

**GENOWEFA JAKUBOWSKA-FIJAŁKOWSKA**

**THE END TASTE OF STRAWBERRIES**

*translated by Marek Kazmierski*



***"You have endless ways you can commit suicide  
without 'dying' dying."***

***Chuck Palahniuk, Diary***



\* \* \*

come

see  
the day

the headaches  
the runs

perfumed  
toilet paper

washing up liquid

thick  
as blood

when you are already asleep

with the kitchen knife

I continue  
peeling away the night

like a potato

like  
some enchanted fruit

\* \* \*

greenery is green

come morning  
frosts

you feel it in the earth

wearing a white dress

and on  
they pass

not knowing

how cold it can get

in a white dress



\* \* \*

there will be  
an audience

though also cold  
as hell

snow  
has covered

the chair

you look north

I won't come  
from

just anywhere



\* \* \*

she-patron

of virgins

and the manufacturers  
of wax candles

give me

one of the  
heavenly host

I'll slice his wings off  
with a razorblades



\* \* \*

I covered you  
with a red fleece

a shade lighter

than your  
red scarf

alcohol  
set in the blood

like milk

an extinguished cigar  
wrote

the last poem

bitter  
like vodka

spilt  
on a table

\* \* \*

women  
by morning

have the aroma  
of fresh lime

their thumbs  
salty

in their throats  
tequila

you love women

like your homeland

pressing them down  
into the earth

whole

their lips

filled with red dust

\* \* \*

you couldn't  
touch me

liar

you've lost

a part of your finger

it's by the greenhouse

or  
beneath the peach tree

in the garden



\* \* \*

forgive me  
not calling  
not asking  
how you are  
I open  
your  
*Recent poems*  
on page 53  
enraged  
perhaps I will  
call after all  
by Wednesday



\* \* \*

from the terminal

straight

passing the house

where you are dying

I can enter

if you wish

I have a gift

a drop  
of vinegar

if  
you desire

still



\* \* \*

you will  
bathe

dry using a towel  
delicately

put him to sleep  
feed

like an infant

jump from your bed  
when he howls

you will once again  
have him

as your child

when you rip from  
the ground

the body

and then your fever

will pass



\* \* \*

on fire

hay

then  
your dress

you  
by a match

out of jealousy

now scars

cramped hands

there is no more  
love

no jealousy



\* \* \*

this is how to waste away

always blonde

in a blouse

followed by  
an avon scent

he can't get it up

from drinking

she confesses

her nights  
her days

all saints' festivals

\* \* \*

you excrete  
in a hotel bathroom

all that yesterday

bitter grief

take  
a rusty shower

he falls upon you  
naked

dumb youth

by the river  
Stupia

\* \* \*

the first  
reading of a poem

women's eyes  
on fire

the poet has chronic  
catarrh

his muscles ache  
his bones

his thoughts

