

## **BORDERLAND POETIC VISIONS: BOHDAN I. ANTONYCH, JERZY HARASYMOWICZ AND JANUSZ SZUBER**

*Living in the interstitial space of a borderland necessarily engenders bilingual, bicultural, and binational reality. To talk about borderland people oftentimes means to touch on the issues of identity and transgression, which implies the necessity to embrace the Other. In the end, the borderland place itself dictates its own text and imposes on its inhabitants a unique cultural geography. This paper focuses on one such place, namely the southeast corner of Poland, as seen through the eyes of three Slavic poets, one Ukrainian (Bohdan Ihor Antych) and two Polish (Janusz Szuber and Jerzy Harasymowicz), each belonging to a different literary epoch but all being inspired by the experience of cultural contact in the ethnically diverse territory. Bieszczady, the Polish name for a mountain range in Western Galicia that extends into Ukraine and Slovakia, also known as a homeland of the Lemkos, an ethnic subgroup of Ukrainians that was forced to resettle to the formerly German lands in the north and west of Poland shortly after World War II, has a different meaning for each of the three poets under scrutiny, but their representations and/or acknowledgment of the Other is clearly manifested in their oeuvre, and it is my intention to pinpoint similarities and/or differences in their borderland poetic visions. I argue that their poetry reflects an unparalleled richness of cultural geographies characteristic of the borderland region.*

**Key words:** comparative literature; literature of place; borderlands and poetry; identity; cultural geography; Ukrainian poetry; Polish poetry; Bieszczady in poetry.

Borderland inhabitants live in bilingual, bicultural, and binational reality. Hence writing in (or about) the interstitial space of a borderland with its many a time shifting borders and/or ethnic diversity necessarily entails an authorial subject's positioning between two or more cultures. Whether the differences or multiplicity of cultural experience bring about conflicts and tensions, or spur intellectual and/or artistic cooperation depends in large measure on the degree of 'othering,' undertaken by the involved subjects. In other words, it is difficult to talk about borderland people without touching on the issues of identity and transgression (as Mae G. Henderson reminds us: «borderland inhabitants are always considered transgressors and aliens» [7, p. 2]). And that, in turn, involves a choice each intellectual, living «on the edges» of respective cultures, must face – to dwell on borders, boundaries, and differences, or to blur them, embracing the Other with utmost respect, if not love, knowing that in the end it is the place itself, this vague territory betwixt and between, that dictates its own text and imposes on its inhabitants its own unique cultural geography.

My paper focuses on one such place, namely the Bieszczady region in the south-east corner of Poland, as seen through the eyes of three Slavic poets, one Ukrainian and two Polish, each belonging to a different literary epoch but each being inspired by the experience of cultural contact in the ethnically diverse territory. Bieszczady,

the Polish name for a mountain range in Western Galicia that extends into Ukraine and Slovakia, also known as a homeland of the Lemkos, an ethnic subgroup of Ukrainians that was forced to resettle to the formerly German lands in the north and west of Poland shortly after World War II, has a different meaning for each of the three poets under scrutiny here, but their representations and/or acknowledgment of the Other is clearly manifested in their oeuvre, and it is my intention to pinpoint similarities and/or differences in their borderland poetic visions.

The life paths of Bohdan Ihor Antych, Jerzy Harasymowicz, and contemporary Janusz Szuber understandably never crossed but the textual dialogue especially between Szuber and Antych is quite pronounced mostly because of Szuber's conscious effort, quite in line with the postmodern spirit, to embrace intertextually the Ukrainian poet's heritage, traces of which he uncovers in his hometown of Sanok. All three poets betray a special attachment to the Polish-Ukrainian borderland and all three express this attachment through a handful of themes that underscore the beauty of mountain landscapes and their people. As Gloria Anzaldúa writes, «Living in a state of psychic unrest, in a Borderland, is what makes poets write and artists create» [4, p. 73].

