

My pretty ones, abducted, beyond will and guilt.
My awareness harrows me as well as my silence.
All my life I gathered up images and ideas,
I learned how to travel through lost territories,
But the moment between birth and disappearance
Is too much, I know, for the meager word.

Strings of wild ducks fly over the Respublica's waters.
Dew falls on Polish manners imported from Warsaw and Vienna.
I cross the river in a dugout to the village side.
Barking dogs greet me there and the bell of an Orthodox church.

What would I like to tell you? That I didn't get what I looked for:
To gather all of us naked on the earthly pastures
Under the endless light of suspended time
Without that form which confines me as it once confined you.

Seeing the future. A diviner. In a soft merciful night.
When pigweed grows on the paths of a cut-down garden
And a narrow gold chain on a white neck,
Together with the memory of all of you, perishes.

INSCRIPT

"In the Ukraine several hundred gardens of various sizes survived the fall of the Respublica and of the gentry whose presence was marked everywhere by old trees, lawns and decorative shrubbery. Once, in the eastern Carpathians, in a remote valley distant by a whole day's walk from the nearest settlement, I noticed, lost among hazels, one of those decorative shrubs characteristic of gardens from the beginning of the last

century. Parting raspberries and vines I found a few old stones and bricks. Even in that wilderness the settlers had remained faithful to the horticultural passion of the old Respublica."

—PAWEŁ HOSTOWIEC.

In the Valley of the Dniester (W dolinie Dniestr)

What did I really want to tell them? That I labored to transcend my place and time, searching for the Real. And here is my work done (commendably?), my life fulfilled, as it was destined to be, in grief. Now I appear to myself as one who was under the delusion of being his own while he was the subject of a style. Just as they were, so what if it was a different subjection. "Do you want white peacocks?—I will give you white peacocks." And we could have been united only by what we have in common: the same nakedness in a garden beyond time, but the moments are short when it seems to me that, at odds with time, we hold each other's hands. And I drink wine and I shake my head and say: "What man feels and thinks will never be expressed."