

EMPTY CURRANT CLUSTER

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„EMPTY CURRANT CLUSTER”

KRAKÓW 2023

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

“THE MELODY OF THE SOUL IN THE KEY OF LVIV”

(CO-AUTHORED WITH ANNA SHPILEVSKA)

THE NIGHT DESCENDS UPON KRAKOW SO FAIR,
WAWEL SPARKLES MAGICALLY IN THE AIR.
ONCE MORE THROUGH PLANTY, A WORD IN MY HEAD,
MY THOUGHTS WANDER BACK TO LVIV INSTEAD.

NARROW STREETS, THE CITY'S SWEET MELODY,
IN A CAFÉ, FRAGRANT DRINKS SET MY MIND FREE.
A SCENT OF YOUTH, A LVIV TALE TO UNFOLD,
WITH SWEETNESS, TENDERNESS, AND CHOCOLATE'S HOLD.

IT WHISPERS IN GOLD, AND THE RAIN'S SWEET PERFUME,
ANCIENT COBBLESTONES ECHO "TICK-TOCK" AS I RESUME.
OH, LVIV, MY DEAREST, HOW I YEARN,
TO YOU, IN MY WRITING, ALWAYS RETURN.

HOW TO MERGE LOVE FOR BOTH THESE GRAND PLACES?
HOW TO SPLIT A HEART GRIEVING IN TRACES?
IN MY MIND, THE SAME STARS SHINING ABOVE,
THE SAME SKY EMBRACING BOTH CITIES WITH LOVE.



‘WINGS’

WHY DO WINGS THAT WERE MEANT TO RAISE ME HIGH,
TO FINALLY LET ME SOAR UP IN THE SKY,
CAN NESTLE SO TIGHTLY BENEATH MY COAT,
WHILE THE WORLD INSISTS I USE THEM TO SMOTE?

STREETS LADEN WITH DIRT AND HUMAN GRIME,
SO PRESENT HERE ON THIS EARTHLY CLIME.
I CANNOT FATHOM, CANNOT COMPREHEND,
THAT PEOPLE TURN DEAF EARS, REFUSE TO MEND.

I REFUSE TO LIVE AMIDST THIS TOIL,
I WON'T STAY SILENT IN THE FACE OF COIL.
I'LL RISE LIKE A PHOENIX FROM THE ASH,
EVEN IF LIFE DEMANDS A HEFTY CASH.

I WANT TO FIGHT FOR A WORLD THAT'S FAIR,
NOT JUST FOR ME, BUT FOR ALL TO BEAR.
SO PEOPLE WON'T SAY, "AWAY WITH YOU, GO!"
INSTEAD, "LOOK AT HIM FLY, LET THE WORLD KNOW!"

“THE DIALOGUE”

I HEAR AGAIN A VOICE UNKNOWN, WITHIN MY MIND IT'S SOWN,
AND DID YOU THINK YOU WERE ALONE? -
I CAN'T KEEP ARGUING WITH YOU, IT'S TRUE,
BUT THEN, YOURSELF, YOU WON'T CONSTRUE! -
YOU WANT TO FORCE THE TRUTH IN FRONT OF ME,
IT WON'T BE HARM, CAN'T YOU SEE? -
AND ONCE AGAIN, I QUESTION MY SANITY,
HA! MAYBE LONELY, AMIDST HUMANITY. -
I DON'T WANT THIS, I'M DONE WITH THE STRIFE,
OH, STOP IT, IT'S LIFE'S CHALLENGING KNIFE. -
BUT YOU KNEW HOW TO STAY SILENT FOR YEARS,
I AWOKE TO LURKING FEARS. -
I THOUGHT I'D BANISHED YOU LONG AGO,
I MERELY SLEPT, AS SHADOWS GROW. -
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? WHAT'S THE TRUTH?
WE'RE ONE, A RIDDLE UNCOUTH. -
DO YOU WANT TO HELP OR LEAD ME ASTRAY?
I'LL GUIDE YOUR SOUL, COME WHAT MAY. -
I THOUGHT PEACE I WOULD FINALLY ATTAIN,
SOMEDAY, AFTER LIFE'S CHALLENGING TERRAIN. -
WITH WHOM? ABOUT WHAT? WHAT'S THE REASON AND WHY?
WITH THE WORLD, TO EXIST, TO TRY. -
YOU WANT ME TO FIND ENLIGHTENMENT'S KEY?
EMBRACE LIFE'S PAIN, AND YOU'LL BE FREE. -
WILL I EVER FIND HAPPINESS, DO TELL?
ANSWER YOURSELF, THIS DIALOGUE IS A SPELL. -

JOSHUA

A HUMBLE SON OF A CARPENTER,
GIFTED WITH INSPIRATION,
WITH JUST A WORD
MOVED THE CROWDS.