In many ways, Szuber's poetic testimony, embracing multicultural and multilingual realities of his region, is a logical consequence of a few factors. First, his poetic

debut came relatively late, in the mid-1990s when the poet was already in his late forties and in the decade of profound socio-political transformation both in Poland and Ukraine, which led to the strengthening of the Polish-Ukrainian bond, at least on the level of governmental cooperation. Second, Szuber is a typical postmodernist who would never consider «and/or» propositions. Rather, for him, it is always «and/and» – the more inclusive approach, the better it is for all concerned. Third, arguably the most important factor, it is because he was born in Sanok, an ethnically diverse historic town, situated on the River San and near the Bieszczady range of the Carpathian Mountains, and from his early years has been aware of the presence of Ukrainian traces on every city stone. And finally, I am convinced that the friendship he developed with Vasyl Makhno, a Ukrainian poet residing in New York also added an extra dimension (if not incentive) to celebrate the cultural diversity of a borderland. It is in the poem addressed to Makhno that Szuber not only reveals his historic connection to Bohdan Antonych but also alludes to the complicated past between two neighborly peoples, which must be overcome:

I pomyśleć, Wasylu, że jeszcze  
Do niedawna dzieliła nas, przyjaciół,  
Jedynie sąsiedzka miedza. Te same  
Obłoki, zadyмки ulewy *gdzie olchy, ryby*  
*gdzie mięta, ivy, kwietne ściany* –

Jak pisał wielki poeta Twojego języka  
Bohdan Antonych – mój starszy kolega  
Z sanockiego gimnazjum królowej Zofii.  
I wysoce prawdopodobne, że siedziałem  
W tych samych co on ławkach,  
Okrutnie niewygodnych, pociętych kozikiem.

To nie do wiary a przecież  
Dane jest nam, niedoszłym millenarystom,  
Żyć na przełomie wieków i tysiącleci,  
Bezdusznej historii i naturze natury  
Przeciwstawiać wers, kruchą stopą wiersza

Bronić przed nicością byty, nazwy,  
Insygnia osadzone w rzeczach,  
I wierzyć w swoje skrybów, powołanie.  
Ile w tym pychy a ile pokory?

Moi przodkowie chodzili do cerkwi,  
Inni do protestanckiego zboru,  
Jeszcze inni do gotyckich kościołów i barokowych  
kaplic,

Grzeszni, prosily Zbawiciela o udział  
W Jego zmartwychwstaniu.

I ja katolik rzymski proszę o to samo.  
I znak pokoju teraz przekazuję Tobie  
Już nie za miedzę ale przez ocean,  
Adresując kopertę Brooklyn, New York, etc.

To think, Vasyl, that not  
Long ago only a neighborly balk  
Separated us friends. The same  
Clouds, snowstorms, downpours, *where alders, fish,*

*Where mint, ivy, flower-covered walls*<sup>1</sup> –

As great poet in your language,  
Bohdan Antonych, wrote.  
He was my older schoolmate  
At the Queen Sophia Gymnasium in Sanok,  
And it's quite likely that we sat  
At the same terribly uncomfortable desks  
Which had been cut by penknives.

It's incredible, and yet we  
The unfulfilled millenarians are fated  
To live at the turn of the centuries and the millennia,  
With verse to defy heartless history  
And the nature of nature, with the fragile foot of a poem

To defend against nothingness  
Beings, names, insignia embedded in things,  
And to believe in the Scribes' calling.  
How much pride does that take, how much humility?

Some of my ancestors went to the Orthodox church.  
Others to the Protestant, still others  
To gothic churches and baroque chapels.  
Sinful, they asked the Savior  
To let them share  
In His resurrection.

And I, a Roman Catholic, ask the same.  
And I offer you now a sign of peace,  
No longer over the balk but over the ocean,  
Addressing the envelope Brooklyn, New York, etc.<sup>2</sup>  
[10, p. 61]

Szuber as a poet feels a special responsibility to name things, to invoke the past, so nothing of substance falls into oblivion. He also believes that «the fragile foot of a poem» is capable «to defend against nothingness,» at the same time it gives an opportunity to bridge neighborly boundaries, or even oceans for that matter, while extending «a sign of peace». The poet alludes to the borderland diversity by pointing out a multiplicity of churches in the area and their different religious confessions. And it could not be more historically accurate – in Galicia the identity indeed was determined by the church one was attending. Therefore, when Szuber says «I, a Roman Catholic,» he really refers to his Polish identity. However, at other times, we see the other side of his self, the one that desires ethnic boundaries to collapse, like in the poem «January Pożniak,» dedicated to a forgotten 19<sup>th</sup> century Polish-Ukrainian poet born in Hoczwa. Here, answering Pożniak's question, «who is it,» Szuber replies: «I'm from around here, I'm local».

