

Poetry Series

**Cristina M. Moldoveanu**  
**- poems -**

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## **Cristina M. Moldoveanu(1971)**

Born in Bucharest in 1971, I began writing poems in 2007 and haiku in 2010. I translated some of my poems into English since 2010.

## [new Year's Dawn]

New Year's dawn ~  
the mirror hangs on the same  
rusty nail

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## [whispering Frost]

whispering frost...  
two lovers  
and a white willow

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# [windfall]

windfall...  
the taste of  
overripe cherries

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

## 4 Metaphors About The Moon

I.

My heart is a well within, where clear waters raise if it rains,  
mixed with mud.

The moon inside it grows and dwindles continuously.

She breaks for me her bread, I share with her my water.

The more dreams I carry on my back, the more she shines brighter.

II.

Because of too many shadows my road is darker  
and I hid in the hollow of an old tree. Tomorrow it will be cut down.

The bloody knife is on the ground, covered with dust.

I feel like a woman who has never had a shadow,  
either sunshine or moonlight.

III.

Right before dawn, when dreams knock loudly at my conscience gate,  
a gray orchid grows under my eyelids.

A night butterfly asleep on the white sugar bowl.

What if the moon itself was nothing but the imprint of a dry flower  
on the iris of a child's eye?

IV.

If you dare to pass by the corner of a poet's house in Venice,  
a black gate towards the old attic will open.

There the moon turns on a gramophone record.

Always the same tune, over waters and rice fields, beyond dams and oceans,  
beyond white birds migrations in any season.

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# A Quarter For My Soul

i begged at the corner of the street  
but no one understood:  
only a bit of sunshine please,  
it costs half a dollar by tram  
to get out from the shadow of civilized ghettos,  
to renounce my cornflakes with yogurt,  
only half a dollar for the 13th hour tram,  
even if lonely women are conspicuous in city parks;  
some people give tens of dollars to watch movies at the mall  
and they are allowed to do this,  
others give hundreds of dollars for iphones  
because they have who to talk to...  
but only the heart, decent folks,  
the heart mends with sunshine,  
otherwise it becomes suspect  
of a cancer that has not yet been discovered,  
or maybe the human himself grows leaves  
in his entrails for always  
in the shade of cold concrete  
where even the sun costs half a dollar...

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# About Stars And Other Memories

on my bedroom's window I draw a blue bird  
for it should fly only when the night begins  
on my house wall a scythe with baby teeth  
for it should rise over the moon when the wheat grows ripe  
on the worn stone at my door sill a foamy sea  
like white lace on the church's altar table  
and it feels as if for a century  
I blindly waited  
to be sewn in the corner of my eye  
where a pouch full of light has been growing

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# Alzheimer's

Alzheimer's -  
the mailbox key  
still on its key ring

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# April Green

I sat at the table with rotted drawers scribbling the April green  
drawing spirals with a French curve when sunshine was there  
drawing straight angles with the set square because clouds were needed too  
I learned flowers' shapes by heart  
and mandolin songs seemed to capture butterflies  
among their strings in the evening

happiness came to me each day at some time sharp  
like a postman on a damper-less bike  
jolting while I waited to catch my packet

grandma smothered vanilla caramel pudding  
up on the hills plum blossoms weaved a loose delicate lace  
knitted daisies and pansies grew on the brim of my hat  
and only when I heard the train's whistle I knew that my game was over

I simply followed the last thread of sunlight until dark  
when all my dreams were soft  
and I did not care if the moon dropped its silver  
on my strawberry patterned night gown

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# Bars

to raise myself little by little  
up to the blackbird's nest  
already forgotten by God  
my long hair more and more rough and salty  
to wrap it around the bird as if a dry tree's twigs  
to feed it from my green nut eyes  
from tears of happiness  
to make it grow  
with its wings crisscrossed  
with a bolted beak  
until it will be bigger than the sun in my eyeballs  
and the only door open like the clear blue sky  
yet forbidden for me  
would eventually close

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# Bitter Green

because of too many nightmares I'm visited by the dead  
those familiar persons with ordinary words  
with hobbies and bad habits  
so homy /  
we ride together on the horse or in the small car  
we fall asleep in the bed from the doll's house furniture

it's too ridiculous / I am too old  
to wear a dandelion flower on my chest  
as a mourning sign for the sun of my childhood  
when I gathered in my hands small hearts from shepherd's purse weeds  
to grow roots in another place eventually

since I have wandered on the straight road  
I hide under my softly lined coat  
my arms tattooed by lightnings still lively  
my blood dripping in the dust  
sticking like scabies onto my shoe soles  
I am ashamed to take off my shoes to follow the shortcut

the gate has moved altogether with its pillars  
on the other side of the road /  
I tighten my fist under the sleeve  
I bend my knees and crouch  
near the deserted well with the cry of a white lamb  
whiter and whiter

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# Bitter Tropics

it wasn't me who invented love by ignorance  
the same way the painter doesn't have the heart  
to mix pure colors  
it was there  
in the times when I used to swot the differences  
between useful beautiful and pleasing

first of all there grew a tree with red leaves  
like man's or woman's lips before the first kiss  
leaves were another kind of hands  
trembling  
preparing to fall  
rustle over rustle till the last silence

only by chance I shared the same shadow  
with a stranger  
for the jealousy of those who did not know me  
I waited for centuries close to the old tree trunk  
my cheek against the dry ground  
I couldn't refuse him when he asked me  
to lend him a leaf  
and I didn't even know  
where do young butterflies hide when it rains bitter

people say that  
after a day that tree was brought down  
today no one kills himself  
because of love  
they're simply killed little by little

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# Black Cats And Pizza

i.

Because it's New Year's Eve I bought me a pizza  
and hid my sorrows munching, tasting,  
remembering old days. After all, I am a big child.

ii.

Yet I'm afraid that in a few hours I'll be completely awake.  
I can still remember last night's nightmare.  
I was fighting to survive from fire  
after a helicopter crashed near my home.  
I ran away but the fire was stronger and caught me.  
I did not realize to search shelter crossing the wide river.  
That was my only possible rescue;  
those murky waters cannot be defeated, they cannot be silenced.  
Everything else was burnt down: my childhood home, my happiness,  
my illusions, my memories.  
Then I woke up in fear. I am still dizzy and tired.

iii.

When I was young I used to dream about my future daughter.  
My dear and sweet little beast. I promised myself to place  
fresh cornflowers and tender wheat in her room,  
I promised to caress her small pink nails,  
to let her dream about elves and crystal fairies.  
She will be my only dream forever.

