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IN SEARCH OF THE LOST HOME.
FEATURES OF KATERYNA KALYTKO'S
POETIC COLLECTION – *TORTURE CHAMBER.*
VINEYARD. HOME

Kateryna Kalytko is undoubtedly one of the most interesting figures in contemporary Ukrainian literature. She is the author of two prose books, seven poetry collections, recipient of several poetry awards in Ukraine, winner of the international Vilenica Crystal Prize in 2016 and the Joseph Conrad Award in 2017. Although Kalytko debuted way back in 1999, and her work was duly noticed and noted, it seems that she really started reaching new heights in 2014, when her poetry book *Torture Chamber. Vineyard. Home* (*Катівня. Виноградник. Дім*) was published.¹ It was one of the most awaited books of the year and won the award of the Ukrainian literary portal Litakcent. In 2017, she published a prose collection *Land of the Lost or Short Scary Tales* (*Земля Загублених, або Маленькі страшині казки*), which received the BBC Book Award. Her next poetic collection *Бунар* (*Бунар*) was published in 2018. Kalytko is involved in organizing literary festivals and readings, for example, the short prose festival *Intermezzo* and the literary festival *Island of Europe*. She is also a reputed translator and promoter of literature from the former Yugoslav countries in Ukrainian cultural space. As she grew increasingly interested in Balkan culture, Bosnia in particular, Kalytko felt close connection and common rhythm with the country, which also gave her the opportunity to learn her second mother tongue. She has translated and familiarized Ukrainian readers with texts by the authors, inter alia, Melina Kamberić, Miljenko Jergović, Nenad Veličković, Mileta Prodanović, Mihajlo Pantić, Ozren Kebo, and Miša Selimović.

In one interview, Kalytko talks about how she became interested in Balkan literature, the issues raised by this segment of European writing, and her vision of her role as a translator: “I [...] translate from Bosnian and Croatian, and only occasionally from Serbian. I deliberately overlook linguistic issues related to the functioning of the Croatian-Serbian diasystem, and the three languages within this

¹ Калитко, К., *Катівня. Виноградник. Дім*, Львів 2014.

diasystem – the structure appeared instead of Serbo-Croatian after the geopolitical changes. It's in this manner that I support the right to self-determination of all small nations, fully aware of how important it is as seen from the perspective of Ukraine. Indeed, working on these translations is far from just simply exercising my profession. If I were to invoke a poetic metaphor, it's like a delta, into which I fall as a river, and from where I, the author, translator and human being, open up a great sea. Generally speaking, the theme found me on its own, as do all important things in life. For example, Miljenko Jergović represents an important, decisive phase in my life, both as translator and human being. In his story, *The Geographer*, the protagonist, a retired geography teacher, observes the dramatic changes on the map of Europe, and during the war he sees God in a dream; God shows him a bizarre new map, circling with a pointer the border of the country, a country no larger than a teardrop, exhales the name Bosnia and says: "This is your most important matter on Earth!" Oddly enough, I associate myself very clearly with this story and the hero. Moreover, the authors and I are mutually in agreement when there's a common nerve, geopoetics, humane principles, national distinctiveness, methods to preserve their small borders, including the internal ones. I was once even accused of showing excessive love and admiration for anything non-Ukrainian but, I, for one, believe that, first, our shared pain and experience contribute to our common destiny, and second, that it can work, figuratively speaking, as a "pending coffee": Ukrainian lady became so fond of little Bosnia and wanted to tell everyone how the country resisted, and somewhat later someone impartial will want to tell the world about Ukraine.² Such a rich multicultural experience, a sojourn in two different geographical and mental spaces, between what is one's own and what has been acquired, influence Kateryna Kalytko's writing, which is very different from the style of Ukrainian writers of her generation, though they beat as one heart in interpreting heroic folk epic.

In the end, Kateryna Kalytko's language is very special, bookish, refined and selective; her metaphors are ample and complex; they require reader to engage intellectually, as the author is culturally astute. Her images are not plastic, but multileveled, appealing to different experiences and, accordingly, requiring different readings. Kateryna Kalytko takes the reader from a very personal experience to universal metaphysical comprehension; the path through this maze is not easy, but there is Ariadne's thread, on which she strings allusions, like knots, to well-known cultural Christian, Islamic, literary and geographical topoi. Readers, who dared to enter the maze of Kalytko's worlds, will find it quite difficult to make their way through. Yet one can say with certainty that they will start discovering

² Калитко, К., У найближче десятиліття є підстави очікувати дуже свіжої, страшної і доброї прози, *Insider*, 2. 3. 2017. [online: <<http://www.theinsider.ua/art/katerina-kalitko>>, cit. 2018-10-03].

the meaning of things, the white light which, like amygdalin, hides in the “belly of an apricot kernel”.

