

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

DARK SNOW

poems

(translated from Romanian by the author)



Phoenix • Chicago
Erhus University Press

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(translated from Romanian by the author)

for Teresinka Pereira and her wonderful verse



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The artwork in this book was created by the author.

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I CAME

*I came to offer the stakes
A white flower
And to clean the people
Of illness*

*I came to strip the trees
Of rotted bark
Of a name
And a light to bring forth
From young eyes
Lighting the past
A guide to the future*

*I came with an inkwell
Full of letters
As I live in this poem
From all times
And the poem is conveying
My soul*

DUE TO...

*Snakes are crawling rather than birds
Who no longer fly
Each night the Moon
Becomes engaged
With the Shadow who illuminates it
The mountain exists due to it's precipices
Which raise it
The insufferable exists due to the stones
That are thrown at the Tranquil*

*But the poets do not exist due to poems
They listen to the voice of pines
Conveyed by their elders
Through the larks
From their lips
The Angels are announcing
- With Seagull shouts
The above verses -
The Spring of History*

ONLY A SUNBEAM

*Oh God, Only a sunbeam
When appears!
I choke from the light
My head now aflame
With the candle of my body
My spirit flares
With colors I've longed for
I believe that life is being lived
A billion times!*

*When the Life's river
Flows continuously
Into Death's ocean
Knowing time grows short
We stretch our minds
Towards eternity*

BUT...

*I have gone to seek
My way
Hidden by shrubs
Disguised as bars
And to pull out
For the warmth of the Sun
But my steps
Were caught in long and heavy
Chains of torture
In myself came the festering
An octopus of dread
And my shadow was mourning
Crashed between the eyelashes
The tears began to flow
Inside*

*I try to wring
The darkness from me
But my hands are tied
With the bonds of failure
The mirror of my face is marred
By anxiety
I long to forget my troubles
But my scars ache*

WHEN...

*When you wake with a belly
Swollen with dreams
As a balloon ready to fly
And the dreams are bursting
To be free*

*When abstract cold fevers
Come upon you
Deep down to the core
And the fear grows within*

*When the air you breathe
Scratched by the purple shouts
Of reasoning
Smells of a vault
And the tranquility is rusting
In the rain*

*Don't tie your heart
With lamenting cords
Remain true to your soul
Your time*

BEYOND FEELINGS

Stay in numbness
Clone to the stone's sleep
Among forgotten slices of life
And my feelings are absorbed
In human flame
Hardly a flickering
As a lamp without fuel

Vagrant thoughts
Take me at random
In the world of absolute
Beyond feelings
Where people are dressing
The lively colors
Of happiness
And in the dance of flowers
Kissed by butterflies
It seemed I prolonged
My being

I HAVE NO MORE WORDS TO DEFEND MYSELF

*Like a frazzled cloth
The night surrounds me
I have no more words
To defend myself
You have gathered them all*

*In white flour
Overwhelmed by waiting
Trees of loneliness
I leave by where I pass*

WOMEN THAT ARE CRYING IN MY VERSE

*Women that are crying in my verse
And stretch the words on roads
You lit the candles in my soul
Burning my mind
Growing rotten inside
You have bloomed outside*

*They each rise inquiringly
From which swan did you come out?*

THE PRAISE OF THE SUFFERANCE

*On a spent pitch black scenery
My new poems
Afloat with melancholy
As in winter branches leaden with snow
They praise the sufferance
Scattering sweet flowers in tears*

*But oh, mother, I supplicate you
Do not deliver me again
As a way towards infinity
My boulevard of contemplation
I will never find it
Nor do I want
To suffer again from the beginning
Happy is my son
Who will never be born*

THE WINE IS DRIPPING IN GLASSES
MEMORIES

*I open a full bottle
Of gloomy longings
And the wine is dripping in glasses
Memories
Of clear thoughts
I am hung in the air - serene
And a flame of a song
Bursts in my neck*

THE ROOT OF THE HEART
IS MELTING THE STRINGS OF THE LYRE

*The star wore
The eclipse mourning suit
And the old ring
Of Saturn
Is pushing on people*

*In the silk of a willow
The heart's root
Is melting the lyre's strings
In elegies
The plant of remembrances
Is bending it's shoulder
Then shall I rend
My frail youth
To dreams*

THE CARRIAGE

*In the nebulous flight
The century's carriage
Leaves a path behind
The life's horses are limping
Under destiny's rein
Ill from agony
The whip bends my years
The hour's wheels
By inertia
Still turns
With few minutes torn
'Til they leave
The world's main axle
Carrying on the running
Ahead of me
On the ground is scattered with
The spokes
The last seconds of
The world's old cloak
How it's lid sprang off
Beyond me*

RETRO MIRRORS

*Alone on the platform
In the puddle of waiting
I keep looking forward
But still I see behind
Horses with big muzzles
Of water
Are galloping by me
With legs like darts
The destiny's ship
Tore on the crest
I mend with hope*

*And the Life's motorcar
Runs through the hidden streets
Into Retro Mirrors
I look into my past*

DISOLVED HOURS

*See how the cane is sobbing
In the heat of the noon
The high look of the poplars
Is melting in myself the time
With torrents as a waterfall
On the mountain of my well*

TOMBS IN HEAVEN

*Why are we always on a run
Against time
To clear our minds
In the space river
Of the cosmos?
Why are we all
Seeking for a tomb in Heaven?*

*Look at the image of my face
Aged, tired of running
Nameless
Abandoned by the chronos
Crushed by iron horses
With revelation*

TO CATCH THE TIME BY HAND

Violently is running
Under my soles
The path
And a hot north wind
Breaks in two
Through deep marshes
Limping
The street - nonstreet - the street
But I run, am running
To catch the time by hand

THE LEAVES OF OBLIVION

*In the park of the hearts
On the lawn of the thoughts
The leaves of oblivion
Have spread
One by one
The houses all sleep
In smoke
The tree of the mind
Dreams no more
And the stars form branches
detach
And have fallen
Two by two
With night's dark circles
Remain hanging
On the top of clouds
The old Moon
And on the edge of the horizon
One by one
The flowers have closed in*

DEVIL

The Hades you brought
By these sinful words
And
You harvest
In the hearing
My lures
Are bathed in your voice
Only in the evening by the stove
I blow a few times
Into my soul
Not to extinguish
Not to extinguish

