



AUSTRALIA WE SALUTE YOU

AN
ANTHOLOGY OF
POEMS

BY
OLHA TERLECKA
AND
STEFANIA KOWALYK

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**Poems by Olha Terlecka translated
from the Ukrainian by Stefania Kowalyk**

Acknowledgments

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Dedication

In addition to the above, OLHA TERLECKA would like to thank BASIL GRYDZYN for his moral support.

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The Authors

PROUDLY PUBLISHED IN 1990 IN AUSTRALIA
BY THE AUTHORS

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Two girls on the cover are in Ukrainian National Costumes.
Ukrainian motifs blending with Australian flora and fauna.

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Foreword

Australia's Bicentennial was a moment in our history when we could collectively reflect on how far we had come as a nation. Our nation is made up of the people from many cultural and linguistic backgrounds. Not all people from these diverse backgrounds have enjoyed freedom of expression which is considered a fundamental right in Australia. Many of those who have experienced repression celebrate this freedom in song, in speech and in writing.

The poetry and prose presented in "Australia We Salute You", is a celebration. A celebration of the love of an adopted country, a celebration of the love of writing, and a celebration of the freedom of speech.

Olha TERLECKA and Stefanie KOWALYK have written about universal experiences associated with youth, with love, with relationships, and with the passing of seasons.

Especially poignant is the poetry about separation from the mother country, in the case of the authors — the Ukraine. There has been only one period in our history where a relatively large number of Ukrainians emigrated to Australia, this was immediately after World War Two. This fact highlights the importance of recording the writings of this generation.

Those of us born here from the same ethnic background are able to share the emotions of migration through the writings contained in this anthology of poetry.

These emotions have a wider significance to the Australian community in that every family, at some stage in its history, has been touched by the experience of leaving a mother country.

Lena Correljé nee Suszko
B.ED. GRAD. DIP. IN EDUCATION
(MULTICULTURAL STUDIES)



Olha Terlecka

OLHA TERLECKA was born and educated in the Ukraine. During the war, she left her homeland and went to Vienna, Austria. Later, after the war, she stayed in Germany, where she worked in D.P. camp administration as a secretary. She arrived in Australia in 1949.

OLHA TERLECKA began writing poetry as a young girl of twelve. She writes poems and prose. Her first book, titled "TO MY BELOVED UKRAINE", was published in Australia in 1980. Her second "ACROSS THE STEPPING STONES", in 1984.

Many of her poems were printed in the Ukrainian newspapers, also some in the Australian. A poem, "Tell me a fable", was included in an Anthology of Multicultural Women's Writing in the book "Beyond the Echo". The poem was in Ukrainian and English. Published in 1988 by the University of Queensland Press.

Twenty-eight of her poems were put to music by D. Moshniaga, well-known composer, many of them by S. Kowalyk.

The poems in this book are not new poems. They were published in the Ukrainian language in the books mentioned above. Some of them were translated in the second book. All translations, as in this book, are by Stefania Kowalyk.



Stefania Kowalyk

STEFANIA KOWALYK nee Caruk, was born in the Ukraine. From early childhood, she loved to sing and to read books. Encouraged by her parents, she entered the Vocal Faculty of the Conservatoire in Lviv. Her academic studies completed, she qualified with a Diploma in Industrial Chemistry. While living in Munich after the war, she was studying Pharmacy. In 1965, she emigrated with her husband and two sons from England to Australia. She joined Ukrainian Musical Theatre in Melbourne under the directorship of M. Klionowsky. In 1979, the Musical Theatre toured England and Scotland.

STEFANIA KOWALYK is a singer-songwriter. She writes music, also lyrics in Ukrainian and English.

In 1984 she released her record "MY SONGS FOR YOU". She writes poetry in Ukrainian and English and translates for Olha Terlecka.

She often takes part in Ukrainian Concerts and a variety of other multicultural festivals.

My life is like an open book
For everyone to read.
There are no secrets, so have a look.
I wish you godspeed. Yes, indeed.

Index to poems by Olha Terlecka

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These are not fancy words that I use
They are quite simply — to amuse
And to convey my thoughts to you;
As also some encounters, that were true.

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Poems by Olha Terlecka

Australia We Salute You

Australia, the bicentennial year of your settled existence
We celebrate your Birthday, your Jubilee this year.
The best part of your life, our livelihood and persistence
We gave to you. And loved our life here.

We left our glorious country, running to freedom.
Across the mighty oceans, to faraway shores.
For forty years and more, we have received welcome.
We worked for Australia, and she opened her doors.

One hasn't a choice of the country, one is born to,
One's birthplace in a Nation, is always a sacred one.
But also, one must respect the country that one comes to,
Remember this, and your duty is surely done.

Australia, we love, and appreciate your goodness, truly.
Your people and your customs. We learned your language too.
We live our life by day and night, so free and so fully.
You gave us opportunity, and our dreams came true.

But this doesn't mean that we do not grieve,
For we think about Ukraine, country of our birth, our land.
Yet to our adopted country, so much we need to give.
To the land of milk and honey and of the silken sand.

Yes, we salute you Australia, continent of the golden sun.
Grow mighty in your strength, your acquisitions, your gains.
You offered us home, our hearts you have won.
Let's walk together both in sunlight, or in stormy rains.

Please, accept our good wishes, our warmest salutations.
We will work together, to fulfil Australia's needs.
For thousands of us live here, from the Ukrainian Nation,
We gave you sons and daughters. Planted our goodwill seeds.

I am Grateful

Dear God, you have created me
Created, in your own image, your likeness.
And every day at night you hear
My humble prayers on my knees.

I will be grateful to you always
For the eyes that are mine to see.
For life on the earth, the grass and the flowers,
The sky, the sun, the stars and sea.

And the birds, I hear them every day.
They chirp and sing to you — praising.
Oh, I do thank you and I pray
For the talent you gave me amazing.

And I am grateful for my soul
That's full of tenderness and kindness.
There wasn't a time that I recall
When I didn't wake with happiness.

The smile that hovers on my lips
You gave to me, your gift from heaven.
And the faith in you that I still keep,
That's all I want for now, forever.

My Springtime Enchantment

I love so much the blue of the sky
And the nights dressed with the stars.
I love so much the golden sun
And drops of the morning dew on the grass.

And so enchanted am I by the spring
That brings new life and new hope.
Only then will emerge from my dreams
A vision that the past may still evoke.

But most of all, I love the nights
Secretive and very mysterious.
Springtime nights, full of shining lights
So enchanting, dreamy and glorious.

And even then, when the autumn begins
And the leaves start to change their colour,
I feel no sadness in my heart, or within;
Even when the wind starts to blow and howl.

Because I know that the wind will blow away
And the clouds will disperse and vanish.
Spring will follow, for a while with us to stay;
And the joy our hearts will replenish.

I am, What I am

If you don't love me, don't touch me.
Your empty words are just like you.
Go and catch, if you can see
"A falling star" through a heaven blue.
And if you stretch your hand that high
The "falling star" will be an easy prey.

I am, what I am, and not a "star".
I am, what I am and nothing else.
Love, that flowers in my heart
Even blooms through winter days.
Leave her alone, please, let her be
For in a stormy life she walks with me.

So very often she can't be seen
For all the weeds that grow around.
Yes, these are bad days which are now here
And my life is like a flower that can't be found.
Don't you dare to throw her into the mud;
And if you don't care she won't be sad.

About my heart, don't joke — be still.
Its beat is steady and its path is true.
My love — don't mock. To me — it is real.
It might start burning like it's on fire too;
And in the end it will burn to ashes.
But my pride will live, and so will my compassion.

So I am, what I am and that way I will stay.
But as a person? Unimportant, really.
There is no greatness in my hands, I dare say
But my soul is kind yet strong — truly.
And so I am, what I am and that way I will stay
Because for me, there is no other way.

The Second Time

The second time the thread has broken
The one I embroidered our life with.
The tears gave way, my grief unspoken,
I wiped my tears, but sorrow was deep.

I fought against my loneliness
The second time in the past few years
And our whole life and togetherness
I had wished it back, but in vain were my tears.

Our path was paved with happiness
My heart sang lovely songs to you.
Red poppies bloomed in the winter days,
A make-believe dream, just couldn't be true.

I thought that the world belonged to me,
That I could do what I well pleased.
The dream was gone and I could see
The end of the road, the end of bliss.

The strength to love was all but gone.
The days grew far too hard to bear.
And in my heart the anger so strong
Against the world and all that's dear.

Where love has gone, how was it done,
What's left are thoughts about "true" you.
Your tongue that sharpened on my soul
You wouldn't have changed and that's the truth.

Still, in this world for most of us
The chance to see each other is too small to miss.
I see him often, and am sometimes bitter
But my life is serene and I hope, so is his.

Once Upon a Time

The moon is shining through the clouds.
Flowers are blooming in the springtime.
My love hidden deep inside.
My thoughts giving me a bad time.

Here and there some stars so bright
Are wishing happiness for lovers.
Not for me this fragrant night
In my heart just sadness hovers.

