

poetry

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At Work

Gentle Locke sits down to write his famous treatise
He sees tiny titmice alighting outside his window
Each day he hangs a piece of suet for them
Each day two scarlet cardinals appear
And each day they fly away at his first movement
Though he'd never chase them away they are so beautiful

When they return a moment later Locke holds his breath
In front of him extends the landscape of England
He looks at the snow cheerfully sparkling on the hills
He hears from behind the reassuring crackle of flames in the fireplace
He feels a blissful peace circulating inside

Suddenly his features harden and fury shoots from his eyes
He remembers the Stuarts

Dying Boxer

In the corridor from the locker room the slain boxers are coming toward me
They march solemnly in their brilliant robes
With their crushed ears plaster on their eyebrows hematomas on their brains
bandages on their hands
They are led by the world champions Kid Paret the splendid Cuban and
Davey Moore the glorious American
There is also the little Japanese Voshimi Kubo the superb technician and the
lefthanded Englishman Lyn Jones famous for his ability to take a punch
And the popular favorites from all countries with two Polish boys Lesniak
and Kierula blond and frightened