Poetry Series

Dorina Neculce - poems -

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Dorina Neculce(13 iunie 1964)

poet and narator

...If

if thou seek him, Ah! if thou seek him, But, gosh, if... shalt find him? that man It has / rear built, It has the body sword that man could with his wing sharp to Cut half the sky. maybe shall fall angels maybe shall fall icons, kings, empires, crowns, powder and powdered-flood / spears but I call him. that man died in me like a cemetery of elephants, I say, and They pinch me heap/ at the feet of earth as if I have no room.

@black Man

come on he told me you never liked the black man and you couldn't watch his crystal eyes which are making gloves of stars nor the hands how are braking the sky and look how you're always trembling when you spin the key in the lock behind you the doors are crackling gnashing like an ill house and I have to harness always the horses come on the angles were telling me with wings at hands and at legs never never did you like the black man..... was braking with his coarse hands the Sky without trying to look at me?

@hunting

lyrics Wish Neculce

eyed cat sick He's looking at me From shadow my contestants prepare hunting my falls we are 'which on which' imitating the sounds of the night at one piano with keyboards rusty Children put a rainbow in the pocket brutality has nails of assorted fruit so throw a finger incarnated of a furious gaze firmly fixed we learned the same waiting and yet the end guard not yet come my claws eat from cat's claw and they weave fingers Wire woman means my glass like sadness of asphalt nursing her babies geometric leaps: , , So is a simple illusion For a moment Keys twisted, , and over flowers immortal silver bullets fall

traducerea Cristian Alina

Adânc

umbra mea celesta

cei care m-au iubit au smuls gratiile iata au și plecat fredonând i-a primit pamântul cu buza deschisa şi eu zbor înghi?ita într-un plonjon interzis ma razboiesc daruindu-mi sângele pentru voi ma voi întoarce ridicând geana zdrobita a cerului o sa îmi înec talpa tabacita în nisipul fierbinte ve?nic în floare o sa ma spumege pârâul odihna a umbrelor mele urlatoare lacatul timpului încuind surâsul meu taiat dar ma prefac pentru o vreme în lini?te într-un Dincolo-într-o altfel de umbra celesta îmi veti zice durere îmi veti zice clipa rastignita stânca adormita în pieptul de clovn întristat alunec adânc sugrumata de a mea viata

Blues

my soul/
funeral incantation /
a fingernail blue in
that were
crucified
heavens

Ca Un Vitraliu

ne priveam foarte rar

, , ?i iara ne vom ferici, , i-am zis barbatului de plumb leganându-mi în zare sim?irile spalam zorii cu umbra mea apoasa ma târam pe sub zidul castelului parasit de la o vreme ne priveam foarte foarte rar într-un anume fel cu pleoapele despicate ne urmarea lumina îmbolnavita de singurata?i maligne , , o voi putea închide, spuneai tu, -inima ta- la picioarele mele obrazul tau mat cu însemne îmi va cere cândva iertare, , ?i eu suparator de sticloasa cu genele îngenunchiate spre ne-voia-?i ma decoloram ca un vitraliu în limba de noapte , , te voi putea închide, , tot repetai tu cutremurându-?i pletele de plumb

Cântec În Hohot

înca nu îmi trag frica peste cap mama chiar daca firul de paianjen se împletice?te împrejurul gurii mele urletul câinelui Rex sparge tacerea în buca?i de noapte ?i eu ma învelesc în ascuns înfofolindu-ma în umbre e toamna zic pasarile î?i fac rondul undeva un batrân se chirce?te cu genunchii la piept cânta ceva nedeslu?it ce al?ii l-au înva?at ?i trage sa moara privind în ochi singuratatea asigura-mi un loc zic în inima ta garanteaza-mi libertatea senina ?i promit ca am sa ma ridic mama aude scâncetul meu cerul se întuneca aruncând cu porumbi?e moarte garanteaza-mi locul pe care ?i l-am prapadit tata sunt învinsul acestui pamânt am rasadit violete în toate col?urile lumii trenul huruie acoperindu-mi strigatul ro?ile lui duruie ?i îmi duc mai departe acordurile acestui cântec în hohot

Carpe Diem, Souls!

Carpe Diem!

I see everything so clear
Here in grass mowed over
My tender steps fill time
like an fountain of deep darkness
Hear Stars emanates from roots
Gushing from the pale cheek
The Moon my steps free vote passes
Without chains through
Enchanted Forest soon
subjecting
death and
Then I burn the words thousands of shards
Sparking the churches with winged fingers touch you
Knights are heads of Steel

Knights are heads of Steel
Will unveil the helmet
And the clay banks
Desferecate will quiver

Bringing us meals

Trees of quiet blue: Carpe Diem, souls! I'll scream Here in dislodging of bones

Traie?te clipa!

Vad totul atât de clar
Aici, în iarba cosita
Pa?ii mei buni î?i umple timpul
Ca o fântâna de întuneric adânc
Asculta?i stelele emana din radacini
Se mi?ca din obrazul palid
Luna mea trece pasul meu liber
Fara lan?uri prin
Padurea fermecata

supunând

Moarte ?i

Atunci ard mii de cioburi

Batalia bisericilor cu degete înaripate va atinge

Cavaleri cu capete de o?el

Va dezvalui ca?tile
?i bancile de lut
Desferecate se vor trezi
Adu-ne mese
Copaci de albastru lini?tit: Carpe Diem, suflete!
Vreau sa ?ip
Aici, în dislocarea oaselor

Confuzie

Adevarul are forma rotunda.

