



“How much better is silence;
the coffee cup, the table. How
much better to sit by myself like
the solitary sea-bird that opens
its wings on the stake. Let me sit
here for ever with bare things,
this coffee cup, this knife, this
fork, things in themselves, myself
being myself.”

VIRGINIA WOOLE, *THE WAVES*

Dear Stranger, keep this bookmark –
may it bring you luck. Also, I would like
to tell you about someone special –
Ewa (1982–2022). Please, visit website
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WWW.EWAMLYNARCZYK.PL/EN



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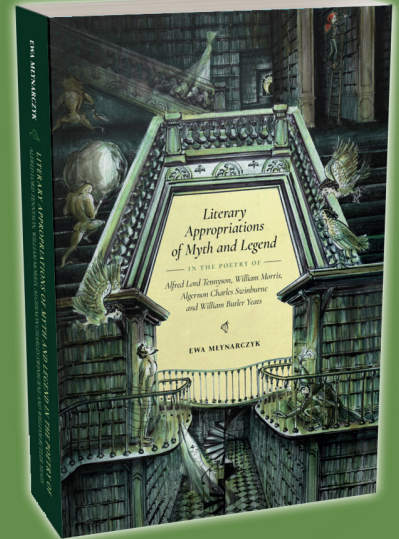


“Every glorious sight above us,
Every pleasant sight beneath,
We’ll connect with those that love us,
Whom we truly love till death!
[...] So there’s no use in weeping,
Bear a cheerful spirit still;
Never doubt that Fate is keeping
Future good for present ill!”

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, *PARTING*



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“All the words that I utter,
And all the words that I write,
Must spread out their wings untiring,
And never rest in their flight,
Till they come where your sad, sad heart is,
And sing to you in the night,
Beyond where the waters are moving,
Storm-darken’d or starry bright.”

W. B. YEATS, *WHERE MY BOOKS GO*



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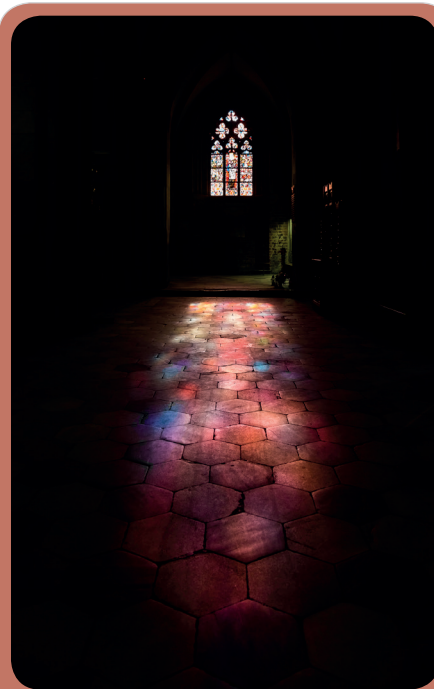


“Ah, that my hope thy dream might pierce!
That mid the dreadful grief and tears,
Which presently shall rend thine heart,
This word the cloud might draw apart:
My feet, lost Love, shall wander soon
East of the Sun, West of the Moon!”

WILLIAM MORRIS, *THE LAND EAST OF THE SUN
AND WEST OF THE MOON*



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“When weary with the long day’s care,
And earthly change from pain to pain,
And lost, and ready to despair,
Thy kind voice calls me back again
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EMILY BRONTË, *TO IMAGINATION*

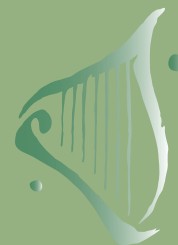


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“We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

ALFRED TENNYSON, *ULYSSES*



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“Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved’s bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.”

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, *TO —*



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“I believe—I know that ghosts have wandered the earth. Be with me always—take any form—drive me mad. Only do not leave me in this abyss, where I cannot find you!”

EMILY BRONTË, *WUTHERING HEIGHTS*



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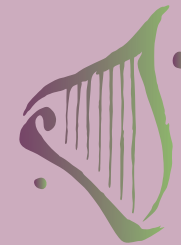
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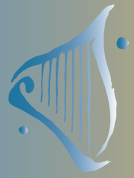
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“My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky;
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The Child is father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *MY HEART
 LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD...*

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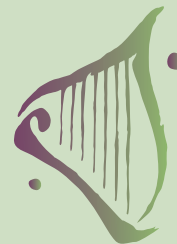


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 I shall not live in vain;
 If I can ease one life the aching,
 Or cool one pain,
 Or help one fainting robin
 Unto his nest again,
 I shall not live in vain.

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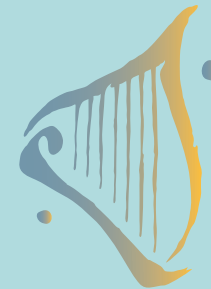


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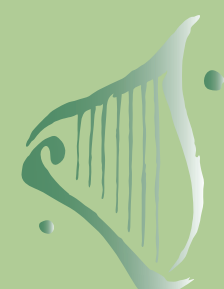


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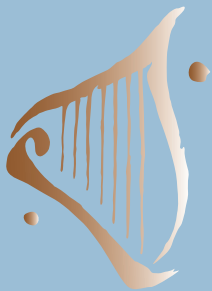


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“Men’s love and birds’ love,
 And women’s love and men’s!
 And you my wren with a crown of gold,
 You my queen of the wrens!
 You the queen of the wrens—
 We’ll be birds of a feather,
 I’ll be King of the Queen of the wrens,
 And all in a nest together.”

