

# ZEN

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*POEME ÎNTR-UN VERS / ONE LINE POEMS*

Bilingual videopoems by Florentin Smarandache 



Zen

Golul din mine greu, în balanță suferinței.

Zen

My inner heavy chasm in the balance of sufferings.

Înserare

Drumul invers al luminii către soare.

Sunset

The reverse road of the light towards the sun.





Nalucă

Bocind vocea serii neagră prin grădină.

Ghost

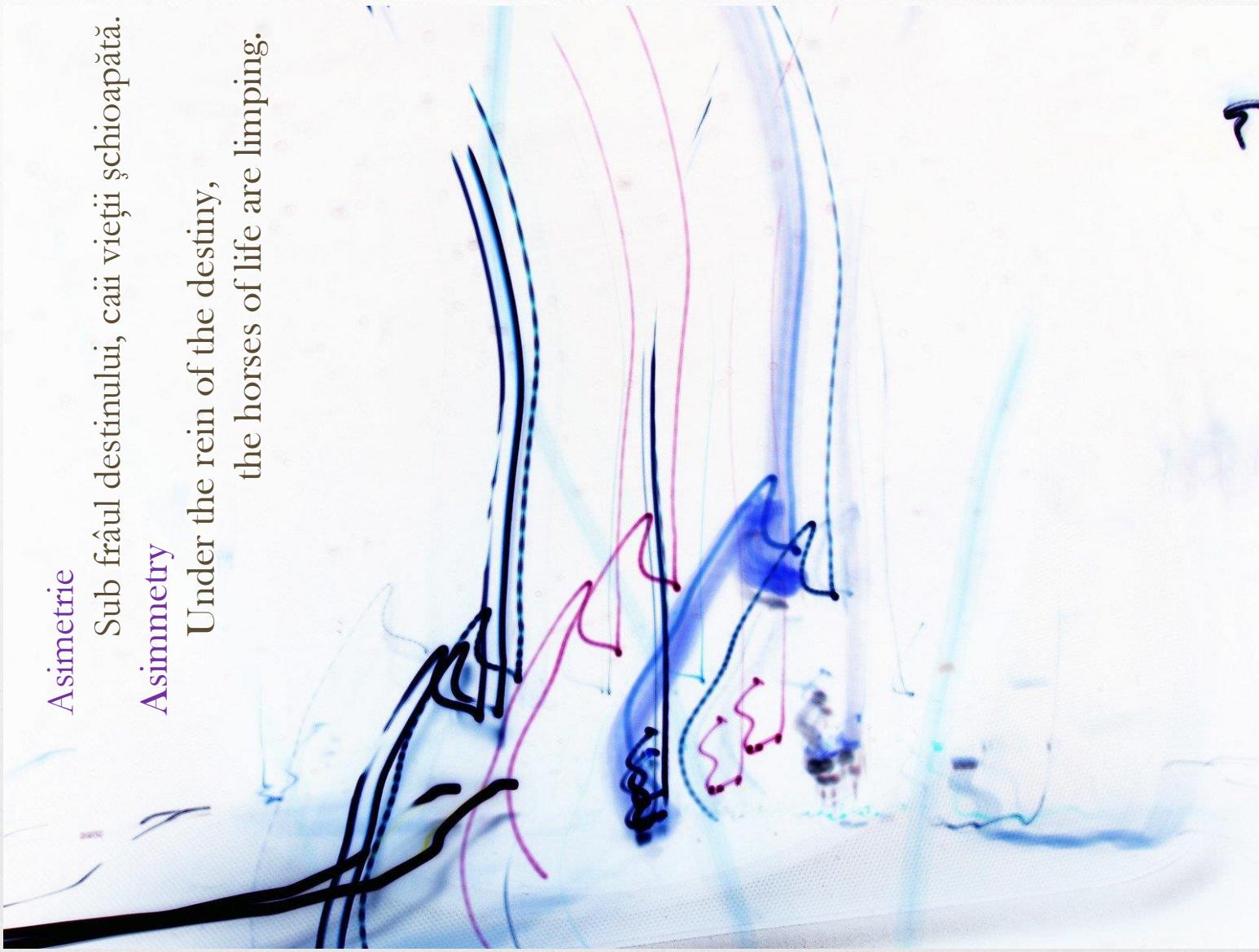
The voice of the black evening lamenting through the garden.

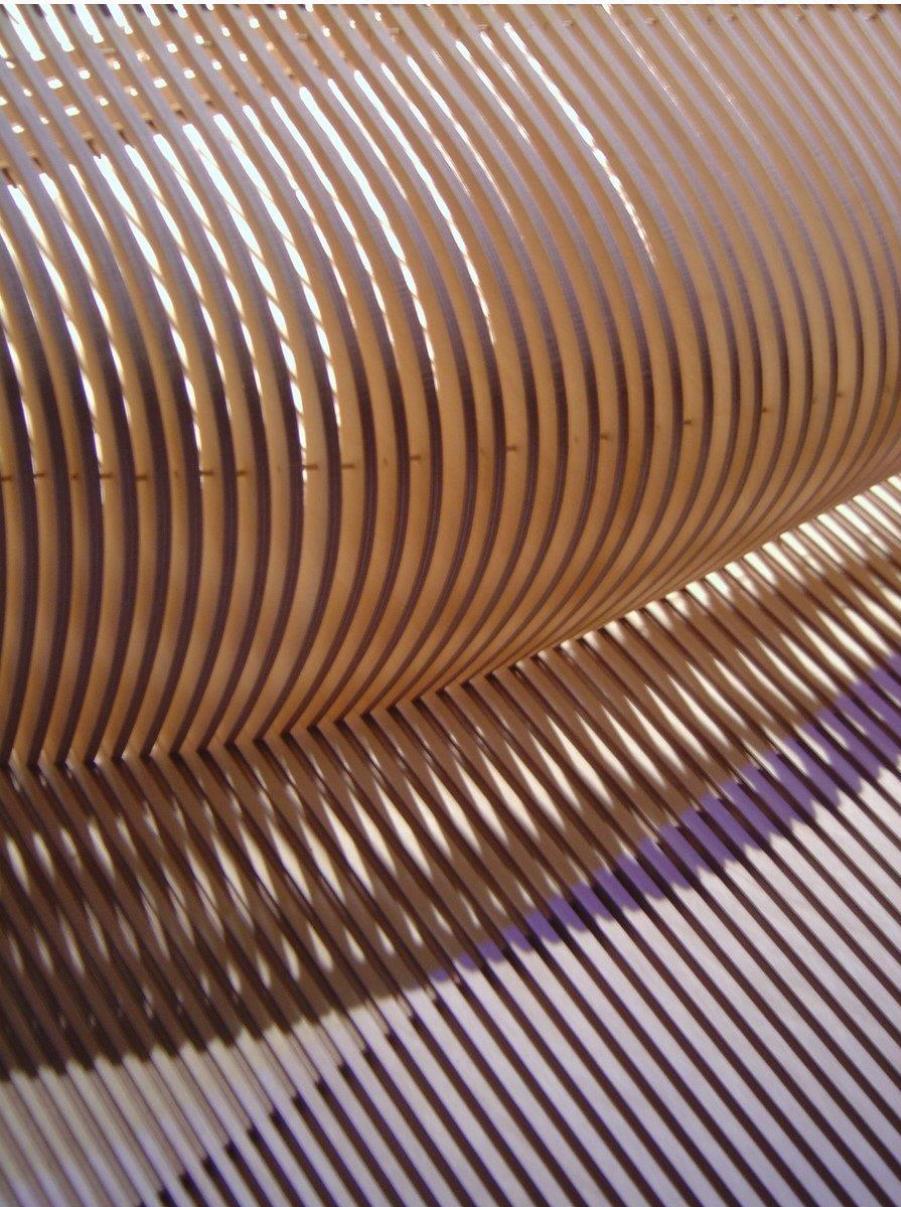
**Asimetrie**

Sub frâul destinului, caii vieții șchioapătă.