When I grew older I found myself alone.  
Sometimes I feel the need to caress anyone's shadow  
sweeping by chance the walls of my house.  
Sometimes I listen to El Condor Passa.  
Only bird shadows fill my window.

iv.

And now I go outside to buy another pizza.  
A black stray cat crosses my path. It is for the third time this month.  
Black cats are strange creatures when it snows.

v.

I sit inside the pizza restaurant, waiting for my order.

They always play the same disco music here.  
Did I ever dance in my life?  
The waitress speaks with me in a strange manner,  
obviously she thinks that I am weird.  
After I turn my back to her, she wishes me a happy new year.  
I make the effort to look back and wish the same to her.

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# Blazing White

It was snowing too insistently,  
snowflakes almost as big as the eye,  
over nostrils, over half-open lips,  
over the white lace shawl from my grandmother,  
exactly when I was not supposed to wear it.  
I had the profile of a porcelain statue  
like a Russian girl proud of her kokoshnik.

After a while I started to breathe roughly,  
choked first while crying, then while sighing  
and finally while hiccuping.  
Maybe because of cold and bewilderment,  
or because of the strange story about mulled wine with cinnamon.  
How could he possibly hide in my blood then,  
when I had grown up with bitter cherries and wild sorrel leaves,  
when I had sipped milk foam my whole childhood  
without crying, sitting on the blanket made of rough sheep wool?

How could that man travel between my heart's millstones  
without being ground down completely?  
Now only tears stick to my nostrils, to my half-open eyelids,  
like glue from a wound in the bark of a sour cherry tree.  
Not a single barrier, not a single one way sign,  
not a single red traffic light  
or at least a church with holy relics.

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# Bluer Than Blues

The last gift from my father was B.B. King's blues on CD. A week after my father's death my mother handed me one of the towels she bought as a gift for the guests coming to the funeral, as it is customary. This towel was not different; it was blue like all the others and was left by chance in our house or maybe they forgot to give it away. It landed in my closet nine years ago. It was not preserved as a memory. Every day when I go to the bathroom I wash my face with a bit of soap and a little water and I remember how my father used to say when I was a child that I wash myself like the cat does, cleaning only the tip of my nose and disregarding the rest. We both smiled. Those days he used to tease me many times about small things like that and I could not imagine that all my colors will turn blue some day.

Yesterday I saw that towel hanging in my bathroom and I remembered my father's words and the happy times we spent together. Something startled in my heart. I cleared my eyes again and again, I dried them with my blue towel while the words of an old love song came into my mind: 'a little bit of soap will never wash away my tears'. That was one of the songs my father kept in his collection and I realized that the blue towel has its own soulful voice. But most of all it borrowed my tears and my smile, day after day. How strange it is to see that this towel is still blue, still young, as if time had gentle hands washing my pain away, wiping my tears, saving my best memories. The last gift from my father was B.B. King's blues on CD.

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# By Themselves

By themselves

if people are trees then they are mostly like to be pear trees  
their fruit at the height of the noon sun with sweet juice  
they too fall by themselves  
grubby or not with small and soft seeds because man breaks himself  
to drop over the ground his teeth and bones smoothing  
he melts like a honeycomb

\*

at my grandma's funeral  
she looked as if she lost her wrinkles in the coffin  
her forehead smiled to the winter sun like water from an ice hole  
when we got back from the cemetery we didn't recognize  
her old and black umbrella standing in the corner of the bedroom  
everyone wondered what why it was there

from one hand to another we shared the wheat porridge  
and the clothes and the memories gathering new meanings  
it was colder  
maybe a small angel cried in the icon above the table

\*

one morning I saw a rainbow  
it lasted all along the road until the sky was untied from the earth

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# Bypass

I wrote a poem  
like a lonely woman  
crying for someone  
to make a gift of it  
whoever passed by  
dropped the well's lid  
without looking down

from too much yelling  
my eyes got dry  
I was blind  
it was drought  
the acacia grove whistled  
for such waste

suddenly the wind  
bent my crisscrossed arms  
I breathed soul to soul  
I cried tear from tear

someone left  
without a word  
my poem stuck to his soles  
like dust

I tore a leaf and signed  
I, anno domini

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# Carpathian Landmark

alive through memories  
my roots stretch within the trinity of rivers  
Târnava Mureş Olt  
from where my ancestors scattered towards the future  
their oak and beech tree ashes

because I loved too much all beings on this land  
I stood stuck to the ground  
I stayed home like a swallow nest blown over by the North wind  
with my arms tattooed by the stripes sewn on peasant shirts  
carrying the sweat of summer workers from the fields

wrapped in the white sacred towel  
kept in the old chest painted with flowers  
I raised the past towards the sky as if it were my baby  
the sun screamed the moon whined the stars babbled in awe

I payed tribute an ounce of oblivion an ounce of sleep  
an ounce of Hallelujah under the smoked church vaults  
through centuries of gold wax flames  
I and my shadow  
ageless  
in the country with a growing delta  
facing the Black Sea

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# Childhood Trifles

Those days the sun flew over me like corn flour,  
freshly ground at the millrace.

Even in winter it was yellow  
when I pressed it down with my thumb,  
like an unfastened button on my chest.

I could hardly cut my way with a stick  
through the tall weeds  
until my knee-high socks  
were filled with thistle tassels.

I jumped over the fence like a thief  
into our apple orchard,  
so no one knew where I was.

When the Big Dipper rose over the barn  
I slipped into the manger from the window,  
landing in fresh grass or hay,  
took my grandma's small chair for milking  
and sang for the young foal with caramel skin.

Those days all hearts were red and warm,  
shaped like gingerbread hearts.  
Each star was a story  
whispered by fairies in the daffodil's glade.