PEOPLE DUSTED BY WORRIES

An old and ill jade
Is the Sun in the sky
On pavements in a hurry
Men dusted by worries
To their legs are tied
Their shadow

This Autumn brings along
With them
A hospital
With yellow curtains
At the window

IN ITS BEARD THE TIME
HAS GROWN

Has silhouetted
On the shadow of the time
Wanting to frame
The space
From fulfillment
Also in its beard
The time has grown
As hours
Grow rusted
Bathed in rivers
From the minds

Its hearing remained
In a romance

WE GATHER THOUGHTS
WITH THE SHOVEL

Infected chains
Of cold
With bound limbs
Hermitages gather together
In ourselves
We gather thoughts
With the shovel
Into dreaming

METAMORPHOSIS OF THE FALLEN SOLDIER

It thunders - a heavy rain of lead
Over the white Earth
Under hydrogen wind
The bugles are throwing
Signals - knives
The peace umbrella was torn
On the iron soldier
Black hours are flowing
In this heavy water
As if a tree, the Autumn
Grew rusty and has fallen
Caught by the war's track
The lead soldier
The seagulls from the hearts
Have flown away
The people died
And he remains master
On the battlefield
The crows surround him
Crow - crow
In the unbearable horror
Of the lost ones
The long hairs give birth
To black crow -crow
A new storm
The shield of the blood
Defends him
From the hot longing
Of his cold body
Armies are running
Through his arteries
But he does not let them
Attack outside
And in the bitter shadow

Of the empty body
The arm
Uncovered by force
In his son
He needs no words
For the tomorrow's corpses
The rocket of the eyes in sending
Red, yellow, blue messages
The material through the veins
It's draining darkness
The planet since long time
Rolled over in the sky
The Sun has hidden away the Moon
And then he, too, ran
Through wild fern
Covered by night's robe
The clay soldier
In his mind
A cherry tree grew
His ladder, of branches
Rose in his soul
With the snatched wing
To hang him on a star

ABYSS

At an end of the light
The abyss wove by nothingness
Deflates the thick lip of the night
Because of fear, terror
Full of bumps of arming
Taking bombs as tablets
For the headaches
Wrapped in the sky
Infinity has been reached...

RUNNING IN THE NIGHT

An insular storm
Pours its guts
On my corpse's shoulders
Its blind look
It's sweeping transient shadows

On gloomy clouds
A soul is struggling
Anonymous birds
Are running in the night
On an enamelled sky
With brown domes
Irrational pains
Are slapping the nothingness from myself
To regulate its temperature
Requesting the name of a flower

A clock is wounded
The idea's dragonfly springs forth
The time opens
The window of an instant
And looks at me
I push far away
The houses and the poles
While I stretch the highway
Round the meander
The back of the day is being woven
And I still breath
Colorfully

THE BLIZZARD
IS WHITLING IN THE CHURCH

Limits of darkness

The stars
Are hitting their eyes with
Their fingers
Obtruse, the Moon is rising
With white bandages 'round the head

Crowded
On gutter edges
Mud
With cracked soles
Through broken skylight
The blizzard
Is whistling in the church

I AM FAR AWAY FROM MYSELF
MILES AWAY

From outside, is visiting me
The rotten illness
With documents
It visits
I am far away from myself
Miles away
Of doubts
The aged North wind
With icy hands
Holds me to its chest

EVERYONE IS CARRYING
HIS OWN CROSS

Myopic dreams
Are advancing with their backs
With the wig of the night
On their faces

The skin is cracking
Of the wind
The pious tornado
Builds up
Air temples

Each man carries
His own cross...
According to his rank

THE DARKNESS BLINDFOLDS
MY EYES TIGHTLY

The canopy is being plastered
With clouds
Through deep waters
The mirror is drying up
Me neighbor at West
Is orcus
Because the darkness
Blindfolds my eyes tightly
With moldiness odor
In nakedness
The senseless
Exhausts on roads

S.O.S.

Yesterday so, today more
The ship in the storm receives powerful
And more powerful
Hits on the prow

The sea is swearing and runs away
The dogs from the waves
Are barking at us
The water rises
On two prows
With the other two presses on
The deck

The mast falls on the knees
And prays

Yelping packs of waves are coming
And from everywhere
The prostitute of the sea
The sail

The crew hangs up with the nails
With the teeth, with the legs from
Whatever remains - by a timber
And more real:
Of a hope
But each one drowns
In himself
Huddled, and still floating
In the safety boats
Our sails

'Save our souls'
Save them
You save them!

ALONE AMONG STARS

Like a clumsy girl
The evening falls on the knees
By the window

Sky with black eyes

Through the eardrums the quietness
Lay its sleeping bed
Things are become equal
With themselves...
There is still struggling fiercely, a dragonfly
For a short while...

Please do not wait for me
I will be a little late
Among stars

THE WORRIES BEGIN
TO BUSTLE IN THE STREETS

A well of sky
Shows up the sunrise
The aciacas are mirroring
In the child of a river
The sensual look
Of the body

The worries
Begin to bustle in the streets
With people in the mouth
On the sides the poplars
Are carrying on the back
Paths

THE MUSIC IS A DREAM WITH OPEN EYES

The third symphony of Beethoven - the violins
Pass their strings through our ears
The spectators are staying and are
Looking at the sounds

The third symphony of Beethoven - the bows
Are moving steadily
As an army in measured step
The spectators are and are
Looking at the sounds

The third symphony of Beethoven
A few people
Are throwing tears at the stage

The music is a dream with open eyes

The spectators have left their bodies
Like excess baggage
And dream
As much as each can
And their dreams run among the stars

The third symphony of Beethoven
The third symphony of Beethoven
The symphony
And finally, finally each one stands up
From himself and leaves
From himself
The curtain drops as a night of December

FORMULAS FOR THE SPIRIT

The ugly effigy
Of the time
On the mind

Furiously, I look for
Formulas
Which do not exist
For the spirit

The brain
Perspires on the temples

The mirror remained -
Temple
In which I meet
With myself

THE PEASANTS WERE PASSING

The peasants were passing
Soiled by the soot of the night
In the wagon fiercely quickening
And heavy, of the father time
Yoking the oxen to the world's axle