**Asymmetry**

Under the rein of the destiny,  
the horses of life are limping.





**Expolitio 1**

Cred că viața se trăiește  
de un miliard de ori.

**Expolitio 1**

I think the life is lived  
a billion times.



**Expolitio 2**

Automobilul vieții pe cele mai dosnice străzi.

**Expolitio 2**

The car of life on the most outskirt streets.

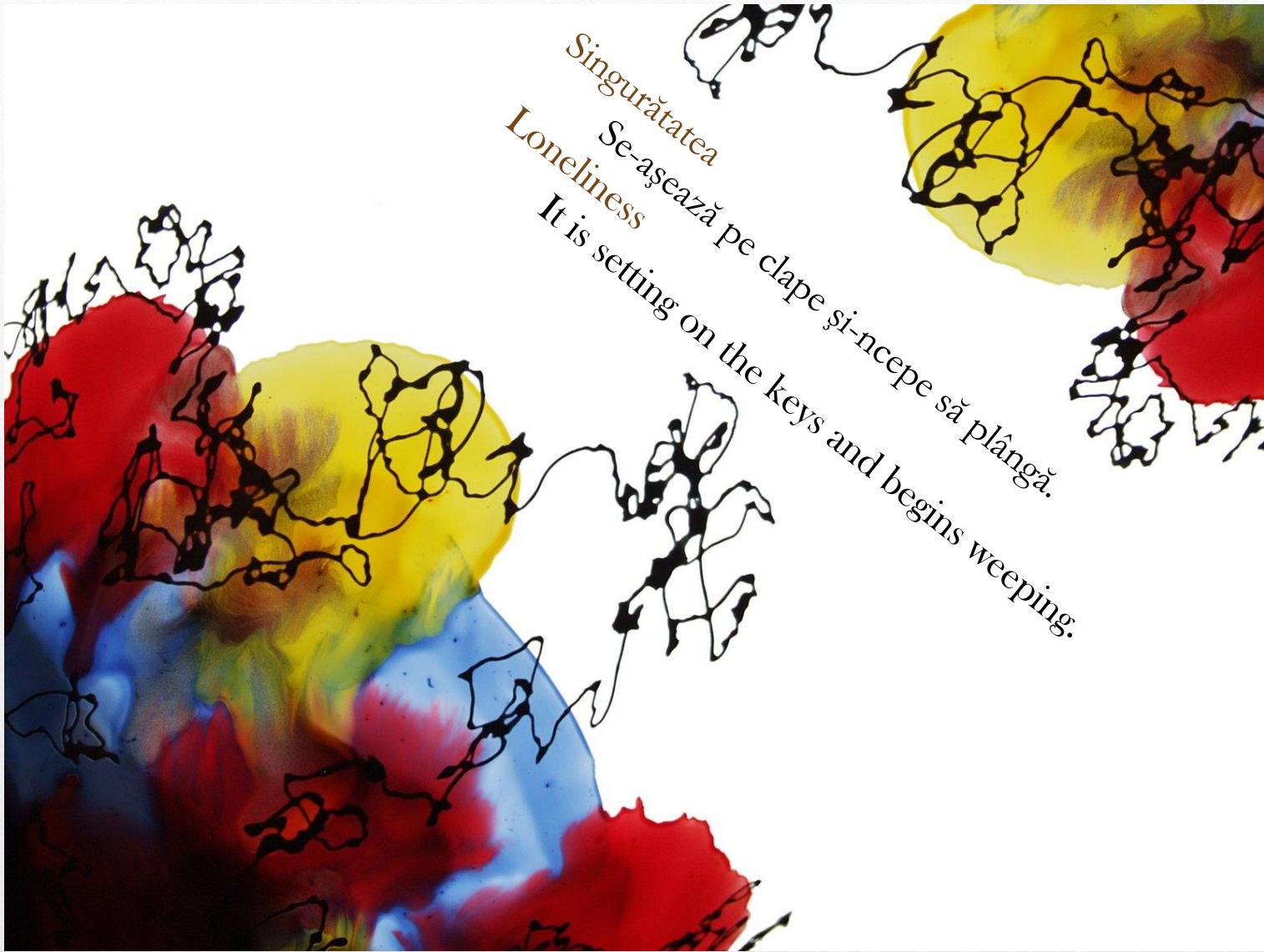
Limba

Zilnic trecem prin tunele de cuvinte.

Language

We are crossing daily through tunnels of words.





Singurătatea  
Se-asează pe clape șincepe să plângă.  
Loneliness  
It is setting on the keys and begins weeping.



Antikarma

Râul vieții se tot varsă în oceanul morții.

Antikarma

The river of life is flowing endlessly into the ocean of death.