Suppose, during one fine night,
You are walking in the garden
And instead of happy sighs,
Your heart is carrying a burden.

But just look. A night of nights.
Moonlight covers the trees and flowers.
Best forget our verbal fights,
And unhappy lonely hours.

Moon, so secretive and bright
Shines in the springtime so fully,
Shades this night's delight for me
Bringing recollections unduly.

There were, I remember well
Words like "dearest" and "forever".
We parted, who will tell,
If I stop to love you ever.

But our parting hasn't changed
The ways of nature and of people.
Not for me a "sweet" revenge
Although my heart hurts a little.

The years will pass for me and you,
They will soothe the hurt. And often
It wouldn't seem that this was even true.
More like a fable half forgotten.

Music by S. Kowalyk

Tell me a Fable

Please, tell me a fable so I can forget sorrow
Let's pretend that I am back home, not here.
Where the cuckoo bird foretold us of tomorrow.
Where cornflowers bloomed in the fields each year.

Music in the cornfields, meadows full of flowers
The song of nightingale, that rang so true.
Mornings in the springtime, washed in dew's showers,
And periwinkles bloom in glorious blue.

The darkness of the night, covering a girl's fast running.
In the woods she sings a song of spring.
And mysterious moon from behind the clouds shining,
Places a romantic spell on a young girl's dream.

Because of the fable I might break all boundaries
And go, where I was born a long time ago.
But please, continue the story, let the reminiscences
Remind me, that it really was just so.

Don't take any notice when my heart starts crying
And is full of sorrow and misery.
For I am so longing to see the orchards swaying,
And the nests of daws on forest trees.

Perhaps dreams of homeland will come to me always
Where a girl with garlands on her head,
Singing the song of summer, walking in the cornfields . . .
But please, continue the story, go ahead.

Bygone it is all now, only the fable flowers
In my heart. Forever it will stay.
Even if it still is crying hour after hour,
I will not let the fable fade away.

My heart is still breaking and I feel a deep sorrow.
How can I in a strange country not grieve.
Back home forget-me-nots bloom now and will tomorrow.
But fables will give me strength, so I can live.

Music by D. Moshniaga

My First Lines

When still at home and very young
I found a very small diamond.
And I heard the whispering sand,
And the dreaming forest beyond.

While on the river bank I sat
In the springtime all alone . . .
Suddenly, Oh! my gracious God,
Some light inside me flashed and was gone.

The forest dreamed, the sun went down,
I could smell lilacs in the air.
Some power was guiding my right hand,
I wrote two lines, right there.

This diamond started soon to glitter,
And glitters to this very day.
The value of it often didn't matter,
Didn't have many carats, anyway.

It wasn't really worth that much,
But I had hidden it well.
Some people said it's quite a catch,
I sowed it like poppies, everywhere.

When it Happens

If my desire was fulfilled,
Then my wish would be, to be buried at home.
Where our forefathers and fathers have died,
Where not only I would live there alone.

But when in a foreign land I will die,
And in the foreign soil I will be put to rest,
When my eyes will close and my heart will stop crying,
Then my soul will fly to the home's dear nest.

To be able to sleep in my homeland I am praying,
Where the birds will sing a lullaby.
Where the waters of the rivers will be playing,
Where the sun will shine from the bluest sky.

My life is nearly finished here forever;
Like the dreams at night that vanish away.
But my last wish will be as sure and as ever,
To be able to go home, for an everlasting stay.

Perhaps when freedom's bell will start from afar calling,
Then my soul will wake up from sleep here.
The stone will rise, gently rolling,
And will let my soul at last go home free.

The Words

Of course, people always talk
Because words are endless in their use.
Some make us crazy, some mock.
Some vanish forever in disuse.

Sometimes like honey, soft and sweet,
They come not from the soul, oh! no.
And always good pure souls they hit,
Destroying them with just a one-word blow.

Why do you talk such a lot I ask.
You can't say all with empty words.
Sometimes silence will do the task
Much better than the words one often hears.

And all the words that you might say,
I read so clearly from your eyes.
Don't swear on the oath, it isn't quite the way
With the hand on your breast, please, don't even try.

The best speech is the silent one,
Which comes from one's heart. The inner you.
The secret you that lives deep inside.
Only there one finds an honest truth.

And when two souls together meet
To talk, they don't need words at all.
They rejoice in knowing how to read
The mysterious depths of the inner soul.

Today's Modes

Very strange and different is our world of today.
People are behaving like modern machines.
And love that bloomed so gently yesterday,
Today is abused. Our greatest sin.
Everything is computerised and commercialised.
Magazines write openly what "love"? is all about.
As for conscience, times past since it has died
And the shame and purity is no longer around.

We may find that modesty perhaps still exists,
And the people of good will in "modern times" will survive.
Others, laugh at them and very often cruelly tease.
To the old-fashioned they shout; with a mocking smile.

And everything they say has to flow with the trend.
Modesty and shame aren't the "in thing".
Life, has to be easy, and love free of ties, my friend.
Life, in which one can get away with practically everything.

Is it the world I ask, that is so different today
Or the people with no idea of what is good, or bad.
Haven't they learned at all from our past of yesteryear,
Or do they wish on themselves another "Sodom and Gomorrah"?

For love that existed in the past and was able
To grow in our hearts, was gentle and true.
What is left today, is a forgotten fairytale or fable
That with time has withered, leaving a dream only for a few.

The Troubled Heart

When your heart beats heavily try to smile.
Don't let the tears rule your life.
And don't let anyone know the reason why.
Advice from "true" friends sometimes isn't right.

And who believes in tears today?
Stones in hearts have changed most people.
In an emotional, heartbreaking display
Advice from so-called friends means nothing or little.

So when in pain, when your heart is sad
And when you can't hold the tears any longer,
Look at the sky, so beautiful . . . glad
To be of service to you, so don't ponder.

Just let nature: the sun, the trees and the waters
Know of your sorrow, share it with them.
Cry, if you want to, if it does matter.
It doesn't matter how much, where, and when.

The yellow grass will thank you tomorrow
For the drops of water from your tearful eyes.
So forget the pain and forget the sorrow,
To the God Almighty send your humble prayers.

God and Ukraine

If to God we would pray and for Ukraine we would live
Then our victory could be counted by hours.
And in the foreign country and troubled times, that are here
With the most sincere prayers, the Glory could be ours.

Our fate has led us through the thorns of life
And in the foreign lands to wander.
With the hope, that our spirit won't be damaged in this flight,
That our dreams and desires won't go under.

Walking on these thorns we have to use courage —
Our feet bleeding on the road.
But, we believe in our future and we won't be discouraged
Then forever for our freedom, we will thank our God.

Perhaps God is punishing us, our brothers
Because we have forgotten what it means to love.
To love one's country and to love one another;
And that's the reason the Almighty took from us what we had.

To unite is our greatest need, now more than ever.
For united, our power will be unbending — I pray.
To believe in God and with a trust in your fellow forever
United, the world will hear us call: For God and our Ukraine.

Red and Yellow Roses

Red and yellow roses
You gave to me.
On the 7th of March
My birthday, you see.

By the will of God
Who knows, but from you,
Anything would have been
No less than true-blue.

Red roses mean love,
Yellow, jealousy.
They walk hand in hand
Like you and me.

I love you truly
Otherwise, it couldn't be.
Wherever you turn
Love embraces thee.

But all roses wither
The fragrance fades away.
And the petals drop down
Setting in decay.

The rose in my garden
Is mine alone.
It will bloom forever
Or until I am gone.

To my Unforgettable Mother

When the lilacs you have planted start to bloom,
And their fragrance in the air so gently lingers,
I remember how enchanted you have been by them;
I remember and I love them to this day.

When I water them each day; on summer nights
And my tears so freely fall on the leaves,
I recall you then dear mother of mine;
The touch of your soft hands, for me still dear.

Mother, I see you in every rose in bloom.
In apple blossom in the early springtime.
And when I stand at the threshold of your room,
I love you more and more as time passes by.

When in the spring, a new life has begun
You have left us, you have passed away.
It doesn't matter what season is with us now;
In our hearts like a flower; forever you will stay.

And when the night secretly approaches our garden
Then I pray for you oh mother, day after day.
I see your smile in the twinkling stars each evening
And the heaviness within my soul, fades away.

Perhaps the wound will heal, given time.
And the ache inside my heart, will subside.
But I will remember you, mother of mine;
Your gentle touch, always by my side.

Eucalyptus and the Birch Tree

Eucalyptus and the birch tree
Have fallen deeply in love.
"Oh birch tree, don't love him please,"
Softly the river sang.

His skin white and naked
Grows in the alien land.
You, with shimmering tresses
Look so pretty and young.

But the birch tree wouldn't listen
She courted him, touching him.
With branches intertwined
Watched, and protected him.

She washed her hanging branches
In the early morning's dew.
Eucalyptus became indifferent
He only grew and grew

And so without much thinking
He dug the soil with his roots.
Pushing his friend and drawing
The sap from her innocence and youth.