In the above mentioned interview, Kalytko explains how she intuitively set upon the path towards artistic poetic expression: “I don’t try to formalize my artistic quest, to put it in a stylized frame. I’ll be banal, but I want to say that I write because I cannot not write, and I do it quite intuitively. I had a long pause when I wasn’t at all in the public eye, experimenting with writing and rejecting forms of speech with which I had no affinity. At some point, I realized that I wasn’t interested in the technical vulgarity of versification; I wanted to find the rhythm of poetic speech that is closest to breathing, to an emotionally spoken phrase that is interrupted by inhalation and exhalation, and not restricted by any sort of corset. For me, shaken and torn rhythms are very much alive... At the same time, I prefer accentual-syllabic verse, because the forms of expression aren’t decayed or ossified, but dynamic and flexible, pulsating and rhythmic”.³ The pause that Kateryna Kalytko mentions lasted nearly seven years – between the release of her book of prose *M. Hysteria* in 2007, and her poetry collection *Torture Chamber. Vineyard. Home* in 2014. Nonetheless, a limited electronic version of her poetry collection *The Season of Storms* was released in 2013. It was an experiment of words inducing taste, rhythm and sound; some of the texts were included in the 2014 collection.

The title *Torture Chamber. Vineyard. Home* is strong and expressive, immediately prompting an association with the triad of Hell, Purgatory and Heaven, and corresponding existential states: fear/pain – search/path/return – memory/love/liberation, or the three stages of human life: birth, adolescence, and old age. The three parts of the book bear titles referring to the most important images of the last verses of each section – *Cruel Rivers*, *Children with Hands of Snakes* and *The Apricot Stone*, all of which constitute emotional, figurative and semantic markers. Pain, fear and suffering are the key emotions and feelings in the book. It is full of lexical elements that invoke physical and mental pain. Such words as cold, fear, war, wounds, spasms, burns, hack, break, cut, bandage up, heal, cry, weep, cutters, cripples are endless; all these lexical elements demonstrate the amplitude of pain. For the lyrical character, pain is one of the paths leading to complete self-awareness and repentance. As in the poem about a woman on a late moonlit night, who imagines that a prisoner has luckily escaped execution and returns home, and who says that “death brings a basket of strawberries... She is not blind; she has seen him”. This woman’s tragic tale unfolds as if on stage, illuminated by the moon, which the author takes from a folk legend about the curse of the moon that struck Cain after he stabbed his brother with a pitchfork: “...dreams and bats surge from above, and drops of his brother’s blood from the moon.”

³ Ibidem.

In the book, pain is often accompanied by cold. It teaches us that “shores, gods, as well as debt” approach with the first cold – old age. Pain is not a transient or intermediate state, but one of full-blooded being, a sense of vigour in our body, in each cell and nerve. A person in pain cannot play double game; he is honest in face of the entire world, and mainly vis-à-vis himself; confined in prison, prisoners show their real faces; the hunter-God “peels away the faces of empty people with his nails” and “midday strips away the shadows from things existent”. Pain is a catalyst for triggering changes in human body, for man's re-birth: body's odours start changing on prison stairs: “as it falls into ruin, the body descends, shaken with juices and tremolos; the pain releases iron birds, mostly in pairs”. Pain brings people together, becomes a marker for collective trauma, which leaves its marks on the body and on memory: “a burn is a password, recognition of one's own people that have survived”.

