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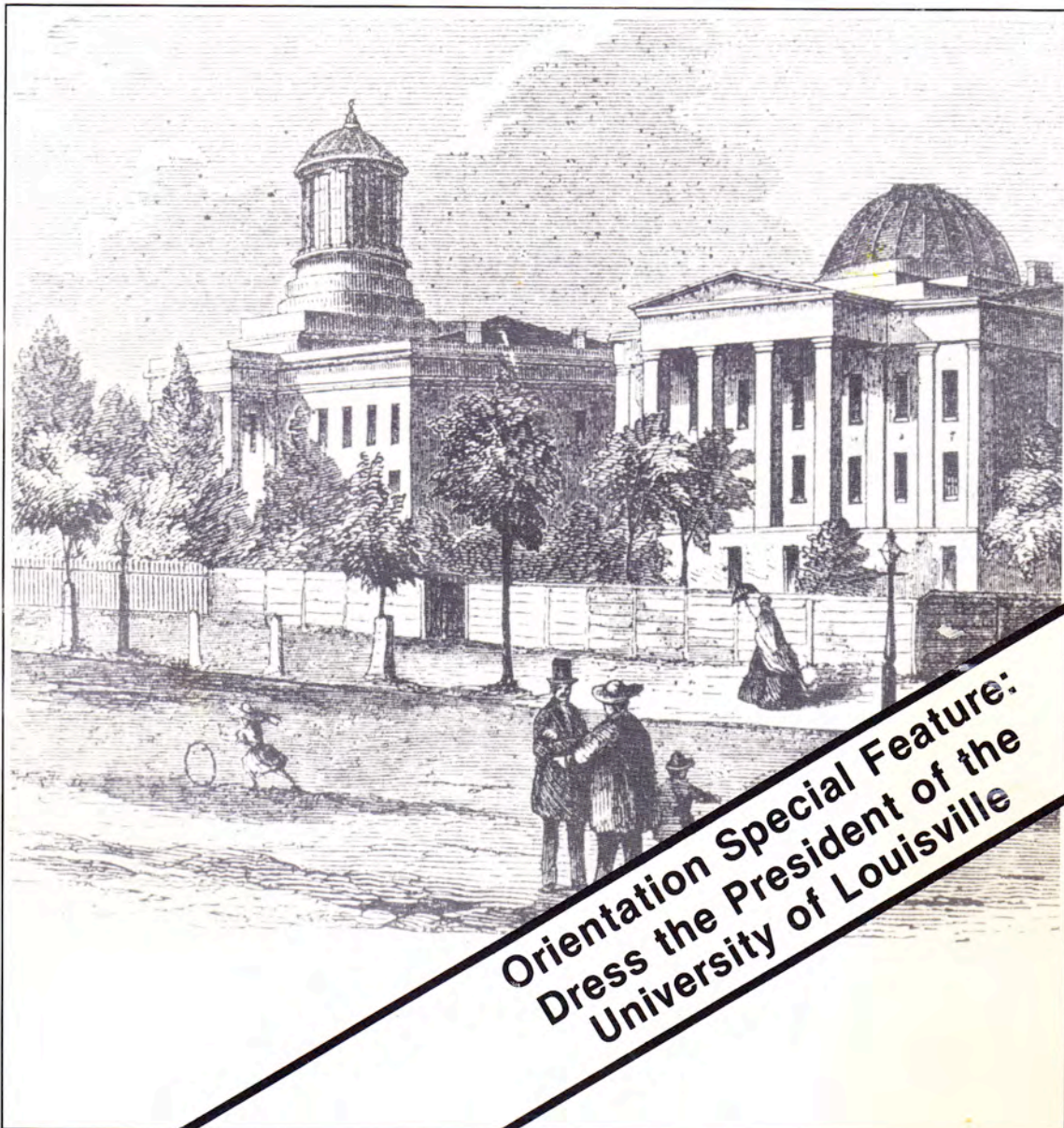
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# THINKER

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## opus 18, a tragedy

**W**hen I was still a small camel and grains of sand were blown into my eyes without doing the least bit of harm, I felt as though the waves of a desert ocean were flowing through me. In the distance a deceptive mirage could appear and no one would admire it. Were my impressions just another mirage, I asked myself. My only joy, which was the world (my world of desert) was for the others (for old and experienced camels, for ever unsettled people) only a torment, one which they cursed, but from which they could never free themselves.

