The Song of Kashubia by Jack Kashubeck

Transfixed by the summer sun
where moments pass sweetly.
In a place where fascination
need not be bred by desire.
Here where the myth
is caught napping.
Here where continuance
is not something to be locked in a form
but taken like water
understood but incapable of holding.
Here where the bells
mark not the passage of time
but remind the living
to join in the sound,
to remember and rejoice
in all that eternity is making.

These are the notes in the song,
These are the echoes of Kashubia.
Where grows every tree
you ever climbed
and every trunk where you carved your mark
is nestled amidst those where you inscribed
all the names
of your true loves.

These are the trees
which grow in Kashubia.
In Kashubia, the carving of wood
is art held in the highest esteem.
For it is believed
each tree has a soul
and each sculptor
carves and shapes the wood
as they also carve and shape
their very own soul.

This is what is called
how to remember.
Here in Kashubia,
the land seemingly hidden from view
Where simplicity is gathered
by the children at play.
How effortlessly they dance
to the movement
of which they are.
For the riches they display
are gone
in the flash of a laugh.
Well spent and well used
an investment to be made.
in those who answer in kind.

See how they make love
to their imagination
and you may see
what it is we have lost
as we foolishly play
our serious game.
In the land where the lakes
are measured by depth
yet there is no bottom
that you will find.
For the fishermen catch secrets
and are the sellers of none.
You must know the secrets
before you arrive
or you will leave
without knowing
from where you have come.

Everything remains secret
for those who cannot see.

In Kashubia,
the land where the darkness
never quite wins.
There are splendid colors
embroidering
the fabric of life.
Blue frames the sky
and the waters deep.
Red is the blood
and the fire of life.
Black just a simple reminder
that there always looms
the unknown.
Green is the color
that binds
the air to the earth.
Yellow to show
that the world
must have a sun.
In Kashubia,
the sky is a mirror
for what is below.
So look to the clouds
if you wish to see beauty in truth.
Then look back to the earth
and behold the women
who are formed
from the clouds.
    They are unsurpassed radiance
    coaxing a heart to beat.
They mix ever changing patience
with a measure of laughter
for the work of the world
must have both to go on.
In Kashubia,
misfortune is not a stranger
who has never arrived.
There have been times of great weeping
and there will be more to come.
   But they have invited fortitude
   along for the ride.
For they believe that misfortune
should never travel alone.
So come fill your cup
drink to the tales
that the music will tell
for what can be broken
can also be mended,
if not by a thread
then perhaps by a song.
In Kashubia,
there is a flower which grows
   it cannot be picked
   and it shall not wither.
It is so rare
that it doesn’t have a name.
You will only know it
at the time that you see it
and in vain will you seek to possess
that which is already gone.
It is the flower
which grows everywhere
because it is not anywhere.

And it is lovingly tended
inside of everyone’s mind.

In Kashubia,
It is comforting to know,
that the poets would not
put the Griffin away.
For a myth must have meaning
and it is the meaning
that the people give

that shall keep all things alive.

In Kashubia,
a monument is being erected
not to honor the past
or herald some future,
but quite simply

a monument
which celebrates today.