

Poetry Series

**Dorota Szumilas**  
**- poems -**

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# Dorota Szumilas()

My music:

My poetry-page:

# A Journey From You

God!

So I'm going to forget you  
Because you keep silent  
You probably think it's best,  
you shy away from talking.

Run away! I'm not going to chase you.  
I'm not going to think about you...

Memories will sometimes rattle  
like the rumble of a train slowing down.  
And silence will fall... in which  
you can only hear  
the murmur of passengers talking.

Some will get off at the next stop.  
I'll be among them. At last!  
I'll take a breath of fresh air,  
new life.

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska-Bolinska)

Dorota Szumilas

# A Note Soothes My Heart..

I need a heart  
that will protect  
with cottony softness

the circle of thoughts  
the sky  
that the wind  
will disperse

the dripping drops  
are the bleeding of the heart  
that hurts deeply

I need songs  
beautiful  
without a false note

a note soothes the heart

not to ruin the lonely  
songs  
as they want to shut  
the door  
in solitude before you

The Sun

I feel better now

don't go away  
but shine  
even more beautifully  
that anyone  
could imagine

a note soothes the heart

let the tones sound  
together

and the chords of harmony  
of the earth and the sky  
water and the earth  
of the heart and a word  
thought and speech

I feel better now

I need a heart  
that will protect  
with cottony softness

a note soothes the heart

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# A Poem About Mother

Too little time for caring...  
the sick is close, close to the heart...

Not enough of the affection of your loved ones  
Contrary to what you may think there is a lot of it  
Just like fog it encloses and tucks in  
and may disappear in a moment

I don't understand this moment as if it were  
but not entirely captured  
Caring gives a lot of joy if you long for it  
It takes a lot of effort and suffering of the soul  
while it's there

And I am again between one and the other  
But I still have somewhere to go  
To the person who's always waiting  
To Mother

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

# After A Talk With My Friend [another Transl.]

unspoken words...  
your silent heart

are you talking to me  
or don't you want to talk  
my friend

are you hiding  
words of friendship  
because of your hurt pride

fascination...  
with song  
poetry  
colour  
a human being

unspoken words  
maybe silence

mysteries  
read with your heart  
open only before God

sensitivity...  
the world is creating  
show its piece  
and don't hide it from me

God  
thank you for  
this conversation

it's silence  
now  
and will remain beautiful  
silence

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas



# After Talking To A Friend

oblique statements...  
with silent heart

do you talk to me  
or perhaps you are not willing to speak  
my Friend

do you hide  
words of friendship  
your wounded pride

fascination...  
with song  
poetry  
color  
human being

oblique statements  
perhaps silence

mysteries  
read with the heart  
and only before God  
opened

the world arranges in a beautiful way  
show a particle of it  
do not conceal it  
God  
thank you for this talk  
silence  
it is  
and shall remain  
beautiful

silence

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)



# Already...

the time of happiness is already setting  
carefree time

so beautiful

the sun is already setting  
to give itself to the night  
unwillingly

dense fog already  
there in the distance

dresses the wounds

is it too late  
to turn the tide of life

on the wave...

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

Dorota Szumilas

# An Evening In May

let this may evening  
with its fresh  
beautiful new growth  
and the fragrance of the lilac  
give you joy

the most beautiful moment  
for reflection

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Ashes Of My Memory

a dead branch  
the cruel wind  
has broken

too dry and too light  
to hold  
its mast  
in the gust

something escaped  
crushing into the air  
left crumbled  
into pieces

by the gust of wind  
everything wiped away  
not even a smudge  
of existence  
of your fragile days

the power and the fury  
it's the time running away  
one and the other  
like a mysterious force

who can after all sweep up  
every little piece  
and throw away  
everything  
that was  
not leaving behind  
even the memory of  
what was

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

# At The Grave...

warmth is escaping  
the warmth of body  
and soul

escaping  
evaporating  
so fast  
that fear strikes

what'll happen  
when the warmth  
is gone  
when it leaves  
its body  
for good

what'll be there  
when your heart  
can't feel

when your eyes don't  
look alive  
can't take in  
the landscape

these green meadows  
those towering mountains  
all that will have  
to go....

what'll happen  
not long from now  
when warmth escapes  
together with the soul

I don't think  
anybody knows

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska-Bolinska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Be Yourself!

do we always have to be  
appreciated

do we have to depend on  
approval

can't we alone find  
ourselves

so that we don't have  
to regret not being understood

'I don't understand you'  
someone will say  
and he will probably  
never do!