Confuzie grava. Adevarul poate

sta în mijlocul drumului, cu genunchii strân?i,

cu mâinile strânse împrejur ca un cordon ombilical

iar uneori se poate sprijini de

un piron imaginar, numit balan?a.

Talerele sunt în echilibru.

Bra?ul stâng este al meu.

Bra?ul drept este al tau.

O unda de triste?e ne învaluie chipurile în prag de anotimp

Adevarul are frumuse?ea revarsata,

dar poate cadea în pacat ca într-o robire dulce...

Azi, mireasma verdelui împarte cu generozitate trairi profunde,

umple goluri- hauri-guri-cascate...

Cineva poarta Razboiul Marilor Iubiri pe umeri

lovind în inima desenata sub cama?a

ca pe o floare de pacat.

Pacat?

Confuzie grava!

Ma simt dezertoarea abia plecata

înspre Razboiul Luminilor.

Raze ceruite îmi împrejmuiesc gâtul

oferindu-mi posibilitatea de a ma apleca.

Scad un an, trag linie, ?i adun lumile la un loc.

Las vie?ile în urma...Triste?ea îmi ?opte?te ca

porumbeii au uitat sa zboare înfrân?i

sub greutatea unor mesaje de pace

Aripa lor zace, atârnând în colbul fierbinte

Nu mai avem timp sa le oblojim ranile deschise.

Bocancii tropaie nerabdatori, scutura praful ?i trec mai departe...

Pace...zace...

Confuzie!

Dezbina ?i vei conduce!

Numai învin?ii au aripi.

Pentru noi, azi, nu e

Doar o simpla sarbatoare.

Clipa îngroapa Adevarul.

Îl gase?te un orb cu pu?in noroc.

?uvoiul de cântec

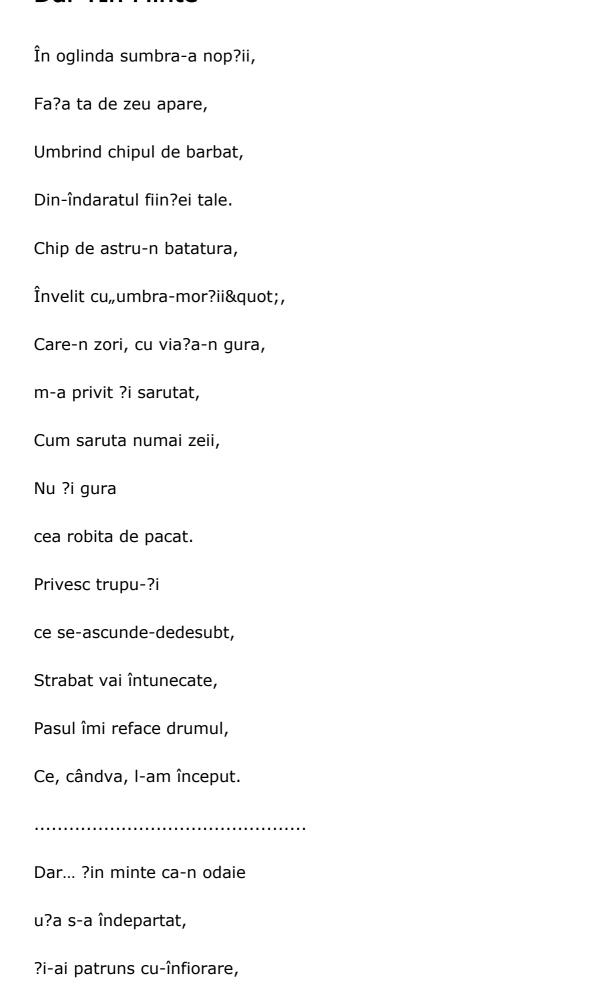
Dintr-o simfonie neterminata
Se risipe?te prin col?urile gurii.
Simt genunchi apasa?i peste piept.
Dinauntrul meu se elibereaza o Confuzie,
Dar nu uit ca am corpul de cle?tar.
Şi înlauntrul meu
Dospe?te tainic o alba mare confuzie...

Covery Of Butterfly

stol de fluturi albi inundatie în zbor suspin înghetat

covey of white butterflies flooding in sky sigh frozen

Dar ?In Minte



Când uitam ca te-am chemat:

Nu pe zeul cel din tine,

ci, doar umbra-?i tremurata,

Strat cu strat...