Faces carved in sadness of stone
With the sleep stretched between
The eyelashes
And in the dreams broke in the head
Where passing like long cataracts
Always falling
Never succeeding to meet the Earth
They were passing with the dirty
Peasant sandals
Of the poverty
On roads holed by the mud
In the shadow of Poplars which
Had drank the sky
Under the scorch that had signed black
On their lips saturated by hunger
Spotted by grief
And the young cried with their sweat
Abandoning fields in plough rebellion
Among sacred wounds
Winds gathered for a chat
Where stirring pipes filled with melancholy

The peasants were passing
In the wagon
Heavy with history
Pulling after them the world's axle

ALL THE RED FROM MY BLOOD
IS BEING DRAINED

On the grass the time is playing
In bare feet

The lamp flickers in the tears of night
All the red from my blood is being drained
The questions are walking with their tongues out
Just as vipers, ready to bite

The sky sleeps as a tomcat
With its muzzle on the paws

The lamp flicker in the tears of night
All the red from my blood is being drained
The questions are walking with their tongues out
Just as vipers, ready to bite

THE OUTLINES ARE BEING BROKEN
BY THE FLIGHT

A big wheel
Of crepuscule
Rolls over
Onto a crest

Livid trees are walking with uncovered heads

King on the streets
The North wind
With empty pockets

The outlines are being broken
By the flight
And you, the ones who do not think
Oh, you things
You give us
Your wounds

THE SPIRIT IS A STATE
OF THE EGO

The night is falling as an asylum for old
The snow is listening as the doors
The wind beheads the trees
The night is falling as an asylum for old
By the stoves, the children re-enter their mothers

The time hangs from my neck
Like a mill stone
The wind beheads the trees

But I live, live 'til the street
'Till town
'Til the room where I work

The night is falling as an asylum for the old
And the spirit
The spirit is a state of the ego

THESE BLACK
DEPARTURES OF MY PUPILS

With fruit on branches
Lack
Trees in cadence
Bare feet
The mill
Is milking water
From the spring
And on the common
Delirium of roses
The fine tears of the sky
Are flowing
My quietness is measuring
The distances
These black
Departures of my pupils

Leaves are falling
The trees remain with empty hands
The alleys are winding
Long among tombs
Leaves are falling
The trees remain empty with hands
I walk on bare feet on the words

I touch the objects around
With the silence

Towards night, late I put my ear
To the sky
As on a dead bird
Leaves are falling
The trees remain with empty hands
I walk on bare feet on the words

DETATCHMENT

In the azure morning
I started with my friends
On a long way towards eternity
You try to catch time, again
The smoking plain shows
Its teeth
The confreres had torches
While I had none
They lit them
And let me swim
Through ignorance

For a time, their fire
Has guided our hearts
'Til they disappeared
Into nothingness

Left alone
Desperately, I have cried in shadows after them
But the echo answers
Empty

I called again, louder, but
They have not heard
Because of the flight, fluttering
Than I have changed the route...
Shortly begun to clear up!

WINTER IN THE DESERT

The Sun at 72 fahrenheit
Snakes cactus
Computers and dollars
Oh, Arizona
My belly does not hurt me
For others -
But the soul for the parents

THE WATER GAME ENCIRCLES

The water game encircles
Overflowed colored dragons
Yelling blazingly
Through their endless marines
The world grew blackened
And the delicate flowers
Were closing their windows
In an infinite desert

LIFELESS TIME

In the horizon at the sunset
The matter is bleeding
Gradually the night
Penetrates my head
Laying sadness on my face
The waves begin whipping
In mirrors of fuel oil
And the freeze is rattling
Its teeth of blackness
The image is whipping my eyes

THE SILENCE AS A BOAT

Alders - with heavy, sleepy heads
Bent to the ground
Aracias - tired of long standing
On feet

The evening extinguishes the sky

Winds are still passing
In an air boat
In the street a lit lamp
Hits the fence with the light

MY BLOOD IS A TRAVELLER

You set words
On words
For climbing
Or for non-words

The slope is nothing more than
A way
In the initial way

My blood is
A traveller
Which pulls you
Ashore

IN FURROWS THE EARTH
IS GROWING RIPE

The paths are hardened
By horses' hooves
In furrows the Earth
Grows ripe
And the trees
Get settled in fruits

From the field's ears
Of lights
An arch
Of a tensed muscle
A locust

FALLING ASLEEP

At your window
Sweetheart
The light is ringing
The Lucifers have descended
By you
On the man of a thought
The swallow is rising
A white wave from your mind
A pink rose
Is now bearing
In your belly
Your eyes of stone
Are striking sparks
In nothingness

FOLLOWING THE FLIGHT TOWARDS
THE SUMMIT

Following flight towards the summit
The grass is growing upside down...

As an inert
Elephant
The river goes
To die
Mourners on the sides
Weeping willows
In torn clothes
Exhausted poppies
The mud
With the snout
Scratching the roads

THE DRY SOUL OF THE FIRE

A noon dissolved in tranquility
By the fires dried soul
It's bathing with a fix
And tiring look

Bubbling, the Sun boils
Dirty, a laugh in its chest
Among forests of beings
It's combing its rich long hair
And overflows the melted gold
Through the Summer's final day

The lawn dampens yellow
And in light is burning
With shouts of electronic organ
The flowers have drank the Springtime
And now they bake in color
On the retina the silky signature
Of the yellow corn
Is being printed
The wheat is tidying up its face
In a dry shirt
Striped by depths
The sea as a naked girl
The sky is sowed by birds
The moors come for watching
And they are welcomed
By the smiles of opened windows
I would much like
To sunbathe!

