Jan Szczuka

Tall, a tower of good cheer

Draped in a pragmatist’s arctic-grade anorak

He charged

With purposeful Polish steps

Imbued with the souls of exotic soils

Ingrained with the icy lines

Of snow-sung skis

Of million-mile meanders

Of cyclical rides across the countryside

He beheld

With star-bright, glass-framed eyes

Fed on intricate genius

Sights of marvel and song

Art’s scenes of stories unravelling

Passion upon passion perceived

Knowledge shining through each fleck of his irises

He reached

With giant hands of great dynamism

Grown bolder with each creation, each mission

Built to build worlds from wood, from writings, from wifi

They never truly lay still

Too strong was his spirit, his spell-bound will

He embraced

With long majestic wings for arms

Outstretched in a stubborn eagle-like lust for life

Wrapping the many loved so tight

Imprinting on them forever

A life truly lived, truly loved now truly missed

We remember

With awe

A wonderful man who never gave up

In his great industry of ceasing the day

Teaching us to be grateful for

The ease and

The pleasure

Of every

Single

Breath

Hannah Clotilde Carolina Howell

(Jan’s nephew’s wife)

12.1.2016