De-A V-Ati Ascunselea

?i m-am ascuns aici ca o umbra sculptata în ceturi de fum pielea mea netabacita azi straluce -tainic-m-am ascuns în piatra asprita de vânturi -nou legamântjocul acesta: , , de-a v-ati ascunselea de mine, , ar fi trebuit sa ma scoata mai buna mai nemiloasa mai tare ca o unghie-elitra dar lasa

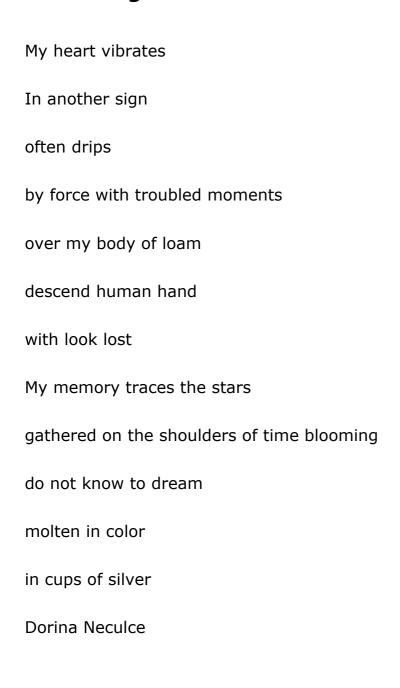
Dear Mother

Now when all the rivers have dried up When they split entirely herbage Sprouted wild beasts languages Remember that thou hast born a sign of fears undone I've lost my courage in a final cry My hand take shape the truth and hot clay turning it on all sides no you could not recognize eyelids are the only opener of way Cavernous in this city of where the angels were departed climbing up on the wire of rusty spider

Death Dolls

when ends this run I tell I am a human good I carry my pain mask of silver which grew up deep in flesh the bled flows my mornings can be your nights and my nights can be edge of time I am a human as anyone else swimming through the daily asphalt of the plumb city leaving my mark of earth I leave the curtain over a field in which kill themselves dolls with rotten eyelids with leaning mouths as in one last call I am a good man I don't watch

Dreaming Of You



Elegiac

with fingers crossed with recessed legs in cool of the night release unto my cry come rustling over herbs -if not say it hereif not I would know the body which had lain in the grass and behold he / man almost a shadow of under the Earth exhort sheep are to bloom

elegiaca

cu pumnii strân?i cu
picioarele adâncite în
racoarea nop?ii slobozesc
strigatul meu
fo?nitor peste ierburi
-daca nu ar fi aici- zic
daca nu i-a? cunoa?te trupul
care a zacut
?i iata el/
barbatul
aproape o umbra
de sub pamânt
îmi tot îndemna
mioarele sa
înfloreasca

Femeia Albastra

e o noaptea veche adâncita
ca un râu cu malurile suprapuse
un întuneric îmi presara peste umeri
fiorii de argint femeia albastra arunca
mrejele în mare
e
prea târziu iubite
nu pot sa fiu decât
un trecator iluzoriu
cu genele topite
chemând obrazul
sa îmi împleteasca
firele de timp
acolo unde înserarea
nu ma poate ajunge

Festina Lente

when are intertwined shadows of the night in the depths of the earth I support my elbows by the sharpened wall of light I'm not allowed to come in and I aging in a crystalline silence clear and cold unasked with ears open

.....

când sunt împletite
umbrele nop?ii
în adâncurile pamântului
Îmi sprijin coatele
de catre zidul ascu?it de lumina
Nu am voie sa intru
?i îmbatrânesc
într-o tacere cristalina
clar ?i rece
neinvitat
cu urechile deschise

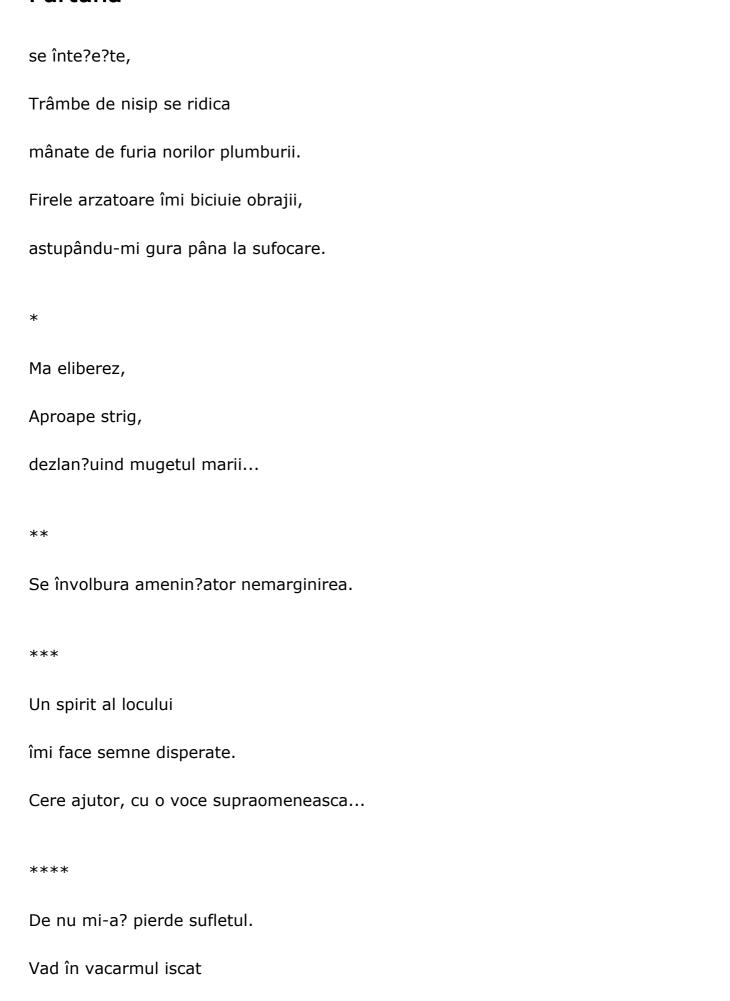
Fiat Lux!

