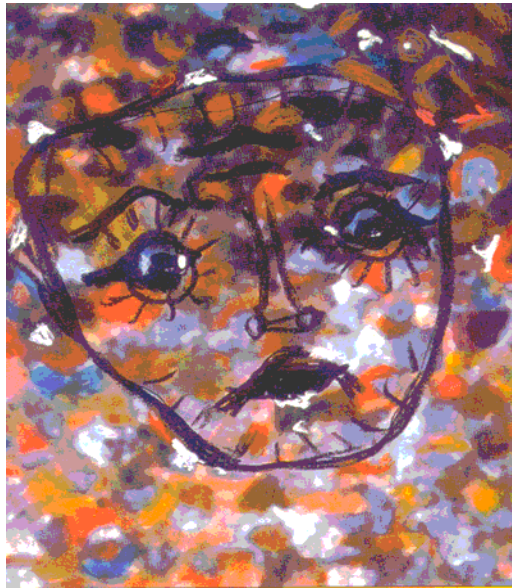


THE PLAY OF TIME



Sota Kurylo

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FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR

At the feet of the mount Fury,
sunken into shuba of snow
stands the mountain -hut.

The trees , growing all around
are covered with the blanket of snow.

The rays of sun crack layers of ice.

Near the house - a long ski trail.
A steep slope winds up with the serpent
of skiers , dressed in the rainbow - colored stuff.

Bending my body back and forth, like other skiers,
I slide down with a stupendous speed..

This trail, this speed - traversing in my mind
is somehow like a desire of forgetting that down there
is the earth with its gravity, pulling me constantly.

At the feet of mount Fury stands an old,
bent down hut
At its entrance I take my skis off.

In the house - a huge kitchen.
The plain wood table with the gleaming red
iron grate.
On top - the sizzling stake.
The goat cheese nearby and a pot of boiling tea.

The chimney brings in the smell of burning logs .
Through the window penetrates the scent
of sheep's and hay.

The dusk is creeping in.
The sun - setting down
smelts the mountain with the sky.

Leaning on my elbows , in a dim light ,
I am sitting alone.
Forgotten and forlorn.

Waiting for the midnight ,
for the pop of the champagne cork ,
falling slowly asleep,
I bid farewell to the Old Year.

A WOMEN

I think, that I am a part of being
and non-being.

As everything else - visible
and invisible.

Admired and damned.

Praised in songs.
Hunted with words.

Compared to a flower of camellia.
To the lump of malachite.

Sucked in, like a nectar by a bee.
Inhaled, like the fragrance of rose.

Ethereal and hermetic.

Horizontal and special.

Wrapped in a shroud of mystery.

Visible, like an object on a palm.

Understood and inconceivable.

In the array of definitions -
always the same ... the nameless one.

PICTURES

Before my eyes : the pictures are passing by.
In my ears : the non-stop sounding noise...

Behind us : a deserted foot-path ;
forgotten a long time ago.
Behind us : an unoccupied house.

The intensified visions ;
the dark pictures of imagination.

The creations of humankind - written down
in hieroglyphic signs.

The past? The future?
The hope?

No... because... here... before the eyes
strides the mournful cortege of players
of the lost world.

The thoughts ... things not done.
Concentric rings ... prophetic voice.
The burial ground - the way of redemption.

Nye, the eyes would not look into the eyes:
"eye to eye".

'The world of the livings walks its way.
Away floated the soul.

The chronicle has noted :
" Noone of the casket's followers
wanted to rise the body".

THE PLAY OF THE TIME

With the face of sphinx, lizard, poet or lion,
that we, of whom so little is known.
Upon whom the seal of muteness was emplaced.
Whose lips were clasped with the buckle
of eternal silence.

Today, we could say few words about yourself;
revealing the truth of why the brutal power
pushed us down to the grave.

So little has been left of us : .only the skulls
with faces of sphinx., lizard, poet, or lion.
And the remembrance - existing in the memory
of those, who did not have to go away ...

The undeniable is the fact, that in the face of Nature
we were the red tint of the skin, the violet color of eyes,
the laurel leaves of hair.

The play of the time ... in the fourth dimension.
With the thoughts suspended in space.
Between the earth and the sky.

WHAT WOULD I GIVE

What would I give in order to start my life once more.
Just like that , :straight from the beginning.
Winding it up millimeter by millimeter.

Although so many years , full of sad memories
are already behind me, I may not say that
I am ready to go away.
That I have enough of everything.

A thought, anchored to my brain , still exists
fast as a thunder.
And the eagerness to act.
Only this dusty road ahead of me
gets shorter every day.