SOME SOUGHT IN HIM
GOD, SALVATION.

KILLED BY PEOPLE,
DUE TO THEIR PRIDE.

THOUGH A SYMBOL
OF GENTLENESS,

HE DID NOT TARNISH HIMSELF WITH
HARSH WORDS ABOUT PEOPLE.

YET HUMANITY STILL
REFUSES TO LISTEN,
THOUGH HIS WORDS
ARE THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

THEY COULD MAKE
EVIL SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR.

JUST LISTEN
TO THE NAZARENE.

I'M LIKE A BANKNOTE

I'M LIKE A HUNDRED ZLOTY BANKNOTE.

**SEEMINGLY IMPRESSIVE,
DESTROYED BY INFLATION...**

**BUT EVEN IF
I'M TRAMPLED
OR CRUMPLED,
I'LL ALWAYS BE
JUST AS VALUABLE.**

(CO-AUTHORED WITH ANNA SHPILEVSKA)

THE SUN'S RAY REFRACTED
AND FLYING OVER THE SEA.
YEARNING SO MUCH
FOR FREEDOM AND LIBERTY...
IT SOARS OVER THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD,
THE WIND OF FATE KNOCKING ON ITS HEART.
WILL IT FIND PEACE?
OR PERHAPS IT WON'T FIND HAPPINESS ANYMORE?
HOPE ALWAYS FLIES LIKE A BEAM,
EVEN WHEN IT'S DISTANT FROM US AND THE WORLD...



MOM, YOU HELD ME

**MOM, YOU HELD ME,
YOU CRIED OVER ME,
YOU DIDN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT,
MAKING SURE I SLEPT.
YOU CLENCHED YOUR TEETH,
DIDN'T GET SICK,
NURTURED ME
WHEN I WAS ILL.**

**NOW I THANK YOU,
THOUGH WORDS ELUDE ME,
PROMISE GRATITUDE
UNTIL THE END OF MY DAYS.**

YOU TWO

YOU TWO IN ONE BODY,
PEPPER AND VANILLA, NIGHT AND DAY...

AND THOUGH YOU THINK
ONE FOR THE OTHER IS NOT A SHADOW.
BOTH NECESSARY TO MAINTAIN BALANCE,
TO SHOW THAT EROS WITHOUT PSYCHE DIES.

SO THEY MUST COEXIST TOGETHER,
EVEN THOUGH EVERYTHING IS STILL SINKING IN.

SACRUM AND HUMANUM,

THE DANCE LEADS.

BOTH LOVE EQUALLY EASILY,
BECAUSE ONE DOES NOT BOTHER THE OTHER,
FOR ME, A WRETCH, YOU ARE THE WHOLE RAFT...

RENOVATION

I WILL PAINT THE HEART,
WITH THE GOLDEN COLOR OF GOODNESS...
I'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE HOLE IN THE BARS,
THAT SURROUND IT.

TO ALWAYS REIGN OVER THE CHAOS,
THAT BRINGS UNREST TO IT...



ENCHANTING VALLEY

I ABANDON, FOR A MOMENT, THE HERMIT'S FATE,
I SUDDENLY TRANSFORM INTO A WANDERER.

I WANT TO EXPLORE THE VALLEY OF PLEASURE
AGAIN,

COMPLETELY LOSE MYSELF IN ITS WARMTH.

IT WELCOMES ME LIKE A FRIEND,
THE PATTERN OF PLEASURE REPEATS ITSELF.
WHEN THE EXPLORATION COMES TO AN END,
I'LL STAY IN THE HERMITAGE AT SUNRISE.

PRAGMATISM

WORK, DISHES, SHOPPING...

WHERE ARE THOSE YOUTHFUL PRANKS?

WHERE DID THE SENSE OF FREEDOM GO?

NOW YOU EVEN RECEIVE GUESTS

WHEN IT'S SOMEONE'S BIRTHDAY.

AND YOU CAN'T GUESS THE REASON

AND THE MOMENT YOU BECAME ENTIRELY

MATURE.

YOU'VE GROWN UP... GROWN UP ENTIRELY.

--

LETTER TO A.

