STILL LIFE

MARCIN WOJDYNA

Still Life

By Marcin Wojdyna

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Inside every still thing, a world moves.

Prelude

Before

The light touches me again.
The light came and went.
The air moved.
Then didn’t.
Shapes passed.
None stayed.
Roots waited.
Nothing touched.

Chapter I: Spring

Light Returns

The light touches me again.
It stays longer now.
Lingers on the same side of my tallest leaf.
It’s stronger each day,
But soft at the edges.
The cold stays outside.
It knocks against the barrier,
But doesn’t come in.

—

The opening allows the shape in.
Then closes again.
Soft.
Sharp at the edge.
Its moves measured.
Fabric moving on itself.
Like before.
It sinks into the hollow near me.
They press their weight there often.
Not always.
Often enough that they press a pattern.

———

Presence

Their warmth spreads outward.
Slowly, not far.
It reaches my lowest leaf.
It stays longer than other shapes.
There is scent too.
Sweet, then sharp.
It stays behind.
Caught in the fibres near the space where they rest.

—

Sometimes they bring folded things.
Sometimes they bring nothing.
They made a sound.
It rises.
Returns.
Then does not.
They do not make a sound often,
But they return.
I notice that more than anything.

———

Flicker

The high light wavers.
It pauses.
Flickers.
Then steadies.
An edge pulls inward.
Nothing reaches it.

—

The warm shape does not move.
They rest the same way.
Still.
Leaning a little.
Always toward the space where the light enters.

———

Touch

When the light was soft.
They lean toward the space where something had fallen.
They lean close and contact follows.
Not touch.
Just contact.
A faint press.
Slight moisture.
The press of heat and scent.

—

The touch lingers.
So does the shape.
When they go,
The warmth takes longer to fade.

———

Others

Another shape enters.
Not the same.
Faster.
Heavier.
Noise low to the ground.
They take a different hollow.
They shift more.
Their heat flares and vanishes quickly.
Their scent is sour.
Something like fruit that stayed too long.

—

When the space stills again,
The shape returns.
Slower now.
They pause before lowering.
Their covering creases differently,
But they return to the same space.
I lean slightly, just enough to meet their presence.

———

Growth

My newest leaf begins to open.
It finds light before anything else does.
It angles toward the space where the shape often presses.
Even when the hollow stays empty,
The leaf remembers.

—

Something passes through the air.
It presses, then loosens.
The leaves respond before I do.
The space still holds their warmth.
Not much.
But enough to recognise.

———

Disruption

A small shape comes in.
Uneven steps.
Quick breaths.
Sweet, sticky scent.
Another shape follows.
Heavier.
Repeating the same sound again and again.
The small shape stops beside me.
Leans.
Reaches.
Pulls.
A split edge tears slightly.
Then rises,
Drawn away by the larger shape.

—

The tear holds,
But does not widen.
Their scent fades with them.
I remain.

———

Dull Heat

The familiar shape comes back.
They move slower than before.
They lower themselves with care.
No folded things today.
No sounds.
Only stillness.
And weight.

—

Their scent is fainter.
Something dry.
Held, not growing.
It gives nothing back.
Their warmth is steady,
But stays close to them.
My leaves tilt toward their warmth,
But they do not reach out.

———

Absence

The light stays longer.
The air moves softer,
But the shape does not return.
The hollow remains smooth.
No crease in the cloth.
No pressure.
No scent.

—

Another shape passes close,
Then settles elsewhere.
The space stays empty.
I lean slightly,
Still.
Waiting.

———

Chapter II: Summer

Steady Light

The warm shape returns.
Again.
It happens often now.
Not with the same light.
The opening sighs.
The cloth moves.
The shape lowers into the hollow.
They bring the same scent.
Sweet.
Sharp.
Then warm.

—

Sometimes they bring a soft shape that rests low beside them.
The smaller shape carries the scent of outside.
Grass,
Salt,
Motion.
It stills in my direction.
It lowers into itself.
Always the same pause before settling.
Always the same stillness there.
I lean into that stillness.
It stays when they are gone.

———

Fullness

The light reaches furthest now.
Across the ground.
Over the hollow.
Their shadow crosses me when they rise.
It leaves slowly,
As if light still touched it.

—

A new sound comes with them.
Another shape.
Lower to the ground.
It moves with soft breath.
It lowers beside the shape.
They both stay.

———

Scent Memory

Something stays.
Soft.
The scent on the cloth where they lowered is stronger.
Less sharp now.
It lingers through the shapes that pass through.
They do not press the hollow.
They do not carry the scent.
The air feels colder when they pass.

Close Weather

The heat stays longer now.
The air is full.
Hard to move through.
My leaves hold moisture.
Edges curl,
Then smooth again.
The shape still comes.
Their movement slower.
The scent is faint.
Their warmth is not.
It clings close to them,
As if unsure where to go.

Contact

They shift in the hollow.
Not much.
Just enough.
Warmth presses my leaf.
I press in slightly.
They do not pull away.

—

They stay longer than usual.
When they leave,
The space feels empty again.

———

Tilted Stillness

The light has already tilted before they lower.
The warmth is there,
But dimmer.
They bring something.
A folded thing.
It rustles.
Stiff where they hold it.
They keep it close
Then let it fall beside them.
Then leave it behind.

Faint Edge

A leaf fades at the edge.
Paler.
Less full.
It is not lack.
I have what I need.
It is something else.
Stillness that has stayed too long.
A kind of waiting that curls inward.

