

California, September 2022

Tolling Bells of My Town

*Tolling bells of my town
Calling bells of my town
Are like heartbeat of life
To me
Echoing faintly through
My Green High-school's courtyard
Interrupting first kiss under a chestnut
Tree*

*I used to hear them a far
Through my classroom's cracked window
Letting my people to know
That it's noon
From Saint Andrew's church tower
Through the Barycz green valley
Changing days into sunsets
So soon*

*On the Sunday Mass morning
Flying up high on the bells' ropes
We were tolling our youth and future
Away
We were restless and anxious
Our heads full of dreams*

*None of us really wanted
To stay*

*While my life's many turns took me
To the world's strangest corners
And countries, religions and
Else
In the morning mosque prayer
In Nepal's Buddhist chanting
Somehow, I could still hear
Those bells*

*Tolling bells of my town
Calling bells of my town
Are like heartbeat of life
To me
If I ever stop hearing them
It will mean that my town
Has died finally..
Or me*

*Tomek Wielicki
Klasa XIa, rocznik 1969*