Widzę go jak drzemie w fotelu,  
Kolana okryte pledem, na opuchniętych stopach  
Pantofle z filcu podbite futerkiem.

... I kiedy nagle przebudzony,  
Widząc moją sylwetkę, pyta: *Kto tam?*  
Odpowiadam mu: *Swój, tutejszy.* [14, p. 69]

<sup>1</sup> This is a quote from Antonych's poem «Return», translated into Polish by Jerzy Pleśniarowicz.

<sup>2</sup> Translated from the Polish by Ewa Hryniewicz-Yarbrough.

I see him napping in the armchair,  
His knees covered with a blanket, on his swollen feet  
Slippers made of felt and lined with fur.

... And when he suddenly wakes up,  
And seeing me asks: *Who is it?*  
I answer: I'm local, I'm from around here<sup>1</sup>.

The issue of identity constantly resurfaces in Szuber's work, although each time, like in variations, there is a slightly different angle to it. In his collection, *Powiedzieć. Cokolwiek* (To Say. Anything, 2011), Szuber asks: «*Kim jestem? Jednym z wielu, niepoliczonych, którzy zakochali się w Bieszczadach na zabój od pierwszego wejrzenia*» [12, p. 71] (Who am I? I'm one of many, countless, who madly fell in love with Bieszczady at first sight). It is also interesting to note that the very first poem opening his debut collection *Paradne ubranko i inne wiersze* (The Festive Suit and Other Poems, 1995) is titled «Korowaj», which is a Ukrainian word, meaning a traditional wedding bread. Here the poet asks himself: «Where to begin? » and he begins by acknowledging the Other of his hometown region, even resorting to that Other's language, the Lemko dialect, to underscore the authenticity of his embrace. It is as if he is symbolically marrying his poetic craft to the local Lemko milieu,<sup>2</sup> paying tribute to the culture that was forcibly displaced in the year he was born (i. e., 1947):

Od czego zacząć, jeżeli zaczęte?  
Za naszoju chyżoju kopa sina,  
Wczera była diwka, dneska žena,  
A dneska już žena do posteli.

I wścibska mgła w zakamarkach  
Olchowieckiego pasma Słonnych Gór.  
Kto? kogo? komu? Prosyne pani matko,  
Do nas odobraty korowaj od nas. [11, p. 7]

Where to begin, if already begun?  
There's a stack of hay behind our hut,  
A maiden yesterday, today a wife,  
Today a wife ready for bed.

And the nosy fog in the crannies of the  
Salt Mountains' Olchowiecki range.  
Who? Whom? To whom? Welcome, mother,  
To us and take *korowaj* from us.

But Szuber's poetic embrace goes even further, beyond the Lemko (Rusyn) culture. He also has poems acknowledging the Jewish presence in the area, especially when referring to the interwar times when all three ethnic groups – Poles, Ukrainians, and Jews coexisted, though not always in a friendly fashion. In the poem «Alfabet kamieni» (The Alphabet of Stones) from his second collection *Apokryfy i epitafia sanockie* (Sanok Apocrypha and Epitaphs, 1995) the poet alludes to the Holocaust of World War II:

Pośrodku brodu  
w Międzybrodziu  
stary Mosze Tieger rozmawia

z czaplami i czarnym bocianem.  
Na skrzydłach tałesu  
przyleciał tu ze spalonej synagogi.

Dlaczego Mosze Tieger  
błogosławionej pamięci  
leciał przeszło pięćdziesiąt lat,  
skoro od synagogi do tego miejsca  
najwyżej osiem kilometrów  
w linii prostej?

Może po drodze  
w gniazdach wypalonych grodzisk,  
zamiast tatarskiej, germańskiej,  
znalazł nieruchomą strzałę eleatów?

Uduszone toboły  
rozstrzelane walizki  
obrzękle obłoki  
– chyba nie tego  
szuka Mosze Tieger

pośrodku rzeki  
klaszczącej o brzegi,  
gorzkiej od bukowego  
potu Słonnych Gór?

