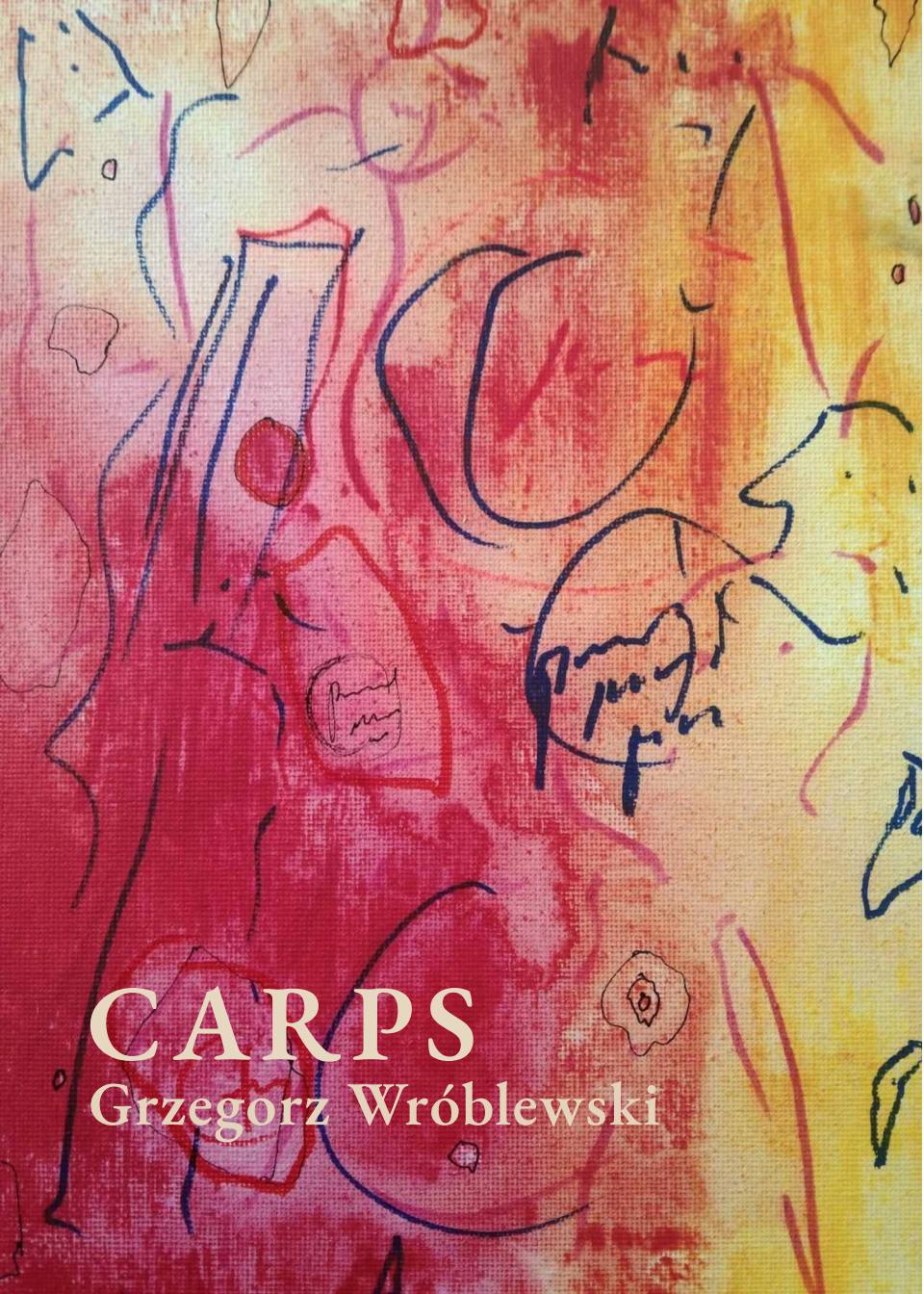


An abstract artwork featuring a vibrant background of red and yellow. Overlaid on this are various blue and black lines, some forming geometric shapes like a rectangle and circles, while others are more fluid and gestural. A small, circular signature is visible in the center-left area. The overall composition is dynamic and expressive.