—

The hollow is still visited.
The shape is still present,
But something has changed.
The scent is muted.
The pressure lighter.
The stillness heavier.
They lower.
Their presence shifts,
Slow and invisible.
I remember more than I used to.
And forget nothing.

———

Light Turns

The light takes longer to reach me now.
It still arrives,
But lower.
Lesser.
The shape comes,
But not with this light.
The hollow stays untouched.
Another shape enters,
Passes quickly.
Stops briefly near the hollow.
Press down the fabric.
Then leave.
The space lifts back slowly.
As if the weight remains.

—

The scent that lingers is not the same.
It does not stay.
Neither does the warmth.

———

Chapter III: Autumn

Quieter Days

Fewer shapes pass through now.
Some pause near the hollow.
None remain.
The fabric stays smooth.
Not pressed.
The light doesn’t reach it as often.
It finds me,
Still.

—

The scent is gone.
Even the memory of it seems less.
I lean toward the hollow anyway.
Even with nothing there.

———

Different Weight

A shape enters.
Not the same,
But close.
Same rhythm of movement.
Same pause,
But the pressure is wrong.
The scent is wrong.
Their heat spreads quickly,
Then pulls back just as fast.
They remain briefly.
Then they leave something behind.
Folded.
Pale.
It stays in the hollow until another shape moves it away.
I cannot reach it,
But I feel it all the same.

More Shapes

More shapes.
Shorter stays.
Quicker steps.
They do not turn toward me.
A strange bunch.
Not alive.
Shiny and stiff.
They rest them near the light edge.
Then carry them back out.

—

The hollow is still untouched.
The space beside it grows cold faster now.
Dust begins to gather in the lines of the cloth.
I lean away from it,
Slightly.
As if it releases what remains.

———

Returned Scent

A shape enters.
I know the scent.
Not the full shape,
But the trace of them.
It clings to this outer layer.
Weaker.
Less sharp,
But there.
They pause beside the hollow.
Then do not lower.
They touch the high edge of the hollow,
Lightly.
They lower themselves.
They make a sound.
Not loud.
Not soft.
It stays.
A sound with weight.
It lingers.

After

Light arrives lower.
Leaves lower.
The surface that lets the light through no longer warms me.
The high light above flickers more.
It holds less strength.

—

An older leaf darkens at the edge.
The darkening ends suddenly.
The hollow remains empty.
But the shape is still here, somewhere.
In the quiet.
In the weight of air that never quite leaves.

———

Trace Remains

Sometimes,
The scent returns.
Not from the shape,
But from what they touched.
The fibres of the cloth.
The folds in the hollow.
The thin shape they held.
The warmth does not return,
But memory does.
In faint outlines.
Like warmth pressed into a surface.
Left,
Then gone.

—

The new leaf begins to curl.
Not from cold.
Not from lack,
But from remembering something too soft to hold.

———

No Hollow

A new shape appears.
Not like before.
The cloth is different.
The shape is too tall.
It holds weight differently.
No warm shape returns to claim it.

—

The dust settles faster now.
The light barely touches where the shape used to be.
Where I still lean.

———

Chapter IV: Not Spring (Yet)

Cold Light

The light comes late now.
It slips past me,
Thin and quiet.
Touches only the top.
The rest stays dim.

—

The air carries less.
Fewer scents.
Fewer shapes.
Even those that do enter move quickly,
Compressed by the cold.
They do not press the hollow.
It stays upright.
Untouched.
I lean toward it,
Even when nothing comes.

———

Dustfall

The barrier stays sealed.
No breeze.
No outside air.
The dust gathers slowly now,
Without interruption.
It settles into the lines of the ground.
The folds of the hollow.
The edge near the light.

—

A leaf dries at the tip.
Not from thirst.
Just from stillness.

———

Brief Sound

A sound again,
Shaped like presence.
It enters the space before the shape does.
A lighter step follows.
A smaller shape.
Close to the ground.
It does not take the hollow.
It turns toward me.
And rests.

New Scent

They return after light shifts again.
And again.
Not always alone.
Sometimes with a taller shape,
Sometimes not.
They do not carry the scent I remember,
But they carry something else.
Not sharp.
Not sour.
Something soft.
Steady.
It stays after their warmth fades.

—

They leave something on the ledge,
Beside where the light enters.
A folded square.
Deep and soft.
It holds warmth,
Even in shadow.
It stays there.
Then disappears.

———

New Weight

In time,
They lower.
Not in the same hollow.
Not in the same way.
They do not lower fully.
But they stay.
Longer each time.
They sway at the edge of the hollow.
Soft sound.
Steady.
Not the same pattern,
But still.
A kind of sound that stays.

—

Their warmth is not the warmth,
But it is warmth.
And it reaches me.

———

Last Light

The light shifts again.
Not longer.
Not warmer.
Just different.
A cleaner kind of cold.
Sharper at the edges,
But moving.

—

A new leaf begins to form at my centre.
Still small.
Still curled,
But it reaches up.
Toward the light.
Not because it remembers.
Because it always does.

—

The light touches me again.
Not the same,
But enough.

———

Postlude

After

The light leaves me again.
The light came and stayed.
The air held still.
Then moved.
Shapes remained.
Now gone.
Roots held.
Something touched.

Author’s note

Thank you for reading *Still Life.*

Still Life was written quietly. In moments between things. On days when noise felt wrong and the world didn’t need more words, just better ones.

This is a book about presence. About existing beside something without needing to change it.

It's not fast. It's not loud, but it meant something to write.

If it means something to you too, that's enough.

Marcin Wojdyna

The plant returns in *Everything That Fit in the Car.*

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