Litera po literze  
zbliżam się do niego –  
moje boscie stopy  
sylabizują alfabet  
kamieni. [11, p. 30]

The Alphabet of Stones

In the middle of the ford  
in Międzybrodzie  
old Moshe Tieger talks  
with herons and a black stork.  
He flew here from a burned synagogue  
on the wings of a tallith.

Why did Moshe Tieger,  
blessed be his memory,  
fly for over fifty years  
when in a straight line  
it's no more than eight kilometers  
from the synagogue?

Maybe on his way in the nests  
of burned towns he found  
a motionless Eleatic arrow,  
not a Tartar or a German one.

Strangled bundles  
executed suitcases  
swollen clouds –

that can't be  
what Moshe Tieger looks for  
in the middle of the river  
lapping against the shores,

<sup>1</sup> All translations are my own unless otherwise stated.

<sup>2</sup> Jacek Mączka makes a similar observation in his monograph on Szuber *Powidła dla Terezjasza* [8, p. 68].

bitter with the beech  
sweat of the Salt Mountains.

Letter by letter  
I approach him –  
my bare feet  
sound the alphabet  
of stones. [15, p. 6–7]

We do not find such widespread references to the Jewish presence in Galicia in Bohdan Antonych's modernist poetry. But we do find there numerous allusions to the poet's Lemko roots, especially in his second collection *Try persteni* (Three Rings, 1934). The book consists of longer elegies in which childhood memories play an important part (especially in *An Elegy of a Singing Door*) and of shorter poems where the themes of nature, Lemko village traditions and *ars poetica* predominate. In the poem «Do vesny» (To Spring), for example, Antonych expresses his youthful exuberance by turning to the most beautiful of all seasons – spring and by linking it with the traditional Lemko wedding celebration:

Розкотисті музики грають,  
свячене сонце в короваю.  
Весна весільна і п'янива,  
червоний клен, мов стяг.

Це ти мене заворожила  
на смерть і на життя. [3, p. 85]

Loud fiddlers play,  
a blessed sun in *korovaj*.  
Spring – festive and drunk,  
a maple tree red like a flag.

It is you who mesmerized me  
in death and life.

In *Try persteni* Antonych describes villages, mountains, daily lives and traditions of peasants, using startling imagery and associations reminiscent of surrealist poetics, but which often lack specificity and concreteness so characteristic of Szuber's treatment of place. Yet, occasionally, Antonych does make explicit references to *Lemkivshchyna*, naming concrete places like in the poem «Rizdvo» (Christmas):

Народився Бог на санях  
в лемківським містечку Дуклі.  
Прийшли лемки у крисянях  
і принесли місяць круглий.

Ніч у сніговій завії  
крутиться довкола стріх.  
У долоні, у Марії  
Місяць – золотий горіх. [3, p. 86]

God is born on a sleigh  
in Dukla, Lemko town.  
The Lemkos come in hats,  
bring him a full moon.

Night in drifting snow  
whirls about the huts.

On the palm of Mary,  
Moon – a golden nut.<sup>1</sup> [2, p. 12]

To put these poems in some context we must provide a few details of the poet's biography. Antonych was born in 1909 in the Lemko village of Nowice (Novytsi) in the Gorlice (or Horlytsi in Ukrainian) County, and attended the Polish gymnasium in Sanok before enrolling at Lviv University in 1928 to study Slavic philology, specializing in Polish and Ukrainian. Lviv in the interwar period was under Polish rule but constituted an important intellectual center both for Poles and Ukrainians. Lidia Stefanowska in her monograph on Antonych, *Antynomii* (Antinomies, 2006), argues that bilingualism and biculturalism were the most consequential formative aspects of the poet's literary persona and that without his intimate knowledge of interwar Polish literary groups, such as Skamander and Kraków Avant-garde, he would have evolved differently as an artist and intellectual. However, growing up in the borderland of Galicia, it was quite natural for Antonych to be bilingual and bicultural. He was educated in Polish schools, yet his first language was the Lemko dialect, and it is widely known that he learned the literary standard of Ukrainian later in his life and mostly through his own efforts. In other words, he is a typical borderland intellectual who consciously transgresses boundaries of limited ghetto-like mentality. What interests me the most in Antonych, however, is not so much his literary influences and/or inspirations as is his borderland imagination as reified in poetry.