The birch tree was slowly dying
She had lost her leaves and shine.
With her branches hardly swaying
She couldn't take food inside.

Too weak, she fell to the ground
Under the feet of her lover.
Unhappily, the river sang
In anger the wind howled

The whispering waters of the river
Felt a very great compassion.
All because the birch tree behaved
In a loving, trusting fashion.

Your eyes

People, places,
Always new and interesting faces.
There is only one, such a special kind,
Gone forever, still clear in my mind, in my mind.

What strange depth is in your eyes,
That really few can only see.
They are like winds of stormy nights,
They are like stars that shine for me.

And if the bravest one will try
To look behind the hazy screen,
You find yourself bewitched, my friend;
For you there will be no return.

Glowing like amber in the night
They have a puzzle of their own.
They want to sail against the wind,
They want to fly to worlds unknown.

You find such tenderness in them
A warmth caressing every move.
I turn with love, they pass me by;
Untrue your eyes, your heart, not mine.

Waiting, waiting,
All alone, and people celebrating.
Waiting for the moon, for the morning dew,
For the sun, or is it only you, only you.

We met . . . you spoke, I could not see;
The tears of memories shrouding me.
You laughed, I cried, what use the pain . . .
We parted once, no, not again.

The people passed, we stood alone.
I wonder if they knew, that I
Would hear you say those words — goodbye,
Those eyes, those eyes, how could they lie.

Music by Stefania Kowalyk

Evening in Ukraine

Springtime evenings in Ukraine
Flowers bending in their sleep.
Orchards dream fragrant and green
Night arrives here dark and deep.

And the moon, like a sailing boat
Gazes with stars from far above
He knows all secrets, all knowing,
Knowing when to steal young hearts and how.

Paradise is here. It seems,
The world is speechless and asleep.
The moon sends secret dreams
And chestnut trees rustle their leaves.

For during such a peaceful night
The spirit tries to reach the sky.
And a young leaf from a bush in sight,
Bends in prayer to God so high.

The Grains of Soil

Over the seas and over mighty oceans
Through the vast sky, over vast terrains,
I have received a present in the form of a letter
From a far away country, dearest Ukraine.

My heart became heavier and the ache much stronger
Sadness filled my sorrowful eyes.
For in my palm, a wonder of wonders,
Grains of soil from my dearest land lay.

These grains of soil are very dear to me
The greatest treasure, to have and to hold,
As in the past there could never be
Anything else of value to love.

This dearest gift was the one from you.
How could you have guessed my heart's delight.
And to this day my thanks are true.
Do you realise your gift was just right?

Nothing Stays Forever

The branches are bending lower and lower,
And so very gently tingling the green grass.
And our love has withered, never to recover.
Only memories, forever shall remain with us.

The branches are bending still lower and crying,
So softly leaves are whispering, for love has gone away.
Happiness, we had in our hands, now trying
To hold it on the winter, willing it to stay.

During winter days our hearts were still burning.
Burning with our desire to love, no matter what.
But we didn't realise; and the truth came with learning
That happiness is like a flame, here now and then out.

Those moments of happiness into eternity, forever
Will fly and stay there, never to return.
And so life. Nothing will stay the same, not ever.
Yet one's heart will mend like it has never burned.

And the heart will mend and in time will forget.
The wound will keep drying, like the sun dries the summer grass.
The world will still be turning. So be content with what you can get.
For nothing stays the same forever, on this planet of ours.

The branches are bending lower and lower,
And so very gently tingling the green grass.
And our love has withered, never to recover . . .
Still, I will remember what love has meant to us.

I Feel so Sinful

Ukraine, my dear but so faraway mother
How desperate and sinful I feel.
Only for you and not any other,
My heart beats so heavily still.

In other lands all those years I wandered
And you are there, so proud but so alone.
And in the country that people call Down Under,
I will cry for you until I am gone.

I know, one day my wish will start me flying
Like birds, that fly back home longing to stay.
And all the time my heart will keep on trying,
With salted tears to wash my sin away.

I hope my motherland will know, that I am sorry
And I will ask forgiveness for my sins.
And I will kneel before her utter glory,
And I will tell her then, where I have been.

And I will tell her then about my adopted mother
Where to laugh and cry and still live I must.
She is trying her best to be a parent to many others,
But I feel so sinful, that I can hardly rest.

Ukraine, your sons were killed that you could live forever.
Your soil soaked with blood, from long times past.
But you won't give in to any enemy, not ever, never.
As as for me, what can I do? To wait I must.

Please, Give me a Mother

It was a night of a billion stars.
Outside the house a dream was swaying.
And in the room by the bed in tears,
A little boy to God was praying.

Please, God in heaven, if only you could
To give me a mother in my life again,
I would praise you always I gratefully would:
So please, give me a mother and spare me the pain.

She would wipe the tears from my brimming face,
She would hold me close, sing a lullaby.
There is nothing dearer, than a mother's embrace,
I am asking humbly, O, God, please do try.

A little star in heaven listening to the prayer
Felt a great compassion and fell to the ground.
And a merciful angel, the great God's conveyor,
Comforted the orphan as a mother would have done.

Only Hope Doesn't Grow Old

The hours are changing faces, just like the waves that vanish.
Nothing stays the same forever, nothing forever stays.
Spring gives in to summer and when this season is finished
The golden autumn follows, only to greet winter days.

And the years that for everyone are passing by with seasons
Never to return to us, are forever gone.
What they leave behind, is a coldness, beyond reason
With one's hair acquiring a silvery-grey tone.

And then the spark in your eyes will vanish forever.
Wrinkles will cover your forehead, revealing more and more.
Only then you realise that youth won't come back, not ever,
That springtime of your lifetime has closed to you its door.

The drive of the flesh with time, will slow down.
The flame in one's heart, will burn out one day.
Expectations and hope, will hold on to springtime.
They won't grow old and to the end with us will stay.

Oh, My Fate

Where are you now my fate, I wonder.
Perhaps you live in the deepest sea;
Or maybe in the field you wander . . .
Or are you tired; and asleep?

While in the foreign land you still roam,
You have forgotten that I exist.
But I am lonely, won't you come?
If not, where are you going next?

And I do hope that all is well.
But maybe you have lost your way
And in the depth of some shark you dwell;
Or with the wind in the fields you stay.

I wait and wait, but the years go by;
Please, let's be friends, before it is too late.
Hurry back and see, how alone am I.
Then let's walk together: I and you — my fate.

The Strange Ladder

We can compare our life with a ladder
We climb up the steps then go down again.
When clouds are swirling around us, we rather
Remember the happy times, then any pain.

When we are climbing up to heaven
Our happy faces shine in the sun
Sometimes, we climb up just so high and a sudden
False step will return us to the ground.

When comes tomorrow, we will surely try again
Regardless of the sudden heavy fall.
For people are people, mistakes and the pain
Won't hinder the climber, not at all.

And when the clouds cover up the sun
Try not to waste your precious tears.
When we get a little wet in the run
That's the school of life my dears, so cheers!

Yet Another Year

Another year has said goodbye
Goodbye to happiness and to hate.
Most people probably try
To forget some things that brought for them their fate.

As the years go by one after another,
Hope will always burn in people's hearts.
We walk on the land that belongs to others,
Time moving restless, plays its well-worn part.

Into the New Year and into the unknown
We wander here for so many seasons.
At home they are hammering with chains
Our brothers are dying in the prisons.

How many years will still go by,
Until we break the prison chains.
How many sacrifices, how many will die
Until freedom in our land will reign.

And which New Year will in the future see
Our life — at home and in our land.
The chains will break and we will be free;
Yet which Happy New Year will extend its hand?

Oh, Australia

Australia, the continent where I have settled down
Where half of my life has already passed away
Where I have learned to increase my love for my homeland.
My dear and beautiful country, my Ukraine.

I respect and honour Australia as a Nation
And I love all the people down here.
I have learned your language like other races,
But with all respect; to me, you are an alien world.

I like the foaming seas and the trees of eucalyptus.
During the starlight nights; I try to count your stars,
I have become used to your climate like so many of us.
Still, come winter or summer, it's at home I like it best.

And I am grateful to you my adopted mother
For the opportunity to live a free and a peaceful life.
But I will always love my country more than any other,
So you can never qualify to replace my Motherland.

If only other nations that respect a nation like Australia —
Would at the same time love and elevate their own.
They would never die out, even if their ruler was an alien,
They wouldn't disappear, be losers, or ever bow down.

Love

Love is a universal power
That takes the freedom from one's heart.
She can be deadly, a ruthless lover,
That can break minds and souls apart.

And if you lock your heart denying her
She finds a way to get inside.
And with her nets spreading, unfurling,
She conquers you in deadly stride.

Love, can be beautiful and tender
Her hold, a magnetic force that lives
To heal your soul, and you surrender.
Wills you to give, and take and give.

And if today heavens are crying,
Tomorrow love shines from your heart.
So strong is she and keeps on trying.
To stir emotions in your path.

When she caresses you, you flower
But when she punishes you, it seems
That even when she ends her powers,
She leaves behind a balm to heal.