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# Easter Eve

while dew was still shining upon flowers  
mother went with her knapsack of seeds  
to the cemetery  
to plant petunias and daisies  
father climbed to the top of the cherry tree  
half-sleeping  
a baby spring wind opened a pathway  
in his white hair

some bees came to visit us  
but it was too early  
I waved my arms to drive them away  
fearing they would frighten dad  
or they would make him think it was too late  
waking him up  
or lulling him asleep completely

at our home  
while mother pulled out weeds  
father lay stretched atop the cherry tree  
as if over a calm sea  
to avoid drowning  
the way all dead float still on their backs  
over flowers

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# Elegy 01

it is mid summer I stumble like a woman  
in which people have never seen the woman  
ecce mulier  
the summer sky opened up  
there will be no more earthquakes or wars  
it is nice lukewarm and easy going  
things don't tumble altogether towards the center of the earth  
neither the lovers' eyes nor the jealousy that haunts them  
because they are happy  
nor the love for thy neighbor because it is envied

\*

sing a song you fiddler man  
for the girl from the white little house  
here where I am allowed to be myself  
the others are not sincere when a lonely woman  
lives as if in a train compartment  
rises and falls together with the moon  
(I could have caught it in my bread basket  
to cut a slice of it but I am not craving)  
I am too simple without secrets  
my whole life I got older in a corset ball dress  
singing to myself from the window  
praying to my angel to make me stronger

\*

how many wishes can I pretend to possess  
when I have never wished something for real  
it was always something more important more painful  
closer to me the one without beginning or end  
something that could have been  
you are my brother you are my sister  
I am the one who draws the gate's bolt  
even if the garden is deserted  
things must stay in their place laws must be respected  
fences have to stand up

\*

I shall buy lottery tickets to win at least a hope

if my astrological sign is lucky  
if there are enough comets running over my sky  
trying not to die like a soldier  
I am neither man nor gardener to plough for the seed of my dreams  
nor monk to sing hallelujah  
ecce mulier my lord  
the pain is stronger on my waist  
on the upper and lower halves I already froze  
enough for you to pass over on foot without breaking me

\*

I went astray in another world  
I will never be at home I will never part completely  
I'm a shadow's bride but whose shadow I don't know

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# Elegy 0101

there must have been something that i can touch and feel  
like the one-year-old hits the mirror with his hand  
i live on the highest floor under cloud number nine  
because of happiness  
sing to me a lullaby killing me softly  
tomorrow morning i will tease and powder my hair  
like a demimonde from the 20th century  
a rare flower at the vampire ball

\*

alike the sinful woman wiping men's feet with her hair  
because of too much love  
all virgins bring the scent of sea into their lovers lap  
then you can find them sitting still on bracket seats  
when they receive free tickets for the first night of the show  
from the part of a senile philanthropist

\*

do the ring dance my soul  
before the groom shares the pillow with his bride  
soles are hot and steps are small  
women have redder lipstick  
because red can propagate easier in the air  
it is a color that appears too early or too late  
between day and night  
like unmarried girls in their thirties

\*

and then the widow says  
they threw my dead man in the truck

as if a sack with potatoes  
they separated us  
the wooden hammer knocks the table  
the defense lawyer wears his black robe  
with a creased wing collar

\*

a long row of youngsters flows towards the church altar  
they have jasmine flowers trembling in their hair  
because of peaceful feelings  
let the children come

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# Elegy 011

it is so easy to kill me unknown brother  
carved Samaritan image  
do yourself a favor I'm an undecided blotch of color  
indigo reaching for purple  
shut at once the book you read from  
and I'll become a butterfly with my wings crucified  
a stain covering two pages

\*

maybe because of the need to forget  
I see death as a hindrance on the wheel of torture  
a camphorated ointment for nervous fibers ends  
I'm closer today to the tree for hanging the noose  
from which God forbid you to taste  
look vanitas vanitatum  
Yorick's head lies on your plate when you receive your alms  
the candle the baked apple and the wheat porridge helping

\*

I stand up facing the wall  
my voice isn't yet untied  
I wonder what is stronger and if the heart tips the scales  
my achy breaky heart  
on the balance between life and death  
there are a few extra grams of soul  
we will need very tiny jewelry weights  
psalm 103  
Fibonacci's series the golden ratio

\*

look my child the soft carpet  
my warm body upon which you step this sacred day  
my soles are thin they stick to the red clay  
I turn upon the potter's wheel  
my everlasting mentioning  
like I was that's how I'll stay  
a crumb of Eucharist bread on your lips  
the first one and the last



# Epilogue

you waited too much  
about thirty years before you can say jack robinson  
cheops kephren mikerynus  
otherwise life like a water under the desert  
always played tricks on you  
pushed you hunchbacked inside caverns  
where everything drips and leaves a small hole  
everything yells  
tears or laughter tear off from the flesh  
they're forbidden since the world began  
they declare you subhuman  
because so many still cry with their eyes closed  
you are just a riddled dummy  
the more you scream the more you unwind  
there's no place for you at the charity soup feast  
you don't understand why  
everyone is something because you are nothing  
you have no bright star left  
as a proof  
amid the stubs from yesterday's garbage  
you still smell good still wash yourself with soap  
children still play with marbles  
hitting the wall against which you lean  
tentatively

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# Fireworks

in our city they shoot fireworks again  
as if to scratch God's navel  
white seagulls coming from afar die over the roofs  
with their beaks crisscrossed  
with such cruelty

it rains softly  
like you let the wine drop on the floor flowing by itself  
when you barely incline your glass  
autumn falls  
upon the ground of this world  
to you my God we have dedicated everything