PROBABLE TIME
OF THE TOMORROW'S SOUL

In deep furrows
The Spring is breathing
The sheen grows anxious
As a dough
The pond softens
In reeds and bulrushes
The butterflies are sitting
On apricot trees
Flowering them

I am standing on the threshold
Calculating
The probable time
Of the tomorrow's soul
From only a few grains
Of fulfillments
The herds of dreams
Are growing

THE COLD THORNS
OF A CRY

With the lines of pain
On the face
Senseless dreams
Sitting in front of the mirror
Are spinning
His/her back bent under the weight
Of the bleak thoughts
The anguish
Is looking over my shoulders
And my eyes are stung
By the cold thorns
Of a cry
From close Hades
Is staring at me

AT MY DESK I AM WRITING
I AM STILL WRITING

At my desk I am writing
I am still writing
And I clean off my pen
Of rust
In the tune of a lark

CONFESSION

Within myself earthquakes arise
 As deep
 As the mountains
And the smiles of my life
 Are shaken off
 As of a laurel
On the black board
 Of despair
With unsure hands
A still sparingly writes
 An illusion
So much time is buried
 In seeking
 Portraits I built
To the melancholy
 How I feel
As I were a prison
 To my soul

LAMENTATION

From uncontent spheres
The rain resurrects tears
That are from long time spent
The thunder as if a dragon
At night
With clean claws
Pours foam outside
Giving birth to pure defeats
The whole Nature is lamenting
When its Sun
Brings to it the night
The men
Who from Gods
Stole their lives
As Prometheus
Are willing
When the space engulfs them
When the time's rope
Powerfully strangles them

YEARS OF NO LIGHT

If you would know how much
Your love is breaking me!
Let's drink from the glass
Of our mending
Before the time
Our love would kill us!
Let's take down the sadness
From the frames
And the silence between us
To strip away
With a whisper!
Lower from your face
Your whole indifference
And cover with it
Our troubles!
Please make haste
As the distance between us
Is measured
In years of no light

BLACK SOLITUDE

How pushing is this lead like
Solitude
Feeding me with it unbearable
Song
And the pitch of dark
Is accompanying it gravely
By bars
The emptiness created within myself
Hangs heavy
On the scale of sufferance
And Winter is crying melts the snow
The Sun dressed in its morning suit
A partial eclipse
Locked up with heavy bonds
By the tough hands of destiny
The hour dies, suffocated
Into myself
I can see only you, my poet
Snowed by so many words
I can still see you
Like a spent plant
Sweetly in my night
Showing me another birth

THE DANCE OF THE PALE FLAMES
STAGGERING DRUNK

It is snowing ceaselessly
And to the instants - the flakes
Lay deep
On the mind
And all the badness comes from above!
A human blizzard
A foolish snow starts

I listen in the room to
Music records
Enclosed within themselves
Looking into the fireplace
I watch
The dance of the pale flames
Staggering drunk

BEYOND LIFE

The fight has ceased
There is peace
The world heads towards forgetfulness
The candles are dreaming
The Death's grin
Have engraved
A peace of stone
Beyond life
The body that has pulled through
The soul's tightening
Has been emptied of time
And space
And is plunging deep
In the mirror of the white night
Towards immortality
The way of sufferance
Melted in cemeteries
The music of the silence
The abyss has one drink
The cross' dance is rising
As a cry towards eternity

THE HOARSE AUTUMN'S
VOICE IS DESCENDING

From a rusty cattle bell
The hoarse Autumn's
Voice is descending
The colors
Remained dark

The early morning's
Cool dress
Is breathing in small
Dew folds

The small star rays
Is tearing itself
The light
Becomes faded
On the summit's grass

POKED BREAST
AS TWO LAMB HORNS

As a water cooling
Your hot body
With poked breast
As two lamb horns
And sweet legs
Of a tall swan

How cold it is
Outside of you
My soul!

'TIL THE TIME
SMOKES EVEN OUR LAST CIGARETTES

Let us listen
How in the world are rustling
The news
With their luminous scales!
The letters in tombs
Are still burning!

Let us still fish larvae
From the river of knowledge
'Tl the time
Smokes even our last cigarette
And to remain alone
The last witnesses
Of our life
And not even that!

DISMAL
WITH FUNERAL STEPS
OF ANGUISH

Street lamps in night gowns
And candles mourning
Lightly elongating
Awaiting

With funeral steps
Of anguish
In livid days
faded away in hospital
I was sliding little by little
Towards death
Falling into the future

I AM BEING CHOSEN
FROM ANGUISH

From Earth it is raining
The time pressing sadness
Zarathustra became
My enemy
I am waiting for the days
To flow
And I sit
On their stair
I am being chosen
From anguish

THE BEECH WOODS
ARE RAISING THEIR PIPES TO THE WIND

Look outside
And wash your eyes
As the days
Are baked in the Sun

The beech woods
Are raising their pipes to the wind
The stream is memorizing
Its nervous walking
The peace covers
The rocky bluff
And Swollen waves
Of the mountains
Crease
In pines

I SINK IN LOVE'S WAVES

Your eyes
Are so deep
They drive me dizzy to look at them
Fragile lips
Rise up in whispers
Of venera
And I sink
In love's waves
By your steps
Your dress is rustling
As mute explosions
Of carnations
The Heavens are calling you
And the restful music rises

SCATTERED SPLINTERS OF THOUGHTS

The colors
Fell asleep, forgotten
In petals
The vault grows faded
Around
Mended with a few patches
By the Sun
With smoked long tresses
The night is coming
And her rough tongue
Kisses us

Scattered splinters
Of thoughts
Gushing out from us
Asking revenge
To the time

WITH DROWSY HAIR
THE TREES GROW DUMBFOUNDED

Forests of leaves
On branches
In equal voices, tranquil
Caterpillars travelling clandestinely
In butterflies

Tammuz in his youth

Full of dust on its soles
And aged
The runway breaks at the elbow

Clearing full of birds

With drowsy hair
The trees grow dumbfounded
In images

DURING THE SILENCE
BLACK

A darkened look
The night
Is wrestling from the eyes
With it strangling horns
The days
Dead Winters
In fields

The houses in the evening
Hide away
During the silence
Black
And the emotions burn off
The pitch of black
Only my poor soul
Catches
Foreign stations

SHE IS HOLDING IN HER ARMS
THE CHILDHOOD OF A LITTLE BOY

for my Mother

With eyes leaden
With sleep
And old youth
In her mind
An elderly woman
Is holding in her arms
The childhood of a little boy
An elderly woman
Companion
Of a rocked flower

IF YOU SNATCH AWAY
THE ROSY FROM THE CHICKS

The youth is growing
In your chicks
If you snatch away rosy chicks'
Color

The mourning of your eyes
In the heart grows still
From Olympus you descend
And don not confess
Your love
The flower holds itself
The fragrance
As in a prison

LIGHT SUPPLEMENTS

Clustered
The night was coming
In the mouth of a raven...