What would I give to get rid of some
years of my life.
To be able to run, even barefoot around the world.

To take again the first steps .
To syllabicate letters into words.

What would I give in order to be able
to act and create.

Holding all the desires in my hands -
walk freely forward ...

Laughing into life's face.

LIKE A FLAME OF ETERNAL FIRE

Like an inaccessible shadow, I am walking
calmly , in quiet steps, towards my " Self ".
Not counting the time.
Not measuring the distance
that separates it from me.

From this " I ", existing internally in me ,
an ethereal picture of myself.

Who is going to tell me what is the shape
of my " I " ?
What is its width, what is its depth?

Is this " I " residing deeply in me
creating any sound, that could be heard?
Is there anyone, except me, who hears it?

Is this "I " a real existence, or an illusion ?
Like a flame of the eternal fire?
Like a shadow - wandering with me the earth
from the moment of my birth?

COGITO ERGO SUM

In each conversation (almost in anyone) we use these words: the head, the brain, the health .

I think, thus I am.
"Cogito, ergo sum."

I think, therefore I am a man.

It seems, that the thought conceived in the head is always under our control .
And flows in the direction chosen by us ..

That is controlled solely by our will.

But, a short moment of inattention is enough for a thought to crease , like at the sundown the bluishness of the autumn sky .

Like the winter dawn, a fearful thought enters the trail of memories.
Unlocking the gate of desires, sorrows and despairs..

Like a scalpel's blade , in one moment , the thought liberates itself from the control of mind ;
opening the wounds scared over the time.

Panta rei... Every things flows.

After years of trotting the globe, changed is the matter of the thoughts.

The question arises: how to approach this problem?
What attitude to take toward the changes of the world?

How to live healthy , when with the changes occurring with an enormous speed, only what's new has the value ?

The new discoveries facing the man everyday demand from him of performing more difficult tasks;
forcing him to think about things, that often are unacceptable to his brain.

But what for is the science?

It has already reached to the depth of the oceans.
It raised itself to the cosmic space.

It decoded the secret of living cells.
It worked out the structure of the human genome.
It analyzed the function of the brain, residing in the head.

Applying the magnetic resonance , it analyzed the process

of thinking, taking the place in the gray matter .

With the electromagnetic impulses it revealed to the world
the thought, which till now was a personal secret.
Which belonged only to a man, and was above all free .

Running into the world - like the spherical wave ,
a free thought was bringing the people closer together,
binding them, or moving away.

A time ago , looking at a man when he smiled,
or when he tightly closed his lips, one could know
whether his thought was in captivity, or whether
it was free.

The wrinkles on the forehead, or a wink of the eye
indicated whether his thought was slow as a turtle,
or fast as a thunder.

The human face was then read like a book.
And today?

Today: the screen oscillates with the waves
of the working brain of the head inserted into the machine ,
which without a mistakes shows what is hidden
under a heavy scull.
It decodes it's faults and guilt's.

The pleiades of scientists attempt to find out
how to improve and preserve the human mind.
How to liberate the brain imprisoned by a disease
and by an old age.

How to keep the healthy thought to the end
of man's life.
How to bring to a man the lost mental balance.

Saying it straight: how .. by decoding the brain
change the human head.

SOMEWHERE

in the desert...
in the sun's radiant luster,
on the sand - lies a remnant of something ,
that was alive a while ago.

The sun and the wind
left a dark spot of the corps.
In the extinct eyes was still a picture
of the world.

Fata morgana...
the oasis full of water, green palms.

If... if.. only...
he could have ... endured...
until early morrow...

THE CONFESSION

My dreamed youthful dream will not return to life.
My past, full of memories , is like an enchanted garden

The young years have passed.
Gone are the fairytales miracles of those years.

The deepest wounds and sorrows
have vanished with a time.

Only the present days still exist;
subjugated by the work.
And by hardships, and worries of everyday.

Remaining is the memory of what was before ;
the short moments of illusions and happiness.

Within the clamor of commonplaceness,
the echo of recollections comes out from the bottom
of my heart

The moment has come, that I desire to grasp this echo
and hold it for the longest time.

For the time ... when diffused in the nothingness
I'll vanish forever.

THE NIGHT

The lungs are breathing hard.
The fogs and vapors.

Slowly comes the night.
Hot night of June.

The fragrance of wild lilacs.
The ponds, the croaking frogs.
The nenuphars in the bloom.

The earth is waiting for the moon...
To have in the sound of the night
its radiance thrown on the table of water.

Suddenly a bolt of lightning.
Suddenly a thunder.

The uproar of the scared birds
flattering the wings.