Sometimes so playful, yet so tender
She comes again across your way.
Eternal Queen, makes you surrender,
She is forever here to stay.

Kiss Me

My darling one you gave me this impression,
That you and I belong together from now on.
So when you kiss me, kiss me with expression
And if you don't, don't bother going on and on.

You loved me when the sunshine was around us
And the birds were singing songs in such a harmony.
The trees and flowers wondering about us
There was no one in love so much as you and I.

If only would return the lovely springtime
Perhaps my heart would beat and start my life again.
I will never let you go I promise this time
And you will kiss the tears from loving eyes again.

And in the dark of night when you are dreaming
I hear my voice call you "darling" — I confess.
Do you remember such a lovely feeling,
Do you remember darling yours, mine happiness.

So kiss me darling, kiss me I emlore you
And with the kiss warm up my heart, cast fears away.
You know by now how much I still adore you,
So please come back and let it be the same again.

And if you say goodbye, send me no flowers,
For if you do, my heart will surely break in two.
Go, if you must but think in lonely hours
About the love we had and lost because of you.

Music by S. Kowalyk

Love Now

Love now when your heart is on fire.
When your eyes are dreamy, shining, full of drive.
Love now, when your body holds desire,
Life won't wait so love and be alive.

Youth comes to us then goes from life forever.
The fire in one's eyes burns out, it will not stay.
Nobody gets another chance in this life, not ever
The bird of youth flies out and fades away.

Nourish the flower of your love with water.
Look after it and keep it deep in your heart.
Don't give a thought what happens to it later
The time is "now", begin, what you have to start.

Don't be afraid of betrayal and sadness.
Don't be afraid that your love might be stolen from you.
When the spring arrives, greet it with joy and gladness
Then the love will join you and it might be true.

Nobody can guess what happens tomorrow. So,
Put aside your worry, time will lose its seed.
When petals of love open, forget about sorrow.
Happiness, like a potion, is all that you need.

My White Dream

Why do you always come to me at night,
And sing the same song so persistently?
Through the open window with the wind you glide
Into my room so quietly and softly.

And bending so very gently by my bed,
You touch my eyelashes as though, with your fingers.
And I start to follow you to the dreamland that's ahead
Searching for our past, in dreams that still linger.

And then, when you lead me by your hand
Through a narrow footbridge right across a stream
I smile from the happiness that I have found.
And yet when I look back, you vanish from my dream.

Oh wait, why couldn't you stay love of mine?
The moon is still shining and gazing at the water.
Morning is asleep. Please, don't hurry this time.
Daylight is dreaming. To wake it has forgotten.

When the sun rises from its nightly slumber,
You disperse with the wind that is gently blowing.
Then I open my eyes and still half asleep I wonder;
Will you come back again? I ask myself — not knowing.

For the Women and Girls

I asked him once . . . is it forever?
He replied . . . perhaps, who knows?
Had I said something that wasn't so clever
Or my head was too much in the clouds?

Married women, beware, and the young girls too,
Don't let your heart rule your mind.
If your lover's words aren't ringing true
Then they're best kept in suspension, you will find.

Keep it cool and you won't be hurt.
Don't let your heart rule your brain.
Let him wait 'til his hair starts falling out
Only then satisfaction will you retain.

I asked him once . . . is it only me?
He replied . . . who knows, perhaps.
O dear poor me, why couldn't I see
That some men use empty words.

Women and girls, once again and for all
Don't trust your loving men.
Let them fall and then let them crawl,
Train them as good as you can.

If he brings you flowers . . . well? So what?
He might kiss your hand . . . that's true.
But tomorrow, you will see his back and after that
He will kiss someone else's too.

So women and girls, take good advice.
Modernize your ways for your gains.
Spin your men around like a mill spins the maize
Show them, who is holding the reins.

Go

Go,
And so be it that goodness into your steps will follow.
But don't ever look back, just walk on straight ahead.
And so be it, that your heart from joy will mellow.
Abandon your past and throw it into the reeds.

Forget
The wound, that your heart has to sustain.
For happiness, just like a moment, couldn't stay.
But walk on bravely through your life, start to live and love again.
Live, with the thought of tomorrow, for tomorrow is another day.

Only know,
That love is an exceptionally tender flower.
And its gift is given only to one.
Even if the world of today is rapidly changing its manner,
Giving the gift to another, well, it isn't done.

Farewell
And when you shake my hand, don't shed any tears.
Forget, that in the past we had lived only for each other.
Maybe some day, while sitting under a birch tree,
For one moment your thoughts will embrace me and not another.

And again,
Let this recollection in the meadow scatter.
Perhaps deep calm waters will carry it away with them.
With hope, that one day you might find a flower that matters,
One, that will bloom in the dark of the night, perhaps? . . . like a fern.

Then,
You will realise that life has a meaning.
Pain, joy and laughter, you will find in your tearful eyes.
And your conscience will wake like a forgotten feeling.
But, will you ever in the future mend your erring ways?

Come Back

Come back and say that this isn't true . . .
It doesn't matter. If you lie again.
I will pretend that I have dreamt of it too,
Even in the middle of the summer day.

Say, that I haven't heard you right.
Or that it wasn't you after all.
Say anything, say, just what you want
But make me happy and don't go.

And when you hold me to your heart,
I will know for whom your heart will sing.
But please, pretend. Just play a part.
Imagine that you are holding her, not me.

And if you wish to lie again
Like in the past, then go ahead.
I don't trust you now, as I didn't then,
But humor my heart, don't make it sad.

I wish to hear that you love me still.
I would like in your lying words to drown.
It doesn't matter if that isn't what you feel;
But say that only I forever will to you belong.

Don't Hide the Truth

I am looking into your eyes
Deep . . . down.
I see a sea of violence
and I feel cold.

But your lips are gently smiling . . .
don't you cheat.
In your eyes the tears are hiding,
please, admit.

Well, I know, what you have been through
Don't conceal it.
My whole soul is crying for you
don't you feel it?

Let your tears run, don't suppress them
let them flow.
Let them run from your true feelings,
have a go.

For we are friends and so have been
a long time.
So the tension, that I have seen,
don't hide.

Not Quite Right

And I, for some reason am not I
And you, are not you that I can see.
And everything is "not quite right",
"Not quite right" between you and me.

But every day I try and try
To find this hidden "Not quite right".
I really don't know. Perhaps it is I,
Or you, that is carrying it inside.

I know, that this feeling "not-right",
Will destroy our love so very soon.
For the symptoms were long ago in sight,
When our hearts stopped beating in tune.

The days are long and not the same.
These unhappy eyes won't go to sleep.
I ask myself, who is to blame
For the pain in our hearts . . . so very deep.

You are often like a stranger now.
And I would like to be left alone.
I thought that you were different somehow.
But the you that I knew is forever gone.

Everything is just not the same.
But where to look for an honest truth.
Who is to carry such a painful blame
I? or could it be the arrogant you?

Perhaps, because you are only you,
And I have always been what I am,
The stars are saying that it will never do
To walk in the future together again.

The Eyes in Love

These eyes in love
Are in love so much.
With a young girl's dreams,
Expectations and such
The sun from them
And stars are shining too.
These eyes, like cornflowers
That in fields grow so blue,
So innocently.

The eyes in love
These trusting eyes,
What fate has carved for them
They don't question why.
They fell in love,
As they knew that they would.
With the heart on fire
They didn't ask, if they should.
Tomorrow, they will learn differently.

When the tears of tomorrow
Will wash joy away
The days will grow darker
And sleep will not stay.
The spark and the glitter,
Forever will die;
The memory bitter
For love was betrayed.
And the heart beats so desperately.

So hear maiden dear
You can't lock out fate.
What will be, will be:
In love and in hate.
Fate, flies away
And tries to reach the sky.
Then again, the betrayer
Will come back, to try,
And cast a shadow, over sad eyes in love.

Music by D. Moshniaga

Don't Ask Me

When the day is gone and I am all alone
With my thoughts, hopes and my sorrows,
Then my dreams are high, but don't ask me why
I won't let them sleep till tomorrow.

For tonight, the night when the stars are shining bright
The dreams of my heart, I set them free.
But don't ask me why. Can't you see how I try
For a second, or a minute, just be me?

Perhaps longer if need be, perhaps once again to see
And relive the parting moments of my homeland.
But don't ask me why and specially not tonight . . .
There, where cornflowers are still swaying in the wind.

For to fly over fields, over orchards and hills
I will always find a way in the twilight;
In the meadows to walk, with my dearest to talk.
Then forever to say goodbye and go alone.

Well, to answer you why, when you see me cry,
When my heart beats so sadly, where do I start?
With the spring, summer gone, with my past all alone,
Perhaps the reason, is the autumn in my heart.

Don't Come Back

I would like to say a great deal to start,
But a rhyme for it eludes me still
Despair inside my heart is tearing me apart,
And every day I wait for something new and real.

I strive for happiness like a flower for sunlight.
And I would give a lot for the love that's true.
But you only see me through the window from inside.
The outside world you think, belongs to you.