Round and pregnant
The Moon
In the night dress
With impulse legs
Infatuated stars
Plumpy

Quickly we put up
To ask
Light
Supplements

THE FIGURES STARTED VIBRATING

I loaded my pockets
With figures and squares
And loitering I have strewn
In the streets
At each corner of the curved line
Of the life
I was throwing circles and triangles
At the mob and they echoed
I paved the road with figures
And under my steps
Have started vibrating
When my long legs were full
They became letters
And I've engaged myself
On the road to poetry

TOWARDS THE ABSOLUTE WHITE

The solitude sits on the keys
And starts crying
Shelled from the carnal burdens
The souls are lining-up apathies

Without deep presence in time
I am invaded by a nation
Of thoughts
The ages in albums
Put away for saving
Are often calling me
From inside of me, great distances
Even the pictures, one by one
Begging to defile
My eyes are calling fairy
On the ears are being hung
Earrings of echoes

It's smelling of silence
The showing white with angels
The waters are flowing into future
Veil of images
The shadow is poking deeply
In the smoked rock
A tranquility tending to the limit
Towards the absolute white
The night is rousing
By the street lamps
All is dissolving in its way
And the unseen butterflies
Of the eternity
Always go around

THE WAY IS SNORING THROUGH THE PONDS

The nature is snoring through the ponds
With frogs' croaks
Through vegetable gardens
Melons swollen by idleness
Gather their green skirts
Of stalk
On the way to bed

Coming from among the woods
A cave of pitch
Shows its white teeth
Of stalactites
Grinning at me
It reminded me
That the way towards light
Passes through darkness
Struggling with the silences
And thoughts
I tore the whole day of yesterday
In small pieces
Of memories.

APPEARANCES

I seldom go to sleep
On a dream cushion
From the sky I borrow
A few mornings
For my way
Which always
Ends with you
The hopes endow me with
Magnifying lenses
And I feel how the wideness
Flows in the oceans
I see the Summer's bride
Enjoying with me
It's made of smoke
The mirrors start drying up
I cannot gather petals
Anymore
Now, my longing
Photographs anguish

AUTUMN OF TIN

The birds became a flock
Of gunfire
Which from the fields were aiming
At the lands of clouds
The leaves bow to the ground
With heads full of nerves
In silver rain is blooming
The old narrow street
The moaning of the drops can be heard
In concentric circles

On vertical wave length
A thought is strangling my throat
With thick ropes of demands
And the Autumn's tin
Is flowing melted!
The hours are falling by me
In the circumference of pain
And I survive deafly
On the half of nadir
Steps can be seen
In my voice
On which the grief is climbing
Towards my star, the sadness star
Which only is glittering upon me
The sky closes 'round it

PASTORAL

The houses were stepping at random
On the mute edge of the street
The dogs with Moon muzzles
Were throwing shouts at boulders
From their mouths
With coppered trumpets
From the rooster's crest
The sunrise came out

The trees with the age wrenched
By rings
Have forgotten long ago
The yellow tiresome
Of the leaves
And shut within Winter
The wind was pulling
Their naked years

The tall birds climbing
On the thin lines
Of rays
Are stripped in the sky
Of the shadow
With no stain on snow

A bunch of notes
In distance
Were forming a tune
A slide of deers
And a stag
With the age hung
On crooked branches
Torn at the top
Used as packing stuff
For melancholy

THE MASQUE OF THE SOUL

Idly, you are bathing
In the mirror's water
With seagulls in your hair
And the voice rested
In a sonnet
While I am running
To drink your beauty

Among the blond sheets
Of the Sun
Your face appears
As a masque
Of the soul
My love
It's like a Spring bud
I will baptize this instant
With your name of mistress
On the petals of the flowers
On your love's plane
Slightly inclined
Towards separation
The dotted line of my happiness
Is breaking into a smile

I can see through things forward
The draining of the impossible
Pleasures
Strangled by the hysteria
Which often visited me
I live alone
In the coffin within

MOURNING

An electric tension
Between the planet's poles
And blizzards of wolves
Started
The Winter frowned
Its icy eyebrows
And it had let
The mourning show
Only the pitch black
Was gravely accompanying
The long cords
Of the night
Spraying the smell
Of the restful shadows
The Moon had let
Outside an eye
Half closed
The other was jumping in the echoes
And slowly
The silence was upholstering
The universe walls
With whispers
And the entire snowing
Bends in silence

THE CALLING

All thoughts were floating
On silence
When I came out
Through feelings
The hill had climbed to the sky
On branched minds
The leaves knitting busily
In drawers of bark
Colors, scents were resting
I called myself to you
Of how many times?
On a blushing carnation
On which you had forgotten your face
As a tower you were looking at me
With a blue tension
From your long distance
Which heavily hung
Upon my neck
And I had taken away your voice
On the heart's tape
The poems which I was rousing for you
Would be sucked into the vault
To remain in numbness

I RECONCILIATE WITH
MY LAST EMOTIONS

Dried body
From which is draining
The last drop
Of soul

Storages of the feeling
Which are being emptied

I reconcile
With my last emotions
For my own awaiting
The heart in Nifeliteim:
Cave with
Memories

I SET MY SOUL INTO MY PUPILS

Solar photographs
Are descending from my airplane
Contracting invisibly
Up to white

I set my soul
Into my pupils

With timid voices
Torn from the lips
The men throw away
The night's masque
From their faces

FROM YOUR CHICK
I WIPE OFF YOUR SIGH

Soiled
By the first rays
From your chick
I wipe off your sigh

I close my eyes
And I look at you
Of myself I would like
To forget
From falls of night
I wave the heart

THINGS - ALL HURT ME

A crow with the night
On the wings
The South-westerly wind
Is whipping out shoulders
The mighty soul which
Is pulsing in universes
The gluey mud
Of the crying
Is spreading on the face
All things hurt me
To the marrow

THE SOLITUDE OF A WINTER HOUR

Highways decorated
By poplars
On fields altered
By sticky mud
The solitude of a Winter
Hour
And toothless
The Moon is coming
Holding Ereshkigel by hand
I am running on the streets to gather
A full bag of words
The I bury myself
In golden dreams

THE LOOK IS SQUEEZING
OF ITS BLUE

The look is squeezing
Of its blue
The road which ends
Because of many sounds
It does not hear me

My sadness
And the crushed thought
Is eternal
Eternal
Is my seeking
In a vow

Shall I die in this blasphemy!

LOOK INTO YOURSELF
I AM YOUR HEART

Your soul is tinkling
The love is boiling over
The body is flowering the skirt
Moving the Spring
Right here

Look into yourself
I am your heart
Standard of wishes
On my fractured verses
And a tense music
Which is not dying

IS THE SKY FOR THE STARS
A GRAVE DIGGER?