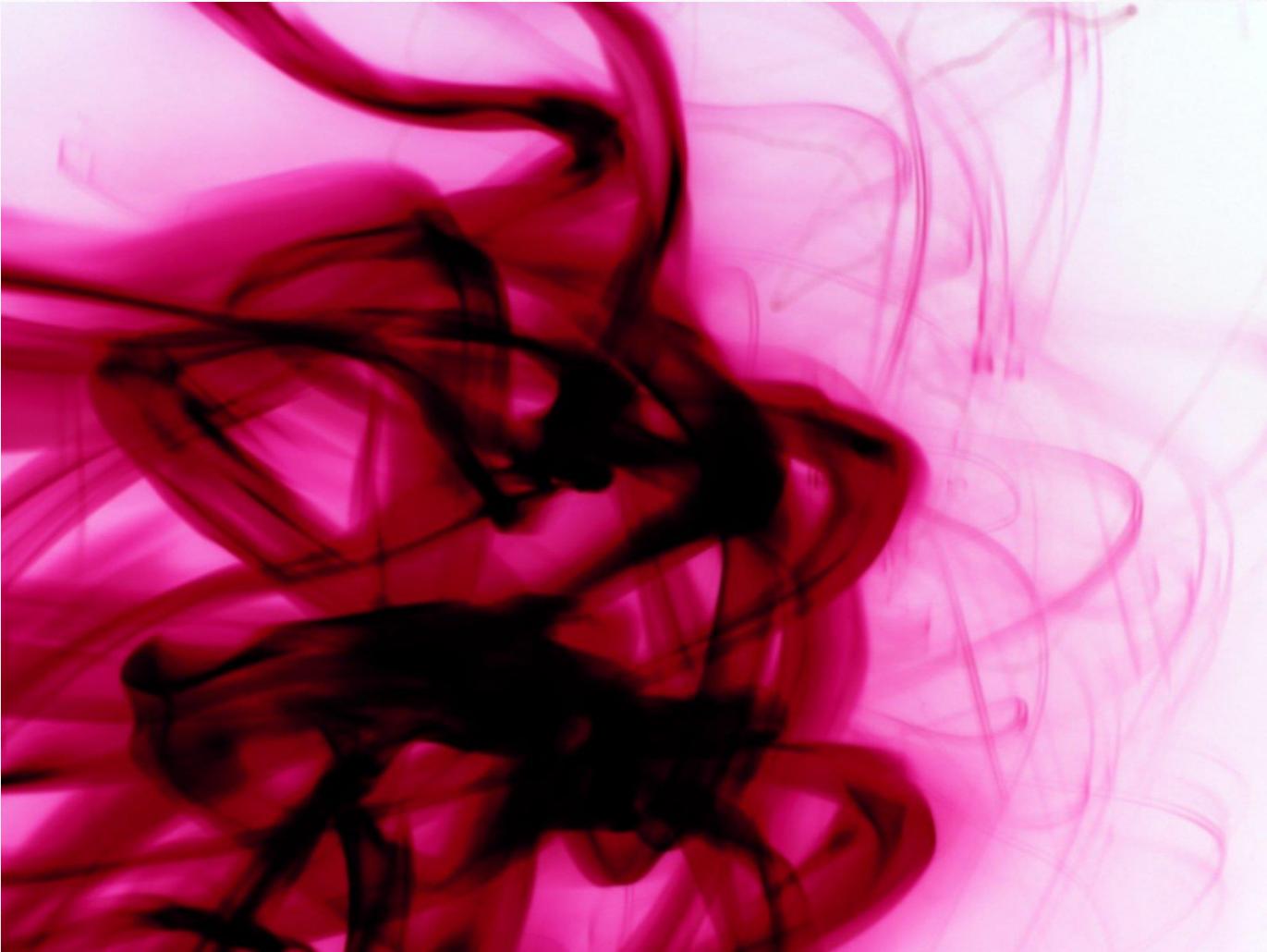


Anabază I

Cu creierul în mâini dau o raită prin suflet.

Anabasis I

I take a walk into my soul with my brain in my hand.

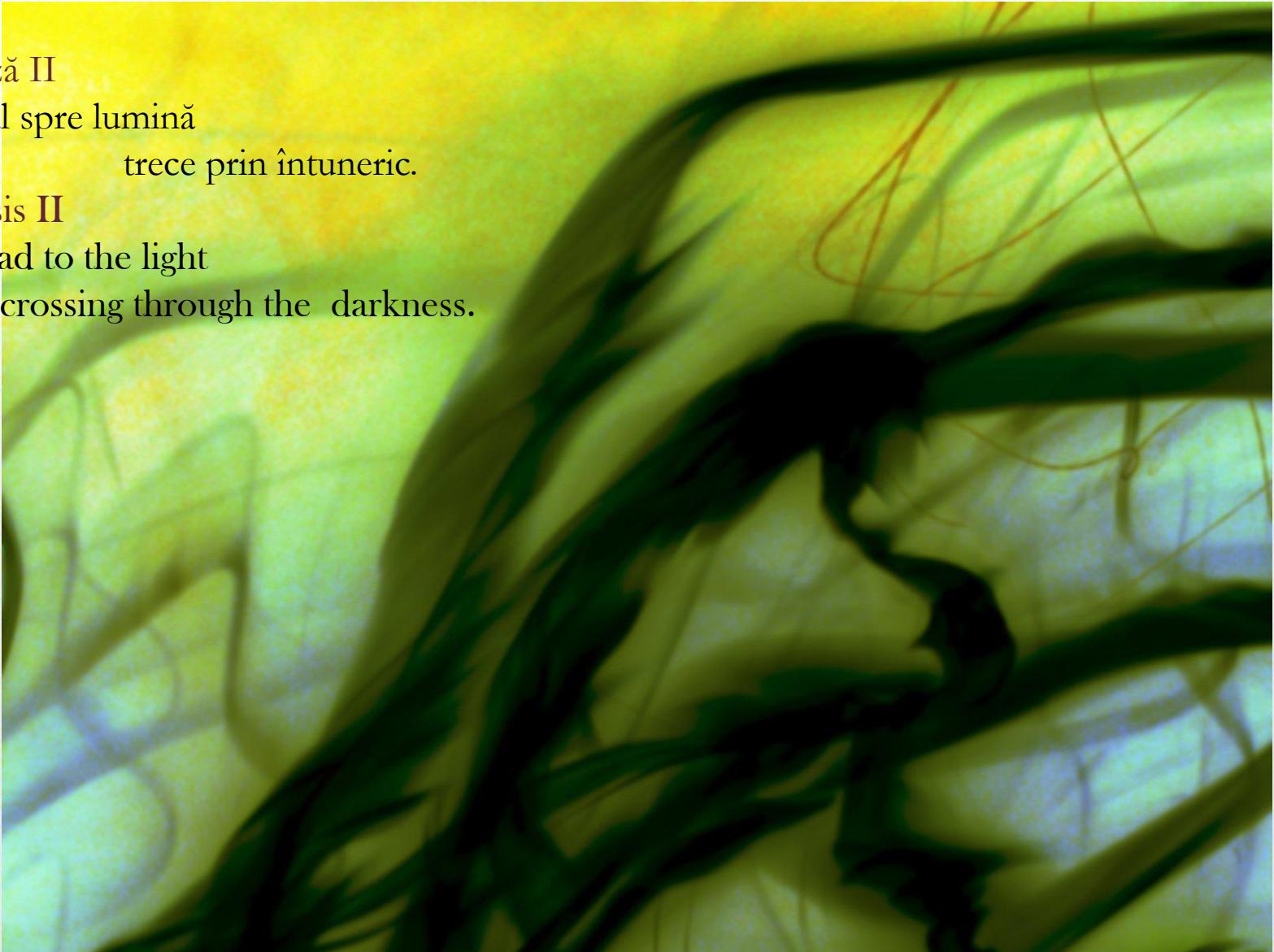


Anabază II

Drumul spre lumină  
trece prin întuneric.

Anabasis II

The road to the light  
is crossing through the darkness.



Bătrâni

Ajungem la vama iernii cu fețele-n zdrențe.

Oldmen

We are reaching the customs-house of the winter with our faces in tatters.