In the end, vines are born through pain, and give us harsh wine; pain gives birth to meaning and truth:

*Мусять мучитись лози, зростати на кам'яній
кручі й солі, щоб смак увійшов і сенс
у вино їхнє.⁴*

The book is painful for Ukrainian readers because it recalls the events of the Revolution of Dignity, the armed conflicts in the winter of 2014, the shooting of peaceful protesters, the annexation of Crimea, and the beginning of the war in Ukraine. The lines of the *Children's Crusade*, which seem to hint at the bloody events of February 2014, are tragic and bone-chilling:

*Але от: серед ночі, зачувши близьку біду,
Однією лавою леви й дерева йдуть,
А за ними діти, зграйками, насторожені,
Дерев'яні щити несуть, і тріщина в кожнім.
Обережно несуть їх там, де від крові слизько,
Бо щити, можливо, згодяться ще на коліски,
На легкі плоти, на ноші, коли вже раптом,*

*Але жодне, звісно, не хотіло вмирати,
І вони затулялися ангелами та хрестами...⁵*

⁴ Vines must suffer, grow on steep stone / slopes and salt to make the flavour of their wine / true and meaningful. (Калитко, К., Катівня. *Виноградник. Дім*, Львів 2014, 89.) Here and thereafter translated by Halyna Dolynna and Christine Eliashevsky.

⁵ But look: in the middle of the night, hearing the nearby cries of distress / Lions and trees go forward in one steady row, / And behind them, children, in packs, on their guard, / They carry

The story of the children's crusade is woven into the narrative about the fairy-tale battle for Narnia. Yet suddenly, violent reality cuts through the story: the images of the children painfully remind us of the Maidan victims, the heroes of the Heavenly Hundred, who tried vainly to protect themselves from sniper bullets with their wooden shields. Other figures step into this matrix of Ukrainian reality – cripples, who put their hand on their hearts while listening to the anthem; their angel is a twenty-year-old girl, an invalid, who “hasn't died and isn't yet dying”⁶, or the toy government that organizes dance parties at night. Or military troops that leave the water every night to guard the fortress, “so that there's a standoff”.

In general, the theme of war, not necessarily a specific one, is the leitmotif of the book. War does not always appear, but it is felt in general tense and anxious atmosphere; metonymic images of regiments, ruined fortresses, guards, knives, iron bullets, call signs, blood on spears, blossoming poppies, which appear in different contexts, as if pulled from memories, dreams or ancient narratives by a reflector. Nonetheless, there are also texts where Kalytko speaks more openly about war, as, for example, in the poem *The Sixth of April*, where, by listing plain endless numbers, which all wars have in store, she evokes the tragedy of human lives:

*Двоє родичів – один мішок із кістьми,
Тисяча триста дев'яносто п'ять днів облоги міста,
три пакунки з гуманітарною...
П'ять разів із барака виводять під зливу вночі
До відкритої ями, в якій вже гниють сорок трое...⁷*

“War starts as soon as you stop remembering the names of the victims and start counting them in numbers,” writes Croatian writer Slavenka Drakulić. The phrase is embodied in the Kalytko's poem about the war in her native Ukraine. In the poem *He Writes*, the geographical (though not historical) framework has

wooden shields, with cracks in each one. / They carry them carefully to where the ground is slippery with blood, / Because the shields may yet be their cradles, / Or light flatboards, or stretchers, sometimes immediately, / But, of course, not one of them wanted to die, / And they hid behind angels and crosses... (Калитко, К., *Катівня. Виноградник. Дім*, Львів 2014, 56–57.)

⁶ Words taken from the Ukrainian anthem.

⁷ Two family members – one bag with bones, / The city besieged for a thousand three hundred and ninety-five days, / Three packages with humanitarian... / They're led out of the barracks five times at night / To the open pit, where forty-three are already rotting... (Калитко, К., *Катівня. Виноградник. Дім*, Львів 2014, 44.)

been narrowed down. War victims are members of a family from Podillya⁸: the mother whose sons are away fighting, the soldier Petrus who is waiting for a letter from his brother Andriy, also a soldier:

*Злива б'є в барабани, болото попід фронтами,
Ми йдемо вздовж річок і під хмарами, безнадійно.
Я усе забуваю, з мене наче витекла пам'ять.
Чи співає ще, мамо, в церковному хорі Гафія?⁹*

Water is portrayed in all shapes and sizes – as harsh downpour, swampy mud, streaming river, or fog flowing into the Lethean oblivion.

