



## Creation

the world was built up from forests of tears  
trickled down from God's eyelashes  
out of each tear there flowed  
one by one our life smelling hearts  
Adam bit Eve's breast sipping the poison of the first cry  
.from the pages of Eve's lips  
there broke loose  
already in shadow like buds the hatred. the sorrow  
God  
sowed her smile in each shadow  
on every cheek of the fruit  
.the spring accepted the people  
the forests received their animals  
.the dawn burst beyond the sky eyelashes  
.the sky – humble beggar of angels  
rose to dimensions full of bitterness

the miracles turned into a game  
the gods ran away through the windows of the souls

the wind is flowing through the world's veins  
on which there are floating the tears  
of the beginnings  
with the petals spread over the angels' wings  
open in wait of a prayer

### **his last portrait**

*at the death of my father*

the shadow leaned against the wall  
face to face with the body painted  
in the infinite facets of the cry  
a feast of the master pain  
the eyes are desperately sending the pain  
to the tight, rigid hands  
that keep out of the way of the words  
the window  
caressed till it starts bleeding  
by the palms of the sun

is breathing the light

The Palms

that once would caress the running

towards love of the women's breasts

today

they can hardly put an end to the breath gallop-

amulet of life

the World of abyss starts its construction in his heart

giving it the paradise mirage as a present

a refuge in case of fright

The Shadow is slowly going down abandoning its senses

beyond desire in prayer and remembrance

**another love story that wasn't born anylonger**

a woman was looking at me through the ribs of the city that had gulped us all

with those eyes in which she had gathered all the colour of the woods

I invited her for a walk along the field from the memories with my father

where it is raining with songs and the frogs are decomposing into flowers

and the birds are spreading colours everywhere

.her looks were staying like a bird on my shoulders

she stood in confusion in the hall of the important elections

- behind me somebody is crying. he was driving his old car  
giving a ride among other people's life. on my neighbor's night table  
opposite the street a bible has been sleeping for a few years-

the moon's dress is hemstitched with about two fluffy clouds  
the stars are some ballet dancers that are hopping above all the winds

a birth leaves its trace at this very moment on the night's cheek  
a happy mother is weeping feeding her mind with tears  
people's steps are feeding the glutton street. what do you want, that's the city life  
two old communists feel a deep regret for the previous epoch  
a hysterical man covers his eyes because of too much hatred

the city is hunting souls in the night unraveled like an old canvas  
here where everyone pretends to know whether God exists or not  
the ribs of the city are swelling as if it were sleepy  
it's night

her looks are falling down together with the new in the puddle across the road  
another love story that wasn't born anylonger

**the teachings of the foreigner towards his son he had sold**

the story lost through the teeth of the evening is lying among us

it is about a child sold for 30 words

about a foreigner brought by the voice of the grass neither dead nor alive

on the lips of a woman abandoned by the desire, on which the lilies are growing

somebody had deprived the world of the men she could have loved

more and more slowly the solitude was waltzing with its nights

the on looker actors were philosophers too

working on its presence

they seem to be the very things they acted/foreign lilies

on the stage full to the brim with illusions and substitutes for reality

when I left

the story remained on the road crucified over the evening solitude

where dumbness shatters any illusion

only the stranger abandoned by the words is waiting for his son to grow up

at the corner of the day preserved only for this

**about illusion and discrepancy**

my steps are following me like some Bedouins

that are looking for an oasis

at the other end of the landscape

the memories were simply gossiping

- they want me to kneel down on the legs

of the man that I used to be

or

they are merely laughing at me like some mad creatures-

after any instant corner friendships is waiting for me

knowing it will never meet

the souls of the worlds I wasn't part of are abandoning me

love after love

selling the lines of my body

the most abstract answers turn to stone within my bones

somebody firmly told me that I was living indeed

I have been allotted persons

with whom I can boast that I am living

and days I am supposed to wait for

like an apple at the edge of nothingness

love stories

tears walking from beginning to beginning

that I should sip

words that I should cast as if they were some dice

in the corners of my happenings

on a tight skinned day

at the end of the metaphor  
illusion is hanging its legs loose  
wallowing  
during the hours that are kissing each other  
in the complicated blue that stands for this day  
full of happenings  
o God  
maybe I really exist

?