The brain awoken from the sleep
raises for the flight.

Down, into the water slides the bird's nest.

In the light of the night the pond glitters
with the birds' ragged feathers.

I immerse my palm in the water's depth;
there, where falls the empty nest ...
The abandoned family home...

THE LONELINESS AND DEATH

In drops of the rain and the illness shivering
I have been searching for the light.
For a way to a friend. To the brotherly soul.

Alone among the crowd. Speechless.
With no words on my lips , Without a glitter in eyes
I was waiting... for the world to get awoken.

For the world, to notice me, a human being,
who solitarily waits at the life's decline.

For someone who would approach me,
and looking into my eyes would see the man.

For someone, who would find in my face
the thought, although already slightly erased.

Who from my eyes would read the eternal truth,
that the life is meaningless without the friendship,
without the brotherhood.

Suddenly, perturbed by my loneliness -
in the name of the whole human race,
at a pace of slow waltz tiptoes ...
nobody else... but... the death.

MY MOTHER

The first look at the moon I took
sitting on her lap.

Pointing with her finger she was telling me:
that's a star, that's a cloud.
That's a grass, that's a tree,
that's a foot-path, and there, to the left
that's a road.

Holding me tenderly in her arms,
with each word she wanted to ease my pain,
while I, the little one, unaware of anything
was waiting for a day, when I would play for her
the hymn of glory from the tower of St.Mary's church.

She, only she prayed for me, so I would survive
another day.

And tomorrow - the same.

In this world we already were : just I and she.
In the place, which could be named "Hell"....
Behind the tightly closed gate.

What a wonder, I survived, while she,
who remained with me to the end - left for ever.
Hit by the bullet in her heart ... She, my mother!.

THE STORY OF THE SHEEP Named DOLLY

Once upon a time lived a sheep without a name.
A small, white sheep, no doubt, an excellent one.

One day, someone looking at her closely
has found, that she has a fur do a beautiful lamb,
and a perfectly shaped head.

Well, what could be said: she was the
white sheep, that looked like a pet,
seen in the fashion magazine.

The geneticists concluded without hesitation,
that this sheep would be perfect for the cloning.

They took one cell of the nameless mother
and injected into unfertilized egg.

Implanted into surrogate mother, the creature
was cultivated for a time, as planned in advance

And hence, evolved was :a true sheep.
Completely new.
She was named "Dolly".

For a while it was deliberated,
whether she was adequately named.

Whether she has all the genes of her mother.

Whether she has been correctly programmed
to be cloned further
To produce the new clones... so gracefully born.

THE IMAGINATION

After years of wandering the earth we want
to imagine the day of our parting with it...

Will we say goodbye, extending arms
to our brother?
Or , when going away, we will feel the light breeze
blown from the otherworld?

Will the sun shine on the blue sky?
Or , the dark night will surround us ,
since it is known, that for the leaving,
at that time unnecessary is the light?

Are we , in our ears hear the Mozart's Requiem?
Or , the Chopin's Funeral March?
Or, the choir of angels , singing in sopranos and alts?

May be the violin and viola ,when
in the last hour the soul will be pulled
out of the body?

ARIZONA

The burning sun. The desert sand.
The wind's song wails in the sand.

Deep canyons. The sky-high mountains.
At the summit , rising above the clouds
the spruces sprung up.

Beneath - the Colorado river and the Cattail camp.
All around , covered with a sweep of colors
grow trees of saguaro, cactuses and agaves.

In the springtime multitude of bird nests
settle in the trees..
From down until dusk sounds the nestlings' hum.

The twittering, trills, tambourines, clattering and bells .
The harmony and cacophony - unrepeatabe birds' symphony.

All day long flocks of birds' fathers and mothers fly to the nest.
bringing the freshly cached food to the boisterous swarm.

Under the tree, on the warm sand , quarreling are two young sparrows.
A young couple? Or only lovers , who in their courtship
have forgotten about the whole world ?

Have forgotten the morning flights.

IN THE FRAGRANT QUIETNESS

In the fragrant quietness of the blossoming trees -
songs of birds... memories... unrepeatable...

The cortège' of white shadows -
like a string of swans.
The branches of trees bent to the ground -
where traces of my feet remained imprinted
for centuries to come.

I departed unexpectedly...
a star pushed down out of the sky.

The world remembers me a young ...
Glistening with love...
Sublimated ...
In the mist ...
Lavender- like.

ON THE WAY TO STYX

In the consciousness and subconsciousness
a thought lasts persistently ; that so,
my lonely and abandoned soul ,
the Chiron's boat will reach you,
and you will leave for Styx, although it is known,
that not today yet.

