

W Bibliotekach Miłości

In endless libraries of love
There is lots of books on god
(or gods, depending on city)
Books on pretty ladies - samely boundless
Since age of reason, there come chemistry ones

Oh, books of love, empty
Oh, books of the soil
Kingdom of blood and flesh

I read them, searching for wisdom of ages
But nowhere I can find my soul
Its love, though eternal
Needs to write its own book, contribute to the shelves
Yet new, but deeper in their belovedness
In their own way - don't think we are vain

Our books though, loving depths of the soul
Do not look down on others
Alone cherishing our flower of mystery

We fell in love in beauty, body, spirits of the universe
But without depth, what is love for?
Seeing through each other, silent whispers
Without nighttalks and mornhugs
Without hands intertwined and smiles in the rain

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Translation have slight changes towards the original:

belovedness is neologism trying to be more accurate translation to "umiłowanie", meaning deep love and care for someone, usually for situations when that person has long, cherishing love relationship

seeing through each other is trying to capture the most of two worlds, trying to capture the meaning, yet not lose poetic soul. But since English has a lot of "holes of meaning" in several words, general meaning of this stich was "to get to know each other, to the extent of being transparent, but also learn ourselves"

Poem written during journey from Cracow to Rabka, after reading "Sufism: A Beginner's Guide" by William C. Chittick, but also from talk with Stjerne about "The Sorrows of Young Werther".

In short, poem talks about my thoughts that - even though ideal of love is seen as something belonging to ancient times, and it's current times being "rotten" - my idea on love is strongly anchored in current understanding of love, and older understandings seem to be strange quite often [» *but nowhere I can find my soul*].

A lot of how old times perceived love, it was quite cynical/calculated, defined human's love as "crippled god's love" [» *there is lots of books on god*], focused solely on beauty [» *books on pretty ladies*, partly it's reference to Stjerne interpretation on Werter book], or defined it reductively as "only chemistry of the brain" [» *chemistry books*].

I call those understandings as empty and set on *blood and flesh* (which is reference to Bee Gees' song "Flesh and Blood"), because I see a lot of ugliness in those views on love. If God exists, they wouldn't look down on human love, just to empower his own. But, who knows...

Next part of the poem is kinda a call to arms, for my own soul, but also to you, if you share my vision on love (which is explained at the end). In Nietzschean way, if all we witness is love treated as a tool, defined so poorly, we should write our own books on love, smithing out this term anew, as "smiths of the souls" from my poems.

Yet new shelves is exactly that thought that my love, despite being *endless* (ancient), it is also *new*, in a sense that it derives way more from goth music or existentialist views than from true ancient times, or even, sometimes, romanticism (although I still feel this epoch quite strongly, but as seen, there are exceptions).

Our books though, loving depths of the soul / Do not look down on others / Alone cherishing our flower of mystery is pointing out that those criticised understandings take quite authoritarian/hierarchic stance on their topic. It is either reduced (scientific reductionism), or put as servant (god's love), or simplified (love bound to beauty or reduced to sole sexuality). *Flower of the mystery* is reference to Rumi poems from Chittick's book, where Rumi explained love as something unknown and mysterious - and in this part, I fully agree.

Last verse is manifesto of love - I point out that I don't reject other ones, but I criticise their incompleteness. Elements I used, can be understood in such key:

seeing through - empathy, getting to know each other

whispers - subtlety

nighttalk - getting to know our minds, "life's ambrosy" as in my "Co (Nie)Istotne" poem

mornhug - tenderness

hands - union and mutuality

smile in the rain - being together in bad (usually I use "rain" differently, but this time I used common meaning of it)

Generally it's good to read this poem with "Co (Nie)Istotne", because it is great supply of meaning. Though topic of "loving what is unloved" appeared also in other poems (such as "Na Cmentarzu Słońca" or "Gottensmenschen").

Orange Sector "Cry For Belief", "Kalt Wie Stahl", "Frequenzangriff"; Rat Kru "Ego"