people grow from bread  
from people only bread remains  
half of it forgotten in the church's altar

~~~~~

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# Friendship

if you are my friend you would always believe in what I say  
we would bite from the same orange even if we know  
that stones disappear and rivers remain  
even if I read Heidegger and Kierkegaard and I dislike Confucius or Laozi  
even if I value Hugo and Dostoyevsky and I am still outraged by Picasso  
even if I cry without a word very softly and I want sometimes  
to play another Nine Men's Morris with beans or lentils  
until night falls upon us and you will believe me again when I'll tell you  
about the black forest grown from too high dreams  
and about the catacombs built by warrior ants

right now we stay together face to face at the round table  
somewhere at Stonehenge  
measuring the time necessary for light to run back and forth  
between me and you  
we both smile the same however much it hurts  
because tears would divide us forever  
like the sword separating Tristan and Isolde  
same as all the others divided because they never betrayed  
not even for the sake of their love

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# Gestation Period

beyond the circus curtain there's nothing to be found  
you don't have any goods to bid on them  
every dream was already booked in advance  
everyone searches for a more humane world  
but it will be the same forever  
with its iron flowers forged at the mental home's gate  
with its sad Virgins keeping the body of their son on their lap  
with its prodigal children learning how to whistle

and what else can be life  
but this savage taming of elephants and dolphins

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# Group Photo With Fishermen

it's christmas dad  
lend me once more your hand to compare ourselves  
among the living people i ever touched  
only your hand was bigger

if you want to we can go to the seashore hand in hand  
to leap wave after wave together  
or you can take me to the puppet theater  
where the orange tiger swallows pancakes  
while we're clapping along with our big hands

this year i didn't grow home bread and  
i didn't burn candles  
i simply crouched with half-opened eyes  
leaning against higher cushions  
over a cross scratched with my nails on the bed sheets  
lying in wait  
fishing like you dad  
sometimes hours other times days  
go by without any catch  
apart from your pale and slippery smile  
in the last photograph

dad  
why on earth didn't you put aside the fishing rod

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## Holidays - 6 Haiku

Thanksgiving  
the scent of cinnamon  
in grandma's Bible

Christmas alone  
the old man wears his boots  
with new laces

New Year's Eve  
the entrance clock is set  
on summer time

New Year's Day  
an X scratch  
on my mailbox

New Year's Day  
a deeper hole  
in my broken tooth

New Year's resolutions tic tac toe in my old agenda

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# I Never Promised You A Rose Garden

I won't forget the times when I made roundish letters  
in blue-black ink  
as if I were crushing blackberries  
perfumed and wild  
and in the eyes of that man by chance  
it was always the same Toulouse-Lautrec painting  
with my watery-blue dress  
like a cloud in the armchair covered in calico fabric  
the color of rose petals freezing  
in late November  
with his checkered hat thrown  
accidentally over my raincoat  
I wondered too much  
why he squeezed the whole sun between his teeth  
while laughing  
I continued to write about my dreams  
like white dead pigeons  
my lord  
with the heart shielded between wings

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# Infatuation

when I fell in love I pressed my heels against the sky  
as if in a bread oven  
sitting with my forehead on the warm ground  
and the wind and the butterflies and the clouds like smoke  
were hard to be spoken they stuck inside my chest

without even knowing  
I invented God in a new season of the year  
believing it was the same  
through days with sun and moon both white  
because of heavy blessing it rained with sweet incense  
clocks lagged behind from their minute hands  
gooseberries and red currants popped between my nails  
milk teeth grew in my virgin bosom  
with the name sculpted by man lips

I slept another one's dream in a stranger's bed  
he looked at me on Sundays through the train window  
he saw through me  
from our century of loneliness only dust flew over  
like from an old Bible leaves

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# Licence For Staying In One Place

I breathed with my tummy like children do  
the old men singing his mouth organ was asleep  
inside that small blue whitewashed house  
I was dreaming  
the Med the peace between sea and shores the olive trees  
a villa San Michele without treasures

(as if they they had honey on the soles of their feet  
everyone steals the dust from the street  
they castrate male nudes and take out the eyes of sculpted women  
they unwind tapestries)

I wrapped myself in a big bath towel  
I lay on the carpet as if it were green grass  
I cried  
I tried to forget

my bedroom wall was stained by the trail of my fingers  
dragged as in a rape

after the house's repairs the water was murky red  
I tried to drive in nails where they cannot be forced  
into earthquake-resistant structures  
and only that was left

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# Lied For The Moon And The Evening Star

in a lonely woman's world  
each crack in the walls  
is a twinge among her ribs  
neighbors' footsteps  
weigh on her chest when she breathes  
if rats teem in the basement  
cold shivers climb her back

elsewhere a mother breastfeeds and a child cries  
in the lonely woman's house clocks get rusty  
barometers and zippers  
everything flows  
when it rains her body is like a moist biscuit  
from supplies hidden in trenches  
by future unknown heroes

far from the city walls  
the river grinds the stones slowly  
in winter under ice  
around loneliness the canopy of heaven  
closes like a placenta  
with veins from blue stars

the woman files her nails into flesh

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# Lily White

love  
like a good joke about death  
is born  
when a little girl hangs cherries behind her ears  
and her grandma feels a spasm in her heart

it hardly lights up like fire  
from memories  
but some tobacco remains  
in the old cigar box  
that no one ever cleans

love is bitter  
like wheat porridge with too much sugar  
like a sigh you cannot pull out  
from flesh  
not even with a needle

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# Lupercalia

bubblegum balloons, mechanical clocks, counting frames with beads,  
letters on perfumed paper, furry toys for kittens,  
chocolate Santa Claus, giraffe stamps, thistle ponchos,  
black pirate eyeglasses, stickers with phosphorescent hearts,  
terracotta ocarinas, rainbow lollipops...

back then it was silence when I laughed

the little girl who sees the sun through a big leaf does not grow anymore  
her breast is like magnolia blossoms  
when the flowers fall down the clouds take their place atop the tree  
and the sun is like the small red eye of a white pigeon

rag dolls never fall asleep  
their silky hair becomes more and more dark and rough  
porcelain dolls with small keyholes learn step-dancing  
in their lacquered shoes

I chose a flower and I created the world in her image  
now it is silence even if I cry

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# Memento

many years have passed she was only an absence  
unexplained like a perfect ring of smoke  
no one ever told me something until I understood  
that her sandy blonde hair melted  
in the dragonfly wedding season  
she only leaned too much over the balcony  
with her clothes heavier than fog  
on an evening the color of milk coffee  
with her eyes so deep like lilies in muddy waters  
with her hands holding the city like a ball of yarn  
a wounded dog carried in a blanket  
amid out of fashion and unconscious gestures  
the way the broken limb of a tree sways along the tree trunk  
her words could still be heard broken and sharp  
china shards under a sledge hammer

some people cried with trembling lips  
hiding their tears in their fists  
I could see only black masks through the thick smoke  
they tried to forget that they were akin to death  