Antonych was truly the poet of his times. He faithfully adhered to the aesthetics of modernism and that, in turn, made him an advocate of universal rather than local concerns. I would even argue that there is no clearly defined Other in his poetry, at least not in the sense applicable to the poetry of Szuber or Jerzy Harasymowicz. There is a typical modernist tension between nature and city but it is wrapped in a largely abstract rhetoric. The overall feeling of gloom and pessimism in Antonych's posthumous collection *Rotatsii* (Rotations, 1938), which persistently foregrounds urban themes, correlates to the mood of the 1930s also present in the poetry of other European modernists, most notably in Gabriel Garcia Lorca's *Poet in New York*, written in 1929–1930. The atmosphere of death and decay in Antonych's city landscapes prompts me to consider the possibility that it is the city itself that becomes the Other in the poet's oeuvre. The division between sunny exuberant nature and urban poverty was already apparent in his first collection *Pryvitannia zhyttia* (A Welcome to Life, 1931) but there was never any bitterness in the poet's voice over various injustices inflicted on city dwellers. For someone so in love with life itself – nothing seems to mar his high spirits. This is best conveyed by his early poem «Avtobiohrafia» (Autobiography):

В горах, де ближче сонця, перший раз приглянувся  
небу,  
тоді щось дивне й незнане пробудилося у мені  
і піднеслася голова й слова прийшли до уст зелені.  
Тепер – де б я не був і колинебудь,  
я все – п'яний дівак із сонцем у кишені.

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Paul Nemser.

А як зійшов із гір до гамірливих міст,  
у злиднях і невдачах не кляв ніколи долі та не ганив,  
глядів спокійно на хвиль противних гурагани.  
Мої пісні – над рікою часу калиновий міст,  
Я – закоханий в життя поганин. [3, р. 66]

In the mountains where, closer to the sun, I first  
glazed at the sky,  
something strange and unknown awakened in me,  
and my head lifted up and green words came to my  
lips.  
Now – wherever I might be and whenever,  
I am a tipsy child with the sun in my pocket.

And when I descended from the mountain to the noisy  
cities,  
in poverty and failure, I never cursed my fate or gave  
reproach,  
I peacefully gazed at hurricanes of opposing waves.  
My songs are a guelder rose bridge over the river of  
time,

I am a pagan in love with life.<sup>1</sup> [1, p. 172]

There is a generational and aesthetic distance between  
Szuber and Antonych (the former –firmly rooted in post-  
modernism, the latter – in modernism) and yet they both  
share not only their love for the place they call home,  
their birthplace, but also at times obsessive preoccupation  
with images of a boy. In Antonych – he is carefree, full of  
life and «shaking with laughter» [2, p. 8], very much  
rooted in the present moment and rarely introspective  
(from the poem «Charku» – Cups):

І хочеться хлопчині конче  
від весняних воріт ключа.  
З трави нежданно скочить сонце,  
немов сполохане лоша. [3, р. 82]

And the boy wants very badly  
the key to the gates of spring.  
Suddenly the sun jumps off the grass  
like a scared pony.<sup>2</sup> [2, p. 9]

Szuber's «boy, » on the other hand, is the poet himself  
(or his fictional persona) but removed by the time gone  
by. He enters into a dialogue with his teen self as part of  
his own struggle to define his identity. And looking back  
at his own growing up, Szuber forces us to view the pass-  
ing time through historical lens:

– Chciałbym zobaczyć dzisiejszego siebie  
Twoimi oczami, chłopcze. Mieszkałem przecież  
Długo w twojej skórze. Nasze wstydy  
Wspólne pod ręką nieruchomych stawów.  
Nad nimi, w tamtym teraz, zardzewiałe słońce.  
Który z nas prawdziwszy? Kto komu ma wybaczyć?