But if you fall in love with someone else,
If only for a moment, for a day or two,
You can't come back to me. This, you must realise,
Even though I couldn't bear a life longing for you.

And the happiness that you would like to get,
I wish it for you too with all my heart.
Perhaps I will think of you without regret.
But don't ever come back if you decide to part.

Clouds

Sometimes you are moody without any reason.
The look in your eyes is so very sad.
Like autumn days or a rainy season
Sometimes you are good, and sometimes bad.

So very silently you glare at me
With a steaming anger on your funny face.
Where are your kisses, I only see
Your whole behaviour as a disgrace.

Of course I keep quiet, because I feel
That tomorrow the sun will shine again.
With understanding, our love will soon heal
We will forget the clouds and the rain.

How very often during the autumn days
The storm clouds and the rain arrives.
The wind will shake the shrubs and trees
And the leaves from fright to the ground will dive.

Before long the clouds disperse with the wind.
The sun will break through brighter and warm.
Perhaps today the people at last will find
That love can't exist without a storm.

Hide Behind the Clouds

When you come out to wait for the dearest one,
Flirting with the stars to their delight
They start romancing with you, just for fun
And the love they send, is a neverending light.

Your glow is purest joy and so it is.
Reminding me of the past, that once was mine.
For when I looked at you, so full of dreams,
The fragrance of bird cherries was divine.

You still refill my soul with fairyland
And with time passed by, only you know how;
For when you touch my dreams with golden wand
Then all forgotten moments keep rushing back now.

But I am begging you, don't overdo your stay,
For can't you hear from afar, that my heart is crying still?
Please hide behind the clouds, or vanish — go away,
But let me close my eyes, rest, sleep and heal.

So I am saying goodbye, for all time, forever.
And I don't want to hear about the forgotten past.
Because what's gone, is gone, with youth and dreams forever
And in this foreign land I stay and live, I must.

Is this Love?

Is this love, or is it not
Perhaps it's only an illusion.
The wind blows tingling hot
Your laughing eyes add more confusion.

The river flows so silvery green
The bluest sky seems so approving.
Like the return of a young lost dream . . .
We walk together, hardly moving.

Comes night, friendly from above stars wink
Ready to predict good fortune.
My heart's so full my head won't think
My body listens to the sweet tune.

Comes day, the sun shines through the clouds
Your eyes, with promises of tomorrow,
Shed all anguish and my doubts.
With the wind, so goes my sorrow.

My heart is saying something now
Singing a happy tune in wonder.
I ask it softly, is this love?
If not . . . what can it be, I ponder.

Infatuation, shall we say
That came, while autumn leaves were falling.
Like in the past, in springtime days,
When flowers bloomed and love was calling.

Music by S. Kowalyk

In my Dreams

During the dreams in my sleep there appears to me
A fragrant forest and the fields around it.
The wind blowing and one can feel
The freshness in the air of the coming morning.

And then above, a golden sun
Shines from the sky so far away . . .
And the splendorous trees with the leaves still young,
Whisper with the wind in an endless sway.

Then, a gentle guelder rose flowering in bunches,
Glittering, rustling silver birch trees bend to the ground.
For every night my dreams are very real and restless.
And then again I wake up with the morning sounds.

Remember Me

Remember me, one peaceful evening
When the skyline with the sun once met
And with our eyes so dreamy and intent,
We watched the red-hot sunset strip.

Remember me, one peaceful night,
When the stars came out in the sky,
And when we walked to our hearts' delight
In the fragrant garden in the month of May.

Remember me, when the moon comes out
And the moonlight will shine through your window
During the restless and sometimes sleepless nights
Will you remember me? Please do.

But may your sleep be a serene one,
Dreaming gentle dreams without pain.
About a hopeless love. About us if you can,
About love, as we have called it again and again.

Music by D. Moshniaga

Poems by Stefania Kowalyk

Liberation March

We are the United Captive Nations,
And we call Australia our home.
We are her adopted "Aussie" people,
No matter where we came from.

We hope that soon, perhaps tomorrow.
The sun will start shining from a cloudless sky.
That happiness refills our hearts, not sorrow,
The long-awaited moment, we will greet with joy.

So be on your guard you ruthless fiend,
For united we are, united until death.
And if necessary we will defend
The rights of humankind on this earth.

Our purpose is a just and holy one.
To get freedom for our nations now.
To live at home under our own sun,
To live according to our God's law.

And when the bells of freedom begin to ring,
And we place up high our Victory Torch,
Then together, like one, we will start to sing
Our Victorious Liberation March.

Strange Dream

There was a time in yesteryear,
When war started in 1939.
It was a two-week war in that particular year
It started and finished in a very short time.

My father was missing, he hadn't returned home.
I was very young, a teenager I recall;
The war was over, three months had passed or more,
Christmas was coming and ended the fall.

My father was a charming, delightful man
A mathematician, respected by all.
A dreamer, a good musician, we kids had fun,
He lived for us and for our smallest call.

We waited and waited for his return,
With hope all gone, we thought him dead.
But something inside me, as I had later learned,
Told me not to worry, good news was ahead.

Weeks were passing and it seemed
Too good to be true, this premonition that I had.
Then one night in my sleep I had a dream
Which brought not sorrow but joy instead.

I was dreaming I was sitting on a riverbank
Watching the waves change colour and spin.
When all of a sudden my mind went blank . . .
I saw my father and heard him speak to me.

He told me then that he was coming home,
To expect him exactly in two weeks' time,
And then suddenly I awoke alone,
The dream had vanished but how excited was I.

I told my mother about that strange dream,
She wouldn't take it seriously but said to me:
"You and your dreams, be realistic, I mean
They won't bring back your father, you just wait and see."

The last day was closing, the hour was late.
Outside the snow was falling, winter had arrived.
We were playing cards but I couldn't concentrate,
Thinking about that dream, my mind was occupied.

Then, "hush" all of a sudden said my mother
Footsteps outside and a knock on the door she heard.
In walked my uncle, father's older brother,
Behind him a stranger, with a bushy beard.

So late, my uncle never came visiting before
And why to bring a stranger for goodness sake!
As I was the first to greet them at the door,
I was disappointed, my dream was at stake.

I looked at the stranger, frowning, as I stood.
He was grinning broadly and it struck me then.
That my father came home as he promised he would,
I called "father, oh father", again and again.

We can't explain the unexplained, one, we know nothing about,
We could call it telepathy or anything under the sun.
I only know that a dream, brought my father. No doubt.
A dream that came true. Believe it. I hope you can.

Remember Me

Oh gracious, the time has come,
To say farewell to you.
To all my friends I confess.
For all the good wishes and kindness, no less,
I will remember you.

And here my friends, today and now,
Our ways will part.
You go your way. I go my way.
And in the end if I may say,
It is a heartbreaking start.

For a change has come into my life,
To which I must adjust —
To do a few things I would love to do,
Write a few poems and some music too,
For the time is slipping fast.

But to end this speech I have a wish,
A wish that all your dreams will come true.
And to wish you all good health, godspeed,
And in the future as you read this,
Remember me as I will remember you.

I Wonder

How often do I look through the vastness of space,
And I play with the answers, you see.
Perhaps there is a star with an inhabited face,
And humanoids, living like me?

Are there mountains to climb and seas to be sailed,
And wheat to be harvested through summers,
And animals killed and the fish to ones fill
And everything counted in numbers?

Is there love and hate, yet more love and more hate,
Until hate outnumbered all passions,
And the wars that leave scars for centuries to come,
Still more wars, after our human fashion?

Perhaps yellow or white, black, red, is your skin
And restrictions apply. This is our way.
Or the colour of your body is just one, plain green,
I do hope so that it stays so throughout your days.

But if you are as we are I pity you from afar
For the planet that we live on, is a doomed place.
Such a beautiful one, but where the nature of man
Makes you wish to be away, away, in space.

In Memory of my Father

I would like to take you with me into my past,
To Europe, the continent, where I was born and grew.
Where the cruel war and violent fighting,
Engulfed most countries, sparing few.

Where the people fought and brutally died
For their ideas and their true beliefs.
Where they were killed and fell like flies
On shattered fields, on bloodstained leaves.

So many had died never to return.
The lucky ones survived the horrors of war.
And in our hearts remembrance will burn,
They will hold our love forevermore.

I had a dream when the Second World War was ending.
A dream that predicted happenings to come.
In the dream a hurricane was raging,
I was enclosed by four walls at home.

Then all of a sudden the door opened slowly
I saw my brother walking inside,
Still, in his uniform and greeting me loudly,
I looked at him in wonder, shock and with pride.

I shouted "brother my dear brother
You have come home, you are alive.
But where is father our dearest father,
Has he come back from the war," I cried.

I was holding my brother chattering and laughing
When suddenly our father quietly walked in.
Then I ran to him screaming and weeping,
I tried to embrace him, hold him to me.

But there was nothing to hold and to embrace,
Only thin air, a nothingness.
I saw a deep sorrow on his tired face,
His lips were moving, these were the words:

"Daughter, my daughter, my soul is with you,
My body so tired is having a rest.
Don't grieve, although many not few,
Were killed and turned back into dust."