it was exactly like in Goya's paintings  
I looked over the fence  
I thought that no one has the right to judge  
why on earth was so much débris there  
what were they trying to hide underneath  
except for her engagement ring

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Morning Exercise

Good morning!  
with half-closed eyes you can see your life  
running like a fairy at the window  
shaking cherry flowers from her hair  
raising the train of her dress between her fingers  
it would have been unusual not to fall in love  
not to see among clouds  
swans in pairs white hearts in pairs dissolving  
while you sip your rosemary tea

Good morning I command to you!  
if you stare with your eyes wide open  
you see this life  
an ugly madam with thick makeup and dilated nostrils  
sniffing you as if you were half-dead  
throwing on your table the dry bread and the hard-boiled egg  
take it there's no time for a bargain take a bit of sunshine  
a pinch of salt on your tongue  
swallow at once

like this...open your eyes very slowly until your lives begin to wrestle  
and smash one another down to dust

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Nonviolence

today I'm furious  
I'm furious with Kriemhild because she took revenge  
with Hamlet because he took revenge  
with the Count of Monte Cristo because he took revenge  
with Romeo and Juliet because they committed suicide for something  
with the ground floor audience because they enjoy the plot  
and all of them warm their tongues and their feet  
as if the show were a kind of bacchanal

let's sing again 'L'important c'est la rose' while clapping with our hands/ encore  
for the white swan who dies so graciously/ for Mimi Violetta Aida Carmen/ every  
wall has ears/ every drumbeat has an echo/ all fine ladies and gentlemen spread  
the news/ everything is multiplied into more wires more electric power more wi-fi  
networks/ everyone pays more to be an open stage spectator/ everybody learned  
to mind their p's and q's / yet they don't have pity for the gladiators who don't  
want to fight

I'm furious with all the actors who want to be just simple people  
with all the simple people who don't want to be actors  
with myself because I lie when I say that I'm furious  
while in reality I am only sad for all these things  
and for the rickety nub of my heart  
for the sheer misfortune that most of all I believed in peace  
while all the others recite aloud that life is a continuous fight  
and even dogs bite those who don't raise their rod in due time

after writing pathetic poems I open up my stamp book and I see the rare bird of  
paradise under my magnifying glass/ I am a failure as a collector/ and I'm an  
altruist globetrotter/ I relapse and cleanse again my eyes staring at the bright  
blue stars that will never meet one another/ and I listen to Bach and Handel  
playing with the volume set at the minimum

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Persephone's Memories

and there's rigoletto laughing out the cry of the one who's defeated by fate  
among the spectators dressed in blue by the light flooding them between the  
acts/ and there's the woman eternally defeated by love/ a cup with poison from  
which they drink/ the men who used to believe

maybe the world means to win over that sentimental beast/ to open your eyes  
without amazement in front of the newborn's cry/ the world where passions die  
in the name of freedom

i wonder  
if this is exactly the sun in everybody's eyes  
how could I tear apart the veil woven around every cradle  
with such soft hands it is impossible

somebody plays god every day  
lights up the fire and waists time  
searches among deities and tombs a piece of clay that he kneads  
folding the dough  
he tries to invent another empty space inside earth's crust

i took my knapsack on my shoulders it smelled like bread and onion i climbed  
upon the hill's mane/ i felt beautiful and young/ i believed there will be a right  
hand holding my left hand/ when i came back it was snow and the house's  
chimney was faintly whistling/ i bit a red apple from yesteryear's crop/ it was  
cold and wrinkled

in the play of a lonely child there is room for a whole world  
of angels

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Pianto

I feel sick of too much crying  
because of too much love for people and life  
I cried in every corner that was allowed to me  
on the iron poker near the cold fireplace  
on the brown bread slice  
inside the cup of a jasmine petal  
or directly in the ecological toilet

I lost my tears and then found them again  
so many times  
I wiped them from my lips  
I spread them on a delayed train's window  
they were cold as if everyone deserted me  
as if getting rid of the Christmas tree wearing protection gloves

some people believed that I was contagious  
they swore upon the silence of a dead language  
that they haven't seen a child  
yet  
the shadow of my doll trembles on every wall

May,20th,2014

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Pirouette

i am inhumanly alone but it is alright  
it still hurts that i am human  
i'm not an anomaly i would love a cup of aromatic tea  
and a friendly pat on my back if i'm choking  
i'd wish to write a love poem oh yes i'm the great pretender  
to see what's left from my tea after talking nineteen to the dozen  
about the man who never loved me

at first there were too many songs i danced embracing my own self  
i danced the silence the sun the rain the noises on the street the heartbeat the  
happiness  
like a china ballet dancer spinning on a table  
i danced in the name of my loneliness  
sono la ragazza senza amore sopra il mare della gioventù  
behind the curtains there were the black speakers  
i danced only in the midst of white days i let my arms fall gently my fingers  
extended  
i swirled in pirouettes until rain fell down  
behind the window blinds too heavy clouds breaking slanting water streams  
released  
i became a lily with my hands arched over me like stamens  
sliding growing rolling from head to toes

if he loved me i would like to lay down stretched in opposite directions  
with only the front of our heads touching like clouds  
like a kiss from afar  
to be purposely foolish to let me rest my eyelid in the notch of his elbow  
but what kind of daimonic man would have loved me enough  
to sleep peacefully aside me

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Plein-Air

this is a chair  
for the outdoors  
painted a while ago  
if you look carefully to its feet  
or to its seat bars  
you will see many layers  
(at least four generations)  
of skinned old paint  
showing different colors

today it is green  
tomorrow it is uncertain if  
it will be sunny after the rain  
the mother with her infant in her lap  
leans against the back of the chair  
the father returns home  
with fresh paint in his bags  
eventually another white layer  
will last longer this time

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Primary Group

they were that kind of people clapping with their heartbeat  
like caught fish slap their tails against the ground  
they cheated on life from time to time  
smiling with tight lips stretched in a straight line  
faking laughter clasp teeth  
as if they checked if a gold coin was genuine

she broke some cheap glassware twice a month  
he shot targets in the amusement park  
she had skin burns because of bleaching  
he always had scars after shaving  
she used Nivea hand cream every night  
he slept in his long underwear

there was always something more important in their life  
like the extra folds of the tablecloth  
everything had to be stretched and even  
faultless  
like a road for high speed vehicles

when they quarreled they played fox and hedgehog  
often changing roles  
they were two peoples in a Volkswagen  
for a quarter of a century

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Rain In The Wild Strawberry Field

my love  
touch my eyelids with your fingertips  
and you will feel the mountains growing in the distance  
as long as I close my eyes for you  
do not leave me  
I won't ask you to give me a tribute of honey or grain  
I am the sovereign of a fortress crushed to dust  
my dearest dear one

it was not me who killed that lone tree on the hill  
but it was too beautiful and I feared it would perish  
on our autumn equinox  
with one hand I stabbed one leaf  
and with the other hand I wiped off the blood from the sky  
I only tried to save that tree  