The desert was my life's teacher. And, like every teacher, it also forced me to see only its own world, as though I couldn't create something equally strange myself. But can I be sure that I would be able to escape from the desert, if I have to ask myself that question at all.

Today I finally became convinced that the desert, the world and even people are also a distant, illusory mirage and that it is this mirage that has always taught me, reminded me of itself, though I'm sure that it does not exist now and never will exist, just as I vanish.

Lodz, October 5, 1979

author: Krzysztof Ostaszewski

translator: Wojtek Stelmaszynski

## opus 17, a tragedy

**T**he Marmot was there, and he was changing a short, valuable moment into the time of counting, the time of thoughts which nowhere else (at least apparently, I repeat) could be found.

Truly you run away now, you sleep now, he speaks to you — look into the mirror, is the face you see really yours, is it there at all? When I disappear, my face will also vanish somewhere inside of me, inside of time floating now throughout our fingers, throughout our dark eyes.

Oh, the great ocean (if I may call you this name, I'm mistaken so many times, the Marmot is mistaken too when he estimated the distance between you and himself) — your tender waves touch the beaches of my island. I live there quietly with my puppy dog and my unnecessary problem — I lost another dream while travelling South.

Warszawa, August 4, 1979

author: Krzysztof Ostaszewski

translator: Krzysztof Ostaszewski

## opus 13, a comedy

**L**et's imagine a table on which many diamonds are spread. Where can we find such a table? I do not know, maybe it does not exist; or perhaps there are many such tables. But let us remember, each of these little stones lying on the table is a diamond, a genuine diamond.

Several of the above-mentioned precious stones have been polished. Therefore they should rather be called cut diamonds. Yet we must admit that polishing has not really changed them, except for giving them a brighter shine, but a purely external at that.

And the other diamonds? They do not like the cut ones, they are angry with them, jealous of their gleam. They feel too that the cut diamonds are inflicting their shine on them and therefore being indiscreet.

What do the cut diamonds think of this? They just go on shining, ignorant of the whole affair. How are they to know?

This problem could most likely be resolved if the source of the cut diamonds' gleam were discovered. But this is not an easy task, since there are cut diamonds polished by an invisible and secret Jeweller, and those which have polished themselves, taking advantage of a momentary lapse in the whole world's attention.

Lodz, November 16, 1978

author: Krzysztof Ostaszewski

translator: Wojtek Stelmaszynski

## opus 21, a tragedy

**A** feather set in motion by a gust of wind, with the slow passage of time and all the sanctity of light, it swept somewhere beyond the limits of its own conception of reality; it changes its shape, forgets about respect for sweet tradition.

The feather sees a city below, then a large forest — the trees rustle peacefully, people are the size of pinheads, yet they can be seen bowing to grey shadows.

The feather flies among the clouds, the sky is blue; the face of a predatory demon leans out from behind the sun.

There, where only yesterday deceived smoke swirled round and round trying to find a place for itself, though it really shouldn't have been looking; there, where all the neighboring inhabitant (birds, angels and crafty devils) grimace and shake their heads, hum a few notes, then again go jumping through the clouds.

There the feather disappears, it is very tired. Before leaving, it bids everyone a fond farewell.

Glowno, October 3, 1979

author: Krzysztof Ostaszewski

translator: Wojtek Stelmaszynski

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

The author, a native of Poland, is an Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the University of Louisville. His work has been published in many countries, among them Poland, Great Britain, the United States, Germany and Japan. A collection of Dr. Ostaszewski's poetry and prose poetry, translated from Polish, will be available this summer from Legerete Press (Post Office Drawer 1410, Daphne, AL 36526).