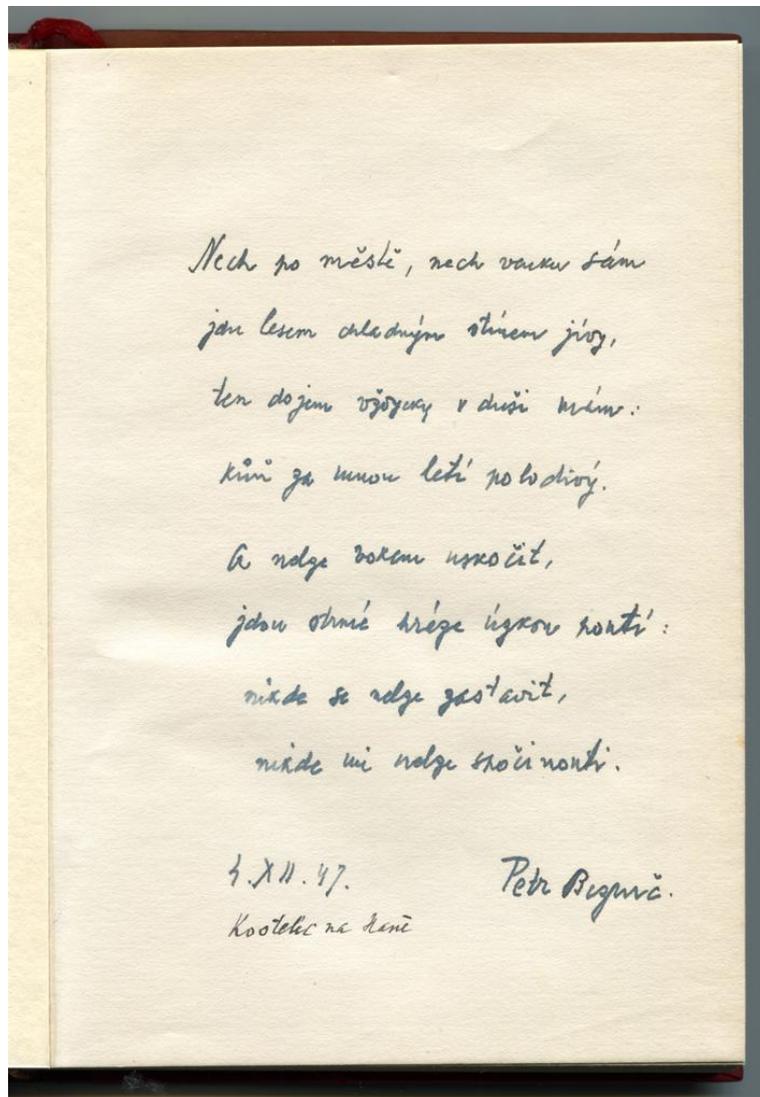


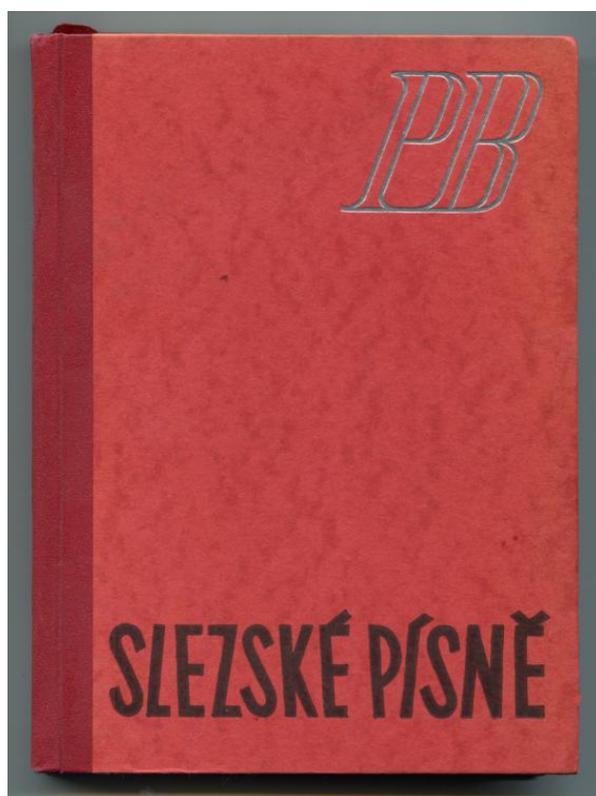
## Found the unpublished poem by Petr Bezruč



Leave the city alone, leave it alone  
I walk through the woods with a cold shade of fallow,  
the impression I always have in my soul:  
the horse drives me half-way.

And you can not jump,  
steep dams go through a narrow pilgrimage:  
Nowhere can we stop,  
nowhere can I resist.

Petr Bezruč wrote this poem at the end of his life at the age of 80 until his eleventh edition of his poetry collection "Silesian Song" from 1947 instead of dedication.



**With this book and with the manuscript of the poem contained in it is connected story (Christmas story), which illustrates the social and economic situation at that time**

This book was designed as a Christmas present and its relatively low price was to be increased by the donor by the author's own dedication, which he eventually managed, as exemplified in an excerpt from the cover letter of the former owner of the book, the donor donated:

A photograph of a handwritten manuscript snippet on aged paper. The text is written in cursive and appears to be a dedication or a letter. It discusses the author's financial situation and the book's price.

Letos toho Ježíška volal jsem by dárkem, protože ona to  
nejsem peněz. Proto se mi, nešlo, že posílám  
jeu takovému malčičkovi co železně necht' líz norepta,  
ona tá kniha není moc drahá, ale lidé mít jedinou  
cenu, protože tu básničku na první stránce před  
Bezruč vlastnomeně. To zřídit stujček - byl za Bezručem  
osobně. Co dělají dětna Juka naprala. Ji' se c. 4. 11. 1947

Nevertheless, the author, in spite of his dedication, wrote in his book a masterfully expressed statement of his feelings and his state.

### **To the content of the poem text**

The content of the poem's text is not focused on the outside world and its happenings or its condition, nor is it, as it is usual, critically critical, attacking or anarchist, but reflects its intimate inner feelings and emotions.

The author, in a purely direct, open, and deep-rooted way, reveals his inner - not only the already familiar feeling of inner solitude, but also, in particular, the feeling that he is constantly bereaved, still hindered and persecuted. This feeling and condition is very psychically depressing, especially when it is permanent and without the possibility to change this state in any way, to stop it or to escape from it or to escape it.

It can not be neglected that the overall social situation of post-war development in Czechoslovakia, in particular the Bolshevik dictatorship (the poem was written about 2 months before the Communists came to power), can partly be reflected on the content of this poem. For the author who had already formed during the Habsburg monarchy and struggled against power and bourgeois oppression and exploitation, it must have certainly been an interesting feeling that the beginning of the onset of the dictatorship of the proletariat ...

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