Water is an element that plays the most important role in the cosmogony of this book. There are seas, oceans, swamps, downpours, rain, fogs, and Jeremiah's tears. Water takes away and gives back; it drowns boats and brings ships to harbour; it lulls, purifies and shows the way. The water symbol is multi-sensory: birth, memory, oblivion; it is always dynamic. Fire is also an important creative element of the world presented in the book; it is found most often as a yellow and golden colour in the images of a (yellow) snake, the craters of a volcano, and burns. Fire, like war, is part of the initiation, a permission to enter the adult world: children pass through a high fiery edge as flames arise at their feet. And then, there is the teenager who recovers from fever, "crossing narrow bridge over the crater of the volcano", and comes to understand the passage of time. The author adds another dimension to fire, which is traditionally a talisman of the hearth and home, namely destruction and oblivion:

*Селище порожніє,
Тріскотять родинні хребти, як лоза у грубі,
Вигорають нагріті кубла, злиденні, невідкупелні,
І ведуть дітей у вирій приручені ними змії.¹⁰*

And yet, the image of a warm hearth and home is also there. In the final text of the book, the lyrical character returns home exhausted (his hair has been trimmed in "some kind of Dalila's barber shop", and he recognizes his home from

⁸ Podillya – central region of Ukraine.

⁹ Rain beats against the drums, mud along the front lines, / We walk along the rivers and under clouds, hopelessly. / I've forgotten everything; it seems that my memories have run dry. / Mother, does Hafiya still sing in the church choir? (Калитко, К., Катівня. Виноградник. Дім, Львів 2014, 19.)

¹⁰ The village is emptying, / Family spines crack and split, like vines on rugged land, / The warm nests burn up, the beggars and the unredeemed, / And the snakes tamed by the children lead them to the South. (Калитко, К., Катівня. Виноградник. Дім, Львів 2014, 93.)

the smell: “something’s always being burnt here; this time it’s sagebrush”. Yet the greatest dimension of fire is passion – the thirst for love and love of music. It seems that the author wants to find a language that can explain pain and war, a way to articulate, experience and survive traumatic experiences. This may be why many poems are addressed to the conditional “You” – either to herself, or to an imaginary interlocutor, which adds dramatic and emotional tones to the texts. “You address yourself as ‘you’, because to address yourself as ‘I’ is like confessing under torture... At the same time, it’s like stepping out of the darkness, taking a step away from the enchanted circle, coming forward. So, this is me and my knowledge about how a person immersed in water grows gills, like fish thrown on the shore that begins to breathe as deeply as possible. This is about how we inhale and exhale a medium from which there’s no escape – language.”¹¹

In the poem *Cassandra* by the Ukrainian writer Lesya Ukrainka, Helen argues with Cassandra about the connection between the future and the word that describes the future: “Do you think that truth engenders language? I believe that language engenders truth.”¹² The world, with Kalytko as its demiurge, is truth, for understanding, debating and fixing what is needed, like clay, new language. After all, “articulation creates bright or languid look on a human face... every truth creates living mouths for faceless clay dolls.”¹³ She believes that language is living matter, which has its own physical dimensions – taste, smell, tactility: Cyrillic can be crushed and scattered to fish like bread. The word “nothing” is full of smoke; eternity is in consonants, whereas a foreign language is alive, rather harsh, “like a wax mould made from my lips”; the words “it’s too tight between the water and the salt”; the word “night quarters” is perfect, as “a night lair”. Language, along with blood, is the fifth element that nourishes this world, gives it the rhythm of breathing, and reveals its significance. Language is also a way of defining the new post-apocalyptic world (“how to live after all that’s happened?”, “the floor hasn’t been swept for six days”), giving names to things that have suddenly changed their appearance and essence; that is why it must be repeated again and again, and that is why this classic all-time expression – “Speak! Talk!”¹⁴ – is so relevant here.

This new world, which is created right in front of the reader’s eyes, needs its own heroes, who, like this world, are very young. In this legendary world, there are naive, but also unreasonable and courageous children with hands-raised snakes.

¹¹ Калитко, К., У найближче десятиліття є підстави очікувати дуже свіжої, страшної і доброї прози, *Insider*, 2. 3. 2017. [online: <<http://www.theinsider.ua/art/katerina-kalitko>>, cit. 2018-10-03].

¹² Українка, Л., *Драматичні твори*. Київ 1989, 285.

¹³ Калитко, К. *Катівня. Виноградник. Дім*, Львів 2014, 20.

¹⁴ Quote from *Intermezzo*, a short story by Ukrainian writer of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, М. Kotsiubynsky. (Коцюбинський, М., *Твори в двох томах*, т. 2, Київ 1988, 50).

