POLAND AND I

It was easy to go to Poland although it was in September, without any hesitation about cold weather. But it was hard to leave it behind with my affection this summer. My journey started as a doctorate- Erasmus student from September 2011 to July 2012. I entered new year there, I missed my family and friends there, I loved someone, I left, I discovered new customs, traditions, habits and life styles, I visited so many Polish cities, I visited abroad, several other countries, I celebrated Polish religious fests with my Polish friends and their families there, well, I almost lived there. I was happy, I was sad, I was hopeful, I was lonely, I was thoughtful I was joyful, I felt everything, but the best thing is, I was there.

I lived almost a whole year in this great country. I was studying and staying in Poznan, but visited 10 cities of Poland during my stay. By this time, I realized how great country I was staying in and how hospitable citizens I lived with. Citizens with a slight voice, with a big smile and without any ego... With helpful replies, with endless questions, with so many shares, with an endless friendship. It was cold generally, it was dark; but people were warm, humanity was still living. It was religious country mostly, it was patriotic, but the best thing; freedom for people's own choice about lifestyle should be an example especially for us, for Muslim countries which are getting worse and worse about freedom, like Turkey. Between citizens, nobody was trying to insist on someone to live something in the way they believed, nobody was forcing someone to do something, nobody directed someone in their own choices; religion was deep there, but never prohibitive, never harmful...

I smelled World Wars as I was looking at the Polish walls, I saw crying people as I was looking at empty windows, I heard screaming as a woman was trying to keep their home. I saw and felt every of them with my heart, there was no need to see something really to feel and share some sorrows. My eyes were always wet when I was listening to my teacher in the lecture about your history. In the empty roads, in the enormous fields, near the lake, in train stations, even in tram stops; I felt that mixture: sorrow but covered with optimism, anger but with good intention for the future.

It was snowing, it was raining, it was silent, but it was romantic. In that non- crowded city, I had so many times to think, to imagine, to miss, to write, to gain experience, to realize my own and real way more than ever. In that silent city, I saw that a country could be without noise, without stress, without crowd, without ego...

I started with saying “hello” to Poland, have never said “goodbye”, cause I always knew that one day I would come there to see it again, so, “see you” Poland!

Zacząłem mówić "cześć" do Polski, nigdy nie powiedział "do widzenia", bo zawsze wiedziałem, że pewnego dnia wrócę tam, aby zobaczyć to jeszcze raz, tak, "widzieć" Polska!