

## Creative Works

### two poems / dwa wiersze

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#### Abstract

Two poems in Polish.

**Keywords:** Polish, poems, medicine, culture

### anatomia i amnezja

wypadek, który się  
nie zdarzył  
roztrzaskał kręgosłup.

lekarz przesuwa kręgi  
jak na liczydło  
rok po roku.

kość wszystko wyśpiewa  
ja nic nie pamiętam

### anatomy of amnesia

accident  
that did not happen  
left the backbone shattered.

like on an abacus  
the doctor moves the vertebrae  
year after year.

the bones will squall  
I remember nothing.

**narkoza**

głęboki wdech  
schodzę na dno morza  
słyszę czyjeś pokasływanie,  
poszczekiwanie i popiskiwanie

to ludzie, psy i ptaki  
powietrza starczy dla wszystkich

wiatr nami faluje  
świat widać po horyzont  
jest jak na morzu – na tym dnie

ryby głosu nie mają  
teraz to nasze siedlisko  
może czekają w głębinach piachu  
i gdy powietrze się skończy  
zatrą nasze ślady

ja też czekam na przyływ  
chce wyjść na powierzchnię.

**anesthesia**

deep breath  
going down to the bottom of the sea  
I can hear someone coughing,  
barking, shrieking

they are  
people, dogs and birds  
there's enough air for everyone

the wind is carrying us  
the world is visible to the horizon  
it's like at sea — on this seabed

fish have no voice  
now it's our domain  
maybe they are waiting in the depths of sand  
to cover our tracks

when the oxygen runs out  
I'm also waiting for the tide  
I want to resurface.

**Magda Szarota**, disability & human rights advocate, disability studies researcher, non-governmental organization (NGO) executive & a photographer.

Artist statement: Succinct. Loaded. Disorientating. That is my way of trying to use poems to probe what it means to feel ‘whole’ and in tune with oneself vis-à-vis delineations and interventions imposed by medicine and culture. Specifically, as a disabled woman with invisible impairments I often face people’s reactions that meander between harsh ableism and privileged treatment. Contradictory lived experiences that are interconnected with my ‘untypical’ and non-apparent impairments inform my poetry as well.

*Author’s additional statement on the COVID-19 pandemic:*

*“In the past months, I have often been at a loss...for words. Lives of elderly pitted against profit. Lives of people with disabilities pitted against 'going back to normal'. Such sentiments became blatantly mainstream and...normalized. Yet, violence is still violence. Spell it out.”*

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