At first, they are presented as victims that the magician of Hamelin lured from the city with “a voice as dark as honey”. They are orphans who were bewitched by the Caliph stork, “unrepentant children” who “run from school, stand at the sea, like before a court of justice”; the children “forgotten and alone on a fiery threshold”. However, these children grow up very quickly; they follow the rivers “higher and higher, lost and missing, and then return”. And suddenly, they see their first corpse and the pain helps them to grow and mature, like vines; they set out on their children’s crusade, go out to meet the wind on cold boats, travel to the South with their tame snakes, holding this world on their backs:

*Світ ніякий не круглий, це добре видно згори:
Раби гостроплечі, юні та срібні, несуть його, як паланкін...
І світ буде тяжко нести і надто вже шкода кинути.¹⁵*

Until they select a king amongst themselves, a man who takes on pain and responsibility for the world:

*Зводять на трон хлопчика-короля,
він тримається добре, хоча ридання бритвою
ріжуть легені, вдих і видих болять.
Поруч – вовки, що вчили його говорити.¹⁶*

Heroic epic does not anticipate irony or sentimentality, only moderate pathos and tragic stoicism, which correlates with pain and suffering – for there is an endless struggle against evil and darkness, until “the black earth melts the darkness and turns it into myrrh”. Hence, all emotions are crystal clear and absolute – energy is infused into creating monumental images, while half-tones and details will be added later. Therefore, even the air here can cause pain; asters burn the retina, and love is like something that pierces the throat, or something so tender that lovers are torn “like a grenade, from the inside, a white great silence”.

The geography of this world can be recognized; it is washed by the Dnister and Southern Bug Rivers; over the Danube blows the koshava.¹⁷ This is a cold world, “the southerners asked us how the cold lives in our world”. Where the land has become “wild and naked”, the snow is “hungry and restless”, and winter

¹⁵ The world is not at all round; it’s clearly visible from above: / Sharp-shouldered slaves, young and silver, carry it like a palanquin... / And the world will be hard to carry, but it’s a pity to throw it down. (Калитко, К. Катівня. Виноградник. Дім., Львів 2014, 125.)

¹⁶ They seat the boy king on the throne, / he holds himself well, although he laments as his lungs are severed / with a razor, breathing in and out is so painful. / Nearby – the wolves who taught him how to speak. (Калитко, К. Катівня. Виноградник. Дім., Львів 2014, 74.)

¹⁷ Name given to the dry south-east wind in Serbia.

“coughs up water from its lungs before the arrival of dawn”. Cherries, apricots and grapes grow in this world, while men carry ripe and long-winded names of August. This world is created from individual memory “going from grandchild to grandfather, an eternal living martyrologist” and collective memory “...we brought forth satiated snakes of the past from under our skin, full of us, and cut them into pieces, and then got rid of either the voice, either a hand, or all of ourselves”. Flowing one into another, like wine in the blood, it will modify the religious and culturological topoi; this is an inverted world that has been reflected in one of those cruel rivers. Because

*Є ріки, які на роду нам – перепливати,
а є такі, над якими довго жити і думати.*¹⁸

The world lives according to ancient symbols and meanings – vine grows from the rib of Jesus (on an ancient Baroque Ukrainian icon), to be filled with new apocrypha – Anna does not give birth to the Virgin, but to three sons; Joseph travels with his infant in a dangerous age of “knives and strange music of spheres”, and Mariya from the provinces walks with hope, but with no husband. And, the Messiah becomes a young girl named Mariya who is destined for a very feminine role – the path and liberation (a delicate paraphrase of the words of Jesus, because it seems that humanity has already passed the stages of truth and life).

In this world, men are travellers. They are nomads, warriors, guards, defenders, dervishes, or hunters of the Golden Fleece, who can always count on returning to their home. Where clothes are hanging out to dry in the courtyard, where time seems to have stopped, where everything is “a game forgotten in the beloved green courtyard”. Where, in empty commandant villas, women dressed in black have been waiting for three hundred years for their men to return from their sea journey. For such is Penelope’s destiny – eternal expectation and sacrifice. Solitude is engraved in the names of Esther, Miriam, Selima and Sevgil; in the end, the women’s great silence is broken by a song. Risking her life, sister rescues her twelfth brother, and the other sister, whose description is linked to Marusya Churai, suggests Lina Kostenko,¹⁹ is given an embroidered handkerchief – family talisman from their mother. The woman has “an enormous though strange memory of hunger”, silently wipes the dirt of humiliation from the face of her husband, former prisoner of war. The nameless woman, for whom God “extinguishes people like runway lights”, uses her last strength to “warm the bed and milk”, to watch over

¹⁸ There are rivers that are meant to be crossed, / but there are some that we must live with and think about for a long time. (Калитко, К. *Катівня. Виноградник. Дім*, Львів 2014, 14.)