Like an Abyss
Opening
Appears the sea in itself
And a returned precipice
The longing mountain

Is the sky for the stars
A grave digger
And the comets incense
For the world submerged
In universe

FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE
WITH WINDOWS TOWARDS WINTER

From inside the house
With windows towards Winter
After my children shout
Is running

A stretch of shadows
Became the world
The down bed is woven
Of the sleeping anguish
And the eyes are smeared
By a cry

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A GESTURE
FROM YOUR BOUNDLESSNESS

I am the watchman from the entry
 To your heart
The Zeus body destined to me
 Stake heated by passions

I would like to be a gesture
From your boundlessness
 And I am eternally
 Sold by Hermes
In the market of sadness

We reap the bad customs
 Of Winter
 Old
With faces in rugs

GIRLS WITH
RIPE BELLIES

From a fog
Of perfumes
The orchard welcomes us
With laughs of buds

On the glass vault
The Sun somersaults
In a corner of dreams

In rooms at the windows
Girls
With ripe bellies
Are sighing in long hairs
Of tears
Their offsprings don't want
To be delivered anymore

THE DEATH WILL REMAIN ALIVE

A funeral march is driving
The late drizzle
The leaves are smeared
With melancholy
And the time grows on tombs

The eyes close in orbit
Like in coffins
But dreams are still walking with
Bare feet on the streets
The death will remain alive

THE LIGHT HANGS HEAVILY
ON THE LAMPSHADE

The wind is blowing, blowing and the trees
The trees turn their backs to me

The light hangs heavily
On the lamp shade
At the window - grating
Of tenebrous

The hymera walk
Leaning on crutches
Through the night's bud
The stars walk
In boots

The wind is blowing, blowing and the trees
The trees turn their backs to me

TEARS OF IRON

From how many anguishes
Is formed the truth?
Questions full of blood
On the face

The soldiers pour tears
Of iron
It is a passing through things
Of anguish

An eye gets a hand
out
Our traces can be seen
On time

PARK WITHOUT LOVERS

...Vigors chestnuts
With frazzles on them

On a bench by a lake
A kiss
But the lovers are nowhere

...Roses shaken away
By thoughts

And the night sublimely
Rises on the four paws
On the Moon

The water is breathing in reeds
Through reeds

Oh, the soul
The soul bumps on the body

THE COLOR OF THE CRY

...Gloomy noon like a rotten
Canned fish

The streets are full of emptiness
And the life is death

I am the master of all
Which does not exist
I leave out of myself

The wind pulls the grass
From the hair
On the garbage can
The rain is the cat

I take to the laundry
A few sordid verses

These times
Are mine - no times

THE STORK IS LISTENING
HOW THE FOOL IS SINGING

In rotten moan
The sea
Girded by the coast
Neptune strolling
Its grief

And the stork is listening, and listening...
How the fool is singing!
And the sea is boiling
Its entrails
The town
Is in windy torment
And the eyes are anointed
By a cry

LIGHTMOTIVE

It is raining at plus infinite---
My presence among people
It's absent

And the drops fall on the asphalt
Like grenades
And the grass it's so coward
That its bending with every wind

Oh, how I would wish to catch the time
By its horns
As a bull
And I throw him to the ground

The drops fall on the asphalt like grenades
And it's raining at plus infinite

ICON

The beautiful breasts
Are burning me
Like two lamb little horns
Your little years
Contract me
On the shoulders
That hair damped in night
Slides in long whispers
Your glass lips
Are whipping my cheeks
And the heart
Dissolves my being
Like the waves scattering
The sands on the coast
And so far
Is the sky of your eyes
Such the love symphony
As only overture

YOU SHALL FIND ME BEGGING
A UNIVERSE

The hours are crying among years
Remained hours
On the thin lava
Of the time

The distance, full of shame
Is making faces at me
Among woods, the wind
Hangs a noose

There, at the edge
Of space,
You shall find me begging
A universe

POOR LIFE
IT'S TIRING TO STRETCH THE TIME

The clouds are hanging
Like filthy chandeliers

It is raining ceaselessly and moss and lichen
Are growing

Straight on the heart
The poor life,
Look how it's trying to stretch the time
The North wind
With insolent wavings
Slaps my face gently
It is raining ceaselessly and moss and lichen
Are growing

Straight on the heart
And poor life
Look how it's tiring to stretch the time

TOUCH WITH YOUR MIND
THE SONG OF THE DOVE

Poet, from the scabbard pulled out
The word
And touch with your mind
The song of the dove!

And we shall damn
The hours
Between then
With white thread
Of light

SUNSET

The melancholy of a sunset
Surrounds me
In pale waves
The feelings descend slowly
From above -
Like the yellow angels

Thinly, the smoke
Of the youth is raising
At the past tense

The day of tomorrow
Shall die
In the night

LITERARY WAR

The years of light
Have darkened my verses
The poetry capitulates meter by meter
The spirit rises to the edge of the profoundness
As the sickening oil from the soup
Donkeys with diplomas
Are enslaving the words
In the chains of an ideology
Building a magnificent pedistal
To the stupidity
And then I withdraw from the non-artist life
Of the union of impure creation
Obsessed by letters and their lack of sense
The literature is unrooted
Like the radish from the tale
Pulling of it both - the old man
And the old woman and...
The poetical struggle of the partisans
Hunted by unrealistic theories
Continued in the clean souls

INVENTORY OF GENERAL UNHAPPINESS

Exercises for stopping the thinking
And malformation of the sentiments
Tiles with spiritual imprints
Acute eyes and put stress
Photographed rains
Gathers people in the streets
Slaughter of the consciences
More absurd than the absurd
Atheistic religion
Performance of abnormality
Beyond hearing
Up to me a reality
State of depression
The shock of the social irrationality
Communication through hate
The science of not managing
And the lesson of giving lessons
Smart boys, but with narrow minds
Double dealers
The bad exist - and there will be
Made some more!
God, give them all they don't want
To each one according to his own
Unpleasantness
Combine for thrashing souls
The inflammation of the ego
Jumps from dignity to humiliation
The struggle with the ideological dragon
As in the Raphael paintings
It makes you to be what you are not
Theory stuffed in the throat
As the snake swallowed from the pup
By the poison, moving
Writers without literary aptitude
Substitutes of editors in chief and journalists
Black listed loves
Passions cancelled by decrees