it made no difference then  
if I was supposed to die at night or during daytime  
and that was only a sick silver leaf shining like the moon

I waited for such a long time  
with white lilies in my hand  
maybe I would have died on our wedding day  
and nothing would have changed  
now and again I would have asked you to read me a story  
about the land beyond the misty swamps  
to let me feel the wind blowing closer  
to make me see the heavy clouds approaching the crypt  
where they abandoned me

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Resurrection

In my time I looked at my hands and I understood:

I resemble my mother.

Life flows out from my joints and comes back to itself through my fingertips,  
according to the season. I juggle with life, I give it and take it back.

Either I keep my hands in prayer, or I place them on the bare ground,  
I am just like her.

Yorick died to me not so long ago. He was gentle and subdued in the hands of  
Hamlet

and it was also him looking at me around the mirror of Mary of Magdala.

From the smoke of my cigarettes, little black spiders appeared  
between my fingers and I smashed them one by one...

but today they are resurrected, sadly jolting on the dirty floor.

I did not know that even they can come back to life.

Today I speak to Yorick's son, whilst through the pulse of my fingers

yesterday's sun still passes towards tomorrow:

you too, your Kindness, you are alike your father.

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Returning Home

The sun in my grandma's eyes was enough for me,  
although the windows of our house were built towards Northwest.  
Each morning she cut with a knife the top of my boiled egg,  
we spun together round that golden core  
with a silver teaspoon, a gift for my father's baptism.

There weren't enough butterflies  
for the many flowers grandma brought in from our garden.  
Other flowers were sewn on my handkerchiefs,  
as well as on my hats.  
Grandma made them with her hands, soft like ripe apricots,  
smelling like naphthalene and purple lilac.  
I still remember how we used to cut the blossoming lilac  
after rain, when everything was fresh and beautiful,  
in the same colors as fairy tale books drawings.

Years passing by, more and more pigeons flew away,  
leaving our home's attic  
where they were prisoners  
The fight for love was stronger every year,  
like a quarrel between seasons.

As I grew higher than grandma's shoulders,  
higher than the mailbox at the front gate,  
taller than the fir sapling in the street,  
little by little I left for another place,  
trying to catch the sunset in my small basket  
where grandma had left a few dry cakes  
sprinkled with sugar...

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Rupestrian

my happiness ends here / on a Sunday's evening  
after the cross atop the church's steeple becomes cooler  
after this bright red sunset  
there will be no more painless/ careless/ fearless moments  
the asphalt is empty and dull for my soles / its echoes are lost  
no better things to do than strolling these streets/ almost losing ground

than staring at people right into the whole / the full of them  
without any thought on my mind

only the shadow of my elbow is touched by other shadows  
en passant  
silhouette after silhouette  
Modigliani's women / Brâncuși's magic birds  
la dolce morte della luce  
everything flows into thoughts / thoughts into other thoughts/  
even Charon's boat disappears  
and right now my lips paralyzed to prevent me from proving the truth

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Safe-Keeper

Too tired to sleep on in the morning, I wake up  
afraid of my own dreams, when the garbage truck

arrives at my men collecting everything  
with gloves, their tanned and hardened skin.

They're my stepbrothers because they feel the things  
I felt yesterday, they're the safe-keepers of my memory.

The scent of abandoned Christmas trees still alive.  
The orange peels or other lifetime indulgences.

Too many cigarette stubs touched only twice:  
once when I remembered something beautiful,

and another time when I tried to forget.  
It is that something fighting in the corner of my mind,

yelling "this is your life, just live it";  
It is the sound of winter wind bending the trees.

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Seemingly Snowing

in good old days I built adobe houses for each memory  
but then came flooding/ freezing/ and again flooding  
even the scarecrow's shirt lost its colors  
in our apple orchard

however you still ask me what happened/ how do I feel  
I would answer to you something silly  
like oh my god/ or what the heck/ how am I supposed to feel  
but I abstain  
we're too lonely/ the sun sets down behind our backs  
and this is not a joke

we played the hangman's game in vain  
today's words are private property/ we can't share them anymore  
we sit together just the two of us at the last supper  
two simple women/ flesh and blood  
my today's self/ my yesterday's self  
and tomorrow's holy ghost  
there are no other reasons for wondering and marveling  
it's just another starry night

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# So Much Vivid Is The Blood

We can see a red blood stain  
like the young girl's blushing at her first confession,  
too vivid to be washed away, too deep to be trodden on foot:  
another temptation on Via Dolorosa before the earthquake stroke.

The older are the wiped out crosses in deserted graveyards,  
the same are wild blackberries growing between them.  
The older are the blue hues at Voronet,  
the same are all the clouds above them when they break,  
leaving the sky wide open like a Bible,  
as older as the summer dew upon the fields.

And like tree shadows tremble among the unseen things in river waters,  
the same the iron plated Christ trembles in the wind.  
And so much life is in his arms forcefully lifted to the nails,  
so much that heavens cannot fall on earth since the beginning.

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Some Cornflowers

there is such freshness  
under the tent fabric  
stuck upon my lips and nostrils  
that i can almost feel through a grass blade vein  
all heavy dewdrops from ten thousand and one mornings

there is such beauty  
that i forgot how airplanes can crush  
for those who dare to dream  
for others too  
after they died all their deaths

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Some Say Life Is Like A River

the sky is heavy/ dolls' eyes are murky...  
I see too many horror masks/ clowns grinning/  
washing their makeup in the same laundry basin  
one last love dying  
under the hourglass turned upside down  
over the ill back of the world

\*

and how beautiful it was in the beginning  
spoke the Sybils with their crystal voices

\*

I clasp my fists because of pain/ this life mounts up my heart  
breaks my brain as if half of a nut/ steals me against my chastity belt  
and everyone says they still want  
another stain on the bride's dress/ a drop of red wine on the shroud  
an icon smeared with wax and locked in a gold frame...  
my God why did you allow all this

\*

in the secret garden a nobody's child  
bites from a bitter cherry  
she wanted to grow up to go round the earth  
but the lily wreaths dried up too early  
because only death isn't for free we will disappear  
I too and my white bird too

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

## Sore Spot

you thought they would open if you knock  
tapped gently with your down eyelashes  
small bud of a girl without home  
but churches don't have eaves to shelter you from rain  
and big houses have their big dogs running free

they told you love is the wisdom of the fools  
so you planted red tulips in a clay pot  
took them too early in the garden  
when anyhow it snows out of the blue  
over bare tree limbs  
over the first cherry buds

with your big child eyes  
you look as if you never saw  
a sealed key hole

after all you'll be a sore spot all your life

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Beauty Sleep

in the psychiatric hospital angels have fever blisters  
because of too much powdered milk swallowed still hot  
from soft plastic cups  
as pink as their fingernails lacking calcium

their wings hidden under dressing gowns made of felt  
they grow beyond measure  
when night shift nurses knit in their room  
if you look carefully into those neon-like eyes  
white and hot like milk of lime  