CARPS

Grzegorz Wróblewski



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Half Day Moon Press No. 21

Menlo Park • Ankara

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With language collaboration, proofreading,
and translation assistance from
Adam Zdrodowski.

Cover art: *Adventures in Gigrebreed City* (front)
and *Summer Adventures* (back)
by Grzegorz Wróblewski

Thanks to the editors
of the following journals in which
some of these poems first appeared:

Synchronized Chaos: The Sun and Mammoths, Carps,
Wells; *Sabitya Post*: My Fly, Love for the Fly, Life with
Flies, Fathers in the Night Pub, De Chirico, At the
Butter Store Nearby; *MockingHeart Review*:
Psychotherapy; *North Of Oxford*: Poems About
Death, Poems About Life, (Poem); *Spillwords*
Magazine: Light

Published by Half Day Moon Press
www.halfdaymoonpress.com

ISSN 2992-9571

*I am grateful to Adam Zdrodowski,
whose collaboration on the language of my poems
has shaped this collection.*

CARPS

Grzegorz Wróblewski

The Sun and Mammoths

Three days ago, the sun was shining.
Today it is raining and people in Copenhagen
are drinking Spanish wine.

A thousand years ago, the sun shone
and mammoths roamed the Earth.
I never ate mammoth meat, but I often
drank Spanish wine.

Once Cortés conquered Mexico.
The sun is needed for corn to grow.
So is the rain. Mr. Jensen is closely
watching the sky and the stars.

Old Sputniks fall down into the oceans.
(You need at least six hours of sleep . . .)

This is a beautiful poem, isn't it?

Carps

Poets' favorite topics are roses
and tulips. Or mysterious cats.
And, of course, love after sunset.
Teleportation to Venus is also very
popular.

My uncle never wrote poetry.
He drank vodka every day
and told me about his fights in dirty
restaurants. He was always
authentic.

They killed him once
at a pond.
In the pond there were carps
we ate
every Christmas.

Wells

Life is (incredibly) interesting sometimes.

Potatoes can be eaten with mushroom
sauce.

Friends & lovers are smiling traitors.

That's why we have great literature.

In case of war, there are basements
and concrete shelters.

I've never seen an angel.

However, the devils hid in black wells.

Not bad.

It is shock-free, i.e. neutral.

Poems about Death

Poems about death are often
about flowers,
old wives and the shining
moon.

Space does not understand
the end of space.

Death is a mysterious amusement
park.
Poetry wears
a black blindfold.

Poems about Life

Poems about life are pessimistic.

We are sitting in the middle
of a clearing full of singing

birds and it seems to us that we are
in an endless tunnel.

We can't breathe deeply.

Life flows past us.

(Poem)

Solipsism.
Yet everything is physical.
Mammals are warm.

People look alive.
They ask us about the time
and the season.

Nothing dies and everyone
dies.

My Fly

She lived with me for several weeks.
She danced
around the lamp.

Often in each other's company
we got to talking.

The topics of our conversations cannot be determined.
Then she suddenly left.

I searched for her to no avail.
She's lost to me forever
in space.

Love for the Fly

Everyone can be loved.
The fly promised I'll be
visited by their descendants.

Soon . . .

How do you
did we reach an agreement?
I do not know.

But I can't and won't be left alone.
A great consolation!

I will be surrounded by flies.
A whole lot of flies.
I will become a fly.

Life with Flies

I've always lived with flies.

There were flies at Troy,

and flies that participated in Operation Barbarossa.

They know as much about stars as I do.

Or much more.

Therapy by the Sea

Black water, chubby stars. They move towards me,
these little crabs.

Here you go! Take as much as you want.

This body is not mine. The crabs, though,
they run away fast.

And again water, stars,
the eyes of hungry seaweed.

Nobody wants me. I live in infected skin.

