

KAZIMIERZ TETMAJER

I SEARCH FOR YOU ALWAYS

I search for you always but know I can't find you
I long for you too, though I know you're not real.
I follow you close though I know I can't bind you.
I struggle to see you and even to feel.
Though you're not even there and I know you're not real.

You're like none of the women whom I've ever seen.
I will not compare you. . . To my inner eye
Like a flower in a river's reflecting green
You stir my thoughts soundlessly as you pass by
Like a star in the mist to my inner eye.

Just now where the flickering moon-shadow lingers
I've left far behind me the glittering crowd.
Above me I sense your fluttering fingers
And musing upon you I mutter aloud.
You're more alive now than the glittering crowd.

My heart is cool now as I leave men behind
Barely looking, not seeing them, half in a dream
I await only you on the roads of my mind
And though I'm frustrated you constantly seem
To be everywhere, both in and out of my dream.

Translated from the Polish by Stan Robe and Frank Kellaway