you can see a window opening and closing  
from time to time  
or the door locking the rooms for agitated patients

they are always on the door sill  
they're the only angels resembling gingerbread men  
adorned with sugar pearls  
they have long weak legs  
they grow day and night  
like ivy on the ground where it cannot find  
neither walls nor trees to climb up

sometimes I wonder how long has it been  
since they did not fall asleep

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Blue Dinosaur

Once upon a happy time,  
At the end of a long street,  
Lived a little blue eyed girl  
Smiling always very sweet.

Her small room was painted pink,  
Pillows pink, pink her bed sheet.  
All her dolls, her pretty dress  
Everything was clean and neat.

Outside it was cold and sleet,  
Christmas time was almost there,  
She watched standing at the window  
Holding tight her teddy bear.

Thinking about Santa Claus  
She made then a special prayer:  
'Please, bring something else this time.  
No more dolls with plastic hair.'

'I just want a dinosaur  
Wearing a blue silk costume  
With white skin and golden wings  
Flying all around my room.

I am bored of too much pink  
It's enough when roses bloom.  
When the sky is blue and clear  
I want blue but never gloom.'

Maybe God heard that girl's wish,  
Changing what was there below,  
He made snow instead of sleet,  
With blue sky and golden glow.

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

## The Book Club (Allegory)

inside the freshly renovated library they're cataloging blood bags:  
those Rh-negative are honored on the upper shelves  
where nobody can reach them,  
those from universal donors are less valued,  
but they are very much needed in the emergency hospital  
for neuropsychiatric disorders

in the reading room  
another enraged and brokenhearted Othello  
is treated with AB-negative blood before killing his spouse  
in the next room a Juliet with EEG electrodes on her head  
receives O positive blood  
before understanding that love and death are close relatives;  
an orphan child waits for another child heart  
reading White Fang in the children's room,  
he doesn't know yet who his parents are

the medicine man in charge skims over his braille recipes book  
before any kind of prescription

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Central Pavilion

theater of ideas:

a well aerated room with a black box under the window  
a young middle-aged woman wearing out of fashion bluejeans

monologue (aloud) :

when I listened to the bird songs I did not know  
which one was the nightingale  
and I did not dare to give it a name  
in my apprenticeship years I learned only to obey  
in my wandering years I did not invent any new road  
not even a single word in my silent years  
and then I died on the edge of the precipice I did not jump into

aside:

it looks like I resemble all the others  
I have the same shadow struck through with thick lines  
exactly like those who fell from their feet before me  
I have the same thirst for light  
I always get to the point beneath and not above 'I'  
and I admit that I'm not the only one  
I too got old too early and they left for me only the candle  
plus the salt cellar with very bitter salt  
perfectly natural in case I need it

recorded sound:

'Let It Be' panpipes and bagpipes  
the sound of water in a stainless steel sink

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Changing Color Of Hydrangeas

it happens every time when it rains on the backstreets  
you can feel through the rhythm of pending death  
the blood pulse in your ears  
an echo in a seashell  
your life staggering like a ballet dancer on a wire  
hiding the sun with her umbrella to avoid blindness  
you can feel the ship's floor slanting when the captain falls asleep

this world cleanses again of its ashes  
everything drifts away like windblown raindrops

\*

it is a smell of fresh bread steaming  
it is a struggle against these ruined walls  
still untouched by the springtime sun  
you can hear a grandmother sighing while reading fairy tales  
an old man crying in front of his empty stamp book  
a scratched record playing behind wide open windows

from the underground floor of the circus  
a beggar recites a philosophical stanza  
because it rains

and no one knows  
why clocks disappeared from the city squares  
why they took down the posters from lamp posts  
and the names of yesteryears singers drowned in mud  
no one understands what happened  
with those watchmaker shops and repairing workshops  
where we took our umbrellas shoes watches hats stockings  
no one knows if this circle will be unbroken

\*

on the streets where dandelions grow wild  
trees are partly cut telephone poles are uprooted  
they pour hot asphalt  
people searching for a guiding star embrace each other longer

children have the palms of their hands blackened  
eating blueberries

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Church Of My Soul

those who took care of the convent's garden  
left the dry trees  
at god's will ~~  
no more sunrise apples there  
only a few empty nests abjured their shadow  
on the straight road in the middle

as if the half paralyzed world  
raised with all its might to sit up ~~  
the rest of the garden bore fruit

it had been hard to climb the stairs  
on my knees  
but as a good christian ~~  
how am i supposed to descend them my lord  
the same way

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Crystal Swan

I wonder if you remember Eloisa  
the skittish wind playing with your sand-colored hair  
drifting scents of orange tree flowers  
and you holding against your chest a crystal swan  
with a lithe neck

but he's gone and you  
alike the blessed peace makers  
you dreamed of forgetting the wedding bells  
and the silver trout jumping  
or the rain splashes on the lake's water  
to forget how the vine branch cut in early spring  
cries drops of cloudy sap  
and how you shed tears of joy because he smiled at you...  
now you have a blank look and there's so much silence  
that you cannot hear the sound of your eyelashes  
trembling on your pillow  
like a faraway call

Eloisa  
the name of forgiveness is not forgetfulness  
a North star fell over the frozen lilies in your bosom  
hoarfrost flowers slowly melt down on your empty cell's window...  
a vestal once more  
the one who forgets is therefore forgotten...

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Elusive Butterfly

a house mouse squeaks under the heavy wardrobe  
crumbs are falling  
from grandpa's black pipe  
the ice cream got dry in the compote bowl  
my clock lags behind with a couple of polar nights

not I

I didn't care for old things and I seldom dreamed to taste  
carob beans to my heart's content  
rag dolls don't smile but they laugh  
their mouth stretched  
double stitched with thread

I

it is a too big word for a three years old child  
I forgot three years ago how many things I loved in this world  
I don't forgive what's left for me now  
that circle of life vanished under my eyelids  
traveling stars are racing  
amid my lungs' breathing cells

before falling asleep  
it gets always cold  
the postman rings the way he did when I lost my address  
where the world has forgotten me  
this is something new  
the history still repeating itself  
in place of the best gift

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The End Of The Blue Period

if others slithered between two air columns  
the child who had never learned the race was running  
as if swimming face to face with an ocean's wall  
his head like an iron ball  
dragging his motionless body  
only as far as the tethered roots could stretch

when his father carried him on his shoulders  
the child felt through his nostrils  
how the man's steps slice the air  
how the wind passes close to the ears as if  
walking is another kind of flight allowed only to others  
a perfectly directed music

with all his heart he would have liked to play  
like a normal child  
to forget he had had wings before growing roots  
but others were faster while playing tag  
they ran around him avoiding to touch him

he was left to be the savage defeated without fight  
the blue acrobat in equilibrium on his ball  
from another paradise

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Lemon In The Egg Saucer

the small woman from the attic sits  
cross-legged with her pink plastic  
hair rollers for hours. her life spins  
like the spool of thread on the sewing  