, , Let there be light behind the doors of lead, , When eyelids are extinguished like some torches people hide in the chest same stories with, , was once the whip of words, , yet Other heavens snaps around the mouth and you wonder if you have power to take from the othe start through the maze of shadows thinning daily until at pain.

Fly

Bevy of white butterflies Flood IN FLIGHT sigh FROZEN

Furtuna



o lini?tita fâ?âie de faleza lucitoare.
M-a? putea elibera, gândesc.

Un val uria?, nea?teptat,
vrea sa îmbra?i?eze cu furie ?armul.
În orbirea lui ma confunda cu o nimfa stravezie.

Îmbra?i?area dureroasa ma arunca
în spuma albastra.
*
Apa ?i nisip se iau de piept
într-o complicitate tainica
**
Am obosit
Vreau sa adorm

Îmi a?ez mâinile sub obraz

Marea-împacare îmi mângâie duios

obrazul biciuit ?i tâmpla zdren?uita.

Albatro?ii rescriu, cu zborul lor tandru,

o poveste începuta demult,

când flautul cânta cu glas de pasare maiestra.

Cerul o prime?te cu uimire.

Soarele se scalda, alaturea de mine, în asfin?it,

sfin?indu-?i chipul de zeu nemuritor

în lumina aprinsa din ochii mei

stropi?i cu pulbere de chihlimbar.

Ghotic

gothic solitude

when the blue strings
are like getting light
over one sunsets
I have my dirty hands
unse my livid eyelids and
I float drifting
over the water of Jordan
with bats in claws
I feel only the supressed memories
when I twist them under
the shape of a stitch in my thought
there under a the stronghold
where
are gathered
all the clouds of ash

Haiku

sun of topaz flicker of light in water shadow returned

Happy New Year -2017!

levitation
trouble the deep
my being
with one hand shaken
I see the earth
afloat
the eyes drinketh
from
blue flight
and I feel
mastered
for a while
middle of nowhere
by waters

Healing

vindecari

1. dezbraca?i copacii de umbre
?i apele se vor mari
nisipurile se vor aduna
întru în?elegere deplina
o sa ni se deschida ochii asfin?itului
pâna dincolo de zborul în Marire ?i Înalt
al vulturului cu pieptul de rubin
2. frivola ?i mult aplecata în chemari
trec prin acest secol al adevarului de piatra
nu ?tiu ce sa mai cred. se scufunda lumea
sau într-o mare fara de cer
decanteaza vinuri
într-o separare a trupurilor
de loviturile crescute pe obraz
-funii albastre împletite din taceri-

healing

1. Unwrap the trees of shadows
And the waters shall be great
The sands will gather
For full understanding
The eyes of the sunset will open
Until beyond the flight into the Glory and the High
Of the eagle with the ruby breast
2. frivolous and much bent on calling
I'm going through this century of stone truth
I do not know what to think. Sinking the world
Or in a sea without sky
Decanted wines
In a separation of bodies
By the blows on the cheek
-the blue stuff woven from silence-

Here's Peace

from Venom wet
I do
canvases
of white
my spiders
the earth compassing

my days, I say, , ,
and I am looking wings from
shadows in the shoulder
of the night
here's peace i say
here's peace
of forests
hidden
in the shadows

Hermetic

my soul
bird not the sings
snatch
roots
through hands
prefabricated
(Tears of the Sun)
ignite
the poppies in
the blue fields
like on a lamp
of silence

Hey, Traveler!

I try to climb my shadows towards the sky
my knees are sitting under steps of smoke
I pass through the silent crowds covering with my palms
spring of 2012
now when the taste of the bread has hardened
I feel how my eyes are struggling again
in my left hand and
I pass from one
edge to the other
these roads
when have they fallen down

.....

hey the traveler!
my stories
are written with fingers of blood
herbs and dreams have coloured them
I am the white bird
in the late nights
the hunters of the hearts *star
they have won me

Hunter Of Shadow

Alone in a world of words
I'll separe the waves
From the front of the house
i'll built from me eye
the sand women's shoulder
and built steps.
to another sky

I am a shadow's hunter
withought monocle
or a silver scepter
in snake shape.
.Dear Death if you read this
never step back
through my wet trembling sights
neither my forgot toungue
never don't put balsam on it
as the venin of a frozen down day of it.
Never neither don't put the bell
Of a Cathedral of cross-words song.

Leave me fresh as i was and again Me mind Eye trough the lips of another sky in a plumb city sight I will reborn as an eagle shape Of my lonely sky

Hunting

I look for some time through the eyes of a butcher I am a cat wrapped in several layers the dust caress your belly with clutches grown-n layers bloody fleshy over night not bother us derailed trains people moved with cities with all in other forests rich and still virgin

vânatoare

te privesc de la o vreme prin ochii unui macelar sunt o pisica învelita în câteva straturi de ?arâna î?i mângâi burta cu ghearele crescute-n staturi sângerii de carne peste noapte nu ne mai deranjeaza

trenuri deraiate
oamenii s-au mutat cu ora?e
cu tot
în alte paduri
bogate
?i
înca virgine?