¹⁹ Marusya Churai – legendary Ukrainian songwriter. The main heroine of the eponymous novel written by Lina Kostenko. (Костенко, Л., *Маруся Чурай*, Київ 1990.)

her husband's dream, so that he "doesn't venture beyond photo frame alone". And, the main thing – the woman prays to "mature and catch a baby", and then marks the stones on the way home in white.

This legendary, balladic, tense world is nevertheless permeated by silence; the sounds of storm and war ("the violins playing, the tritons blowing into the shells") become silent. Then the peninsula (Crimea?) ceases to be "the most dramatic form of existence for the mainland". Quiet and peaceful oases emerge, a place for the reader to rest as he contemplates impressionistic marine sketches (*Portrait with a Child*) or an idyll with exotic Oriental notes (*Feeding the Donkey with Bread...*), listen to the rhythm of a Bosnian Sevdalinka (*Sevdah*), or read the author's interpretations of Lorca and Sappho (*Amargo, I Loved this Woman...*). How can we go on living today? We must continue living, because even in times of war "we continue baking bread, and the nights, guards and pilgrimages also continue".

Kateryna Kalytko is no doubt one of the most interesting names in contemporary Ukrainian literature. Unfortunately, as of now there hasn't been any academic analysis of her creative writing, though literary criticism closely follows her new texts and the ways her poetic world changes. Among the critics who offer their interpretation and interesting perception of Kalytko's works stands out Yevhen Stasinevych and his critical article *Crusade to God-Knows-Where*²⁰ about Kalytko's collected poems *Torture Chamber. Vineyard. Home*. Also, Hanna Ulyura in her article *The right to be Misunderstood*²¹ points out to the issue of alienation that Kalytko explores in her collection of stories *Land of the Lost or Short Scary Tales* and the methods of working through this theme in literature. In particular, the collection of stories *Land of the Lost or Short Scary Tales* demonstrates Kalytko's stylistic aptitude and her ability to work across a range of prose genres. It also defines the author's thematic vector: there's place for everybody and no one is inessential – this is what the Earth of Lost is for.²²

Kalytko's most recent book is the collection of poetry *Bunar*.²³ The portal Litakcent named it the best collection of poetry of 2018. She writes about the road, history, war and love – everything that one can see peeping into the well of human memory.

²⁰ Стасіневич, Є., Хрестовий похід бозна-куди, *Видавництво Старого Лева*, 13. 3. 2015. [online: <<http://starylev.com.ua/club/article/hrestovyy-pohid-bozna-kudy>>, cit. 2018-11-23].

²¹ Улюра, Г., Право бути незрозумілим, *Видавництво Старого Лева*, 25. 5. 2017. [online: <<http://starylev.com.ua/club/article/pravo-buty-nezrozumilym>>, cit. 2018-11-23].

²² The quote from the interview by Kateryna Kalytko: Катерина Калитко: «Для всіх є місце і ніхто не є неістотним – на те й існує Земля Загублених», *Видавництво Старого Лева*, 20. 5. 2017. [online: <<http://starylev.com.ua/news/kateryna-kalytko-dlya-vsih-ye-misce-i-niht-ne-ye-neistotnym-na-te-y-isnuye-zemlya-zagublenyh>>, cit. 2018-11-23].

²³ *Bunar*, in Croatian the well.

ABSTRACT

In Search of the Lost Home. Features of Kateryna Kalytko's Poetic Collection – *Torture Chamber. Vineyard. Home*

Maryana Klymets

The research is focused on the features of a collection of poetry by the Ukrainian writer Kateryna Kalytko. In the article the author examines the poetic and stylistic features of the book, its core motives and images. The author also establishes the grounds to prove the thesis that the book is not just the collection of poetry, but a holistic text with its own architectonics.

Key words: Contemporary Ukrainian Poetry, Kateryna Kalytko, *Torture Chamber. Vineyard. Home*.

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