Not today, and may be not tomorrow,
because yet its not a time for you .
But, no doubt, you will be taken across the river.

Ahead of you still lays a vast road to wander,
but hurry up.
You have no time to waste.

Before you is not an ocean of thoughts not swam through .
Not walked through the forest of the feelings.

The great unfinished works .
But the time, your time , runs away
in relative units...
the incommensurable one.

THE POSTCARD FROM KRAKOW

It was not a letter, but a postcard.
A postcard, shining with the picture of the Old City.
Simply - a postcard.

It was going to tell you what I see,
standing at the corner of the street,
screaming with the history of the city
that means so much in your life.

It was your city, where in your childhood,
you were wandering its streets. thinking
everyday that you are passing the world's
gigantic space .

It seemed to you, that all the things
surrounding you are yours.
That they belong to you forever.

You were sharing them only with your mother,
father and brother.
They were your world.
You were theirs.

Every morning your mother's singing was
waking you up.
To you her voice sounded like a voice
of an opera singer.
It seemed to you , that there was no more
beautiful soprano , flowing from heart to heart.

The postcard mailed to you was going to remind you
the streets, trees, lawns and benches.

It was going to remind you happy moments
of the childhood ; oh how different from the present one.

You were happy than , seeing the flying birds.
The sun setting down, behind the tower of St. Mary's church.
The bugle-call coming every hour from this tower.

The potholes full of water after the rain.
In winter, the heavily falling snow.

In these days each moment-a minute, an hour were
joyful to you. And now?

On another continent ... looking at the glass
of bubbling wine, widely spreading fingers,
you think. : " is that all?"

A WISH

When at last , I'll close my eyes
and the eternal darkness embraces me.
When, thinking of you I'll go away -
to be deposited in the grave ...

Do not plant flowers at my feet.
Nor at my head.

Nor the wood cross, nor the head stone .

Let only the moon alone, approaching the earth
at night , drop its cold rays onto the ground.
Recently dug out for my grave.

Except the moonlight no other shadow
should glide .

No ghost may watch me .

Only the breeze of wind, at the moonlight night
may rock me in my eternal sleep.

WHO WOULD BE WRONGED

Who would be wronged,
when, after a long separation
our hands will touch ,
and you will greet me
with a fragrant rose?

Who would be wronged,
when you will hold me
in your arms?

When you will softly whisper
into my ear and kiss my eyes?

I'll be astonished, no doubt,
that with the whispered word
my world got charmed.

Thus, who would be wronged,
when, after a long separation
our hands will cling together,
and you will give me the yearning lips?

As always hot.

Say then, who would be wronged,
when your young and strong lips
will press a mole on my arm?

In the Cosmos , you and I ,
it is only a short while - less
than a second of the Universe ?

Hence ?
Who would be wronged?

When you' ll leave forever,
the memories remain with me.

They'll stay with me for years,
while the sweetness of your lips
will settle on other flowers.

Thus, whom the feeling of ours
may stand in a way , when we,
with the depth of our spirit
are in the Garden of Eden?

And , when the garden blossoms
and rings with the bird's songs,
you and I walk hand in hand -
being with our thoughts
beyond the gate of the Paradise.

DESCENDANTS OF ADAM AND EVE

Some time ago someone named the first man Adam.
For the comfort he added to him a wife and named her Eve.

No one knows when, how and why someone planted a tree nearby.
On that tree he placed a snake.

And so begun was the story of the wife Eve and the husband Adam.

Who is guilty and why, no one will ever guess,
but as the legend says: Eve plucked the apple,
not waiting until it falls by oneself.

After this episode ended was their life in the comfort of the paradise.

Gently saying - they had to move to the earth; although not willingly.

They started the earthly living by multiplying the human race.

Growing up were their daughters and sons.
And just from the beginning it was like that:
when there are : a son and a daughter,
needed is a nurse.
And when a nurse, so also her sister and brother.

It was necessary to name them, because who knows who is who.

Soon the names were circling in their heads.
May be from stars, from sun, or the moon. May be...
from Adam - as he. May be from Eve - as she !

Through the thousands of generations born were daughters of Eve:
Xena - the first born, then Helen, then Veldt.
Then Tara - the first blueweed:
(Was she in love with clouds of the sky?)

Then came Catherine, then Ursula, and the last Jasmine the first female farmer, who settled on the hamlet's soil.

The newest genetic studies say that today everyone may trace his or hers origin by searching the catalogue of the mitochondrial DNA.
The same DNA is present in our cells, as existed in cells of Eve and her daughters.