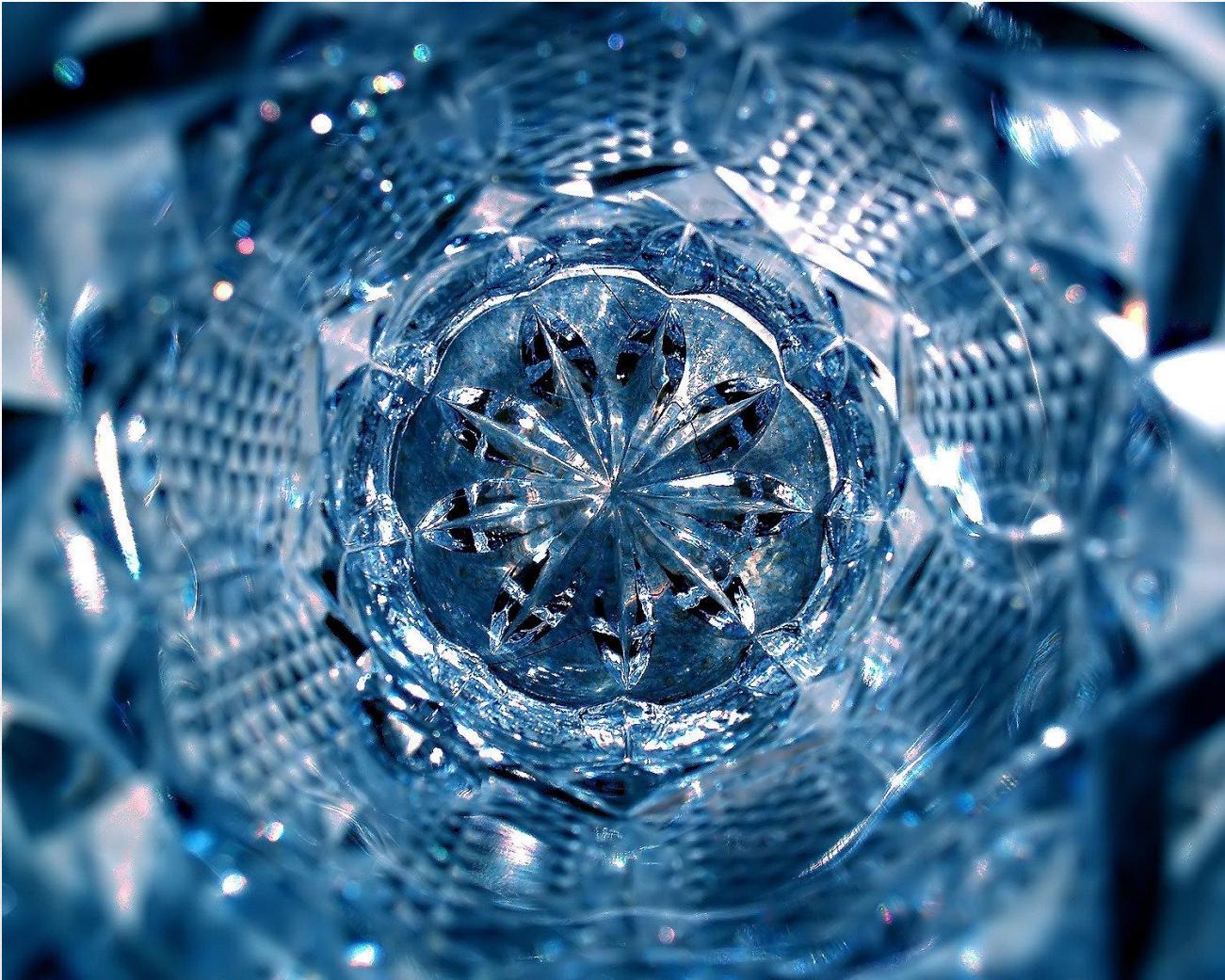


Din calculator

Figuri abstractive intră în tine până-n plăsele.

From the Computer

Abstract figures are jabbing into you to the hilts.



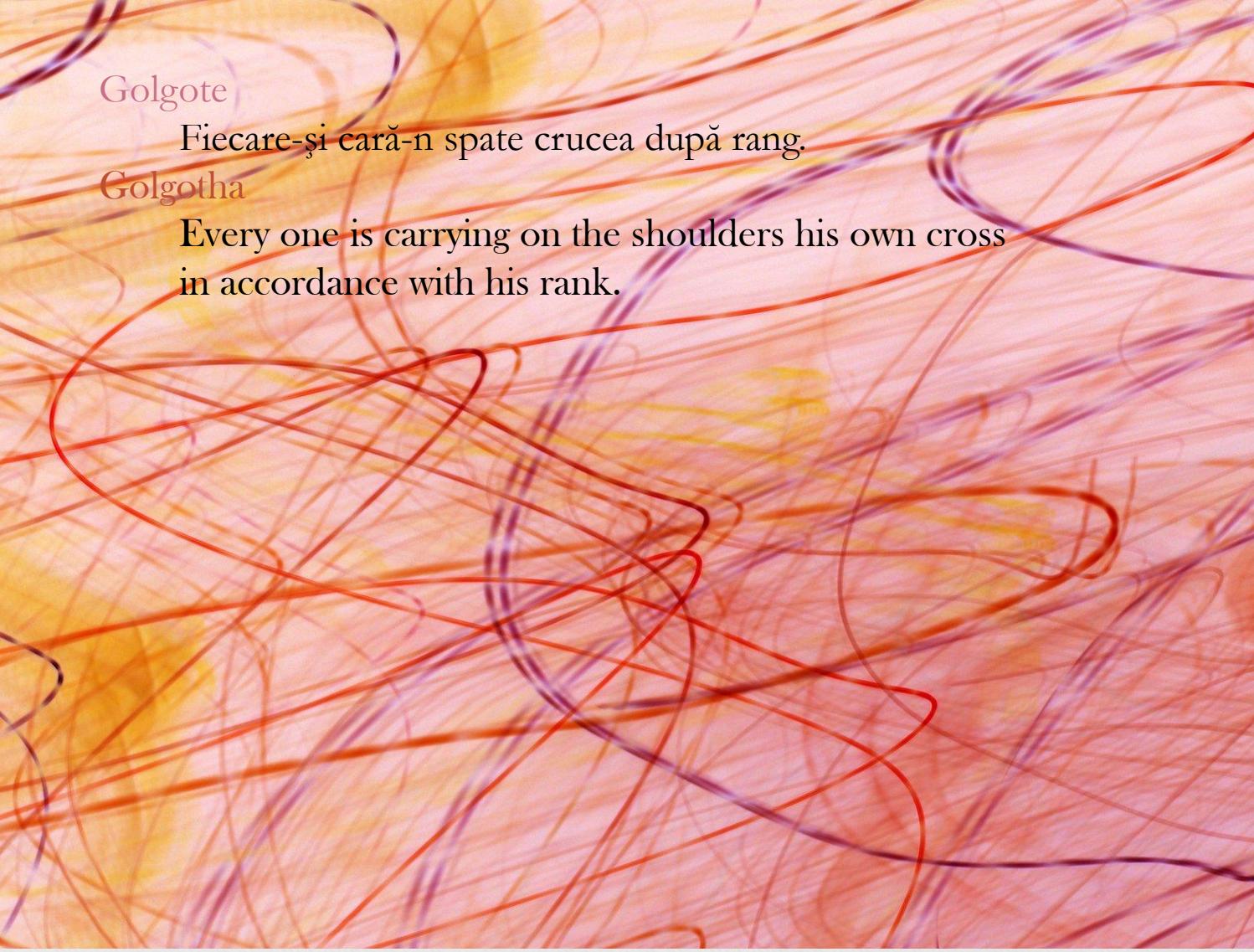


Patientă

Plin de aşteptare  
în făina albă  
a singurătății.

Patience

Brimful with  
expectations  
in the white flour  
of loneliness.

