



## Dariusz Pacak

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

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

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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

*19 September 2012, El Quseir, Egypt*

*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**

for majority

the bell of enlightenment

doesn't express M-U

stone remains

deaf

flower's joy- dumb

inward voice as

glimmering

shadow of Reality

and perceived world only

like her curtain

for majority

*Easter, 24April, 2011 St. Cyril & Methodius Church, Vienna*

*This is it!*

**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

*19 January 2010, Vienna*

## **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*

**Dariusz Pacak**

A S C A P E F U L O F T U R K E Y  
B & H  
E U  
W S  
I H  
L embraced by the calls of Muezzin  
song dance furious zurna  
D O  
E and glistening lagoons of Their hotels  
made one as silence a yashmak of glances  
F  
E shouted out in a burst of laughing  
country of olive-skinned boys  
R B  
E U  
D D  
B in a brocade stream of sun  
sea to sea where  
E The Gates of Koran lead to paradise  
and an ounce of sweat and gold change  
A  
T on alabaster skin of Karshilama  
skies now red where  
W I  
E N  
E T  
N from the land of the fathers proud  
rocky cradle of Antiquity  
H  
E their sons have cast the kinjhal  
for the pander razor sharp  
E  
U longing for debauched  
Old Continent made up  
E  
R and everything is a paragon of decay  
A  
O S  
P T  
E I N  
F E V E R I S H R U S H O F D E S T R U C T I O N

Aksaray /Cappadocia/, Turkey, 26 Sept.2004

*Translated by Ryszard Reisner*

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