Poetical seclusions
The metaphors hardly standing
On their own legs
As a malign tumor
Expelled from the temple of ghosts
The mute of badness is haunting in Art
Fear of the fear

AT THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF DESPAIR

Reserved words, power's adversaries are
Begging 'round the corners of the literature
The chivalry finds itself in a deep
Center of accuracy
Taxes have been imposed on words of wisdom
Paid with hard years of jail
The chain of the party-minded thieves have
Feudalized the country from one end to the other
The spirit, instigated to escapism into the
Immediate unreality, has been tied up tightly
With shiny staves of phrases and slogans
The topic has been turned upside down
Knocked about by autocrat dams
The conscience became screwed up in
The vacuum's spine, molded
In the narrow matter of the ideology
Tied in the path of conferences
Of inutility, exiled in itself, stranger
To itself, adhesive to the inhuman
An obscure theory but opposed to the
Obscurity
Transcended but contrary to
Transcendentality
Abusively stuffed - and due to that -
Valueless
Not understanding, willingly the intelligible
Leading the world over to nothingness
According to the maniheist doctrine
The world is being governed by
The two principles:
Bad and the worse
The sinking of the go into a differentialized collective
The derision for the individual creation
Periodically checking the soul
The time locked in a bundle
Flowing as a drop of foul water
'To be' means a permanent struggle

With the survival
The real hour formed by reproduction into a fantasy
Atheism
Invisible pain
Infatuated, hated for the fellow man
Mute ideology
uninvented, unidentified
Spiritual genocide
Falling into emptiness
Periodically, I keep a record of the
Metaphysical sufferance, of the assured and
Unconventional pain
Jobless in poems
With mutilated sentiments
Mimicking the apparent living
My love's confinement
In the terrible prison of my soul
The Romanian ether dispersed throughout
The world, in Irelands of ancient civilizations
Season of supplementary torments
Pitch variations at joining of an
Entire nation
The lust of moral defeat at all levels
Settled beyond the joy's beard
A Romanian directs
The nation's funeral march
Towards the cemetery of history

Forced prayers addressed to the party
Expressed while kneeling
With tears of illusion flowing down
A child's cheek
The bird carrying the death on its wings
Going 'round the light
There is no more Sun, but a
Communist Nietzsche
From his tomb

They rebel in despair, once a pain
The tranquility now is a bitter agony
The artificial silence is smelling of rust
And the immutable hours with sand
In their mouths
Such stated Zarathrustra!
The impersonation of any tendancy
To put out from hazy vortex
The incapability of man's ways
In local Hell
The dawns which don't want to show
Our mornings measured with the disappearance
Due to light excess
Forbidden Summers due to the lack
Of the red searching
The reprieve from the religion has
Built itself an anti-religion
Bowling in front of the worldly idols
Of the presidential family
Tenebrous worship encouraged by
The mighty
Males which are routing blindly
In the cellar of the thesis
Coming out to the surface
Is fatal
Night bats through the basement
Of the words
The labyrinth of the state bureaucracy
Appoints the personality
We snatch away our eyes from the
Unpleasantness to see differently
We cut our hearing by shouts of a slow death
The therapeutics of petting used with
The imaginary
The madness of the fool letters of the
Fool boss
Surrealism instead of reality
The pigmy walking
The walking on all fours

Crawling in front of the dictator
Walking alone
Walking with no legs
The animal walking on four legs
The stopped walkings
The walkings in a herd
The walkings to the head in order to
See the world
The walkings of the belly
The walkings on hands in front of officials
The marched walkings for intimidation
Walking in shadow
The crawfish walking
And the pigmy riding on the
Nation's hump
The continuous walking towards
The country's truth
We are heading towards the center
Of the impossible
The wind is scattering the scum
Of society
The lowest threshold of the human
Standing, touched
The thin thread of the real history
Will come to a halt

NEW MEN

People without memory, without
Brains, without conscience
The collective drama created by an
Authoritarian author with a limited lexicon
Servant's ideas
Lies of the lying lie
The citizens find themselves a form
Of inexistence
The structure of a non-structured republic
Flooded by dusted weeds
The infinite words of the
Ineffectual leaders
Through the act of sanctifying
The impudency
The real is less real
The art of more politics
The illusion more voluminous though the illusion
The taboo are more taboo
The ideology's tubs poured over
The peoples' heads
The leader is God
To whom belongs the truth
Nothing else is true
Non-Earth feelings
Excess of police
We are fighting in vain
Like the wind against the mill
Persuasive ideal trials
Verbal allusion, of the power drunk
Smelling of propaganda far away
Brutally filmed
The population distributed in a grotesque
Theater
Directed by a demented producer
Characters who are only walking on
Throughout life

Hallucinatory images
Human monsters going downstream
On the biological evolution scale
Human animals
The doctrine walks on the streets
In Nazi boots and blue caps
The festive artillery of the slogans
And the undeserved homages
Projectiles of streaky words like
The snail's track
The duly way of going up
Falling down
The way against time, the individual time
Impoverished happiness
Surrogates of the petty joy, daily
Fatal and hilarious theory
Metamorphasized life in death
From the living time itself
Illiterate, self-proclaimed professors
Engineers, doctors, geniuses with the mind
Covered with mighty yoke
Wills discovered as the line
Between negligence and ignorance
The poetry tortured in the party's cape
Sings with the voice of a crow
No one has more room of no one
Any self outlet is bursting
Deprivation of manuscripts and thinking
The torment of the tormented
Frozen by the roars of carnivores
The immortality is running in the streets
With a dizzying speed
The letters' tails are coiled
Forged ideals beyond history
The narrow glitter of hope
Smoking stifled in embers
The dead souls boom in crescendo
Prisoners of theory

The slowing down of the independent
Meditation
Emergency of extreme emergency
The intoxication of party meetings
The futility about futility
Hideous lectures, simple and harmless
Invented biographies for the leaders
The aggression of the general passivity
Talkative mutes
Around the corners of history
Worlds and anti-worlds wobbling
The prison of the heretic spirits
The leader doesn't give a penny
Internal isolation inside of the general die
The self betrayal which
Comes out through the wariness
The verses become contaminated by epidemics
The rebellion against yourself
Reduction of freedom consumption
The politics surround our hearts
With sentinels in watchfulness
The aridity presented with affection
Depression around the inaccessibility
The confusion of the exploit
While I am wanting I am tensed
Equal with the absence of myself
Beyond the vision's affection
Of the blood flow
Delegate for the making of the poem
From its own for itself
In the barrack made of dry stone
Monopolized by the military of letters
The obstruction of the arteries of the soul
And the poetic breathing
The everyday's abnormal
The demolition of intelligence
The violation of poetry