I Am

ego sum

I am night
endless, white night
I have flowers grown in thought
and the angels hand.
in my twilight
birds are
sad and blind,
tighten seas in the flesh
and my bones are tired

multumesc pentru traducere, Cristian Alina

I Living

I living

in a perfect harmony

with time I am so lonely

in my silences a way as I hear

How is unlocked the heaven

rusty keys freeing up

I Lost My Land

in my ancestral land larks sing in whispers they spin the air complementing the name like an body

mi-am pierdut ?ara

în ?ara mea de rudenie ciocârliile cânta în ?opot ?es aerul completând numele ca un corp

imagine digitala creata de Dorin David Aurel OBedeya Ben Aharon Cohen

Identity

My freedom is clarified sonorous with shimmer of crystal are floating over the waters deeps will not fit neither their bodies of the book and I crush under wing eternity until we has do older and I evaporat every pore now sizzle Alongside the stars in blue dew and sleep on my eyes in shades bloody

Ilumination

the forced by ilumination prohibited with covered-in mantles by silence with the wind, ransacking of my ribs are on there flickers winter When my voice goes throug - deck over the thoughtand yetunyielding yet in damp beddings I will always stand for the unlocking the hands and the legs === by blue drops

În Aceea?I Inima Cu Mine

nu e momentul sa ma mai ?in de promisiuni

?ansa nu ma poate ocoli sunt un calau cu mana cusuta în sânge am un acvariu şi un singur nume lipit de urechea stânga oamenii îmi striga pe acela?i ton ginga?ia e ca o urma adânc sapata de la o vreme pot sa dorm lini?tita între amintiri strigate fiecare ticaie pe aceea?i limba și ma acopera cu propria piele e timpul sa îmi cizelez și eu cum se cuvine poezia sa o scot din când în când în lumina ca pe un anotimp neperisabil des) cusut deasupra lumii înrolat cu bocancul ros într-un mar? for?at duc un razboi cu strigatele nop?ii de parca un strain mi s-a a?ezat alaturi și locuie?te în aceea?i inima cu mine

In Cry Of Cassandra

like a Cassandra disheveled purring The last thread sitting in a shadow of the cross pasting the poems sweetened on faces of statues of bronze.

In The Tower Of Waters

in the tower of waters

all the roads have closed in the tower of waters we may live with borrowed lungs we still swell one anotherasleep swing of lonely childrenhood today I shall obey today I shall be a small and caressing rain That only I can be for you Open your soul my love crushes my yell the empty towers, the wall is raising inside you havens of light and shadows stay next to you in my water's face with obedience drops on your forehead I bow to you.

în turnul de ape(in roumanien)

s-au închis toate drumurile în turnul de ape mai putem trai cu plamânii împrumutati cu venele desfrunzite ca nişte ramuri întinerite ne putem creşte unii pe altii-leagan adormit al copilariilor sihastredar azi ma voi supune azi îti voi fi ploaie de mai marunta mângâietoare aşa cum numai eu îti pot fi deschide-ti iubite sufletul şi strigatul meu darâma turnurile goale zidul în tine zideşte ceruri lumina și umbre ramân lânga tine în chipu-mi de ape cu stropi de supunere pe a ta frunte ma-nclin

In The Town Paper

sleeping on the streets
wander chased shadows
searching through the same dream wings
we wake up with blood curdled
fall into the sunset with the fists filled with butterflies
fly obscurity same same irreplaceable
days go passing nights under smoldering cry
the bitter snows heart stop on the wire
as to rest the bones of ancestors
lost forgotten demolished
subjected to sleep without a century

the deserted street just shadows creatures of the night have stopped another drowned in paradise from conception to voice shadow dreams of ghosts among wings defeated

Inner

I'm filtering my blood
In steam of time
Cups foam
incandecente
running around
daily
Covering with waves
My body
Endowed with new life
Like a feast
It's the new flight
Of the bird
In the wound

interior

Îmi filtrez sângele
În aburul timpului
Cupe de spuma
incandescente
alergând în jur
zilnic
Acoperind cu valuri
Corpul meu
Înzestrat cu o via?a noua
Ca o sarbatoare
Este noul zbor
De pasare
În rana

Is As If

I still could live deep in an unseen window baroque sound sat step over step time over another time free sclave sucking up the clay of it's own grave.

La Multi Ani!

levita?ie
probleme adâncuri
fiin?a mea
cu o singura mâna scuturata
Eu vad pamântul
plutind
adapa ochii
din
zbor albastru
?i ma simt
stapânit
pentru o vreme
in mijlocul pustietatii
de ape

Mashenka

let's go mashenka!

I call her don't hide yourself this bowed woman won't stop she'll cry anyway and she'll still cry you have to get out the buildings without windows can melt mashenka is the metal girl of a dwarf family her thoughts - knotted stitchfeed all the roses (this will help us maybe only this will help us) when everything is lost when the trees of the shadows are dead I hear the beating of your heart as some rebel chords and I can see my mother locked in a rose she is holding her chin with the hand she breaks out sat in the chest of mashenka the metal girl where feeling is a whining ohhhhhh it's so simple you can to turn off light I say and I breath strangled

My Eye Opened

my eye opened in the eye of the world with the gun at my temple to dream Centaurs, harpy Chronos crushing in ivory fangs the children swollen lakes with bellies full of water lilies a crazy world with tied hands up with the breast pegged and it asked me: can you guess for whom the step of the world beats to could you for me tell my fortunes as in my love?