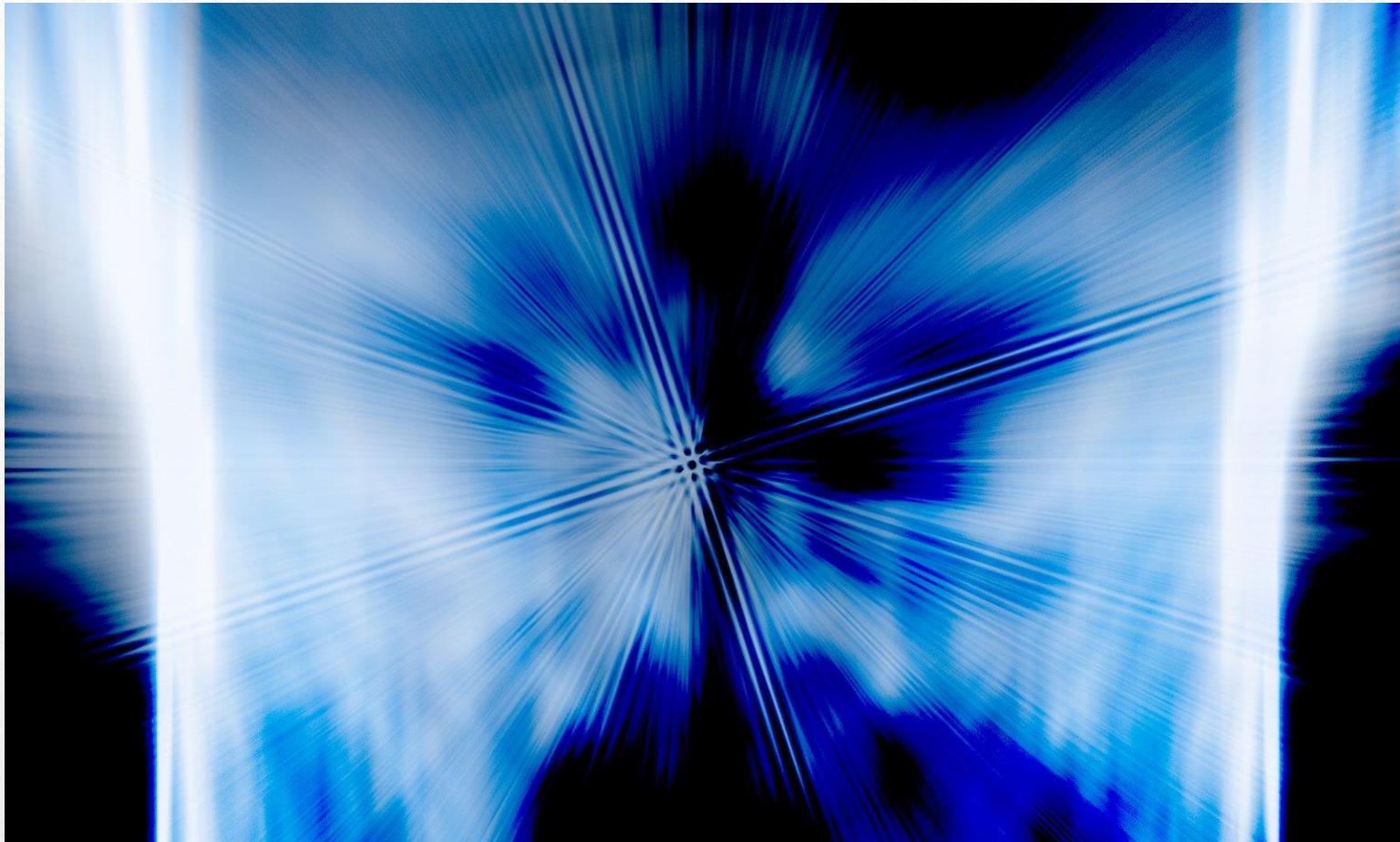


Golgote

Fiecare-și cără-n spate crucea după rang.

Golgotha

Every one is carrying on the shoulders his own cross  
in accordance with his rank.



Câte puțin  
Alunecăm în moarte, căzând din viitor.  
Little by little  
We are slipping into the death falling from the future.

Conciliatio

Potecă ciudată în peștera sufletului meu.

Conciliatio

A strange path in the chasm of my soul.

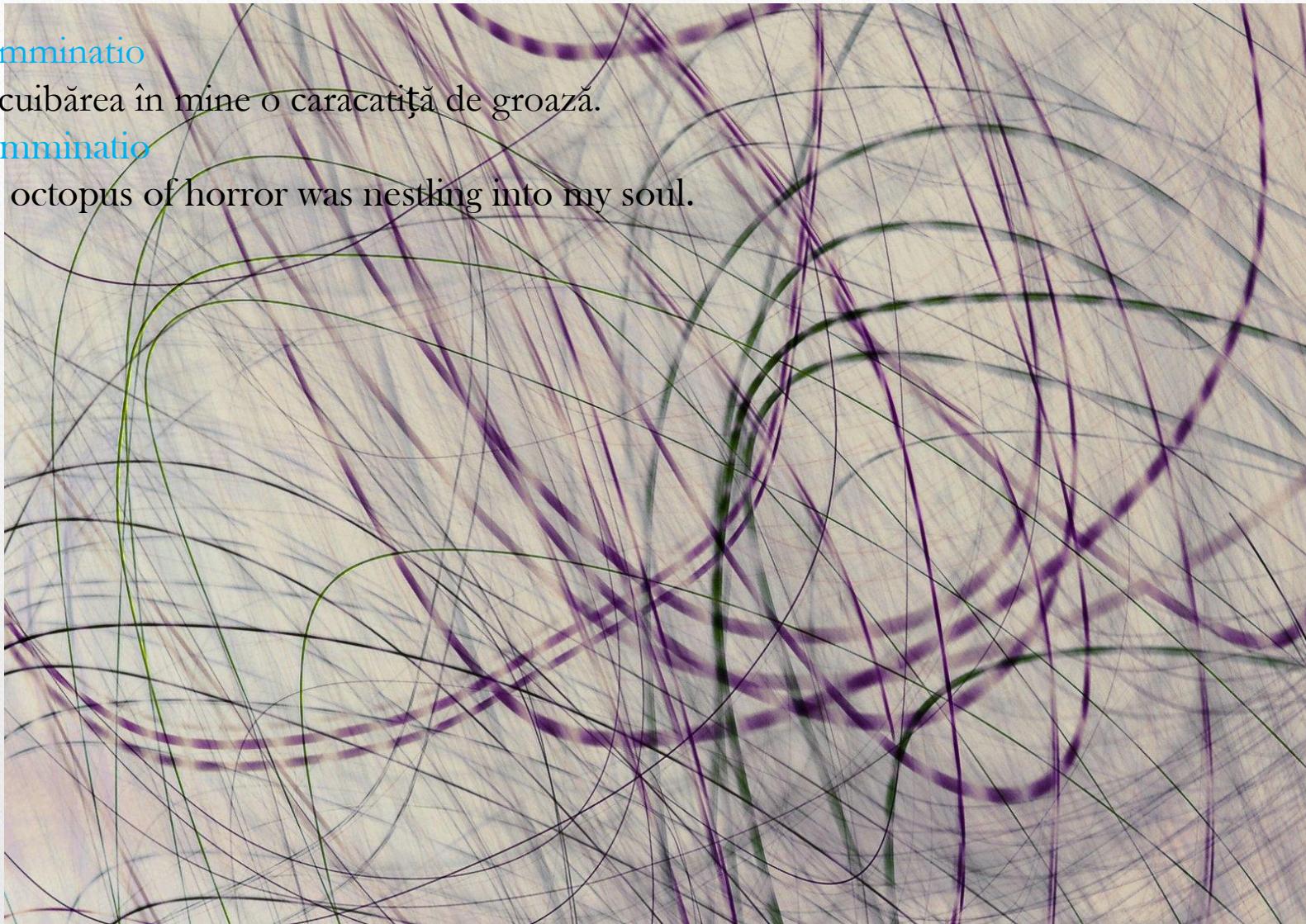


Comminatio

Se cuibărea în mine o caracată de groază.