Chyba ty mnie, bo zawiodłem jednak twoje  
oczekiwania. [11, p. 10]

Entelechy

In tennis shoes whitened with toothpaste,  
Running next to a hoop steered with a stick  
From the hill down the footpaths of Aptekarka park,

In the fog between familiar trees and benches,  
I'd like to see myself today  
Through your boy's eyes.<sup>3</sup> Our shared shame  
Under the duckweed of still ponds.  
Above them, in that past now, the rusty sun.  
Which of us more real? Who should forgive whom?  
Maybe you me since I let you down.  
So when you pass me busy with the hoop  
I won't even try to stop you.  
I'll let you keep on running. [15, p. 53]

No doubt, there is a note of nostalgia here, similar to  
the one found in the poem «Bohdan Ihor Antonycz,» in  
which Szuber regrets the fact that the Ukrainian poet  
passed away so young (at the age of 28 in 1937), because  
otherwise he would have met him one day at a school  
reunion in Sanok. Both poets many a time express their  
attachment to the place where they both grew up, and  
reading their poetry no one can doubt that that attachment  
is organic and genuine. It anchors them in the borderlands  
and gives them both a sense of identity however fleeting  
and unstable.

Jerzy Harasymowicz's expressed love for Bieszczady  
is of a different kind. He was born in 1933 in Puławy but  
raised in the Ukrainian town of Stryj in the Lviv region,  
which was under Polish rule in the interwar period. After  
the Second World War he settled in Kraków and lived  
there until his death in 1999. Harasymowicz loved moun-  
tains (Stryj is situated on the foothills of the Carpathian  
Mountains) and no wonder he chose Bieszczady as his  
personal haven. However, there are considerable differ-  
ences in approach to borderland themes in all three poets,  
and those differences can be narrowed down to this: the  
Bieszczady region constitutes home for Antonych and  
Szuber, the place they were born, and in the case of  
Szuber – the place of residence to this very day. For Har-  
asymowicz, on the other hand, this southeastern mountain-  
ous tip of Poland was just an ephemeral escape, a place he  
longed to visit but did not choose to live there permanent-  
ly. His relationship with the Bieszczady Mountains could  
be described as that of a fickle lover who at times cannot  
live without his beautiful mistress but at other times –  
forgets and leaves her. He was a poet who delighted in  
creating personal myths or in reinventing his poetic per-  
sonae, which prompted him at one time to develop for  
himself a «Rusin» genealogy but it was just one of his  
many masks. He himself admitted in one of the interviews  
(as related by a critic Jadwiga Bandrowska-Wróblewska  
in the Afterword to *Poezje wybrane* [5, p. 143]) that after  
many «Rusin» (as he called it) years he felt compelled to  
return to his Polish roots in the collections *Pastoralki  
Polskie* (Polish Pastorales, 1966) and *Madonny Polskie*  
(Polish Madonnas, 1969). However, these thematic vacil-  
lations should not be too surprising if we consider that his  
poetic output consists of over fifty collections and spans  
more than four decades. Harasymowicz is in fact a many-  
sided poet and his expressed regionalism is but just one  
facet of his overall oeuvre, pronounced conspicuously  
especially in his early collections.

The thematic diversity of Harasymowicz's poetry –  
nature, landscapes, love, history, religious rituals, love,  
*ars poetica*, to name just a few, does not eclipse the fact

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Michael M. Naydan.

<sup>2</sup> Translated by Mark Rudman.

<sup>3</sup> A more correct translation would read: «Through your eyes, my boy».

that underlying this diversity is the universal theme of man's relationship to nature, understood as broadly as possible. And this places him firmly in the modernist camp and also reverberates concerns expressed by Antonych in his works. Both poets reflect upon a growing intrusion of modern civilization into pristine beauty of mountains, forests, faunal, and floral worlds. Hence they both mix in their poetry artifacts of civilization with phenomena of nature. These juxtapositions often result in a surrealistic flavor, revealing the poets' seemingly unlimited metaphorical inventiveness. But, as I already mentioned, unlike in Antonych's poetry, a borderland theme was for Harasymowicz a consciously chosen mask rather than an innate identity.