machine. she sleeps wearing a flowery  
morning gown in the room with a flowery  
wallpaper and a secondhand carpet  
imitating autumn grass. she boils her  
lime tree tea and dairy free pasta on  
the electric boiling ring. she washes  
her hair with nettle essence shampoo.  
once a month she goes to the central  
store to see new dress designs then  
she reads at midnight group portrait  
with lady. in a sideboard she hides  
a pair of perfumed lace gloves the  
color of the skin. she wears them when  
the spring wind blows. on a shelf in  
the kitchen a grated lemon in an egg  
saucer is slowly getting dry.

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Old Man

just as everything is in its place  
the cracked pitcher in the cellar's window  
the maize porridge pot amid the veranda flowers  
the knife sharpener in the kitchen table's drawer  
the squared clock hung slanting on the wall

day after day the old man  
takes off the straw hat from its hook even if it's cloudy  
pulls it down on his head with both hands  
opens the street gate till it hits the wall  
upright like a thistle he looks down the road

under the hat colored like an autumn sun  
it gets warmer  
his face furrows overturn a smile  
as if the moist earth sliced by the old times plough  
under the steps of sons grandsons and grand-grandsons

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Small Glass Key

in the country without rainbows I was a child  
because it was so much light  
I sat on a small chair like a mushroom  
reading about fairies and castles  
from books with green covers and from the sky  
with my windows open towards a cherry orchard

there were sleigh tracks and skating paths  
white things bloomed  
then those pink things and only seldom the blue ones  
I talked in the evening with the old trees  
I cuddled them and caressed their scales or claw-like twigs

sometimes I lay upon a stone under the bright sun  
and it was like walking back and lighting the fire by myself  
in grandma's room it was the same warm place  
the same wall clock towards South  
the whole starry sky running in circles

for many years I spent my winters  
covered in leaves and crying  
as if something breaks inside my chest close to my heart

in a couple of days you shall all talk to me  
as if I were a stone  
daughter to a sand grain who loved a mountain

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# The Third Commandment

paint me a crying eye ordered the white demon  
it is not necessary said I  
can't you see the seagulls flying at a distance  
I can hear them cry  
I can hear  
another blue train passing by

because of too many sleepless nights  
I am now buried beneath an old oak's roots  
they founded a city upon my eyelids  
I am no more able to see over the walls and  
I am tired all over

when my last teardrops will disappear  
only blackbirds will be left here  
shading my heart  
on the Eastern wall another child will touch me  
with the palm of his hand  
even God doesn't cry  
he'll speak  
together with the bluebells swaying in the wind

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Then Came One O'Clock

It was a tall and white door with the knob at the level of my heart. I knocked discreetly to enter in audience at the cross spider tamer. A fat and redhead man, chewing his whiskers minutely. I was wet because of emotion and warm like a freshly hatched chick. The man spoke curling his lips from time to time, because it is known that death is not as serious as life. You just swallow a knot in your throat from the corner of the star still left for you. As if you drink hot milk after chickenpox. Sometimes only the sun remains for you and you die in winter. Other times you shake off the stars and the moon from your hair like an autumn willow. You get so annoyed that your eyes roll in their orbits until the spiders stop jolting on your photograph upside down.

It was a perfectly ordinary day. Except for the fact that they sold more tickets at the county fair carousel. Nobody is perfect. Not even those who predict the weather.

Cristina M. Moldoveanu

# Toy Battery Train

I was sleeping for  $\frac{3}{4}$  days, because of boredom, and I walked up on an empty boarding platform with its pavement stones blackened. The grass sprouted out victorious among cracks, black as coal. The wind managed to stir up the dry poplars from their dark silence. It was like the meowing of an abandoned black kitten, precociously aware of its color handicap in a hostile world, a special meowing, hollow and squeaky, pathetic and funny altogether, almost begging for a drop of curdled milk, because fresh milk is available only for brown striped kittens with fluffy coats.

I began to go round the station aimlessly, feeling through my thin shoe soles that the train approached. I walked in a kind of led armor, tighter and tighter, looking with my half opened eyes towards the moon's eyelid engulfing the clouds. The train was really coming closer popping from sleeper to sleeper, as if running right or left from its tracks, anyway completely discontent of its compulsory straight road. Its large windows had a phosphorescent shine, therefore resembling from afar with some Christmas decorations in a city with a sky dark as pitch and smoky everywhere.

I wasn't certain if I dreamed or if I was awake when the train got in my sight. Although I trembled because of cold and fear, I don't think I would have climbed up. At every window there was a dead body, with its face almost black, and beside every corpse there was a doll all dressed in white: a bride doll with clean and frothy laces and veils floating in the wind. The lights in every compartment were colored differently, crescendo: white, yellow, orange, red, crimson, violet, blue. At the last window it was dark, but, leaning over the sill, I could see the head of a child, safe and sound, laughing wholeheartedly.

Then I closed my eyes and started to cry. I was no more afraid but I knew that I wasn't asleep any longer.

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# Vagabond Heart

I remembered my childhood in the cherry orchard,  
the way I did not want to complain about my too long name  
or about the fact that other children avoided me.  
I believed that for those who never lie to others or to themselves  
the curtain never falls,  
I believed that life was a window without birds, moon or sun,  
a window entirely open.

When it was spring I hid my soft hair under the knitted beret;  
it was a spring with nettles still tender,  
with cherry leaves no bigger than my small finger.  
The saucer with jam  
sat on my first schoolbook covered in purple-blue paper  
with labels perfectly glued in the middle,  
and my name written by others.

Today I walked the old cobblestone street,  
listening to my footsteps.  
I opened the school's gate and found my old classroom.  
I saw someone's hand writing a word on the blackboard.  
It was 'silence'  
I thought that the whole world must have been that word  
since others rejected me as if I were the bitter core of a cherry kernel.

They pushed me out from their world,  
in a place where I can dream of something real to me,  
such as love.  
Since then my shadow grew higher than the fence of my school,  
higher than the prison walls, higher than the lone traveler on his horse...  
or I am that lone ranger trying to shoot his own shadow?

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# Zed

besides getting old  
drying up and whitening like peeled off walnut limbs  
I began to forget the primary school lessons  
maybe this is a bad sign  
one day I realized that I forgot how to handwrite Z  
the way they taught us  
you know it was not easy  
at home I knew zed from the newspaper  
I sat on my father's knees  
asking him what's this letter and he answered  
then I went out to scribble zed with a pebble on the sidewalk  
my teacher loved me even if I knew to read beforehand  
little by little from one blotch to another  
I learned to write small crooked sticks slanting lines circles  
later even the letter zed for zoo and zebra  
for Zorro the adventurer or Zeus the immortal  
I grew up like any other with two zeds in my mind  
writing the easier one like all the rest  
we all learn since childhood to have a double life  
to hide a part of our hearts  
until Puss in Boots becomes a memory with too tight boots  
I think that maybe I became too old to be able to write the letters  
forgotten in my back pocket

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