



Marcin Jagodziński



Photo courtesy of the author

Marcin Jagodziński was born in 1971 and lives in Warsaw, Poland. He has a degree in paleontology, but makes his living designing graphics for T-shirts. He maintains his own online poetry portfolio (www.portfolio.art.pl) and frequently posts poems on www.nieszufkada.pl, an interactive poetry forum. He is currently working on his first volume of poetry.





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fairy tale

bikes go past behind the hollyhocks. whoosh. a bell
rings after the curve another flock of sheep
roams the sky. straw in mouth,
hands in pockets, it is enough to spit
gooseberry seeds over the fence, look
for the last dandelion clocks

*sand is at the bottom of everything,
that's what I think.*

the bikes are gone. a wolf came
for the sheep and brought the moon
so the dogs are barking. crystal shatters
then grows back together. stars?

*sand,
really.*

they will ripen and fall.



rewind

rewind

suddenly the sick heal. wreak havoc for the healthy.
pay back prescriptions with wounds. hospitals
are bursting at the seams, seriously wounded healthy
in hallways listen to someone singing bob dylan
outside the morgue. someone else hums an overture while
changing dressings. because this is just a beginning —

the resurrection is coming. the dead murder the living.
and finally—the animals. they waited for so long
for the main course of humans. of their *reflexes*,
emotions, *feelings*, *all so dear to us*. a first
human thought dawns on them. they sharpen their fangs.

Translated from the Polish by Frank L. Vigoda