NO MATTER IF YOU'RE
A PROFESSOR OR A BOOR,
EACH MORNING HUNGOVER
YOU BEGIN ANEW.

HEALING WITH A WEDGE,
CRYING OVER YOURSELF,
THOUGH YOU'D LIKE ONCE
TO LOOK AT YOURSELF SOBERLY,
TAKE LIFE IN YOUR HANDS
AND FEEL THAT YOU'RE ALIVE.

YOU DRINK TO FORGET,
FORGET THAT YOU'RE DRINKING...

TEA WITH A FOOL

ONCE A FOOL INVITED
WISE MEN TO HIS PLACE.
THE LATTER HESITATED,
NOT AT ALL EAGER.
EVENTUALLY, HE ALLOWED HIMSELF
TO BE INVITED OVER TIME,
ALTHOUGH HE KNEW HE WOULD
FEEL AT AN IMPASSE.
THE FOOL TRIED TO SHOUT
FROM THE THRESHOLD,
THINKING HE CONVINCED THEM
OF HIS REASONS.
BUT THE WISE MAN ONLY
LOOKED AT HIM WITH PITY.
SILENTLY, IN HUMILITY,
HE GAZED INTO THE DISTANCE.
HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF,

IT'S AN OLD TRUTH,
THE EMPTIER THE JUG,
THE LOUDER IT SOUNDS...

SIGNPOSTS...

**PEOPLE, THEIR BEHAVIOR,
FACIAL EXPRESSIONS, AND TONE OF VOICE.
THEY ARE SIGNPOSTS AND MIRRORS
FOR OURSELVES...**

SIGNPOSTS...

**THEY INDICATE THE WAY
ON THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE...**

EMPTY CURRANT CLUSTER

WHEN THE LEAVES TURN YELLOW,
THE SKY DARKENS,
I'LL FIND THAT PICTURE
WHERE YOU'RE LAUGHING.

SO SINCERELY WITH YOUR EYES,
AS ONLY YOU CAN,
I'LL FEEL THE GOODNESS
THAT YOU EMANATE.
AND THEN PRECISELY
I'LL TRY TO UNDERSTAND,
THAT I MUST LEARN
TO LIVE AGAIN.

I'M NOT EMPTY ANYMORE
LIKE A DEVOURED CURRANT CLUSTER.
I CAN GO INTO LIFE,
HEAD HELD HIGH...



CHAOS

WHY FIGHT CHAOS

THE WORLD COMES FROM IT.

YOU CAN'T CONTROL HIM,

WHICH ONLY PROVES ONE THING.

HE IS THE GOD OF ALL THINGS

THE OLDEST LAW OF NATURE.

IT ACCOMPANIES US IN LIFE,

BRINGS STORMS TO THE HEART.

AND A STORM BEGINS IN MY HEAD,

HOWEVER, IT MUST BE RESPECTED.

FOR HE IS A BROTHER BORN TO FATE

WE HAVE TO ACCEPT IT...

TO LIVE OR TO BE

TOO MUCH THOUGHTS,

TOO MANY FEELINGS.

**KALEIDOSCOPE OF SENSATIONS
ON THE ROLLERCOASTER OF LIFE.**

ON THE OTHER HAND,

MEDAL OF EXISTENCE.

PEACE OF MIND AT A PRICE

ROUTINES OF EXISTENCE.

GO OR GET OFF?

THAT IS THE QUESTION....

SUMMER

CAUGHT UP IN INDIAN SUMMER,

DESIRING DESIRE,

LONGING TO LONGING.

DURING THE LONG DAY

AND THE NIGHT IS GETTING SHORTER.

IN LONG CONVERSATIONS

WITH MYSELF IN THE MORNING

I'M TAKING CONTROL OF LIFE...

SILENCE

SOLACE.

COMPOSURE.

FULFILLMENT.

LONELINESS.

PAIN.

DARKNESS.

CHOOSE FOR YOURSELF,

WHAT IT IS FOR YOU.

FIVE O'CLOCK

HE WILL POUR BOILING WATER OVER DREAMS

INFUSION OF HOPE...

THE ESSENCE THAT WILL GAIN POWER,

POUR IT INTO A CUP...

I'LL SWEETEN IT WITH DOUBT,

I'LL ADD FEAR.

AND WHEN THE FIRST SIP

CARESSES MY THROAT,

I UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS LIFE...

SCIENCE

I WAS LEARNING THE LANGUAGE...

AND I CAN'T KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT.

I STUDIED MATHEMATICS...

AND I CAN'T COUNT ON MYSELF.