then

you yourself  
have to understand  
that

no one can fully  
understand us

and stop looking for yourself  
in others

there you will only find  
a reflection  
and often not the best one

search for yourself  
as not to destroy

your chances to be yourself

look for yourself



in relation to God

that's where you'll find the most  
beautiful image

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

## Before Sleep Comes

don't be sad before you fall asleep  
when you gather your thoughts  
don't squeeze your heart  
with your longing for the day  
so many good words the world is sending you  
as if it were saying  
'don't cry no more'

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Bruce Lee: 'Be Water My Friend' - Fascination With Motivation

In Memory of Bruce Lee

'Be water my Friend'

soft  
and yet  
penetrating the hardest rocks

be yourself  
and give this water  
the shape  
of the dish that you  
will keep it in

let  
the fascination  
remain

a motivation

unbelievable  
strong

systematic  
that  
does not concentrate  
on the finger  
pointing at the goal  
but on the goal  
pointed  
to

let it be  
your own

way

and therefore

Be yourself  
my Friend!

(transl. by Dorota Bogumila Zegarowska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Chopin - The Poet Of Grand Piano

The poet of grand piano  
difficult, but beautiful music  
romantic  
with a tragic note of the soul  
The piano alone  
understood him  
tempestuous music  
moving  
still soothes me  
I listen to Chopin  
to cool down my soul  
on hot days  
and not only then

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# Chopin's Nocturne D?-Major And Autumn

The breeze  
The leafs are falling  
Sun  
is filling  
the autumn colors with its rays  
Chopin and his Nocturne D? -major  
and fall  
create the unique space  
for thoughts

(transl. by Dorota Zegarowska)

(LISTEN:

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# Crystal

as brittle as crystal  
that has diffused  
and nothing but dust  
shall remain...  
sense of time  
as we may comprehend it  
that will not do  
some day

dust has dispersed  
after a slight blow of air  
wafted  
into the cloud complained  
and fell down  
a bit farer  
where the heart cried  
bitterly  
out of grief

those former structures  
so beautiful  
transparent

this is light reflected  
with a prism of life

and those structures  
so beautiful  
so pure  
as the beating of our heart  
from the hiding

beauty of crystal  
so brittle  
so weak  
just push it  
and there will be  
no sky so limpid

above us  
nor crystal tear  
sad as we are

it is so easy  
to turn something into dust  
and diffuse this dust  
with one's force  
dust  
which wafted  
into the cloud complained  
and it is so difficult  
to build from dust

...rust

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

Dorota Szumilas



# E-Mail From Szczawnica

I just wanted  
to email you

to say how beautiful  
is here

that my window  
overlooks Jarmuta

how I rafted down  
Dunajec

that I admired the sun  
reflected in the depths of the mountain waters

and how it would fall  
onto the rocks and trees

As if it wanted to say...  
"don't worry at all"

and asked me to rest  
and enjoy the moment

I am not idealizing  
the nature at all

and the human being...  
what's his worth without the surrounding beauty

I won't write this email now  
I am admiring the world!

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

-

Sanitarium like a place, when people 'done' rehabilitation... like many places in  
Szczawnica. People after every ill. Szczawnica is a beautiful place - city in

Poland. In Szczawnica are not only ills, but many tourists. Near this city there are mountains named 'Pieniny'. Please, look for example: , or: ; or:

Dorota Szumilas

# Eternal Rest...

'Autumn rain  
a woeful tune  
is playing'

about those  
who have passed away  
and those left behind  
with memories  
reminiscing and longing

autumn rain  
autumn

envelopes crosses  
covered in  
yellowed leaves

embraces them in mist  
and they become mystery  
the mystery of eternity

November rain is falling  
on the memories  
of those  
who have passed on  
to their eternal resting  
place

it shields them with fog  
but uncovers them

to their beloved  
who light a candle  
and pray

'Eternal rest grant onto them...'

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska-Bolinska)



# Evening Of Reflections

shout  
or perhaps better remain  
in constant  
silence

cry  
out of misunderstanding  
or fall into a reverie  
for ever

wait  
when in fact  
no one knows  
what for

forgive  
when it is  
so  
difficult

search for  
sense  
or keep it  
within silence

accept  
this silence  
or  
rebel against it

or perhaps leave  
but for sure  
not escape

depart  
leaving  
everything  
within one's

silence

(Transl. Anaya Chomczyk)

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# Explanation

Motto:

"Love explained me everything  
Love solved everything  
therefore, I do adore this Love  
wherever it would find itself"  
(Karol Wojtyla)

Love...  
explained me little  
since the sorrow moved away  
too many matters  
Longing then  
would substitute  
joy  
from common years  
that never happened  
Failed conversation  
discontinued  
"a good word"  
here and there  
Yes...  
Love  
solved me very little!  
It had too many  
its own problems  
Love...  
yet did explain something!  
The magic of our moments together  
that never happened  
Love  
has left my  
joy  
with no tears or delusion  
At last! !

