

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.