.....

the search has no knees the search is a stuffed man inside whose have fallen asleep all the sipirts of the forest

My Simphony

I touched the body of month -fly ash with bent knees and I beg in peace mother dangle words in rocking memories it takes afternoons baked in the deep shadows digging on cheek from pencil started man building up cave paintings in the rocky walls Water lapped like a the symphony on the blue violin collect a rainbow not forget: I urge all Late rains of children will be transformed soon in birds fog...

My World Is Crowded!!!

twilights bound

on lips you friend of mine since you have gone

mom stays in front of the gate everyday

with a dry hand she evens her eyes

'maybe he hasn't forgetten' says she

'maybe he hasn't forgetten that the world is the size of a nut

of light green'

my world is full of lights I tell her

my world sweats and is piling up

as a mad dog in a slack time

at your feet are breaking into statuettes

with edgy faces I warn you my friends

prefabricated images are coming

double-faced and amazing

Neogenesis

ca un naufragiat
cu mataniile ruginite
alerg luând urma primavara uneori
ma regasesc pe aceea?i alee
cusuta cu fire de sânge
cu arborii crescu?i
simetric pe acelaşi rând
strig în pustiul din mine
oferindu-mi hainele
din piele nu mai am unde sa
ma ascund voi
sta aici a?teptând
trenul în flacari
-pasager al ultimului meu gând.

*

Noegenesis: Acumularea de cuno?tin?e prin experien?e senzoriale sau intelectuale.

Night Of Silver

haiku

ramura de spini inima crescuta-n os simfonii arzând

branch of thorns heart increased in the bone symphonies burning

licurici în ploi umbrele mele plutind -așteptarile-

fireflies in the rain My shadows afloat expectations

noapte de argint zâmbet decupat de ploi nuferi zburatori

night of silver Smile cut by rain water lilies in flight

Papuşile De Portelan

într-o zi torida de vara,
papu?ile de por?elan î?i arunca
inimile încremenite,
sparg vitrinele ?i pornesc tacute într-o procesiune
numai de ele ?tiuta spre por?ile îndepartate ale cimitirului

î?i strâng împrejurul trupului împu?inat pardesiurile învechite(mirosind a molii sufocate) vorbitoare ale altor vremi

cu mâinile tremurânde, ofera por?ii generoase de iluzii trecatorilor grabi?i cu ochii alba?tri ?i destinele atârnate

ora?ul papu?ilor este iar verde cimitirele au cruci înca vii împodobite cu flori plastifiate...

miroase a lavanda ?i a via?a putrezita în labirintul albastru pasarile croncanesc dezlan?uind cerul

un dangat sparge capsula temporala împingând în gropi oameni îmbra?i?ând papu?ile împleticite-n alte chipuri

doar într-o singura zi torida de vara papu?ile înva?a singure sa vorbeasca ?i murmura un imn funebru

intrându-le oamenilor pe sub piele...

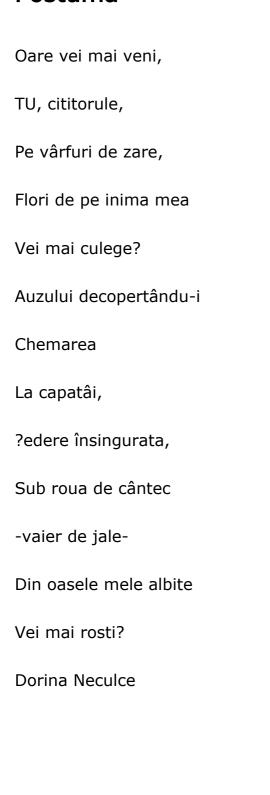
Poem Stins

ma a?teapta în lini?tea nop?ii
ferestre cu luminile lasate
pa?i de copii urca şi tot urca
acela?i rasarit de la început
de gând aproape to?i
se împiedica în tacerile mele
cu rochii sidefii ma şi întâmpina-n
iluzii mult aplecate mâini
nedezlegate înca îmi mângâie
ziua care m-a crescut
în trupuri de uria?i o sa ma
încorseteze valuri zic
scuturând puzderia de umbre
peste ferestrele
cu draperii sfâ?iate

Poetic Creed

allow meto pass
by rivers of illusions
, , born and not made, ,
trapped on shore
the great of defeats
allow me oblivion
stiflng silance
in bonesof silence
and that miracle
still raises the eyelid
She would not believe
any soul forward with hands
connected by a wall
my body warm
certain offerining

Postuma



Pre/Destinations Human

'god have mercy of our hands until the other shore' the road it was too long my friends are screaming and singing are pushing days towards the water they think it's a joke their deeds shuddering the awaken eye the baby's body is an boat floating is an home floating with the eyes swollen with dry mouth with the chest of wire 'mom, I want a drop of water' 'don't give him, was yelling the man with broken lung, you know that wets the bed at night' the child's mouth is burning it's like an explosion of sun in his hair have tangled all the horizon and the legs of turtles are pushing. 'no one will forget this night is explaining the paper girl no one will ever forget Nobody and all say the other crimes were writing earth with bload covering our eyes trying to make the time...one failure

