

Ewa Lipska

translated by Margret Grebowicz

HOME

My nanny transverses
the diagonal of time.

Golden chicken soup on the table.
Intricate patterns of English letters.

With a heavy verse on the heart
I open the door.

Our secrets squeak
when we drink cod liver oil.

My brother smiles,
the consulate general,
at his summerhouse outside of Cracow.

In the distance, our family home.
A black box. The digression of an accident.

NO ONE

I agree to this landscape
which does not exist.

Father holds a violin.
Children lick at the sound.

A draft
nudges rose petals.

Then the war. We lose sight of each other.
Words hide in complete sentences.

An empty room
parked in the dusk
of a tenement house.

Please leave a message
says no one.

MOTION

I never figured
that a bird would call me up
and say
that we fly across this world together.

And though I without wings
and he without a human face
we both read motion.

The text of being.