

### *Discarded objects*

*When I am gone, my belongings  
will be discarded on a street curb,  
but I hope my poems will linger a bit  
longer,  
those cries of an ever-searching  
woman,  
  
who was blown here and there.  
She attempted to cling to things and  
people,  
then gave in to the formidable foe,  
whose embrace frees the soul.*

*Helena Jungová Lawson*

Helenka, a Czech diminutive of her name by which our family and Czech friends call her, wrote poetry and prose from at least the age 12 on. Her early Czech, German, French and English poems are lost. So are her English plays, some of which were broadcast on the BBC in the early fifties. Gone, too, are the two autobiographical novels she wrote, one in the fifties and one much later.

As far as I can tell, the poems that I have been able to gather here are all from her stay in the USA, beginning in 1972. The most recent are from May 2006. In a way, they constitute her American diary in poems. With an exception or two, she did not date them. The manuscripts are therefore arranged in collections according to the ways she has stored them.

So that her “*poems will linger a bit longer*”, I have put more than a thousand of my sister’s poems with “*thousands of unpublished moods*” as well as her photograph and some biographical information on this CD to preserve them and make them accessible.

Still...

### *Autumn burial*

*Hopefully over a wide meadow  
will the wind lift  
the poems I've written,  
thousands of unpublished moods -  
after a stranger  
pours them out of boxes.*

*The wind will scatter  
the pages like ashes  
with indifferent fingers,  
in the way it reaps leaves,  
when trees no longer cling  
to their offspring.*

*Helena Jungová Lawson*