Comminatio

An octopus of horror was nestling into my soul.

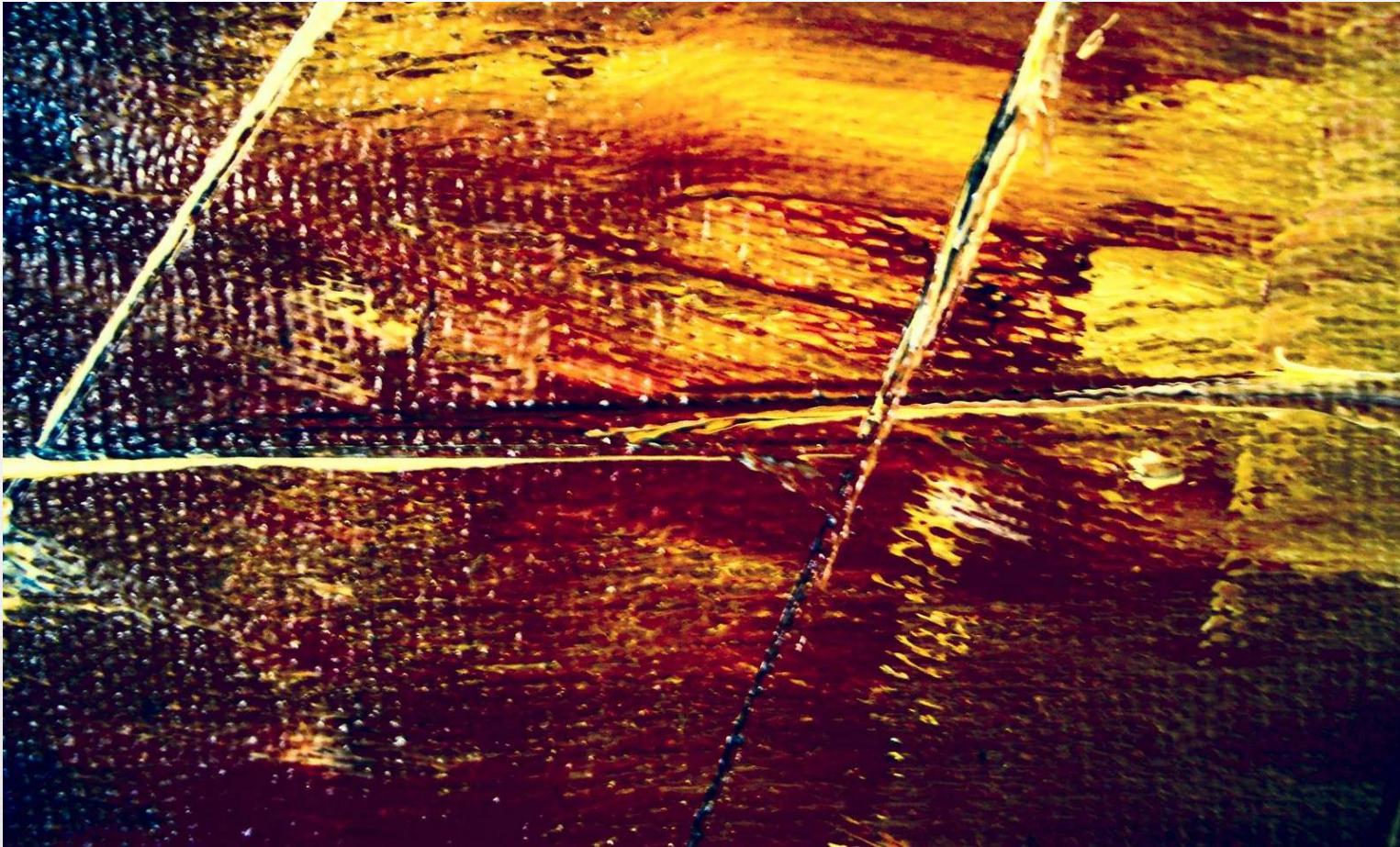


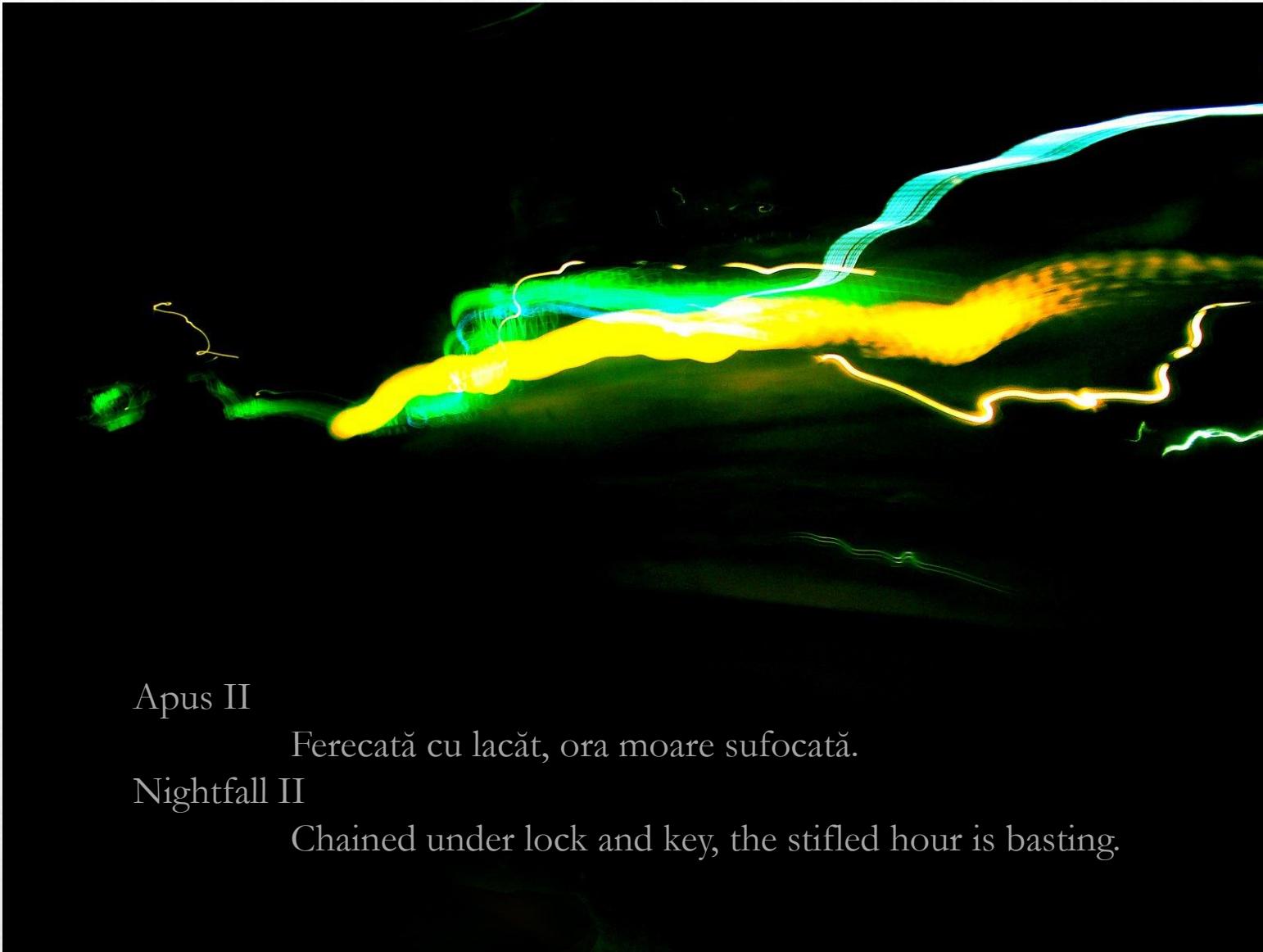
Apus I

Bolnav ca tristetea, galbenul suspină.

Nightfall I

As sick as the sorrow - the yellow is sighing.





Apus II

Ferecată cu lacăt, ora moare sufocată.

Nightfall II

