



## SKRZYNECKI QUOTES TO SORT & USE

(part or all) - Where do they fit into your sub themes? How would you use them?

- “Nationalities sought/ each other out instinctively—/ like a homing pigeon/ circling to get its bearings” Migrant Hostel, Parkes, 1949-51
- “For over two years/ we lived like birds of passage—/ always sensing a change/in the weather” Migrant Hostel, Parkes, 1949-51
- “A barrier ... rose and fell like a finger/ pointed in reprimand or shame” Migrant Hostel, Parkes, 1949-51
- “... needing its sanction/ to pass in and out of lives/ that had only begun/ or were dying” Migrant Hostel, Parkes, 1949-51
- “... they turned their faces/ from a shore/ none of them could forget” Sailing to Australia, 1949
- “And all the time/ someone, sooner or later,/ remarking:/ ‘Nearly, nearly there.’” Sailing to Australia, 1949
- “... often, waiting until/ the moon appeared/ like a promised sign—/ and the ship might leave the water/ to a Castle of Dreams/ in the clouds ...” Sailing to Australia, 1949
- “Fires dotted the range/ like rubies in Persephone’s crown—/ men returned by ashes and soil,/ cursing fire-breaks and ruined crops” Bushfires at Kunghur
- “We’re standing/in an empty field ... The sky’s a total blank” Mother and Son
- “She has no husband/and I have no father./Does it make a difference/ to how we feel?” Mother and Son
- “Fifty-two years later,/ on the night before she dies,/ my mother will tell me his name/ and the details of our lives” Mother and Son
- “All that matters to me/ is that smile of pure love;/ all the money in the world/ couldn’t buy it/ and it would never be for sale” Mother and Son
- “...I stare for hours/ at the photograph/ and wonder who took it and why” Mother and Son
- “Who are these shadows/ that hang over you in a dream—/ the bearded, faceless men/ standing shoulder to shoulder?” Ancestors
- “He has grown tired/of the clichéd /pronunciation of his name— countering/the inadvertent ‘How d’ yer...?’/ that humour/ or rudeness asks” The Polish Immigrant
- “...as yet unnamed, imported/ European disease” The Polish Immigrant
- “Deeply breathing/ their mouths open/ darkly/ and groper-slow” The Polish Immigrant
- “Time was a neverending road that ran/ between Parkes and the rest of the world” Billycart Days
- “...there’s no trace of the billycart/ or the lives it carried—/ but where the surrounding hills echo/ with the cries of crows, galahs, children’s laughter/ as fragile as an exotic bird’s eggshell” Billycart Days
- “Sounds drift in/ like effortless breathing—/ frogsplash, birdsong,/ echoes of your/ own footsteps” In Basho’s House

- “What can I do but pray?/ Or be content to live on the memory of a single day/  
when we sat down and ate a meal together?” Red Trees
- “... or maybe, in that detached look,/ he’s realised / that he will never return/  
to the country where he was born” Work Card
- “but it’s the photograph/ that intrigues me the most, even now, / sixteen years  
after his death” Work Card
- “Thought I’ve lived/ in Australia for fifty-five years/ I sometimes still feel/ out  
of place” Translated into Polish
- “One part of me says/ it’s terrific/ about the translated works./ Another part  
asks,/ ‘Does it really matter?’” Translated into Polish
- Listen to the stories/ and poems translated into Polish./ You will hear/ the  
voices of your parents” Translated into Polish
- “... wondering if my thoughts would stop now / like parents that had left a child behind / and  
waited for it to catch up -/ and the reasons for my abandonment / might be explained at  
last.” Birthplace
- “My gentle father/ Kept pace only with the Joneses/ Of his own mind's making” Felix  
Skrzynecki
- “...they reminisced/About farms where paddocks flowered/With corn and wheat,/Horses  
they bred, pigs/They were skilled in slaughtering” Felix Skrzynecki
- “Growing older, I/ Remember words he taught me,/ Remnants of a language/ I inherited  
unknowingly” Felix Skrzynecki
- “The curse that damned” Felix Skrzynecki
- “At thirteen,/ Stumbling over tenses in Caesar's Gallic War,/ I forgot my first Polish word”  
Felix Skrzynecki
- “Watched me pegging my tents/ Further and further south of Hadrian's Wall” Felix  
Skrzynecki
- “all those years she kept/ that one photograph/ to herself – like a secret/ she  
didn’t want found out” One Photograph
- “Warsaw, Old Town,/ I never knew you/ except in third person” Postcard
- “in the minds/ of a dying generation/ half a world away” Postcard
- “... wanting only/ ‘what was best’” St Patrick’s College
- “prayed that Mother would be pleased some day/ with what she’d got for her  
money” St Patrick’s College
- “‘Tell me, boy, how do you pronounce that?’” First Day at School
- “the silence, the cold, the benevolence/ of empty streets” Immigrants at  
Central Station , 1951
- “like a guillotine/ cutting us off rom the space of eyesight/ while time ran  
ahead/ along glistening tracks of steel” Immigrants at Central Station , 1951
- “Naturalise more/ than a decade ago/ we became citizens of the soil/ that was  
feeding us” 10 Mary Street
- “like adopted children” 10 Mary Street