

Jakub Sęczyk

Kwaśne obole

Dreaming Modernism

Let's go, little star, with the smoke, past air,
resistance, lights long as drowsy flames,
and dark, which you put up like hands –
tell us, please, how do you make money?

Lights brief as shared air, resistance,
let's go with the smoke, little star, past flames –
listen, please, how do I throw up my hands,
dark as the tomb where I make money?

Let's go with the smoke, past the flames, little star,
the lights as long as the air we share, resistance,
you're bright as the tomb as I throw up my hands –
tell me, please, how do you make money?

Lights as long as air we've gone past, little star,
let's go with the smoke like drowsy flames, resistance,
please don't tell us, how do you raise your hands,
you, lofty as the tomb where you make money?

Stirring: Glowworm

It uncoiled and licked till she lost
her lips. Pale and even, very,

very tight. Sickening as crab apple,
mighty as a castle, tart
as earth. Even dead
it fruits each night with light.

Stirring: Dark Circles

This time it will start
under the cold light
swelling from the lumens
per linear metre. Quiet,
cold flashes
in the eyes and ears.

Stirring: Fill Me with Love

Forget the snow, you're visible.
Forget the snow, you're vulnerable.
Forget, now they're stirring, now they're looking.

Translated by **Benjamin Paloff**