he died one day smelling fresh  
with flowers pecking its colours from the sunset waters  
lady birds selling their black points at the stock exchange  
birds that feed on the sun flame

the others didn't know  
one of them was writing about love stories he would never have  
two bankers decided how they would starve themselves to death the next year  
somewhere a phone was ringing .a woman broke it off with a man

every human being touched by its memory  
turned into the food of the past  
nature seemed to be running the other way round or it was just my impression

the graveyard crosses have already engraved his name

habits mean blunt memories and oblivion

next to me there are flowing with abandon the life stories of those who passed away

now I remember Shakespeare. the woman with the eyes livid with fear

in heaven the saints are crunching the apples from *that* apple tree

of which nobody cares Adam doesn't care about Eve either

some of the people who passed through me day by day

are already waiting for him *beyond*

he died one day smelling fresh

he didn't offer anything to anyone anymore

he no longer existed

!

! I forgive them all. . beginning with me

that I haven't understood how life elapses and you get used to the death

of each day. ! it is as if the end of your life were as clear as a spring



belonging to someone else locked behind the iron bars

made of photos/ memories/ renunciation

I open the album with the days that went away

.the eyes

from the photos of those who passed „beyond” are looking at me

desperately

.ever since I saw the point every step of those around me is hiding

a secret

I sometimes look under the sole of each second searching for

meanings

.then I am looking into the poem as if I were looking into a moonless and starless night

that is tempting me with the perfum of its darkness

.in the morning when I sip the life longing from your eyes

silence is coming towards me on one thousand roads. it is flowing from one thousand

hearts

all yours

.somewhere

at an abandoned floor of my life servant like a block the bird of happiness

woke up

.I am not content with me any longer

thus

! I forgive them all . .beginning with me

that I haven't understood how life elapses and you get used to the death

of each day !from the love shore there comes the love

answer sheltered in our hearts

now when everybody loves

hates

cries

hopes

through television

### **the city**

the city resembles Noah's ark .only that the animals are killed

one by one. . in the field of the lonely hearts there are ploughs doing their job

drawn by coins

while sentences are being thrown over the furrows

in a block there are lying the contents of your life book

.at night the moon face seems to be a street lamp that isn't spreading light anylonger

in the city in which there are blocks and wire growing everywhere instead of flowers

the shadows are walking in front of the people . in a hurry

they lie down on the memories with trees and grass .the night is sitting

on my knees

at night

a renunciation is sleeping next to each of us

the thoughts are sleeping hung from the walls till the day almost breaks

half meat half thoughts  
we are drinking God's blood all the night long  
side by side with the eyes of those who passed away  
traveling by Charon's boat

half meat half renunciations  
we are lying in wait for the morning  
when once again we take our heart out of the chest  
we lock it within children's smile  
we let the city gulp us

.outside  
the land  
lain under the asphalt  
is waiting for the funeral

### **Penitence**

on the road the cries of a deer  
are spreading in the evening wind  
a car is crushing the tear of a flower lost in the dust

the cranes are idly abandoning this day

on the evening porch I leave my shoes as a sign

the childhood angel is watching them

astonished that I remembered him

he is sifting crumbs of my life among his fingers

merry pranks, misbehavior, mistakes

I am walking down the hill of life

in the past towards the day in which

my folks were happy and alive

the blisters-days on my soles are breaking

one by one

throwing their faces back into oblivion

the angel is looking at me with sadness

in my palm

the darkness appears well outlined

the sins ground between the moment's teeth are coloured black

like my faults I knew about or maybe not

wrapped in the evening veil

God is waiting for me as long as I'm weeping

### **Autumn at Suhuleț<sup>1</sup>**

---

<sup>1</sup> village in the county of Iași

all of a sudden

the sky is deprived of its link with the earth

sadness is flowing into never ending rains

nestling in the evening bones

the plum trees are wrapped in the rich fruity branches

every house is lonely

every man is hidden in the half cut memories

like some lives ended up in despair

the hill is built of silence

the sun rays are writhing under a cloud

Saint George comes out of the old icon

he sits on the porch like an old man

he is waiting

twinned with eternal life

he seems to be holding the village in his palm

the rains are crawling upwards to the sky

mother's voice comes through the river of love towards me

I give a bow like a thought wrapped up in prayer

I denied myself, the sun, the plum trees and the village

the glass sky

is heavily descending over my grandma's fingers

woven from an eternity thread

now I see

that I was dreaming

English version: Daniela Andronache



PR

DIOGEN pro kultura  
<http://diogen.weebly.com>

MaxMinus magazin  
<http://maxminus.weebly.com>

DONOR