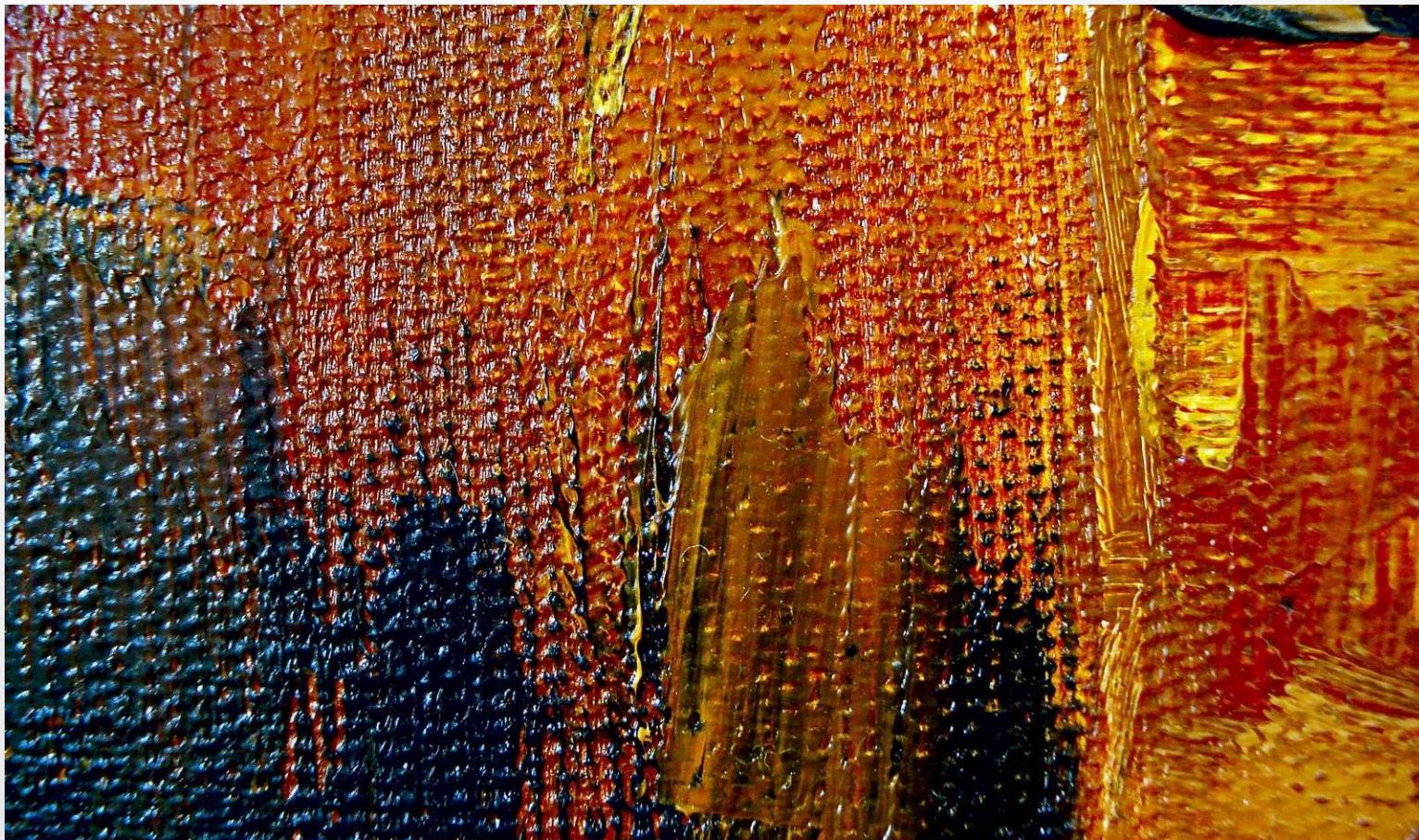
Chained under lock and key, the stifled hour is basting.

Izvor

Rivulet Spring

Păsări albe ies din mine.

White birds spring out of me.



*Tu*

Nepăsătoare te scalzi în apa oglinzi.

*You*

Indifferently, you are bathing in the water of the mirror.





Semn

Ti-ai uitat privirea pe-o garoafă-mbujorată.

