he novel begins in 2025, and it is the continuation of Clark’s excellent *Wichym lesie Vermontu* (2010). The narrative centers around Halina Szadurska’s daughter who is, perhaps, also the daughter of the famed novelist Rubin (modeled on Philip Roth). As always in Clark, a detective story and an unexpected ending compete for attention.

I Remember Bialystok

*Pamiętam Białystok*

Mark F. Tattenbaum

Huddled deep under the bed clothes
*Skulony głęboko w pościeli*
As deep as the blanket of snow
Outside my window

I remember Bialystok
*Pamiętam Białystok*

My Grandfather’s Białystok
*Mego dziadka Białystok*

Now My Białystok
*Teraz mój Białystok*
And I remember the desolation of the Polish Winter
*Polska zima*
That followed so quickly
On the heels of that Golden Polish Autumn
Birch trees with golden leaves
*brzozy w złote liście*
Against the cobalt sky
Of my Grandfather’s village
*Mojego dziadka wioski*

Deep under this blanket of snow
*Głęboko pod tą koldrą śniegu*
I remember...
I remember
*Akademicka Street*
*Pamiętam*
*Ulicę Akademicką*
Walking in the park
Amongst a cathedral of trees

Surrounding me
Ducks on Branicki Palace pond
Brides posing for photographers
That Glorious Golden Polish Autumn
*Ta Glorious złota jesień polska*
On Academia Street...

I remember
past *Akademicka* Street
up the walkway
where it joins the Rynek
There is a Bar
where the Polish Lunch Ladies work
Telling me to “Take Vegetables”
Snippets of the Cold War remain...

I remember
walking on *Młynowa* Street
Beyond the Hall of Justice
There!
There stands the remains
Of the Nazi justice
Severely dealt to
The Polish Jews
Locked in the Temple
Burnt to the ground
A dinosaur remains
The giant Metal skeleton
Twisted and torn
Only the dome survives

Lying on the ground
It remains
2000 souls perished
There!

The old Orthodox Church
in the middle of the city
close to the shwarma stand
Surrounded by walls
old wooden gate
swings to admit me.

I wander about
the church door unlocked
I slip in
like one of Amahl’s night visitors

The immenseness of the church
swallows me
the fragrance of the incense transports me to G-d

Architecture and Angels surround me
faces of Saints stare back at me
They recognize me they smile
But I do not recognize these Eastern Saints.

I pray
from fear or joy
I know not which
An eternity passes
I slowly remember myself
and pass through the swinging wooden door.

Out again
to the streets of the profane world

Out to Bookstores
Searching for English texts in a Polish world

Out to Candy stores
Searching for chocolates in a Polish world

Out to the Delicatessen
on the Rynek

Where the Delicatessen Ladies waited on the crazy American Professor and hand sliced my Salmon and wrapped my cucumbers and onions all with a smile for Professor Pepsi!

Out of Bialystok! Somewhere in northeastern Poland Transported by Pawel. Volkswagen gliding black ribbon of highway surrounded by fields of snow.

We travel deep into the forest close to the Belarus border. We park near Bocian’s nest. Just for luck!

We set off into the forest. My mind’s eye conjures images German tanks and German soldiers.

The din of tanks and gunfire. The silence of premature death. Alone in this forest cacophony of carnage. Alone in the past.

A low stonewall delimits the boundary of the graveyard. Blowing snow . . . eyes have difficulty reading inscriptions. Headstones incised with three languages. What do the dead care to read?

Paweł’s quiet words gently shake me from this dream. Marek, we should have some soup. It is bitter in this forest. I am worried you are cold.

We emerge from the forest. We meet with a Professor of Tatar Studies Enjoy a simple Tatar soup.

We return to Bocian Wracamy do Bocian Head to Bialystok Picking up a hitchhiker On this cold cold day In northeastern Poland.

The sun descends the sky is dark. . . stars ascend into the heavenly canopy I cannot shake the horrors of the past.

We return to Bialystok Wracamy do Białegostoku I remember pamiętam the warm city lights Ciepłe światła miasta that warmed my cold soul. które ogrzewają moją zimną duszę.

I remember pamiętam so many places
Tak wiele miejsc
so many smiling faces
Tyle uśmiechnietych twarzy

I remember
pamiętam
so many students
tak wielu uczniów
so many smiling faces
Tyle uśmiechnietych twarzy

I came searching for my Grandfather
Przyszedlem szukać mojego dziadka
I came searching for my past
Przyszedlem szukać mojej przeszłości
I found my future in you
Znalazłem moją przyszłość w Tobie

What a wonderful discovery!
Co za wspaniałe odkrycie!

I sit in my library
Siedzę w mojej bibliotece
this cold winter day
W ten zimny zimowy dzień
sun low on the horizon
Niskie słońce na horyzoncie

I remember
pamiętam
Because of you
Dzięki Tobie
I remember Białystok!
Pamiętam Białystok!
Not my Grandfather’s Białystok . . .
Nie Białystok dziadka . . .
But . . .
My Białystok!
Ale . . .
Mój Białystok!

(Continued from Page 1776)

NOTES

5 Unless stated otherwise, fragments of Norwid’s poems are given in Agnieszka Mizera’s translation.
7 The translations by Brajerska-Mazur were done especially for this article.
10 Norwid, vol. 1, 236.
11 To date the problem of martyrdom in Norwid has been studied most extensively by Beata Wołoszyn in Norwid ocala. Heroizm, śmierć i zmartwychwstanie w twórczości postromantyka (Kraków: Collegium Columbinum, 2008) and Jacek Salij, “Problem męczeństwa u Norwida,” in Norwid a chrześcijaństwo, eds. Józef Fert and Piotr Chlebowski, 31–51 (Lublin: Towarzystwo Naukowe KUL, 2002).
13 My annotation — LN.
14 Norwid, vol. 1, 164.
15 Translated by A. Brajerska-Mazur.
16 Norwid, vol. 1, 164.
17 Translated by A. Brajerska-Mazur.
18 I use Stefan Sawicki’s redaction of Norwid’s poem “Dla czego Sokrat nie uszed z więzienia” in the chapter titled “Czy Norwid sławił mistrza Andrzeja? O wierszu ‘Do A.T.‘,” in Wartość – sacrum – Norwid 2. Studia i szkice aksjologiczno-literackie (Lublin: Wydawnictwo KUL, 2006, 231); it is significantly different from the one presented in Pisma wszystkie edited by Juliusz Wiktor Gomulicki (Cyprian Norwid, vol. 3, 519). In the subsequent part of my essay I also use Sawicki’s interpretative findings.
19 Norwid, vol. 2, 156.