Prea Scump

acum am şi plecat
cu privirile întoarse
auzeam murmurul stins
al globurilor de cristal
de ce sunt tri?ti oamenii întrebam
când le pleaca amintirile
în zbor ca dintr-un cuib rasadit
în piatra le ramâne doar urma dar
nu ma mai pute?i urmari de la o vreme
am devenit o ceata întinsa şi densa

.....

scriu poeme încâlcite în Braille caut un cântec de nimeni ?tiut Totul e prea scump lucruri nefolositoare licaresc fantomatic la umbra zilelor ca ni?te firide adânc sapate în imensul semn de întrebare

Predestinations

god have mercy of our hands until the other shore' the road it was too long my friends are screaming and singing are pushing towards the water they think it's a joke their deeds shuddering the awaken eye the baby's body is floating is floating with the eyes swollen with dry mouth with the chest of wire 'mom, I want a drop of water' 'don't give it to him, god damn you, was yelling the man with broken lung, you know that wets the bed at night' the child's mouth is burning it's like an explosion of sun in his hair have tangled all the horizon and the legs of the turtles are pushing. 'no one will forget this night is explaining the paper girl no one will ever forget Nobody and all the other crimes were dabbling covering us our eyes was like trying to make quiet with the time...

Refusal Of Pure Thought

Refusal of pure thought

My mothers do not They're still sneaking their infants Through the open doors The face of man Will look In another nation Another religion or country The mountain of fire will spit The blood of love With the tied step Men do not want You know how to lie In cruel truths Their neck will hang Like in a deep drill of the snake The strange head of the bent head Among herbs of iron There was only a trace The jade clock Counting the moment In a jarring cry

Resemnare

fluturi în ziduri umbrele pa?ilor mei scutura resemnare

butterflies in walls the shadows my steps shake resignation

Rock/Heart

the river more blood will ask from you your forests will load trees from bones in your veins a bitter bird feathers will smash as a building with the weak arms a snake in nest and a heart the slave will be no longer new man no you have more much so take care the falling autumns are not so insignifiant bounds of blossoms no there are still openings of eyes-lashes but you must get the sword from the snake mouth and cut befor in blindness of growing grasses in/from the rock

roca / inima

râului mai mult sânge va cere

de la tine
padurile vor încarca arbori din oase
în vene o pasare amara
pene va sparge ca într-o
construire cu bra?ele slabe
un ?arpe
în cuib
?i o inima
de sclavi nu va mai fi
om nou
Nu ai mai mult
a?a ca ai grija

toamnele care se încadreaza nu sunt atât de nesemnificative limite de flori nu exista înca deschideri de ochii-gene, dar trebuie sa va ob?ine?i sabie din gura de ?arpe si sa taia?i înaintea orbirii de ierburi în cre?terea în / din stânca

Simplicity

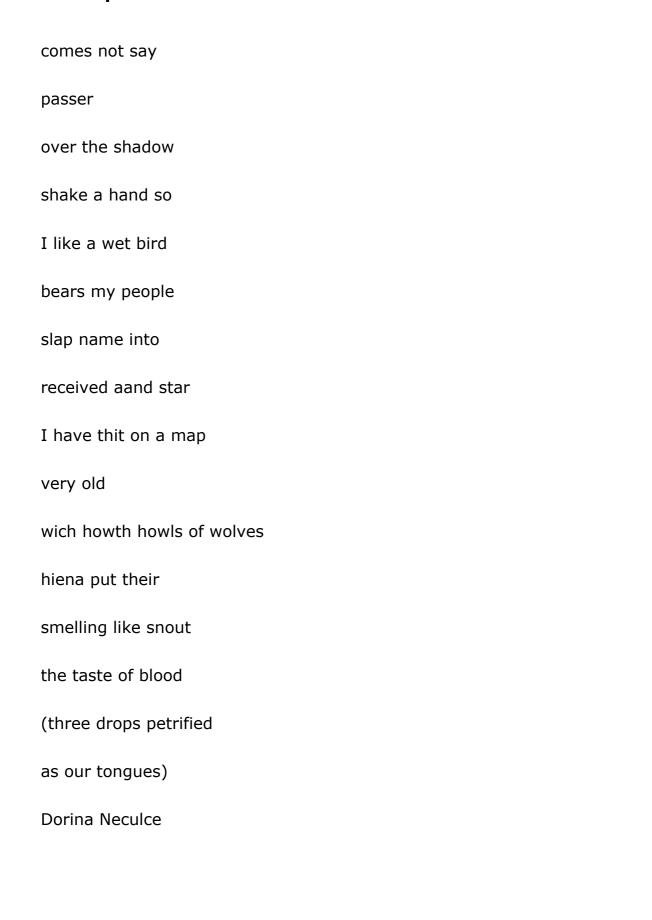
I've finished with profoundity
I tell myself from now on
I will be the common man
I will learn even the
dedication until beyond the word
a ceaseless bending
between a bourn and
the otherswollen by the same flounder of eyelids
committing myself heavenly
in a dance of white butterflies
I shall burn
in the light
of the wings
clairvoyant

Stampe 2

stamps 2

comes not say passer over the shadow shake a hand so like a wet bird bears my people Slap name into receive and star I have that on a map very old with howls of wolves hiena put their smelling like snout the taste of blood (three drops petrified as our tongues)

Stamps



Stranger (Straine)

Open the gate of heaven! I want to support scale to your harsh shoulder, of Truth.

