

Wiersze obowiązkowe (proszę wybrać jeden)

A Short Story of Falling - Poem by Alice Oswald

It is the story of the falling rain
to turn into a leaf and fall again

it is the secret of a summer shower
to steal the light and hide it in a flower

and every flower a tiny tributary
that from the ground flows green and momentary

is one of water's wishes and this tale
hangs in a seed-head smaller than my thumbnail

if only I a passerby could pass
as clear as water through a plume of grass

to find the sunlight hidden at the tip
turning to seed a kind of lifting rain drip

then I might know like water how to balance
the weight of hope against the light of patience

water which is so raw so earthy-strong
and lurks in cast-iron tanks and leaks along

drawn under gravity towards my tongue
to cool and fill the pipe-work of this song

which is the story of the falling rain
that rises to the light and falls again

Aside - Poem by Alice Oswald

In Berkshire somewhere 1970

I hid in a laurel bush outside a house,
Planted in gravel I think.

I stopped running and just pushed open
Its oilskin flaps and settled down
In some kind of waiting room, whose scarred boughs
Had clearly been leaning and kneeling there
For a long time. They were bright black.

I remember this Museum of Twilight
Was low-ceilinged and hear-through
As through a bedroom window
One hears the zone of someone's afternoon
Being shouted and shouted in, but by now
I was too evergreen to answer, watching
The woodlice at work in hard hats
Taking their trolleys up and down.

Through longer and longer interims
A dead leaf fell, rigidly yellow and slow.
So by degrees I became invisible
In that spotted sick-room light
And nobody found me there.
The hour has not yet ended in which
Under a cloth of Laurel
I sat quite still.

Full Moon - Poem by Alice Oswald

Good God!

What did I dream last night?

I dreamt I was the moon.

I woke and found myself still asleep.

It was like this: my face misted up from inside

And I came and went at will through a little peephole.

I had no voice, no mouth, nothing to express my trouble,
except my shadows leaning downhill, not quite parallel.

Something needs to be said to describe my moonlight.

Almost frost but softer, almost ash but wholer.

Made almost of water, which has strictly speaking

No feature, but a kind of counter-light, call it insight.

Like in woods, when they jostle their hooded shapes,

Their heads congealed together, having murdered each other,

There are moon-beings, sound-beings, such as deer and half-deer

Passing through there, whose eyes can pierce through things.

I was like that: visible invisible visible invisible.

There's no material as variable as moonlight.

I was climbing, clinging to the underneath of my bones, thinking:

Good God! Who have I been last night?