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

Dorota Szumilas

# Fidelity

Being faithful is not a sin!  
being faithful to yourself  
to friendship  
and love

Being faithful to words  
promises  
and beliefs

Be yourself!

Be brave my Friend!

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas



# Good Word

I wait  
for the good word  
not only from You  
especially  
though!

Good word...  
and this will do  
but perhaps  
it is better  
when there is plenty of them  
and even more

Good word...

like soul food  
helps it to weather  
for the time being

But what's then?

Then...  
Confidence and hope  
for the next  
good word  
And the next...

And next...

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# Heart

one heart is looking for another

as a friend is looking for a friend  
it's looking for a common beat

for mutual understanding

a heart beating to a beautiful beat  
extending its hands to another

two hearts beating together

is it love

or friendship still...

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

# How Can You Hold Back Tears...

How can you hold back tears  
How can you not be sad

How can you dull the aching heart  
How will you find joy in your soul

Where will you put the clay pot  
filled with your silent tears

How can you talk about the beauty of the world  
if it won't come with us

No one can offer boundless caring  
of the heart

How then can you be happy  
Tell me my love

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# I Think I Will Smile...

I think  
I will smile at last  
at family memories and not only

I think  
I will not think of you  
It is not worth my time, strength, and will

I think  
the world is as beautiful as the trees  
in full blossom of this May

I think  
the whiteness of lilacs, chestnut, rowans  
is beauty one may become  
if they only want

I smile  
slowly, though, at the beautiful world around me

I smile  
also to You

(transl. by Annaya Chomczyk)

Dorota Szumilas

# I Think I'll Smile [another Transl.]

I'll smile I think  
eventually  
at the memories of my family  
and not only those

I think  
I won't remember you  
it's not worth my time, effort or my will

I think  
the world's as beautiful as trees  
in may bloom

I think  
the whiteness of a lilac, a chestnut tree, a mountain-ash  
is as beautiful as can be  
if you want it to be

although slowly  
I'm smiling  
at the beautiful world around me

I'm smiling  
also at you

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# In Return For The Happy Times

in return for the time of joy insight and reflection  
I give away a portion of my dreams  
about the substance already written down  
with a fountain pen and ink

for those fleeting moments still remembered  
I give away my voice as a whisper  
as a pencil held by an artist ready for a new sketch

of a picture or a verse...

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Intelect And Emotions

Intelect!  
It's good you exist!

Emotions!  
There is no life  
Without you!

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska-Bolinska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Journey On Track

crystal  
you white down

infinite land  
of spirit

vastness of our dreams  
escapes

leaves  
the train of oblivion

leaves...

rattle of wheels  
could be still heard with soul  
at times

and while staring into space  
one could see

the way

only rails  
bringing  
rattle

on great  
distance

only them  
staring into space

shall see

across the fields  
meadows

far away...



(transl. by Annaya Chomczyk)

Dorota Szumilas

# Leaving The Silence

I'm leaving the silence  
just to return to it again  
to listen to its sound accompanied  
by an echo  
to pause...  
and ask myself  
do I have to leave it?

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# Little Joys

thank you  
for the words  
you've written  
so beautiful  
poetic  
so warm

for the words  
of comfort  
at a time  
of sorrow

you wrote  
cherish the little  
moments  
the wind that's blowing  
the back of your armchair  
is comfortable  
cherries taste good

you wrote  
enjoy the moment  
whatever's coming

so I cherish  
this moment  
when I'm writing  
this poem

for you  
and me

for everyone  
who's running away  
from joy  
at this very moment

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)



# Love

Love is tremor of the heart

It's patience and caring

It's compassion and joy

And hope for reciprocation

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Memory

the memory of heart reflects a gentle sound  
gentle tone shall remain within silence

the tones sound high  
at times... die away  
in order to blow  
the silence off...

and to contain  
the enlightenment of this moment  
blaze in the eyes  
as the beauty of fleeting moments  
gently falls onto the ground

fleeting moments

they make up this enlightenment  
read so beautifully with the heart!

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

Dorota Szumilas

# Memory [another Transl.]

memory of the heart

reflects a gentle sound

a soft note

will remain in the silence

the sounds reach high notes

then soften

just to blow away

the silence

once more

and to enclose the radiance

of the moment

the sparkle in your eyes

like the beauty of little moments

gently falls to the ground

little moments

make up the radiance

so beautifully

read with your heart!