Then the dream ended, vanished as dreams do.
Next day I had to travel by train.
We stopped at the station in Zilina and through
The open window I looked at the falling rain.

All of a sudden another train arrived,
From a different direction and stopped right there.
I heard soldiers talking, our soldiers that survived
The war. They came from some place, from somewhere.

There and then I asked them about my father, brother.
Have they heard about them, are they on the train?
"Yes, we know your brother, he is camping a bit further,"
Questions about father were all in vain.

I had left the train anxious to see my brother.
I hadn't seen him for a long, long time.
The soldiers took me to him, we went together,
His joy and mine were hard to describe.

"Headquarters wouldn't let him go home", I had feared.
They did, for a week. Mother's happiness, I won't forget.
But father was lost they had declared,
Lost, without a trace, they said with regret.

After the war I met my brother again.
I won't see my father, not ever I know.
He gave his life for our country, our dear Ukraine,
That dream, came true those years ago.

The Time Will Come

When I look as far as my eyes can reach,
Where earth and heaven meet
My mind becomes restless and my eyes begin to itch.
But my thoughts are clear and they feed,
On many different things: be they old or new,
Unexplained mysteries,
For who can explain them?

Very often I wonder about mankind's mission.
My inner thoughts galloping away, searching for the truth.
Sometimes they lay in the books of our acknowledged tradition,
And not accepting it and afraid to betray
My upbringing. Something tells me that I am not wrong.
My inner feelings tell me to be strong
And question the so-called truth.

Many things in this world are not what they seem to be.
Like the blue of the sky — an optical illusion.
Like a wall that seems solid for everyone to see.
Sixth sense that many of us have, adds more to one's confusion.
But the time will come and we will see
That some things that seem true to you and me,
Will be past history.

Mankind is changing slowly and so are our beliefs
Be they the logical earthly sciences or spiritual ones.
Some orthodox opinions won't accept new thoughts,
For stubbornness prevails — not openmindedness with some.
What a pity. What we need is a brilliant brain design
That will fix present scientific minds
For all generations to come.

Ariel

Ariel, you are a beautiful and clever creature
Born in late autumn and now nine years old.
With a good behaviour and a loving nature,
I know you and praise you, you are worth your weight in gold.

In your younger days you were jealous, my kitten,
Jealous of my grandchildren, especially of them.
When they came visiting you hid very often,
Only showing yourself when they had left and only then.

You are growing older and your ways are wiser,
You don't run and hide like you used to do.
When sometimes they stroke you not minding it either,
Otherwise, keeping the distance, you stay aloof.

Roaming in the garden and watching the birds,
Sometimes calling me loudly, proudly you bring your prey.
The game of hide and seek is nothing new to the cats.
I scold you gently and you listen, doing what I say.

There is a noticeable difference, compared to other cats around.
Because of an accident, you lost your tail on the street.
It was sad and unfortunate when we found you.
Still, you have silky long hair and trusting hazel eyes.

You only inconvenience us now, when we are planning a holiday.
Before, our youngest son and his wife sometimes looked after you.
It is hard to make a decision truthfully I would say.
Well, there are always good neighbours, but what would the reader do?

Thoughts

People, people, lonely people,
Everywhere I go.
Strange places, lovely faces,
Always nice to know.

If only I had my one wish,
I would so many things accomplish,
All the things,
That I have left undone.

Waiting, waiting every moment,
How the time goes slowly.
Everybody's celebrating,
Yet I am so lonely.

Couples talking, people walking,
Loving, laughing, always hoping.
What I have missed,
Is now forever gone.

Was it passion, was it fashion,
Was it fame, a glittering name?
Was it money, words like honey,
The fragrant air after the rain?

Was it a sunrise — the light,
Perhaps a morning dew.
Glowing stars at night,
Sky of bluest blue?

Perhaps I wanted to find
What would have appealed to me:
To use my earthly mind,
To learn from the "knowledge" tree.

“Loving Couple”

She is his woman, he is her man;
They live together, as good as any couple can.
No worse, no better; for if you try too hard to please
Where does it lead you? Answer this!

She says, “I love you”, it might be true;
Don’t you believe her? What can she do!
For better, for worse, when she is feeling very blue,
Don’t hesitate to say to her, “I love you too”.

They both like music, but he loves rock.
She likes concertos and when she plays too loud, he knocks!
What could be worse dear, than to play his music at the time
When she would like to listen, “to concertos of mine”.

She likes her supper at leisure, still
And eats some garlic to her fill.
Then the friction between them starts,
Poor juicy garlic, in the night will them part.

Pickles with honey her newest trend;
He asks softly is she going round the bend?
She answers nicely, “most likely, probably true,
With such a husband, loving husband, like you”.

He likes his soft drink, she likes her thrill;
A full glass of hard stuff! He asks, how is her will.
He says, she is worthless: because she can cook?
What can she do dear, to avert “his lovable” look.

Such a “loving couple”, they are at heart.
And nothing would stop them separating to make a new start.
But then, she tells him, on his request,
“Of all the devils, you are the devilish best.”

These Autumn Leaves

When I am walking through the falling autumn leaves,
They remind me of my past, of long-gone yesteryears.
When as a girl I was walking in maze of thoughts,
Sometimes laughing or crying with youngster's angry tears.

These autumn leaves wandering around my feet,
Remind me of my feelings, of love, hate and pain.
Red, brown and yellow, to look at them, life is too short to fret,
They, as my half-forgotten days, are in my thoughts again.

And when I look down at each separate leaf,
It's as if looking at every past day, that's hiding in twilight.
These dancing leaves won't last and I will grieve.
But now, at this moment, they are my eye's delight.

Armchair Dreams?

My soul is crying, why don't I hear?
Why does it torment me so?
My every thought ends up in a tear.
Perhaps is wiser, just to let go.

Let go of your past! It's gone forever . . .
Though it has fashioned one's life so well.
My past tries to tell me, that my dreams are of the never,
Those armchair dreams I always felt.

My life is full of reminiscing
Full of chains from yesteryear.
These chains will break, with the future promising,
Those armchair dreams will tell of no more fears.

By Nadia Kowalyk

If

If only we had one good and clever ruler,
If the future of mankind depended on him,
He would change many things in this world today,
Make it a better place, where now selfishness prevails,
Where important decisions leaders are not able to make.

If only we had one good and clever ruler,
He would re-educate mankind from the time
When life begins, in the family. At home.
Where the children learn the first words, before they are torn
Verbally or physically by their parents. Before they even start school.

If only we had one good and clever ruler,
He would change the regulations in the so-called schools,
Where there is no respect for the elders that teach,
Where many youngsters disregard present rules. They don't search
For knowledge, but trouble. They end up good-for-nothing mules.

If only we had one good and clever ruler,
He would push mankind to find the truth
About themselves, our solar system, our galaxy, the worlds beyond,
Perhaps they are waiting for us to grow up, so they may respond,
Waiting to see, if we are mature, good and humanly whole.

If only we had one good and clever ruler,
He would encourage his people to open their minds,
Teaching them that this Great Power, Universal God,
Is losing patience with them, the breed of no good;
The breed of domineering, murderous wicked spirits.

If only we had one good and clever ruler,
He would try to change our aspect about life on earth.
Making it a priority for all the nations as one.
Nuclear weapons, wars, what harm they do to all of us.
Harmony and peace would be a number one rule.

If only we had one good and clever ruler,
He would teach his people elementary truth:
Our earth's resources will be used sooner than we think.
Our way of life, locomotion, will be stopped with a blink.
But our other unlimited source of energy will last forever.

If only we had one good and clever ruler,
He would try to find out mistakes in our terrestrial laws,
And conquer the present deplorable blindness.
Assure the scientists that everything they ever needed to find,
Was, is, and always will be waiting to be used:
The atmosphere holds the Power to Our Glory.

I Hear Music

I hear music where others do not:
In the gales, in the sighing of the wind.
In the sounds people make when they talk,
In the glittering, rippling water of the stream.

I hear music in the rain while it falls to the ground;
In the spring of the fragrant mornings.
In the stillness of summer's hot and restless nights,
In the waking shadows of a new day dawning.

I hear music in the rustling of leaves.
In the squawking of seagulls on the seashore.
In the helpless cry of a newborn child.
As the time passes I hear it more and more.

The music I hear is like a balm for my soul;
Healing, soothing, revealing the magic of tones.
The music I hear I always heard I recall,
It will stay with me forever or till next dawn.

The Itching Heart

Falling in love, not an unusual thing.
Falling in love as happens in spring.
Falling in love with your eyes oh! so blue,
How can one not fall in love with you.

Falling in love (take it seriously, please do),
Falling in love, these three words ring so true.
Falling in love warms the blood in one's veins.
How can it not? (Well, it's hard to explain).

Falling in love, sometimes good, sometimes bad.
Falling in love makes people sometimes so sad.
Falling in love it's like playing with fire.
How can it not? Such a burning desire.

