

Greetings from Cracow

... I remembered him from before,
when he was selling pretzels...
here on the corner,
in Drobnierówka, in the beautiful,
wooden pavilion that used to exist back then.

that

must

have been

1950s
early

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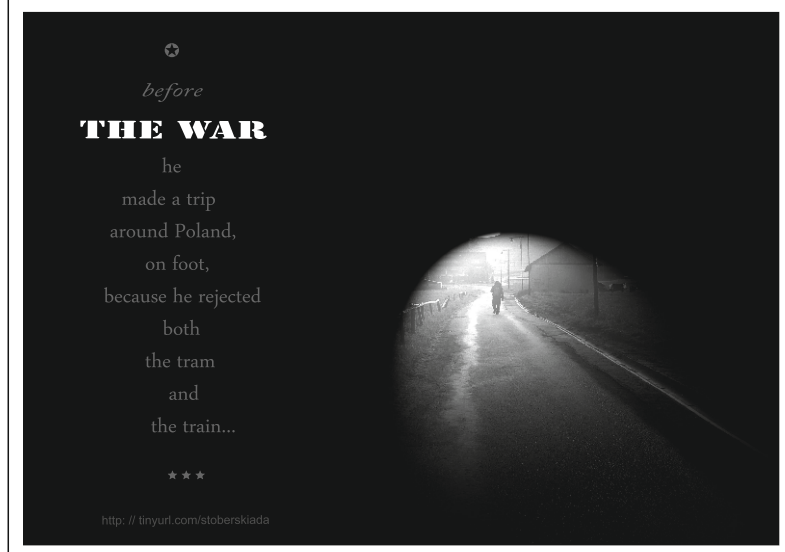


HE WAS

an utterly private

OUTSIDER

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before
THE WAR

he
made a trip
around Poland,
on foot,
because he rejected
both
the tram
and
the train...

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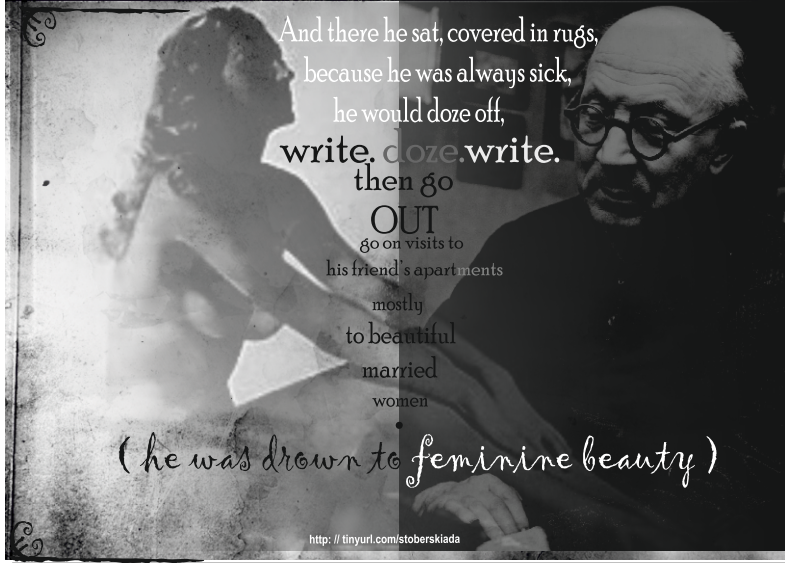


His backpack had rice and a gas cooker,
but at one point the cooker broke and he had
to eat the rice raw

this gave him volvulus and he lay in some bushes

somewhere up in the Pomieranian region, until it passed.

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And there he sat, covered in rugs,
because he was always sick,
he would doze off,
write. doze. write.
then go
OUT
go on visits to
his friend's apartments
mostly
to beautiful
married
women

(he was drawn to feminine beauty)

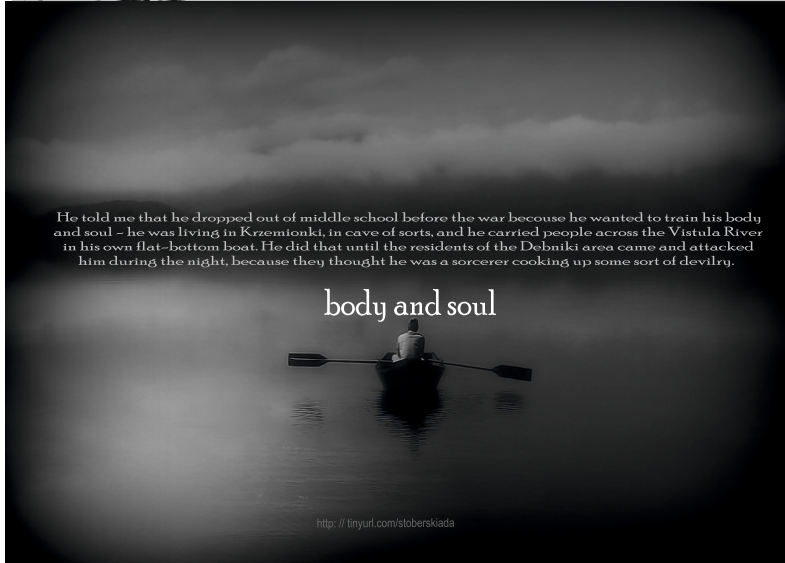
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HE SMELLED BAD BECAUSE HE WAS A DIABETIC.
THE STINK IN HIS APARTMENT WAS AWFUL.
HE TRIED TO TEMPER IT WITH TREE BRAN-
CHES AND JUNIPER BUT NOTHING WORKED.
THE DIRT THE STINK THE DARKNESS THE DIR-
T THE STINK THE DARKNESS THE DIRT T-
HE STINK THE DARKNESS THE DIRT THE S-
TINK THE DARKNESS THE DIRT THE STINK

THE DARKNESS

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He told me that he dropped out of middle school before the war because he wanted to train his body and soul - he was living in Krzemionki, in cave of sorts, and he carried people across the Vistula River in his own flat-bottom boat. He did that until the residents of the Dobnia area came and attacked him during the night, because they thought he was a sorcerer cooking up some sort of devilry.

body and soul

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but a saintly infidel
HE was an infidel
very hard on himself
in HIS pocket, HE was
HE always had a bun
1906 - 1997
Saintly-Infidel

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