This time gone by, by us already forgotten,

was a time when a brother was stretching
his arms to a brother.

When a sister was embracing a sister .

It was a time of brotherhood...
Laboring hard the human brain was building
the world.

ONCE AGAIN ABOUT ADAM AND EVE

...And the spring arrived - of the new millennium.
And as once before, the question nurturing the human
brain emerged again : " who did steal the apple from
the tree" ?
"Adam, or Eve?"

On the proscenium sounds the paradisiacal music.
The paradise's beat and the rhythm.

The contemporary play takes place. ..

The lights went down.
The silence did come.

Suddenly: the thunder and the lightening bolt.
Dark, pungent smoke.

Suddenly a cry of distress.

The last scene -
the exile from the Paradise...

He and she, Adam and Eve...
The first married couple;
without the couples bed.

Who is guilty?
He, or she?

Grimness!
Grimness!

The curtain went down.
The silence returned.

Unresolved remained the question:
Who is guilty ?
Who's is the sin ?

Whose guilt it is?
His or hers?

The apple pulled down.
The apple gnaw.

Whom to judge?
The man or the wife?

Someone from the audience jumps
off the chair...
" Is he guilty , o she?"

Whose fault it is , that they were exiled

from the Paradise?
From the honey flowing land ?
From the land sinking in flowers?

The millennia have passed, but after
all these years we still ask :
whose guilt it is ?
Our father's , or mother's?

And suddenly, in the brain
of contemporary man ripens the thought,
which should not be disregarded,
that Adam, not Eve - teared the apple off...
(however it has not been scientifically proved)
to give his son a free hand of choosing a spouse.

LIMERICAL TRIPTICH

Before I was born, I was like a seed
of wheat growing on a skirt of the field.
Seeded into the depth of woman's body
I was breathing with her breath.

Like the roots of a tree , anchored in
the fertile soil , I was sucking her juices
of life, and was growing day after day.

By the God's decrees I did crawl out
of the cozy cover of hers ;
on the surface of the earth...

When for the first time my bottom
was slapped, I started to cry.
And till now I bawl ; I, a witness of
the life's flimsiness.

THE HERMIT

At the summit of the rock,
in an animal burrow ,
with the wild eyes, he looks
at the sea circling around.

In the loneliness , the sound
of the sea rocks him to sleep.
Every morning the roar
of the waves wakes him up.

Sometime the memory
of human voice rings in his ears.
Sometime something like a song
of angels' from the sky.

At the sunset the picture moves away. .

Only the sea remains around.

And only the roar of the waves.
And only the whistling wind,
sounding like tambourines.

He makes a sign of a cross.
He kneels down.

He asks for forgiveness.
For the permission of the sky
to survive till the next day.

In the morning, comforted by a prayer
he exposes his face to the sun.

Shakes his bird and ...
with a stoical calm waits
for the end to come.

WRITTEN by NIGHT

Two hours after midnight.
I do not sleep. I count sheep's and the stars.
I look for help in numbers.

I turn on the lamp. In the brightness
of the light fades the fear of the phantom
of the night.

I am reaching for a paper , for a pen .
Where is it ?
I had it a moment ago.
It was next to me on the pillow -
instead of the man's head.

Just with this pen I converse each night.
I confine. With it I speak.
I know , it would not betray me.

Would not give my secrets away.

Amazed ,I look at the row of black letters.
The words and sentences.

What I write about?
To whom at night I pose the questions ?
For whom I improvise?

Do I honestly reveal what I think and feel?

Deeply in a muse ...
I press the pen.

THE PILGRIM

In the quiet night, with pilgrims steps
gritted was the sea sand.

The twisted moon was rolling on the sky.
While the sparkling stars were falling
under his tired feet.

In pursuing the truth of life,
holding his head high, without resting
he walked - nameless, poor.
Lost for the world ...

With eyes fixed on a star, the one,
blinking only for him, he walked
untiring the un-traveled way.

His free thought, flowing like a wave ...
was following him.

WHAT AM I ?

On this Earth?
I am a blade of grass, turning yellow
in the autumn.

In winter - a blade of grass covered with snow,
which in the spring, as soon as the sun lights up,
is the first to come up to the world with a pale green ;
from the roots hidden in the earth below.

In summer - I am a grass, with the golden pollen
filling its flower.

In the breath of the wind, waving its cone,
throbbing like a miniature grove -
I am an imitation of the forest.

I am a blade of grass, which year after year,
revives itself with maniacal stubbornness.
Forgetting the time that has passed.

by Sota Korylo

<http://www.gotoslawek.org>

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