are necessary

*ALLOTMENT*

Enough! Come out of those yellow eyes of fear!  
The greedy day grabs you and me by the hands...  
Have you been wronged, with your rosary of tears?  
Look, our dreams hit the wall in equal shares.

Here's a tree and rain. How can we divide them?

On my way from work, I was soaked to the skin...  
Do you think I could trade the rain for a tree,  
when it's pouring outside and the trees stand bare?

Don't fall asleep so quickly—the night is young.  
Twigs of sadness clank at my window and yours...  
The morning divides the world into two halves;  
a thread of air binds us; we need nothing more.

***ANTON BRUCKNER***

*To Alan Heatherington*

He played. Dust covered his hands.  
He played. A plaster flake lay on the keys.  
From the crumbling vaults a rain of stones  
Fell down on his shoulders and head.

He prayed. The church walls tumbled down.  
He prayed. People's apathy sat on his back.  
He bent under the weight of God's silence.  
The night came and made him blind.

He prayed. The skies turned winter-cold.  
He played. The world closed its unending walls.  
Now only the expanse of nothingness  
Lingered; under it, he vanished.

No revelation, no thunderbolts or seas  
Brimming out of their shores, not even a wind  
Or a mist, turned up. A mayfly  
Alighted on a dandelion, silently.

***THE CEMETERY***

Family home, your head double-faced,  
one pair of pupils immersed in greenery,  
the other gray from the street walls;  
none of them looking at the cemetery.

The cemetery was dying. Chips of stones  
measured time. Jewish names faded like  
the memory of them. I recall but  
one, Moshe, engraved on a piece

of marble we used to draw figures  
to play hopscotch. The tombstones  
felt strangely soft. In the morning, we  
picked violets and played tag; at night,

drank cheap wine and made inconceivable,  
unfeeling love. The names crumbled  
under our feet busy playing tag,  
so we buried them under love's ashes.

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Among the matzevot that are no more  
a star hid—one you cannot see looking  
straight, just sideways, with the corner  
of your eye. Its meaning—unfathomable.

EPISTEME

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**Bio:**

Joanna Kurowska is a bi-lingual poet, the author of five poetry volumes, *The Butterfly's Choice* (Broadstone Books 2015), *Inclusions* (Cervena Barva Press 2014), *The Wall & Beyond* (eLectio Publishing 2013), and two books published in Poland, *Obok : Near* (Oficyna Literacka 1999); *Ściana : The Wall* (Wydawnictwo Dolnośląskie 1997). Her poetry has been published widely, in North American and European journals.

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