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas



# My Soul

my soul is longing for God

He's ever-present everywhere

He loves me

He loves us

He'll be with us for ever

Let's follow the path

chosen for us

let's carry the cross of our life

even though it's heavy

even though it's hard to bear

Let's trust everything in God

all our joys and sorrows

He'll guide us

He'll live in our hearts

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Mystery

My life

is silence

Does it have to be?

Perhaps not

but it is

I tear out my heart and my soul

I don't want to enclose them

in silence

but I do

Is my life

some kind of

suffering?

I don't think

it is

So what is it?

It's one

deep

mystery

that I would like

to solve

and throw away

everything that was

including memories

of what was

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

## Now... [another Transl. 'Already...']

now the happy times are over

time of carelessness

so beautiful

now the sun is setting  
to hand itself over to the night

unwillingly

now the mighty fog  
there in the distance

is dressing its wounds

is it too late  
to reverse the current of your life

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# On The Seashore

we should stay together  
together we set off for this long journey...

I trust you can be called  
true companions  
who will wait  
until moments of weakness come

who will come forward with a kind word  
slow down their pace  
will notice the beauty of pine trees  
against the blue sky

will stand in awe at the sight  
of a deer hasten by  
will look in wonder at a boar  
will pause...

as you stroll by the sea  
you will salute the beauty of the sun  
reflected on the surface of the water

the waves break gently against the shore  
they caress your tired feet  
invigorating them for the journey  
you have to keep going...

my companions yards ahead of me  
it's hail instead of rain  
or rain instead of sunny  
weather

alas...  
the distance between us will keep  
growing!

I have to pause and try  
to marvel at life

even if at the moment  
it's sad and gloomy

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Pause

time pauses for a moment  
even though it doesn't really  
stop

it's a moment dedicated to reflection

the only moment  
to find God

another day passes by...

God  
where are you?

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Rejoicing Trifles

Thank you  
for those words  
written  
in such a beautiful way  
poetically  
so warm

For words  
of encouragement  
in such sad  
moments of the day

You advised  
to rejoice trifles  
that the wind is blowing  
the backrest comfortable  
cherries taste good

In your writings you said  
to rejoice every moment  
short perspective

So I rejoice  
this very moment  
when I find myself writing this poem

For you  
and for myself

and for everyone  
who escapes  
the moments of joy  
now exactly

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

Dorota Szumilas



# Sanitarium

I came here for health  
and found peace

I was looking for rest  
and discovered a smile

Took the route of Pieniny  
talked to the silence

Sat down tired  
happy though

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

--

Sanitarium like a place, when people 'done' rehabilitation... like many places in Szczawnica, for people after every ill. Szczawnica is a beautiful place - city in Poland. In Szczawnica there are not only ill, but many tourists. Near this city there are mountains named 'Pieniny'. Please, look for example: , or: ; or:

Dorota Szumilas

# Shrivelled Soul

my shrivelled soul  
though longing

is humbly  
tending to daily  
tasks

without awe  
without a moment  
of reflection

to forget

on time

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Silence And Echo

solitude  
like silence  
falls off on the ground

undisturbed waters  
transparent

this silence of word  
silence of air

this silence

solitude  
nobody's longing  
breaks against a bricked wall

high

wall like concrete  
thick  
and heavy  
this perfect peace

at times  
larynx scream  
will wake up the silence

disturb  
this constant reverie

sorrow  
wants to leave

or silence  
wants to play  
with the echo

longer

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

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# Smile

smile  
look  
and the world  
will brighten up  
this ray of sunshine  
will light up  
everything around you

and the world  
will be more beautiful

you'll see

smile  
and your heart  
won't break  
from despair

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Something More Maybe+

I'll write to you  
about the joy of  
'good words'

Among letters  
numbers and all kinds of  
symbols...

Something more maybe+

I forgot 100%

Perhaps 1/100  
but sometimes I :)  
at recollections

I also cry sometimes  
a little

Why?

Because  
I may not see  
the good words  
again...

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Sorrow

don't let my soul  
be torn by sorrow

let moments tied  
with sobs  
be gone

let heart's wail  
and soul's howl  
disappear  
into oblivion

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Tears

'Tears fall quietly, it's better to cry than to be angry;  
anger hurts other people but tears flow silently through  
your soul and cleanse it as well as your heart and your hands'  
(Cardinal S. Wyszynski)

tears fall quietly...  
as a murmur of  
a creek flowing  
silently  
you can hardly hear it  
only  
once in a while  
a stone  
hits another stone  
it's a louder  
wail of the heart  
tears fall quietly...  
they are too weak  
they disappear  
too quickly  
on your cheeks  
the silent tears...  
tears of suffering  
whisper  
constantly  
to the accompaniment  
of trees blowing in the wind  
in silence  
quietly  
the tears  
fall...