To fall out of love, what does the prescription read?
To fall out of love, how many doctors does one need?
Falling in love, it's like an itch in one's heart.
To get rid of it — scratch it, the itch will depart.

Decisions

If not? — well, then not.
No — or yes, say it, confess.

Don't just wait by the gate.
Step in; lose or win.

But decide, don't you hide
Your true feelings in your dealings.

Let's hope that you can cope.
And what comes next, is then for the best?

Best, for whom? For you?
Him — or her? Decide, but be fair.

Tell the truth, whatever you do.
Open your heart, make a start.

Don't delay, otherwise you may,
Lose your chance with a glance.

Let Some Good Guy Win

Don't look into a girl's young and innocent eyes.
Don't try to woo her, when her heart is still asleep.
If you awaken her from her slumber, if only once you try,
Then don't abandon her, don't turn away your cheek.

Don't smile to her, knowing that your heart is made of stone.
Don't you ever go near her, leave her with her peaceful dreams.
With the passing of years, you haven't changed your tune.
So beware, this time, let some good guy win. . .

He might be a wonderful person, with a loving nature.
Revealing passion with a gentleness, as only some men do.
With eyes so heavenly, his touch worth such a fortune,
Once he awakens her, his love will be forever true.

And if she had been hurt by someone like you before,
He would heal her wounds and kiss her painful eyes.
With his warmest embrace and words, "I thee adore,"
She would start blooming again, with the one of her desires.

Would You Believe?

Do you love her, do you not,
If you you do, forget her not.
It is written in the stars
All about us.
If you ask me how I know,
Was I there or here below,
I have seen it in my dreams
A long time ago.

But if you don't, oh if you don't,
If my dreams have been all wrong.
If her love meant not a thing to you,
Please forgive her this intrusion,
It was only . . .? illusion.
It was only a dream,
That never will come true.

For a time will come in life,
Not Summer, but September.
Before you know, it's there
And you have met December.
Too late for wishing well,
Too late to say, oh well.
So reconsider, your heart's affair.

If love goes by your way,
Don't hesitate, accept it.
You may not have a chance again
So think and don't neglect it.
The gift of love is life,
So live your life in full.
There is enough of love, for all,
For him, and her, and you.

Music by S. Kowalyk

Lady in Waiting

Oh, Lady in Waiting
Aren't you regretting
Your wasted youth,
Your wasted years,
And you, never mating?

Oh Lady in Waiting
Are you forgetting
That all pleasures
Life was offering you
Were yours for the taking?

Oh Lady in Waiting
Are you still hesitating,
For the summer of your life
Is gone.
Are you celebrating?

Where have you been?
What a waste I say.
Cast away your facial screen,
Go and start to play.

Forget the life before,
For time is going too fast.
What are you waiting for,
Or is it too much to ask?

Could it be that your answer is,
You like the way you live —
Like the weeds between the trees.
Don't you have anything to give?

Or was it someone's fault
That made you hesitate.
Was he giving you pepper with salt,
In doses every day?

You could still make him pay,
For all those salted tears.
I dare you, to go to him, and say,
To hell with you, you b.....! Cheers!

The Journey

In the infinite time,
In the infinite space,
A finite life span
I can see in your face.

And what I can see,
You can't erase,
Accept the inevitable,
Live your life in peace.

You walk and talk,
You sleep and eat,
The game that you are playing,
Seems so complete.

You laugh and cry,
And fall in love.
Where does it lead you,
My pretty dove?

You search for the truth,
That you can't discover.
Your eyes won't rest,
For the play isn't over.

Days and nights are merging
Into one another.
The journey continues,
For you, me and others.

The time will run out,
Even without a goodbye.
You can't prevent it,
Hard, as you might try.

Will it be the end,
Or the start of a new beginning,
Where only the "hereafter",
Might have any meaning?

For nature revives,
After the winter's season,
Is there a hope for us,
Within the limits of reason?

Shadows

Do you remember love?
Do you remember mine?
Do you remember nights
sparkling with wine?
Stars and the moonlight,
embraces and kisses
until the end of time.
Where are the promises
To one you said
was so divine?
Do you remember days,
with sun playing on your smile?
Dancing, romancing,
and things that we could combine?
Long days and late nights,
the laughter and sparkle
in your blue eyes.
Where have they gone,
where are you now?
Years have lost my lovely flowers.
Lovely flowers, a heart's gift from you.
How they bloomed all the time
in the springtime,
with the fire of love and youth.
Gone forever, priceless treasure
blown away on the wings of time.
Gone to seek some other pleasures —
You have gone,
But once you were mine.

Music by S. Kowalyk

Sunflowers

Flowers of the sun I call you fondly,
Reaching from the earth to brother sun.
Opening your faces, growing proudly,
What you can do, no other flowers can.

Growing in the garden, oh so lovely
Swaying with the wind and bending low,
In mysterious ways, you and you only
Take beauty from the sun, its richness and glow.

Once I had a garden full of flowers.
What a joy they were to us all.
I would watch their golden heads for hours,
I would see them growing very tall.

The sun was shining bright, it seemed forever,
Not a cloud to darken my young mind.
Never with a thought of leaving ever,
The part of the earth, flowers of my own kind.

When I left, the heavens were still crying
Dropping tears of parting all around.
And my golden flowers slowly dying,
Yet not forgotten flowers of the sun.

Still I see them lying oh, so lonely,
Crying to the sun in such despair.
Flowers of the sun. My flowers only.
I wish I could have helped — just being there.

My sunflowers, golden flowers, as it happened once before
I would like so much to see you, if only I had the chance.
Only in my dreams I touch you,
Only through a haze I see you.
Are you blooming still, in a swaying dance?
Are you blooming still, in a swaying dance?

Music by Stefania Kowalyk

People

The road of our life is a hard one and very lonely.
Although we in a lifetime meet so many different people,
With some of them in greeting we shake their hands only,
With the passing years some others we get to know a little more.

Some people behave in a way we don't care much about,
And the reason? who would really know it.
But for others sincerely, we put ourselves out,
We like them or love them and we always show it.

We meet all sorts of people: happy, unhappy and sad.
Some very beautiful or ugly and usually quite by chance.
We come across gentle ones or some thoroughly bad.
Others, like walking shadows — we hardly give them a glance.

Seldom we meet the very rich as if it would really matter.
Money buying them prestige, while others are bending to them low.
But every day we see the poor and we hear their merry laughter;
Or old, incurably sick. They go, where all of us too must go.

Many of us step on spiky thorns that are hard to see.
For the grief we cause others, we hardly ever take the blame.
For such is the nature of us earthlings. Different, it couldn't be.
For our life would be too good to be true, with all of us being
good and sane.

We also meet in our lives people of different races.
Wherever we go today, our skin betrays our looks.
Our birth is chosen and we can never change our places
Or faces; But perhaps fantasy and magic exist not only in books?

When there is a large gathering and the crowd is thick
It seems that all the energy is drawn out from me by people.
One tries to figure it out, what is it that makes them tick?
Doesn't it seem that our existence is mysteriously unreal — a little?

On This Earth

On this earth
We have the continents,
We have the oceans,
The mountains and the seas.
In the continent called Europe,
There exists a country
And if you don't know its name,
It is called Ukraine.
Her soil dark and rich,
With lush orchards, flowers and the trees.
Placed by the Black Sea . . .
But, is she free?
Ukraine, you are so dear to me.

On this earth
We have the Nations,
We have their people,
And many of them live free.
Lucky these Nations,
But not my Nation.
Lucky their people,
But not my people.
These lucky Nations
Take their freedom for granted
For freedom is their natural way of life.
They are free,
As should every Nation,
Be!

Men

Men. Difficult creatures from mankind's early beginnings.
Don't they realise themselves who they really are?
Many a cruel species with callous twisted feelings,
On the outside they appear as beings, without the slightest scar.

Of course they realise, what they are doing to this planet,
The wars that have been raging since our memory exists.
Crimes, abuse, violence, we all are suffering and they know it.
Was a man born in God's image, behaving in the way he does?

Judging from history's happenings, no, a million times — no!
If he was, he lost that "goodness" a very long time ago.
What is left is a mind, that can't reason at all,
Without kindness, understanding, love, as we women well know.

Their ways haven't changed, how brutal is their verbal sting.
Yet they rule the world and women are short of slaves.
Emancipation? Forget it! This is what they would like us to think;
In reality, we women are so blind and pretend about men's
changed ways.

Well, we have to give credit to some, that are good — hurray!
They are very humane, perfect fine souls without reproach.
As I grew, my father was the very example I could honestly say.
Children possess an intuition, that goes beyond an earthly touch.

If we women became harder we learned a good lesson,
For who was a better teacher than a man in his own domain!
With a dominant, ruthless manner, mental cruelty without reason,
We earthlings are falling downhill. Who is going to stop us in time?

As I am Dancing

As I am dancing, I can hardly see the floor,
For tears are blinding my way.
I hear people laughing and clapping for more,
Yet I feel shame from my emotional display.

