

LILIANA RYDZYNSKI

A WOMAN

At the podium she hurries, her full body obeying
her decisive, quick intentions;
the happy rustle of her petticoat
"painted green" follows her eagerly.
Although she is hidden in that somber part
combed by the insufficient light,
her short hair steals all the shy beams.
Her body fills the gap between stillness and life
denying all the theories of demarcation.
It just fits there, settles comfortably
and gives priority to her mind
so that she becomes serious, extraordinary, diligent —
all wisdom, all analysis, all knowledge,
all Chaucer or Malory,
until, suddenly, in the middle of the lecture,
she unceremoniously scratches her bottom
(her petticoat green and happy again)
sending out a smile of the most seductive kind.
It dissolves all monotony, it suddenly makes
all those past, pompous centuries seem ridiculous

but just when everybody wants to loosen up and relax
her face becomes serious and she is a sage again.