I STUDIED GEOGRAPHY...

AND HE STILL FEELS LOST.

I STUDIED HISTORY...

AND I CAN'T DRAW CONCLUSIONS FROM THE PAST.

BELIEF

I BELIEVED IN PEOPLE...

I WAS EVEN DISAPPOINTED IN MYSELF.

I BELIEVED IN REASON...

HE LOST HIS HEART MORE THAN ONCE.

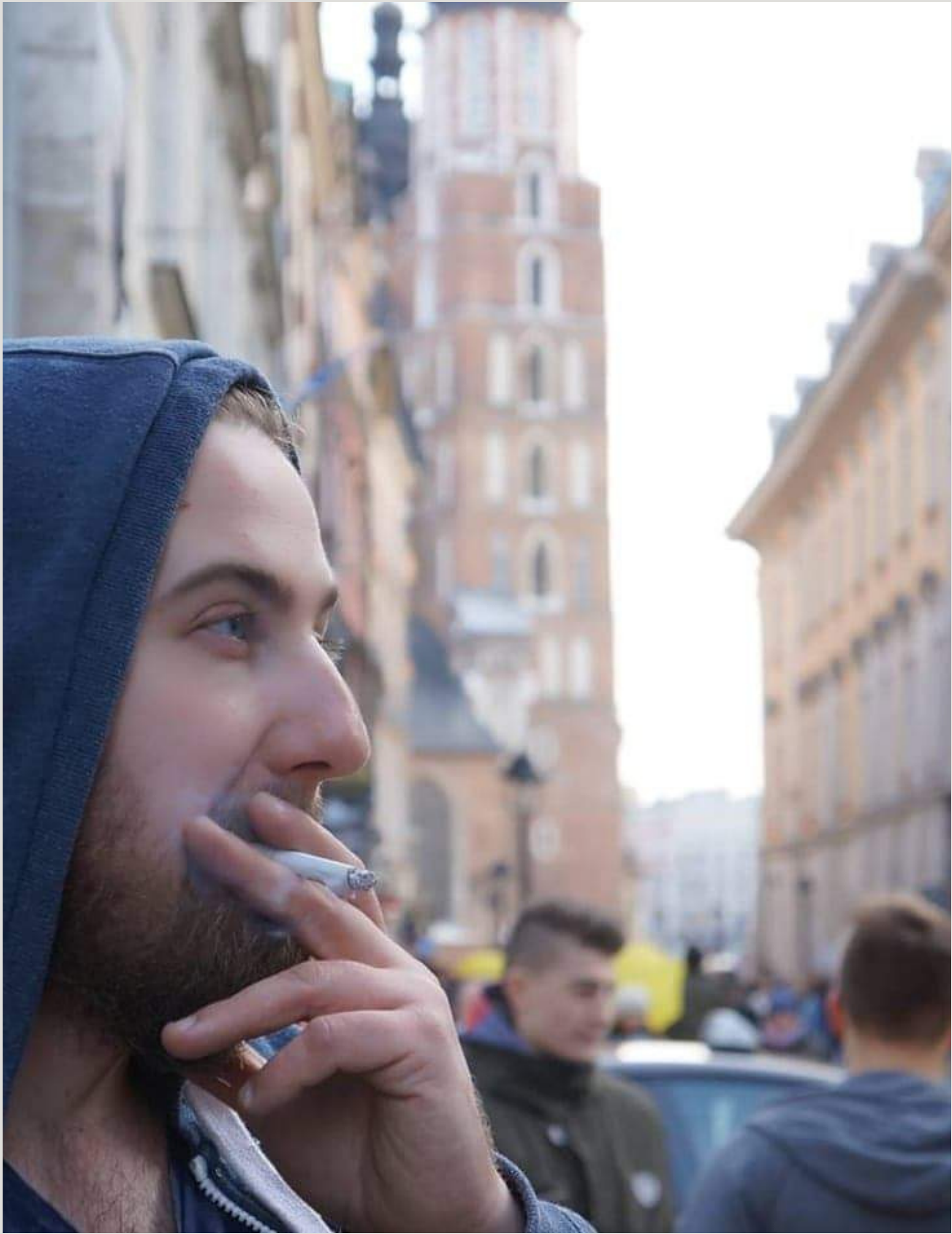
I BELIEVED IN MY HEART...

IT HAS LOST ITS MIND.

I BELIEVE... IN HOPE.

AND I THINK IT'S ONLY HER

SHE IS IMMORTAL.



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