

Dariusz Pacak

There was the true Light which, coming into the world, enlightens every man.

Holy Bible- **Gospel of St. John** / 1:9 /

from where comes the Light turned into

the azure cradle of human all indescribable affairs

how many barriers inside the man has it to surmount

before will return there where perception has no form

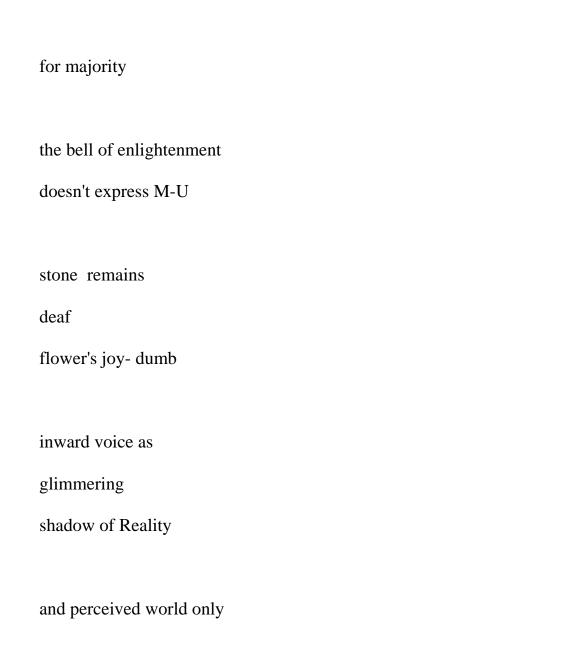
where the time persists and itself is the one & only

mystery like beginning & the end as all of a piece

Show me your Original Face, the face you had before your parents were born.

Wumen Huikai, The Gateless Gate / Mumonkan/

THE ART OF BREAKING IN OX



like her curtain

for majority

Osho Rajneesh, Vedanta: Seven Steps to Samadhi

LIKE THE SOUND OF ONE HAND CLAPPING

deliverance

from word vision form doesn't come easily

like a sound of clapping hand doesn't occur frequently

when you oscillate on the edge fear of falling down seems to be all

in visage of THE REALITY

what is the crashing if not Nothing in relation to Everything

do you hear Her sound

ON THE ART OF DREAMING

If allowed not to leave past the dimming horizon, then I request a ticket to stay. So I can watch a new screening of a dream! Why is this yearning for a relentless rattle of a film projector?

...the daily movie show has given me the power of humility. Ever since a cold image of a crypt changed into the sun's greeting...

In my fist I firmly hold an entrance pass to inexplicable dramas on celluloid. While at nights I emerge towards the frontier, fix my eyes on reality: gray it isn't

- it radiates enchantingly with mystifying gleams! Still I always step back and press hard, till I bleed, an advance ticket to tomorrow's screening...

30 May 2000, Vienna

Translated from Polish by Stuart Craig McKinlay and Ryszard Rasiński

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\mathbf{E}		embraced by the calls of Muezzin song dance furious zurna crammed between noman's filth and glistening lagoons of Their hotels made one as silence a yashmak of glances shouted out in a burst of laughing country of olive-skinned boys															U
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N		from the land of the fathers proud rocky cradle of Antiquity their sons have cast the kinjhal for the pander razor sharp longing for debauched Old Continent made up and everything is a paragon of decay															T
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Aksaray /Cappadocia/, Turkey, 26 Sept.2004

Translated by Ryszard Reisner

