

## ***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.