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BA Eng Lit Year 1

All's lost in the waves and all's lost at sea.
I'm all I ever was and can hope to be:

I've spent one too many a night
on trying to be an erudite; however,
I'm not T.S. Eliot, nor was meant to be,
I haven't even read Dante's "Comedy",
and there's not enough sound in my verse.

Perhaps I'm just missing a Pound or few,
perhaps I should follow a different voice –
Kerouac, how about you?

Oh, I'm not a Beatnik, nor was meant to be,
I've waited in rail yards by the sea:
north coast, south coast, somewhere in the middle
is where I was born and hoped to live;
jumping trains and switching men like gloves,
throwing them around like cards – damned jokers –
drinking wine by the big blue movements
of hit and splash and run to the station
to wait till the storm passes, till my train comes;
but for now the storm of three weeks or more.

I'm shaken to the core –

I'm not Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
I've wasted three movements on trying to see
here, where I should listen to hear.

Here, all's lost in the waves and all's lost at sea;
hear, I'm all I ever was and can hope to be;
come the sunrise comes the recollection
gathered in tranquility – hear here –
I've found myself looking at a reflection
of all that's been and was meant to be
a reflection in a puddle.

Chesterston said, Chersterton quoth
that the rain should be better-loved:

in a puddle all's twice infinity;
in a puddle no voices can drown us;
in a puddle, night lights roam free,
and that's enough, if just for me.

Scene

Fields of colour on spaces brown-black,
grass-blades bent backward and hair blowing back,
murmurs caught in the rustle of leaves,
a girl hiding skin-deep in her sweater-sleeves –
geometry hits the scene at this spot:
blacks and navies ensquare white dots;
stripes stack rectangles of knots on knots,
embracing woolly the figure they'd caught –
a lone perpendicular to horizontal hue,
stepping softly through drops of sunrise dew.

Forefathers' Eve

I'm a romantic, thoroughly decabric,
ten times removed cousin of the macabric.

Now, that the time has come –
our collars done up and our shirts come undone,
the doors've'en blocked and the curtains'en drawn –

quickly, before the roosters cluck!
bring out the lamps and rub them for luck:

all's quiet, all's dark
(nothing to be done)
rise out troubled spirits,
lest you burn in the Sun;

just as the first drop from the candles fell,
the first apparition appears out of hell –
like a well-known wicked creature
climbs out of a well –
and it cries, and it wails, it curses, it calls
within these secured, sacred walls:
'what have I done, what have I done?
Let me perish in the morning Sun;
I want no sacrifice nor meal,
I just want to escape this evil seal'.
But tradition's tradition –
we know by intuition
that a troubled spirit needs its feast
of blood and berries to banish the beast,
and prayers to lit the flame inside
that will the soul to heaven guide.

We chant:
'-- all's quiet, all's dark,
soon come the lark --'
this is the way
to the Almighty we pray
that if he wish, he may
take back to his prey --

specters to an empty scene,
audienced by spleen, spleen, spleen, spleen! --

The spirit moans.
The sound resonates
with my tired bones.
The spirit soars
straight through abyss' open doors—
Our first deed is done,
our collars done up, and our shirts come undone,

and still we wait for rebellion to come --
to hear the fatalistic drum beating!

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fatata fatum
level ðe stratum
makede vacare
se nostrum prastaré!

But for now only our hearts are beating,
waiting for spirits to arise
before our weak and weary eyes.