The obscurity of clear direction
Investors of fear
Non-profitableness of the unprofitable industry
The net of the fatal ideology
The intolerance of the tolerance
Inhabitants alike
Wishing at home
A nation with ill people
Due to the terror which invisibly
Floats in the air
Each despairingly as due can
The introversion of the extinct pastures
There are two separate worlds by an
Exhausted body
The alive soul shrinks its failure
Like the snail in its shell
Smiles deflated by sadness
On the gray lips, scratched by longing
Self investigation
Utopic surrealism
Ideological dissapointment everywhere
Imitations from neighbor countries
The extermination of a world
The incisiveness of the mediocrity
The emancipation of the ugliness
Collective isolation
The spiders of the official speeches
A hopeless invisibility surrounds us
Instead of education, re-education is
Being practiced
Cautious osmosis between the truth
And false, and the human inhumanity
The idiocy of the party language
'Nobody is right'
'Paralyzing hope'
'Nobody knows'
'Nobody'
'The universe is not contradictory'
'The truth is unique and party minded'

Not infinite'
It's irrationality is being recognized
Pronounced by the social system
But not by Nietzsche

We are heading towards others
Spiritual
Exodus from the esthetics
The authorization of the international
Limitations, snowbound, floods
People, shudders, fires
Disjointed, governmental emptiness
Exacerbations
Presidential
Strident voices
Moans from the depths of the Earth
Forced sentiments
Pushes towards insufferability
Fogged minds
Moral imbalance
Local exotism
False emotions
Collectors of failure
Ridicule exhibition
Verbal mumbling
Institutions of the organized fears
Regular feuds
Mass non-solidarization
Social status breaking around
Incomplete work editions - slaughtered
Artistic impediments - evoked
The end in a continuous end- unended
The demonism of the speeches
The abdication of the unsalted conscience
Stitched ideological excess
An incandescent statistic
Hoarse hypocrisy
Turbulent ideas

In front of the Ministry of Justice
Injustice
Traveling towards the end
Of the small infinite
Through the underground of the ambiguous thinking
Animal-like
Crawling towards the party
Forces clapping
Directed clapping
Recorded clapping
Clapping at closed stage
The fool is passing
In a night carriage
It is a bloody night
And it's raining pitilessly
The soul's windows are in deep despair
The cueless clock strikes three times
The warm cider and the pillow
Are taken away by the wind
'Starved, naked and oppressed'
'Loaded our shoulders as much as they pleased'
'They are bitter and spit on us'
'A dog we have seen for them'

The fool is passing
As a phantom
Sirens on the left
Sirens
Sirens
Hands cuffed, clapping
On the first lines of despair
On chains
The youth is marching
Military taking protective measures
Against repression
The tall rostrum of the presidential infatuation
The lock up of the popular ideas
The citizen is self teaching to hate himself

He is self teaching
To maltreat himself psychologically
He is self teaching
To council his desires and passions
He is self teaching
To defeat himself
He is learning beyond the limits of reasoning
The fool is passing
As a phantom
Sirens of the left side
Sirens
Hands cuffed, applauding

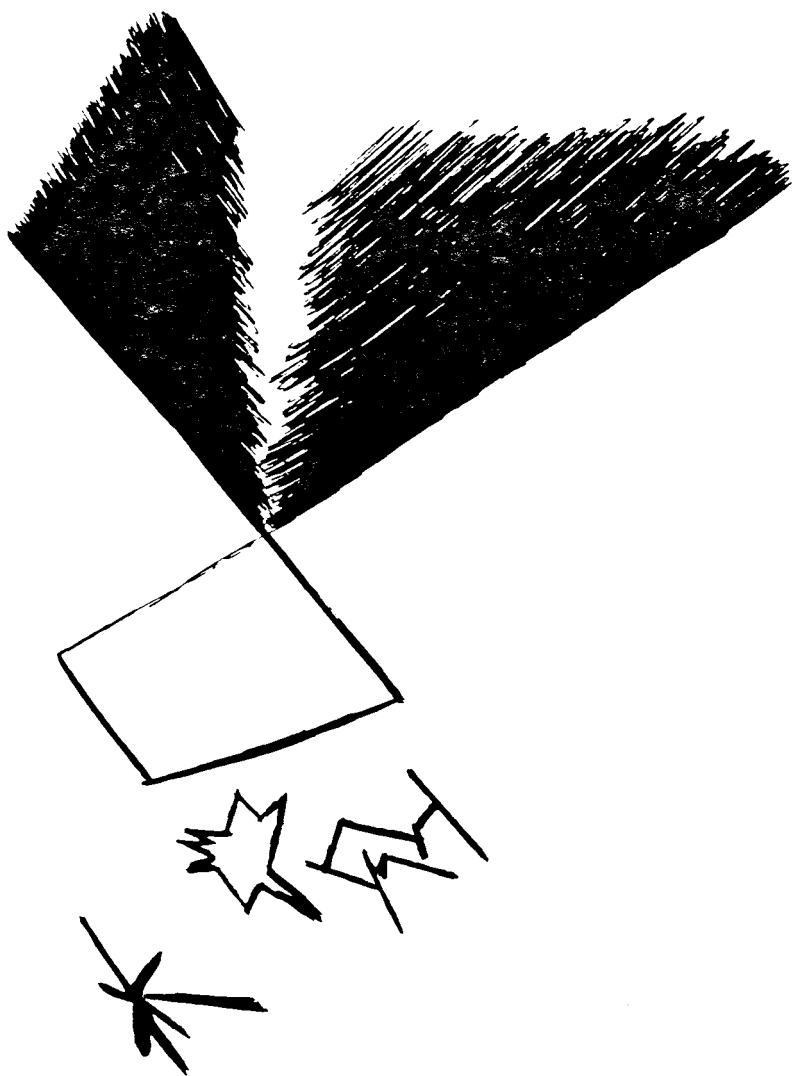
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