



**Annex to the Terms and Conditions  
of the 15th edition of the FanFil Literary Contest**

The poem to be translated into Polish  
within the frames of **The Translation Contest**:

ADRIENNE RICH  
XIII (DEDICATIONS)

I know you are reading this poem  
late, before leaving your office  
of the one intense yellow lamp-spot and the darkening window  
in the lassitude of a building faded to quiet  
long after rush-hour. I know you are reading this poem  
standing up in a bookstore far from the ocean  
on a gray day of early spring, faint flakes driven  
across the plains' enormous spaces around you.  
I know you are reading this poem  
in a room where too much has happened for you to bear  
where the bedclothes lie in stagnant coils on the bed  
and the open valise speaks of flight  
but you cannot leave yet. I know you are reading this poem  
As the underground train loses momentum and before  
    running up the stairs  
toward a new kind of love  
your life has never allowed.  
I know you are reading this poem by the light  
of the television screen where soundless images jerk and slide  
while you wait for the newscast from the intifada.  
I know you are reading this poem in a waiting-room  
of eyes met and unmeeting, of identity with strangers.  
I know you are reading this poem by fluorescent light  
in the boredom and fatigue of the young who are counted out,

count themselves out, at too early an age. I know  
you are reading this poem through your failing sight, the thick  
lens enlarging these letters beyond all meaning yet you read on  
because even the alphabet is precious.  
I know you are reading this poem as you pace beside the stove  
warming milk, a crying child on your shoulder, a book in your hand  
because life is short and you too are thirsty.  
I know you are reading this poem which is not in your language  
guessing at some words while others keep you reading  
and I want to know which words they are.  
I know you are reading this poem listening for something,  
torn between bitterness and hope  
turning back once again to the task you cannot refuse.  
I know you are reading this poem because there is nothing  
else left to read  
there where you have landed, stripped as you are.

From the volume *An Atlas of the Difficult World: Poems, 1988-1991*  
(1991)