

Joined up writing Unite! Edition 2025

Project leaders

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Original curator of the Joined Up Writing' concept Fin Hall (Scottish poet)

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Original text

English translation

crossing borders, changing words i speak in foreign now, perhaps as you exploring voices, blurring, drifting this crazy mess, this yet to be¹⁾

To be ourselves and accepted is not crazy nor it is wise
Only much harder than expected
But when we do we will all rise²

We'll stumble and blink, but we'll rise We, the shy and the fools, the beggars and the wise, We'll wake the deaf with our silent cries⁽³⁾

Une tornade silencieuse surgit soudainement Après le fracas vient l'étonnement : Comment peut-on encore rester vivant ?

Le manque est total, cruel, inhumain, Les larmes ruissellent jusqu'à mes mains, Heureusement il me reste demain !⁽⁴⁾

Tomorrow, yes, tomorrow, The day when all is possible, The time to regenerate and to think Anew...⁽⁵⁾ A silent tornado suddenly arises After the uproar comes the astonishment: How can anyone still be alive?

The lack is total, cruel, inhuman, Tears flow down to my hands, Fortunately, I still have tomorrow!





















Anew, anew, whatever might it mean? Starting afresh, reborn, something unseen. (6)

Y ese algo renacido, libre de experiencia Traerá queridas y desconocidas nostalgias, Con sentimientos viejos, reencarnados, De amores no besados, y dolores aún no sufridos.⁽⁷⁾

All these loves, hidden in the depths of ancient Atlantis, Through ocean waves of lost chances—inundated. That all-encompassing desire for glorious bliss. Let us not dream, but live! Let us live to the fullest! Through all the pain, joys, sorrows, happiness! Keep moving forward—each moment revealing, That life's true end is the absence of feelings. (8)

Brak miłości jak noże rzuca w serca dusz zbłąkanych. Zakończyły się marzenia, bez szansy spełnienia i choć pragną żyć, chcą kresu istnienia. Koniec tej nadziei, żalem nasyconej. Obrzydliwa miłość pali zwoje swoje. Ochłąpy tragizmu owinęły bluszcz. Palnę hańbą temu, temu, co chce czuć (9)

To feel: city breathing evening, rain, and traffic lights!
Red light, and inhale stillness, your stillness within steamed windows silent laughing people.
Greeness, step on gas and exhale
Speed, murmuring windscreen wiper,
You honk at the intruder to the melody of your movements.
Redness and inhale,
Inhale, exhale, inhale
Symphony of the wet evening(10)

And that something reborn, free from experience,
Will bring dear and unknown nostalgia
With old feelings, reincarnated,
Of loves yet not kissed, and pains yet not suffered.

Absence of love as knives
he throws into the hearts of lost souls.
The dreams have ended,
No chance of fulfillment
and though they want to live,
they want an end to existence.
The end of hope,
grief saturated.
Disgusting love
he burns his scrolls.
The Tragedy wrapped in ivy.
I am ashamed of it,
of what he wants to feel.





















Symphony of a blue tit's awakening Hugs her winkled hands A wise winter sculpture⁽¹¹⁾

Aucun de nous ne se serait révélé sage J'aurais été oiseleur comblé devant sa cage Vie entière de folie finirait en saccage Car elle est et ne sera toujours que de passage

Je ne peux la changer et je n'oserais toucher À ce qui la rend si rebelle et effrontée Je ne saurais rompre son væu de liberté Corrompre l'essence même de sa plus grande beauté

Je vis dans ses yeux la beauté et la candeur À ce moment une paix profonde m'envahit Une paix qui m'aiderait à affronter toute peur Je ne souhaite qu'une chose :

Qu'elle sourie pour la vie⁽¹²⁾

Her smile lights her face with every glance A silent invitation to a sweet romance Whispering in my ear, what a chance Inviting me to her prom for a dance Suddenly I saw a princess. Was I the prince? Her laugh,like music, filled the air Seeing her smile is like a glimpse of beauty rare In her presence time seemed to slow As the universe itself wanted to show that I am the luckiest person, don't you think so?(13)

The luckiest person is the one who, Knows life means more than "me" or "you". No wealth, no power marks our stay, But the hearts we touch along the way. Those who live in the light of memory, Linger forever, crafting an immortal story. (14)

Of us, none would have been truly wise, I'd have been a birdcatcher lost in her skies. A lifetime of folly would end in demise, For she is, and shall remain, a fleeting surprise.

I cannot change her, nor would I dare, To alter what makes her so wild, so rare. I'd never betray her vow to stay free, Or tarnish the essence of her purest beauty.

In her eyes, I glimpsed both candor and grace, In that moment, deep peace took its place, A peace that could help me all fears outpace. And I wish but one thing:

That her lifelong smile lights her face.









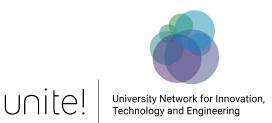












Linger on the rope
Or maybe on a hope
Linger on a thread if you have to
But dont linger on another
Just linger on you.
Linger on the truth
Linger on the upcoming glory (15)

As bold compassion dies, extinguished for false glory, Humanity is in jeopardy, knowing love lies maimed, Now our poetic questing reawakens rebel stories, The truth unseats vile words of those who deal in pain. Will you who weep and wail as hope takes flight Choose shield or sword when called at last to fight? (16)

One last fight they said, the war to end all wars.
But greed prevails and business needs more millions.
But us minions pay the price for the egos of the dealers of hate and pain
And so, we go to battle again. (17)

















