

Five Poems

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Munina Adabisi's Final Song

I am the sour fruit of a mésalliance between a Kenyan peasant
woman

of extraordinary beauty and a bastard ancestor of the emperor
Franz. my blood is black and so hot it boils

and roars but my heart is white like Tyrolean peaks
valleys and I yodel in lederhosen worn like my sorrow
and suffering, my skin is wan like an albi nose, my thighs and lips

are full, my thoughts and hair wild sometimes twisted like
dreadlocks are the turns of life, my orphaned voyages,
in this purposeless world I stray, hopeless and senseless,

the road stretches its tongue long like a metaphor, oh hear
my voice,

my inspiration and you morpheus, sister morphine, brother
johnny walker, you too try to understand, munina's crying.

it's a rare performance. if you meet me by chance
kiss my temple and bow low for fate scorns us all and I
hide in songs dark like a grove. thank you all. it's time to go.

Munina Adabisi's Sexy Song

All nonsense makes sense and vice versaille
but what about sex, secrets in the discreet salon
where I sit like some classy demoiselle in knee-highs

torn like a soul tossed to and fro. The spring-summer
fashion: sharp edges and corners, zero
philosophy, semantically coordinated ménages a trois

like my contexts, aspects and acts. Sometimes
prelocution results in linguistic ejaculations
caused by causality and steamy whispers in the ear.

I do not have a shiny ring in my nose
or many prospects, I'm not like little Lolita
licking lollipops sporting a lace bra'n'panties,

my opiate of choice is poppy seed cake. I do push ups
and touch downs, a yummy pink top tightly
clings to my tummy, innards and implants,

oh my heart, my hot hollow and henna-stained lips.
I am so envious that a penis coronat opus pocus,
the world is full of songs, temptations, you eat up the hocus.

Munina Adabisi's Song of Impotence

Come to me, hold me tight,
thou blessed states of lyric tension, since
it feels as if my tubes were tied

how they hurt these cycles of infertility
where are my artistic ovulations, my fairy
buffalo wings and glory times

if only I had a member! all I have are transparent
linguistic slips and feminine shticks,
and even set to punk as pan cogito

I'll always be a fallen lolita hibernating
inside st. thomas eliot's spiritual trap
the artistic lust of a mewling cat

my poetic license is simple like operating a remote or a tit,
garters, lipsticks, a control tower and cock pit
houston, warsaw, odessa, can you hear me? roger & out

language is but meat wild like eternity in the end
you're null and void, my pretense locks expanses
of emptiness, daily rants spill like foam from a mug

oh my song and the gall in my guts! I must hang on!

Munina Adabisi's Musing Song

I rambled aimlessly among codices crusades
universals universitutions manifold off-roads
empty perversions—and yes the truth scorns us

the solution is in the midst since it settled
among fools it jumps like a pot on a burner
scornful scalding water and steam—aristotle

plato beatles pistols group sex snot
in the nose order in chaos pegasus
has two left wings whereas my two breasts
and my flying songs are totally me

oh life it sucks! oh cunningly sweet life!

Munina Adabisi's Routine Song

quarrels about universals reveal boredom, over-
interpretation by disappointed wannababes. in
real life just tax brackets: marketplace déjà vu,

dialectic of lips, eristic of hips (my breasts seem
not unlike my metaphysical craving—rather flat)
skilled in slurping spilled milk from tabletops

with open mouth and points of view fly out at once
on sex, cognition, gdansk, and that nothing ever changes.
I learn the hard way, fill out forms, blow up tarot,

always get spades; wine is treacherous likesensuous
sensations whereas certainty, a cut on my lip,
opens when least expected. I put on notions,

a suit of stitched imagination and regularly stick
pins into the body and in between. the surface is slippery.
it slips like tongues licking me all over. we can dwell on

this forever. I'm bored -ored, -ored, -ored, oh my song.

—Translated from the Polish by Frank L. Vigoda.