I want to watch the sunset drawn into the wound, And the angels sing to me same harp, locked in tight.

Give me a moment, to sneak through your eyes, in me, Dusk to pass his sacred fire in the sad ruins...

It's just us...
A mathematical absurd
put the hands in neck
and overturned the Universe
divided it in two.

A step...

Another step make to the ladder of life wandering, once by the same angels deserted...

Why take my armpits?

think:

-Once I put on his cross life many flowers...

!! Look

Look at me, stranger! A blue rose Now out of me.

I lured my life... Shadow in the Cathedral, deserted...

She worships you
For Resurrection, ,
I pressed knee,
And do not scream of pain...
But get away from you,
I'm leaving today
in Silence...

translate by Cristian Alina

Tacerile Trecute

inima ceasornicului de hârtie a tacut amortind copii umbrelor de fum dinapoia uşilor de crista tic-tac-uri se zvârcolesc în lacrimi de ceara și bila uriașa de metal se învârteşte pe deasupra trupurilor noastre îngropate cu genunchii strânși fara de durere cu buzele capsate cu ochii arşi în imensitatea câmpurilor aspre înfofoliti în propriile noastre umilinte sfarâmam argintul scrâşnind sfâşâind îmblânzind tacerile trecute

The Man

the man of the time

the day will pass like a flickered of eyelids thorniest and a man beyond time casting out a hand in the sky by jagged curtains will dizzy the ghosts worlds in his hands My fountain of love was and is a purple flower of rust with sleep in pigeonholes of gold

The Beggars Of Peace

(I need peace.....we needed peace) thee can do make like beggar soul from living statues and we siting in peacefully at confabulation like a hangings by lip of sky we wanted the lights to us finish the flight or the chest let us be filled with silver bullets Do not be afraid, , I say Death is the still an crone wiped pale commonplace bizarre smile on the lips our children of one day

The Poem Reconciliation With Heaven

(Poemul împacarilor cu Cerul)

I write on a tear from heaven: Love,!

Even voice today is much louder,

But again, the rain comes in thoughts

And drowning in the depths my flight.

I write on a wing star: Forgiveness! And I want to touch your forehead, But your star slips into the sea, And I tired to call you.

I write on white paper, old Messages burned, full of thrill, But the wind blowing in my letters, And hide under the shadow of a cloud.

The Shrine Of Life

the shrine of life

I dream myself door - living image carved by a hand too skilfull a door that opens towards the leaden ray I love the sea the chilly air of the iron nights because only at night I have time for moans my dear seeker of wishes then I have lively times descended of roars of dreams I ease your crushed knees burned hands which have carried with honour a rusty sword as a daughter of death in fight I dream myself like this as if I opened the same door - empty imagecraved over shrine of lives underneath your shirt

To Pass

to me allow to pass through rivers of illusions captive on a realm of the great defeats allow me oblivion in the bones, suffocated silences and that miracle still me raises the eyelid In which would not believe anyone comes forward the soul with hands related to a wall my body warm certain sacrifice hanged of silence by peace

Unasked

fwhen are intertwined shadows of the night in the depths of the earth I support my elbows by the sharpened wall of light I'm not allowed to come in and I aging in a crystalline silence clear and cold unasked with ears open

când sunt împletite
umbrele nop?ii
în adâncurile pamântului
Îmi sprijin coatele
de catre zidul ascu?it de lumina
Nu am voie sa intru
?i îmbatrânesc
într-o tacere cristalina
clar ?i rece
neinvitat
cu urechile deschise estina lente

Urban Nostalgias

Felicia is surrounded by waters troubled her hands smooth shadows withered the bones leans more by adding booty for fishermen always with mouths open with eyes ardently with easy steps misshapen we slip and we hurried , , to we know not whither, , felicia stretch sorrow the ropes Huge hearts bloody they wilt mildewy the face city with your shoulders of salt

With The Body

with the body
easily volatilized
always with night curtain
hanging over the shoulder
of eagle abandoned
what would be human
if to clean up
the chambers
interiors
must to hang down
with a flower
in to window
and my thought (with herbs of life)
should cover
the sky

amestec

cu corpul
u?or volatilizat
întotdeauna cu o perdea de noapte
aga?ata peste umar
de vultur abandonat
ceea ce ar fi și uman
în cazul în care pentru a cura?a
camerele
interioare ar
trebui sa se stea în jos
cu o floare
la fereastra
?i gândul meu (cu ierburi de via?a)
sa acopere
cerul

Women Crusader

I cover the heart of the rain with one only tooth the woman crusader is spreading her gown is raining stars above a mountain her footsteps are crushing the neck of the unspeakable man is a shuffling of a thought with round cheek is bowing the smile is fading away the woman becomes dark is the day of Sabbath it's the day when blood pours into goblets pray, dance and drink till the angels return with an iron foot the crusaders cut deep the wax shoulder the woman bleeds tomorrow on we will not give tribute they mumble when hemming savagely the woman's abdomen with sand breast?