

March 12

Marianna Jaśniak, Faculty of Political Science and International Studies,
University of Warsaw

This poem was inspired by true events that took place after February 24.

I remember it quite well

the weather was beautiful that day and the sun was shining dazzlingly

and I was on my way to see *Drive my car* by Ryūsuke Hamaguchi at the Kinoteka cinema situated in the Palace of Culture and Science – an enormous, majestic relic of a time gone by (deservedly)

it was an achingly bittersweet film about being able to find oneself against all the odds

and as I was walking through the square

wondering about the unfathomed depths of human existence

I saw him

and stopped

a nearby central railway station was bursting at the seams at that time

he was sitting on a bench in front of the Palace – an elderly, lonely figure with luggage at his feet

and hands covering his face

I forgot about Hamaguchi

it was March twelfth

it was the seventeenth day of the invasion