But I am so lonely and lost in this crowd,
And as for the man I dance with I don't care!
He holds me so close, and talks so loud,
And disturbs my thoughts of despair.

It is you that I love, but you are swirling around,
And the girl in your arms is someone new.
If only you would have cared, then you would have found
A chance for one small glance, or even two.

Through my tearful eyes I can see you smile,
And the smile is full of promise, full of joy.
So silently I say to my lost love: goodbye,
He has found another willing toy.

Enchanted Waltz

While they are dancing their hearts begin romancing,
Dancing, waltzing, asking for more and more.
While they are dancing, their words laughingly are fencing,
Swirling with the music that they so much adore.

The couples softly swaying, so much their eyes are saying.
The atmosphere enchanting. There's magic in the room.
His whisper's so caressing, questioning, embracing,
He wonders if the music will stop to play too soon.

While they are dancing, she looks around her, glancing
At her lover, he is with someone new.
Full of sorrow, without hope for tomorrow;
Their romance has ended; his heart was never true.

The couple softly swaying, so much their eyes are saying.
The atmosphere still enchanting, so much magic in the room.
His whisper's so caressing, with questions embracing,
But she hopes that all this music will finish playing soon.

Music by S. Kowalyk

Illusions

There is a river long and very wide
That carries water with grandeur and pride.
The water flows in neverending sway,
Glittering from the moon and dancing through the day.
I have a few things to tell you,
She whispers in a mysterious way.

If only I could ever
Only once. One only time
Flow away, like a mighty river.
If I could, then I would try.
If only once, in a lifetime
I could fly across the bay,
I would spread my wings
Fly away, away.

Enchanting many people all the time —
Fond of the songs she is; of the years gone by.
The stars, the dearest of friends and she — living on rain
So angry she could be, but all in vain
If you could hear her talking,
You do never the same again.

So flow, O mighty river
Carry water on your way.
Take all my wishes with you.
Hurry on, please do not play.
Take my greetings to the loved ones,
To their home, I knew so well.
Take good wishes
For the future I pray.

Music by S. Kowalyk

Words of Love

When in love in your dreams,
A magic light opens beams.
And you are free like a bird,
Flying to sounds that you have heard.
Where, a girl waits for you,
With red lips, eyes so blue,
With every moment, every minute.

You call out, "Darling mine,
You are so lovely, divine.
Don't go please, you will miss,
The chance if you want to be kissed".
Words of love, oh! so true.
"They are only for you,
My love".

For true love you can't buy,
Sell or steal, lend or hire.
You can't get it from the air.
So what's in a casual affair?
You can only give love
Free of charge, from your heart,
To the one you can't resist.

"Please" he said, "wait for me,
If you don't, you will see,
That love will wither away
If you won't let me stay —
Give your heart darling, do,
Can't you see, I love you,
Every moment, every second, every minute."

Music by S. Kowalyk

Was it a Game?

Waking in the still of morning,
Moments in the empty darkness,
Shadows dimmed by tears — they call your name.
Hazy thoughts, some things recalling
Memories still rolling, rolling,
Seems like it was only yesterday.

When you left, the leaves were falling.
You could hear me calling, calling.
Was it love for you? Was it a game?
The sun was down and night was creeping
Slowly, slowly without pity.
Do you still remember me today?

Do you remember spring,
The full moon in the sky.
Do you remember dreams
We had, you and I.
Do you remember words
“My lovely and so divine”.
We have said hello to love,
And then goodbye.

The love I had for you
Was burning in my heart,
The love I offered you
You have torn it apart.
The love you took away,
With words I can never say.
What meant then so much to me
Was never to be.

Music by S. Kowalyk

What Have You Done to My Roses?

A gift of roses was the love from you.
I dreamt of them, all the night through
And in the dream remembered the night,
Where stars were bright. Love so right.
Love, that never meant so long to last.
In the dream, you had talked to me at last — at last.

You had said, "Oh darling heart,
What have you done to all my roses?
They grew in my heart
Only for you and not for others.
Oh darling, couldn't you see
My love for you would bloom for ever.
Why couldn't you see it darling, ever,
Why couldn't there be just me and you".

Suddenly awake. I was alone,
And realised the dream was gone.
The dream, the roses and you too,
Faded in the morning dew.
Only an echo of your words still there
Reminded me of our distant heart affair.

"Oh darling of my dream
Sorry that I have lost your roses.
Perhaps they after all
Went back to you. And the others?
Perhaps they withered away
Like the love of ours that forever died.
Beautiful roses, my heart's desire.
Beautiful roses gone astray."

Music by S. Kowalyk

Sleep Will Come

Night is here and sleep will follow soon.
Night is here and waiting for the moon.
In the dark I hear your silent prayer:
Come sleep, come, please do not go away,
If you do, the hours will be very long
Before the sun sends rays too strong
For you to stay.

In the night nature's very still.
Comes the night, sun sleeps behind the hill.
Only the moon, glittering in the sky
With the stars, wonders why, oh why,
You can't sleep. Where is the dream to help you meet
Fairyland, so brightly lit.
Where is the dream?

When sleep came, the sun dried morning dew.
Moon and stars vanished in early light too.
Please forgive, said sleep, for waiting long.
It's time for me, to say to you — so long.
It's time for you to get ready for the day,
For you can see that I can't stay
With you.

Don't be sad that you couldn't sleep last night.
Look around, the morning is so bright.
Sleep will come and dreams will follow too.
In the spring when the moon is born anew,
Only then, when the grass is green and the sky is blue,
The dream will come especially too,
For you.

Music by S. Kowalyk

Flowers of Love

What you called love was — flirtation.
I trusted you, why wouldn't I?
Never to my expectation
Would it end, without goodbye.
With the wind came the words, "I adore you".
The cuckoo bird in the woods, sang "cuckoo",
Telling us that our love would live forever,
But was it true?
With the wind, came the words, "I adore you".
There was a spark in your eyes, oh so blue.
I remember so well I remember
And as long as I live, I dream of you.

Flowers of love in springtime,
Flowers of love in the fall,
Flowers of love in the summer,
Never bloomed better of all.
Winter came; and the flowers of your love
Started to wither that day.
Petals died, and how much I cried,
Still hoping you wouldn't go away.
Petals died, and yet you couldn't deny
You were happy and gay.

If ever the wind will blow my way,
What will it say, what will it say?
Will it remind me of those spring nights
Of not forgotten days?
But the words will not come with its blowing.
For no words are meant for me now.
The cuckoo bird will not cuckoo its loving
And the days pass, somehow.
And the words will not come with its blowing.
The spark died in your eyes, sad — so blue.
But the love for you in my heart is still flowing
And as long as I live, I dream of you.

Music by S. Kowalyk

To the Light

To the light sisters, to the light brothers,
To the light together we must stream.
It will enlighten the path for us and others,
It will give happiness and esteem.

To the light dozers, wake up you slumberers,
Don't let ignorance prevail.
The magical books are growing in numbers,
Let's throw away the stubborn veil.

A book is such a treasure, a magnificent teacher,
Shining in the dark with so many shapes.
Waiting to give wisdom now and in the future,
Let's read it as long as it takes.

We Have the Answers

Christmas Day comes to us every year
And Christmas carols we gladly hear.
The time for rejoicing then will start
With children playing the biggest part.
The wonder in their eyes we see
When lighting up our Christmas tree.
Waiting for gifts, what will it be,
What will good Santa bring for me.
And baby Jesus, is he still there?
Playing with Angels in heaven somewhere?
We have the answer, one that we may
Be sure of ourselves. And to them we say:
“A Great Being was born on Christmas Day”.

The End of the Beginning

The robot looked down.
Before him
kneeled the last man
on earth.
Women sat around gloating.
"Mercy", pleaded the man,
"don't kill me!
How are you going
to populate
the earth without me!
"Rest easy", said the robot.
"You should have thought
twice,
before you constructed me.
Who needs you?
Die"

The Night of the Vampire

The night was very hot.
A full moon was shining
through the open window
into the bedroom.
The man on the bed
was tossing
and restlessly turning
Was he anticipating doom?
She came humming
into the room
full of instinctive expectations.
Touched his face,
kissed his lips,
drawing blood.
He killed her.
A . . . mosquito.

Where Are You Friend?

Since you left us our hearts are lonely.
Passing into eternity in eucalyptus land.
Days would pass so listlessly and, but for one thing only,
You appear in our dreams with flowers in your hand.

Do you dream at all in the silence of the night
Of memorable years, of togetherness,
Of loved ones and friends, shimmering stage lights,
Of anxiety, sorrow and your loneliness?

How often do you dream of the glittering nights?
Piano was your life, playing soul's necessity.
Or do you enjoy now astral delights?
Perhaps you are sleeping in immobility.

Where are you friend, now that you are gone
To an invisible world, to a faraway shore —
To a new dimension. What is left is a stone,
In memory to a man that lived and is now gone.

We don't know the answers, for who can tell —
Surely not the dead. They are dead.
And not the living. Yet some of them still sell,
Unanswerable guesses, thin as the thinnest thread.



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An Anthology of Poems