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

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# The New Year

Let it be better than the one before  
It will be!  
Let it be happier!  
It should be!  
Let it be prosperous!  
God willing  
Let good energy  
Come once in a while  
Let a smile sooth sad moments  
As they come  
Let someone come with  
a good word  
let it be...  
not just "let"  
it will be :)

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# The Proper Order Of Things

Reflection is a thought, then a word  
Then an action

Sometimes the thought is the end  
Sometimes the word

The acts are the hardest  
It's a long road

If everything follows its prescribed  
Path

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# The World Of Memories

is like a huge sphere  
lined with paths  
winding in the darkness

a sunray falls on my face  
bringing a gentle smile

that's how it was  
you can't deny it

I remember  
to build my identity

I forget  
to go further without unnecessary words

I'm always between one and another  
in the reality of dilemmas

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Through...

through  
written words

through  
words unspoken

I keep those moments  
to myself

through songs  
that have been sung

not comprehended  
by some

let others stay here  
and sing

for others

through utterances  
mistaken

through  
inner contradictions

at least you please  
understand me

My heart!

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

# To Live

Live in a way  
to forget!

At the water  
within the silence of the climate

Where  
the Valley of Homole  
inviting

Where  
in some other place

the rocks seem to depict  
the swoosh of Dunajec

and the beauty of the world  
reflected in the depths  
of the water flowing through

Rest in a way  
to remember!  
About Szczawnica  
and Pieniny  
about the May color of green

About the people met here  
by coincidence

Though...

They say there are no coincidences!

All I can do is agree with it

(transl. by Annaya Chomczyk)



# To You

I know  
that you are  
that you read  
and respond

That perhaps you think  
of me  
and me  
perhaps of you  
□  
This "perhaps"  
worries me indeed

But perhaps  
unnecessarily

Since  
I would give my heart  
to you

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

Dorota Szumilas

# Tracks

-To Pola and Wojtek W&#281; glarz from Szczawnia-

I found myself  
in Szczawnica

The fate wanted me  
while listening to birds singing  
to meet a Kindred Spirit  
and more than one

The fate  
grinned  
within the sun, trees, waters  
and nearby rocks

The fate took me to  
the trails of Pieniny  
which... criss-crossed  
with the paths of life

Thanks to this  
I am coming out of the woods!

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

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Sanitarium like a place, when people 'done' rehabilitation... like many places in Szczawnica. People after every ill. Szczawnica is a beautifull place - city in Poland. In Szczawnica there are not only ill, but many tourists. Near this city there are mountains named 'Pieniny'. Please, look for example: , or: ; or:

Dorota Szumilas



# Unfinished

unfinished  
despite your efforts and attempts

postponed  
until eternity

you can always come back  
there is always time...

it needs completion  
so that you can move on

perhaps it's best not to put it off  
so that you don't have to start

over again

(transl. by Urszula Sledziewska)

Dorota Szumilas

## What Next...

I sat down  
on a bench

gazing at small cascades  
on Grajcarek

hearing the swoosh of water  
falling down

I am wondering  
what next...

the time has stopped to myself  
in Szczawnica

as if I had a plenty of it  
for this moment of reverie

I am going to think of it  
tomorrow

(transl. by Annaya Chomczyk)

Dorota Szumilas

# What's In The Heart

In the heart  
melody of words

One could hear it  
within poetry

Within poetry can be seen  
all sorts of lights  
thrown onto the thoughts  
of soul

Within painting  
one could decipher  
chords of colors  
resonating  
so beautifully

Harmony...

(transl. Annaya Chomczyk)

Dorota Szumilas

# Why?

why couldn't you reach me  
with your heart  
your soul  
your word?

why couldn't you understand  
my heart  
my soul  
my word?

why were you so impenetrable  
to my eyes' innocent stare?

why were you capable of destroying  
my kind gaze directed at you?

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas

# Without Poetry?

Without people it's sad  
With people often... hard

Solitude sometimes desired  
Once nearly accepted

Heart torn by dilemmas  
Pride dare not ask

How do you live without poetry?  
So that words don't drown

Maybe simply send them...  
As echo or poetic whisper

Someone will always hear them  
With his heart or soul

(transl. by Urszula Sledziowska)

Dorota Szumilas