

5 Poems by Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

Frederick plays piano today

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you went out never to return
and the piano is still waiting for you
my violin with a torn heart
fondly stuck to the lid
and these notes of Chopin are ready
to begin our concert for two hearts

roses in crystal vase
you remembered that I like them red

dusk creeping softly outside the window
passing by the street lanterns
tea is made for two

you are not here

Christmas again is knocking on the door
how am I to sit at the table by myself
wafer and tears on a my plate
and Frederick plays piano today

sunrise at the seaside

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wrapped by the night
swathed in a shawl of memories
filled with love
I froze on an empty beach
with feet mired in the soft sand

staring into the abyss of the sea I can see how
a soft golden-orange sphere
emerges slowly, and majestically rises
spreads its arms above the horizon
cold night slowly dissolved in deep blue depths

golden rays bring warmth and hope
surfing on the backs of the waves
tenderly stroking the coastal rocks
tearing through pine branches
pouring on the dunes
tickling crumbs of amber and shells
scattering on the beach

enriched by the another dawn
ready for sparring with a new day
I prepare my heart for another lonely night

correction Chris Reynolds

in the gazebo

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for my Mother Danuta in Heaven

a warm September day,
the thirteenth,
your birthday, Mom
smell of coffee on the terrace
sun is frolicking in the asters

there is a pergola in the middle of the orchard
entwined with wild ivy
you are sitting in a rocking chair
squinting your eyes to the sun
and smiling to yourself

how do you measure the past
that burned in a furnace of loss
how do you embrace the seasons of oblivion
what pattern do you cut from the fabric of longing
I look at you from a distance
and regret all those lost years

you rock in your chair and eat an apple
I just need to cross the orchard
and I could nestle in your arms again
feel the soothing warmth
listen to the heart beat

just like when I was a child

a sudden gust of wind
brought clouds of mourning
shadow fell across the aster
I gaze back at the gazebo
and know now, that you are not there

my heart flutters
it refuses to accept
I close my eyes tears flow
you are trapped under my eyelids,
Mom
and you have a warm place in my heart
Mom ...

correction Chris Reynolds

Do not ask me to be silent

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It is difficult to tell the heart: "do not cry"
For that which is buried in its depths
It is difficult not to write that it yearns so
Away from home somewhere in a foreign land

My memories are like icons
For which I care very tenderly
I pull the memories out of my mind
In place of lullabies for my granddaughter

Though my own grandmother is gone, she lives in my heart
She and her cottage on the rushing stream
I remember well that the cottage was blue
A garden full of hollyhocks, snapdragons and bees

The meadows carpeted with red poppies
Weeds in the crops, with which my grandfather battled
Blue sky, above white-tailed eagle
And in that meadow I flew kites

White mare with a soft muzzle
Would place her head gently on my shoulder

And with a childish glance I'd chase
a young colt romping behind the barn

Perhaps I will never again see that
Which lives deep inside my heart
But I will write of it when longing strikes
And I will draw out of my heart that which is dear to me

So do not ask me anymore, to be silent
Because my heart is so very weary
It must unleash what is hidden at its bottom
So it may be washed with dewy tears

correction Chris Reynolds

It's Time To Go

again night turns into the day
have I slept or just dreamed, I do not know
such a strange feeling, and maybe just a dream
nothing is what it seems to be

should I kiss your tears
or just pretend that nothing has happened
maybe go away quietly closing the door behind me
I want to stay and keep you forever in my arms

I will start to caress your beautiful neck
and kiss your pretty ear petal
cold, I will pull the blanket up to your chin
I don't want you be cold my beloved

now sleep my love, try to, please
cuddle softly on to my shoulder
I would like to stay , the thought flashed
but I know that it's time for me to go