ALFRED TENNYSON, *THE WINDOW*;
 OR, *THE SONGS OF THE WRENS*

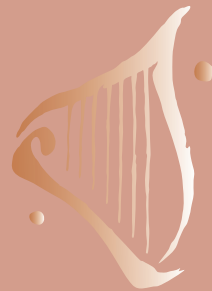


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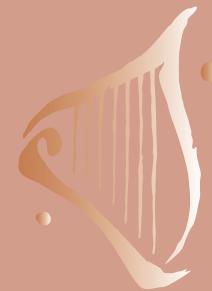


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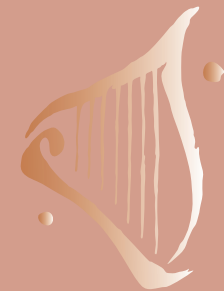


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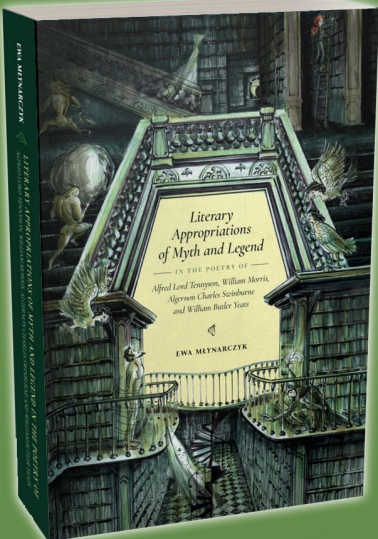


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„Książki nie są jedynie martwymi przedmiotami, lecz zawierają w sobie potencjał życia i mogą działać z mocą równą duszy, która je zrodziła. Zaiste, zawarta jest w nich, jak w fiołce, najczystsza esencja intelektu, którego są potomstwem”.

JOHN MILTON, *AREOPAGITICA*,
TLUM. J. RZEPA



Drogi Nieznajomy/Droga Nieznajoma,
zatrzymaj tę zakładkę – na szczęście!
Zapraszam Cię na stronę poświęconą
komuś szczególnemu – **Ewie** (1982–2022).
Czeka tam na Ciebie Jej książka:
WWW.EWAMLYNARCZYK.PL



“I choć nie mamy tyłu sił, co dawniej,
By niebo wzruszyć i ziemię – jesteśmy
Sobą w serc spójni heroicznej, które
Los steraj; wola w nich wciąż silna – każę
Walczyć i szukać – i nie ustępować”.

ALFRED TENNYSON, *ULYSSES*



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„Dźwięki konają, lecz muzyka
W pamięci drga i mózg przenika.
Fiołki więdną, lecz ich woni
Życie w swych zmysłach nie roztrwoni.

A kwiat, strząśnięty z martwej róży,
Kochanej za posłanie służy.
Tak i twa myśl, gdy rzucasz ziemię,
W łonie Miłości dalej drzemie...”

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, *DO...*
TLUM. J. PIETRKIEWICZ



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„Serce mi z piersi się wyrывa,
Gdy ujrzę w niebie tęczy łuk.
Tak samom patrzał – dziecko małe,
Jak teraz patrzę, gdy dojrzałem.
O, niech się wznosi starość siwa
Lub śmierć niech zwali z nóg!
Ojcem Człowieka – Dziecko małe.
Więc pragnę: wciąż niech serce wzłata
I swojskim czuciem spaja lata”.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
SERCE MI Z PIERSI SIĘ WYRYWA...
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A nie będę żyła daremnie –
Jedno serce przed bólem osłonić,
Złagodzić jedno cierpienie –

Gdy słabnący rudzik do gniazda
Odnajdzie drogę przeze mnie –
Nie będę żyła daremnie.

EMILY DICKINSON, *JEDNO SERCE*,
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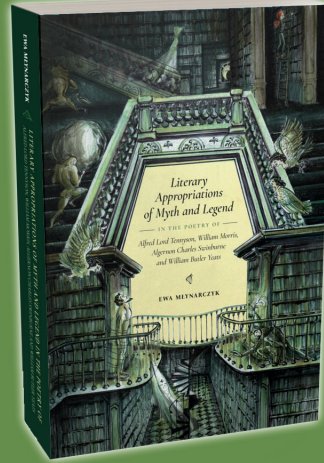


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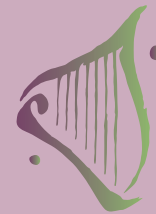


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Piotr Sabiniarz

“Every glorious sight above us,
Every pleasant sight beneath,
We’ll connect with those that love us,
Whom we truly love till death!
[...] So there’s no use in weeping,
Bear a cheerful spirit still;
Never doubt that Fate is keeping
Future good for present ill!”

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, *PARTING*

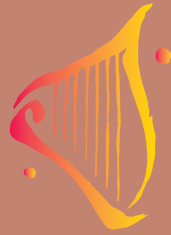


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“Angels, answer me,
are you near if rain should fall?
Am I to believe
you will rise to calm the storm?
For so great a treasure
words will never do.
Surely, if this is,
promises are mine to give you,
mine to give...”

ROMA RYAN, *ANGELES*



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“Breathe life into this feeble heart
Lift this mortal veil of fear
Take these crumbled hopes, etched with tears
We’ll rise above these earthly cares

Cast your eyes on the ocean
Cast your soul to the sea
When the dark night seems endless
Please remember me
Please remember me.”

LOREENA MCKENNITT, *DANTE'S PRAYER*



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All the words that I utter,
And all the words that I write,
Must spread out their wings untiring,
And never rest in their flight,
Till they come where your sad, sad heart is,
And sing to you in the night,
Beyond where the waters are moving,
Storm-darken'd or starry bright.

W. B. YEATS, *WHERE MY BOOKS GO*



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