Nevertheless, Harasymowicz did spend enough time among the Lemko people to leave a noticeable regional trace in his output. Interestingly, the motif of mountain landscapes figures prominently throughout his poetic career but it acquires borderland specificity mostly in his early works. For example, his collection *Podsumowanie zieleni* (Summing Up the Green, 1964) includes a series of poems dealing with the Lemko themes. They are by and large descriptive but do convey subtle allusions to the devastation caused by a forced resettlement of the Lemkos after the Second World War. Let me conclude by quoting one such poem titled «Elegia lemowska» (Lemko Elegy):

Pusto w cerkwi tu tylko słońce i księżyc  
 Leżą na posadzce krzyżem  
 Droga zamiast wiernych dziś mrówki idą do cerkwi  
 I rosną świętym w rękach kwiaty prawdziwe

Jesienią dach cerkwi na wielkim wietrze  
 Zakotłował i jak jastrząb uleciał  
 Dziś strugi łez płyną świętym

Gdy błyskawica przyświeca

Lub śnieg ich kryje  
 Białym gronostajem  
 Lub czeremchy kwiatem  
 Są przyprószeni majem

I śpi lemkowski święty jak puchacz biały  
 w złotej dziupli ikony

Samotny jak palec jego  
 Do góry podniesiony [6, p. 211]

The church is empty just the sun and moon  
 Lie here on the floor like a cross  
 Today ants move on the road to church instead of a  
 flock  
 And the hands of saints bloom with real flowers

In autumn the church roof swept by winds  
 Swirled and flew off like a hawk  
 Today the saints drop tears  
 When a lightning strikes

Or snow covers them  
 With a white ermine  
 Or in May they are sprinkled  
 With cherry flowers

And the Lemko saint sleeps like a white owl  
 In the golden hole of an icon

Lonely like his finger  
 Raised toward heaven

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**ПОЕТИЧНІ ВІЗІЇ ПОМЕЖІВ'Я:  
БОГДАН-ІГОР АНТОНИЧ, ЄЖИ ГАРАСИМОВІЧ І ЯНУШ ШУБЕР**

У цій статті розглядаються твори трьох слов'янських поетів – двох поляків і одного українця – як зразки творчості, що притаманна географії помезів'я. Богдан-Ігор Антонич, Єжи Гарасимовіч і Януш Шубер, кожен з іншого літературного періоду, проте всі інспіровані досвідом життя на етнічно різноманітній території південно-східного кутка Польщі, відомого як Бещади, віддзеркалюють у своїх поезіях неповторне багатство мультикультурності, яке є характерним для регіонів помезів'я. Кожен із цитованих поетів знаходить свій власний шлях і спосіб визнати Іншого на цій культурно багатій території, де стикаються межі Польщі, Словаччини та України, і моїм наміром є точно визначити подібності та розбіжності у їхніх поетичних візіях. Наполягати на тому, що помезів'я неодмінно диктує свій власний текст і нав'язує літераторам власну географічно-культурну специфіку.

**Ключові слова:** компаративістика; література місця; помезів'я і поезія; ідентичність; культурна географія; українська поезія; польська поезія; Бещади в поезії.

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**ПОЭТИЧЕСКИЕ ВИЗИИ ПОГРАНИЧЬЯ:  
БОГДАН-ИГОРЬ АНТОНИЧ, ЕЖИ ГАРАСИМОВИЧ И ЯНУШ ШУБЕР**

В статье рассматриваются произведения трех славянских поэтов – двух поляков и одного украинца – как образцы творчества, которое характерно для географии пограничья. Богдан-Игорь Антонич, Ежи Гарасимович и Януш Шубер, каждый из другого литературного периода, однако все инспирированы опытом жизни на этнически разнообразной территории юго-восточной части Польши, известной как Бещады, и отражают в своих поэзиях неповторимое богатство мультикультурности, характерной для регионов пограничья. Каждый из цитированных поэтов находит свой собственный путь и способ признать Другого на этой культурно богатой территории, где сходятся границы Польши, Словакии и Украины, и моя цель – точно определить схожести и различия в их поэтических визиях. Я настаиваю на том, что пограничье диктует свой собственный текст и навязывает литераторам собственную географически-культурную специфику.

**Ключевые слова:** компаративистика; литература места; пограничье и поэзия; идентичность; культурная география; украинская поэзия; польская поэзия; Бещады в поэзии.

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