

EWA'S ABCs

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P as in BEGINNING*

I like words
beginning with P.
EXAMPLE?

WRITING.
Oh! I like this word
and its meaning.
I can SWIM confidently
and bring to the SURFACE
different - thoughts and feelings.
Taking a look at them.
Tenderly.

LOOKING - I like this too.
To me it just means being present,
learning without judgment, verification
or comparison.

However GETTING TO KNOW - is discov-
ering
and the happening of a relationship.
Unwinding.
Like a ball of thread.
There's happiness here,
yet simultaneously, lots of bittersweet
tension too -
What else is hiding there?

I really like TRUTH.
Without her
I'm lost.

I remembered!
DESIRE I treasure.
It reminds me of a HOLLOW place
that awaits fulfillment.
And to get to FULL I shall
take advantage of desire.

I like IDEAS.
They come
in the morning, and in the afternoon.
I just wait.
No rush.
When one comes
I keep smiling
and write or stitch it down.
- Is it happiness?
Maybe.

I love PLATO.
Unrequited love,
That doesn't bother me.
Reading his work moves me
and tears me apart.
Emotions I haven't felt
for a long time,
even though I wanted and waited.

.....

I ENJOYED IT - said Maja.
When I'm reading this poem on a birthday
afternoon.
Well, it's the beginning then
of the ABCs.

T as in YES*

YES!

Today I decided to write
about words with T in the front.

Especially about TODAY.
Beware! My today when I'm writing this
Is different then your today when You're
reading it.
But the words I'm writing down are from
past Today - so Today is just a bridge
between Yesterday and Tomorrow.

Now is a bracket
that connects past with future.

Another word - CREATION -
is important to me,
and has been for a long time.
With different intensity.
Sometimes closer, sometimes far away.
It never got lost.
What more, It got me through some tough
times.
When I thought I would never get up.

Maybe this is why
I could my brand TOUGH?
Supposed to be fun,
alleviate frequent headaches.
And answer a question: What's next?

And Then they came in!
TEXTILES.
Oh, what a happy time,
when they came and surprised me.
I never imagined
they are somewhere,
hiding.

Thanks to Textiles,
I'm here!
In the best form.

Is thread my OXYGEN?
Textiles?
Without oxygen
we die.
Then - an thought.
During the creation process I take
lightly
hundreds of breaths.

COMPANIONSHIP
sounds stricter than just
Being.
However, in companionship
there is more Togetherness.
Sharing,
Taking care.
Not only on paper,
I conclude that
Togetherness is more important
Than just being.

LONGING I save for dessert -
falling asleep and waking up
to see a familiar face.
I dream,
though Columbus is long dead,
that maybe someone else
will discover a new continent.

Finishing - using the word YES -
this poem
that floats.
Appreciating its synthetic
graphic notation
and sound.
It is like a
shimmering three letter permission.

This word (Tak - Yes)
is amazing for a different reason.
In Danish Tak appears as well,
but as a Thank You.

O as in DESIRE*

Today, I would like
some words with O
at the beginning.

O like a PERSON.
Kind, preferably.
With this person I would
love to DISCOVER
places far away - and not so much.
With them
It would be a pleasure.

I prefer being in the countryside.
Looking at a destroyed barn.
Doing nothing.
Well, nothing apart from
making a FIRE.
And staring at the flames,
closely.

It's about fire.
i like it very much - hot confession.
It's DESIRE!
Not regarding anyone,
meeting anyone's needs.
Just consuming
what should be consumed.

It may seem selfish
and egotistical.
But no!
Because he WARMS ME UP,
and I can feel the warmth
all over my body.

It's him - fire that made
a place once FOREIGN,
now so close to my heart.

RESTING - another word I like.
Avoiding noise, hustle and bustle,
unnecessary knowledge.
Oh! Especially unnecessary knowledge.
Just Nothing Happening.

Know, friends and colleagues,
that if you Wish to VISIT,
feel free.
I'll welcome you warmly.

In the meantime,
some other friends come to visit.
In the GARDEN, Tits, Starlings, Ravens,
Blackbirds, Butterflies, Beetles, Deer,
Wasps.
Sometimes bees that think of nothing
but hard work.
I enjoy watching them.
How they Wish
to make every action count.

I stare, with my EYES wide open.
Often and intensely
tears come down my face.
With amazement.
With joy.

FAR AWAY from everything,
I absorb all the scenes created
by Nature.
Silently sitting on a porch,
thanking God? Goddess?
that I can be here.
And that Nature too
is creative.

*ALL WORDS WRITTEN IN CAPITAL LETTERS IN POLISH BEGIN WITH "O"

E as in ECHO*

I think intensely about E.
E like ENERGY.
Do I have it? Do I feel it?
E... I guess it comes from being in the forest.
And maybe it will bring a poem or two.

First,
the word EXISTENCE came to mind.
Yesterday,
before falling asleep,
I went outside and looked up.
And there, in total blackness - stars shining
through.
I could fall asleep counting them all.
Then I thought
- their countlessness is a respite.
From thinking that We - and I -
are ESPECIALLY important.

Which doesn't change the fact
that I want to be important
To myself.
Giving EWA
the time, attention, appreciation
she deserves.

I'll add
that I'm full of EMPATHY for others.
At least that is my belief.
About myself.
If You think differently,
tell me.
Then I, Ewa - will change that.

When I'm wondering about the letter E,
suddenly EROS comes to mind.
They say he is bittersweet.
May be.
There's more bitterness
than sweetness for me.
When I love, I cry.
Sometimes dying from longing.

So today I challenge Eros himself.
I want love that is mutual.
Tomorrow! For breakfast.

I like EXPERIMENTING.
It's risking and doing without assurance it's
going to work out.

Art without experiments
- it's deathly.
So I sense, search and try,
sometimes straying
but often - finding.

Is this why, my father called be
EXTRAORDINARY long ago?
A compliment of course,
but so unexpected.
I remember very clearly
this parental appreciation.

Now it all comes back to me.
How after college I believed
I can't do art.
I haven't been through enough.
I don't have anything to say.
With time passing by,
it changes.
I have more experience.
I collect moments
and turn them into projects.
These are the EFFECTS.

I can hear E - as in EDINBURGH -
calling me.
I think all this Energy
is bubbling up.
And soon I'll come to Scotland
and see all of it's miracles.

After that, maybe somewhere in the South?
ETNA? There's fire, there's water.
Ahh! It would be an adventure.
Of a lifetime.

ECHO is the last word.
The name of Narcissus' lover.
One that became a voice alone.
Echo - it is a rapper!
Repeating words make them lighter.
And my head.

Echo is a wave.
Coming and going,
let's me swim away, away, yyy.

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