(Waves, space . . .) Breathing
by mistake.

Psychotherapy

The true meaning of life appears when
when everything around us no longer
makes any
sense.

Childhood, fathers and mothers, pocket knives,
our love for cats and people,
philosophy, religion,
impending death.

A clean landscape is needed.
With no disruptions.
Only then does the true meaning reach
life.

Fathers at the Night Pub

Mine was a typical alcoholic.
He threw knives at his mother.

And mine ruled the whole city.

What's happening to them now?
Nothing special.
They're long dead.

So what's the problem?

They did not leave us any gold
wedding rings.

De Chirico

We walked the empty squares and streets.
Fear, doubt. There was nothing but demons and
our diseased brains.

Could death prevail?

Mescaline?

No, there was nothing there. Just a desert
of empty stars.

At the Butter Store Nearby

I met a woman with red nails.
She knew Herbert Rosendorfer
by heart.

*I hope for a girl I expressed it
skillfully . . .*

We understood each other well.
And yet one day she hanged
herself.

Google

You amaze me. I had no idea
you grew mushrooms

and could heal people from schizophrenia
and cancer with the touch of your hand.

There must have been a misunderstanding.
I don't know anything about that.

I probably have a pretty common
name.

Light

Copenhagen, situated on the islands
above the Øresund Strait,
has a unique light.
Even on a cloudy day.

This has a profound effect
on people's psychological well-being.

Besides being a writer,
I'm also a visual artist.
Even when I'm working with ink
on calligraphic motifs,
light has a significant impact.

I've noticed that when I am in Poland,
on the mainland in Warsaw,
my "asemic writing" is different
from my Danish work.

Yes, we are unique mammals.
Our receptors! Neurons.

This explains the mystery of art.
The intensity of light, darkness,
mornings, and the darkness of night — these
are fundamental in visual art.

In everyday life, we communicate differently
with farmers, miners, or people working
nonstop under artificial lighting.

Some prefer to have sex in the dark,
while others prefer to have sex under
the warm lamp glow.

Heaven

Makeup. Only makeup matters.
Razors. We associate axes
with something very unpleasant.

Spiders don't have many enthusiasts.
Neither do dentists. Faces doused in acid,
but Heaven will recognize its own.

Playing for time is a waste of time.

Dream

I stabbed myself with a sharp knife.

Then I gently removed it from my heart
and went to the bookstore to buy
Kierkegaard's books.

It turned out to be a dream.

A projection sent by the brain
or something external.

Epidemic of Populism

Tomato soup is the best. I disagree, only mushroom soup makes any sense.

It's absurd, you should only eat cucumber soup.

And I believe that soups are only allowed if you abstain from drinking alcohol.

One person died and three were injured.

The Sphinx is hiding something mysterious from us.
We are not the first civilization on Earth.

Grzegorz Wróblewski was born in 1962 in Gdańsk and grew up in Warsaw. Since 1985 he has been living in Copenhagen. English translations of his work are available in *Our Flying Objects* (trans. Joel Leonard Katz, Rod Mengham, Malcolm Sinclair, Adam Zdrodowski, Equipage, 2007), *A Marzipan Factory* (trans. Adam Zdrodowski, Otoliths, 2010), *Kopenhaga* (trans. Piotr Gwiazda, Zephyr Press, 2013), *Let's Go Back to the Mainland* (trans. Agnieszka Pokojńska, Červená Barva Press, 2014), *Zero Visibility* (trans. Piotr Gwiazda, Phoneme Media, 2017), *Dear Beloved Humans* (trans. Piotr Gwiazda, Lavender/Dialogos Books, 2023), *I Really Like Lovers of Poetry* (trans. Grzegorz Wróblewski & Marcus Silcock Sleese, Červená Barva Press, 2024), *Tatami in Kyoto* (Literary Waves Publishing, 2024). Asemic writing book *Shanty Town* (Post-Asemic Press, 2022), asemic object *Asemics* (zimZalla, 2025).





Half Day Moon Press No. 21