Sign

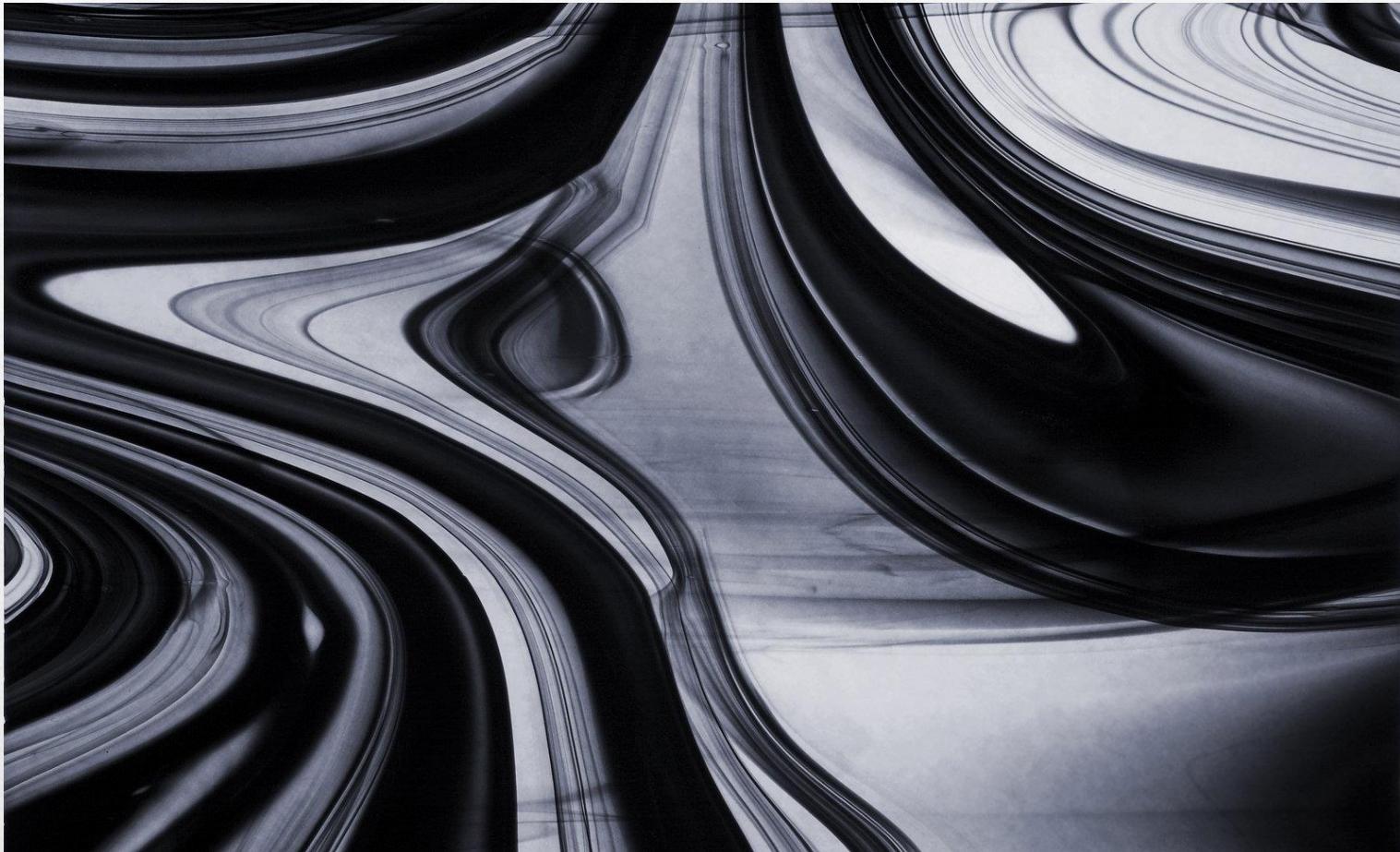
You have forgotten your glance on a blushing carnation.

Distanță

Între tine și mine sunt mii de versuri lumină.

Distance

Between you and me there are thousands of verses of light.





Victimă  
Pe stradă o femeie mă trage  
de priviri.

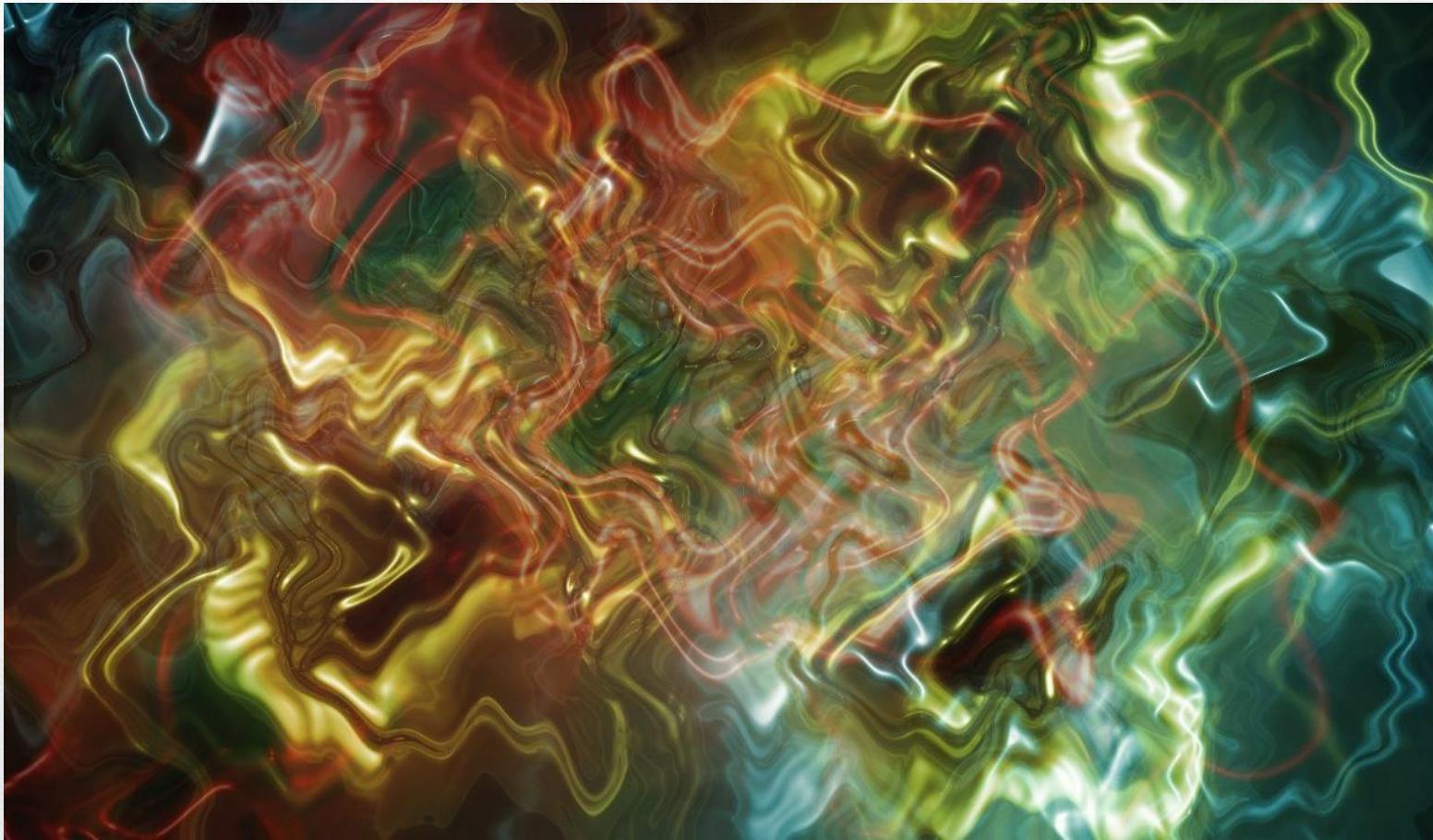
Victim  
In the street a woman is pulling  
me by my glances.

Tainică

Șoaptele iubirii tale mă îngroapă în păcate.

Recondite

Your whispers of love are entombing me in sins.



Femeie

Woman

Din ce lebădă ieșit-ai oare?

From what kind of a swan have you ever come out?!

*Afrodita*

Explozii mute de garoafe din rochia foşnind pe trup.

*Aphrodite*

Burstings of mute carnations from the gown swishing on her body.

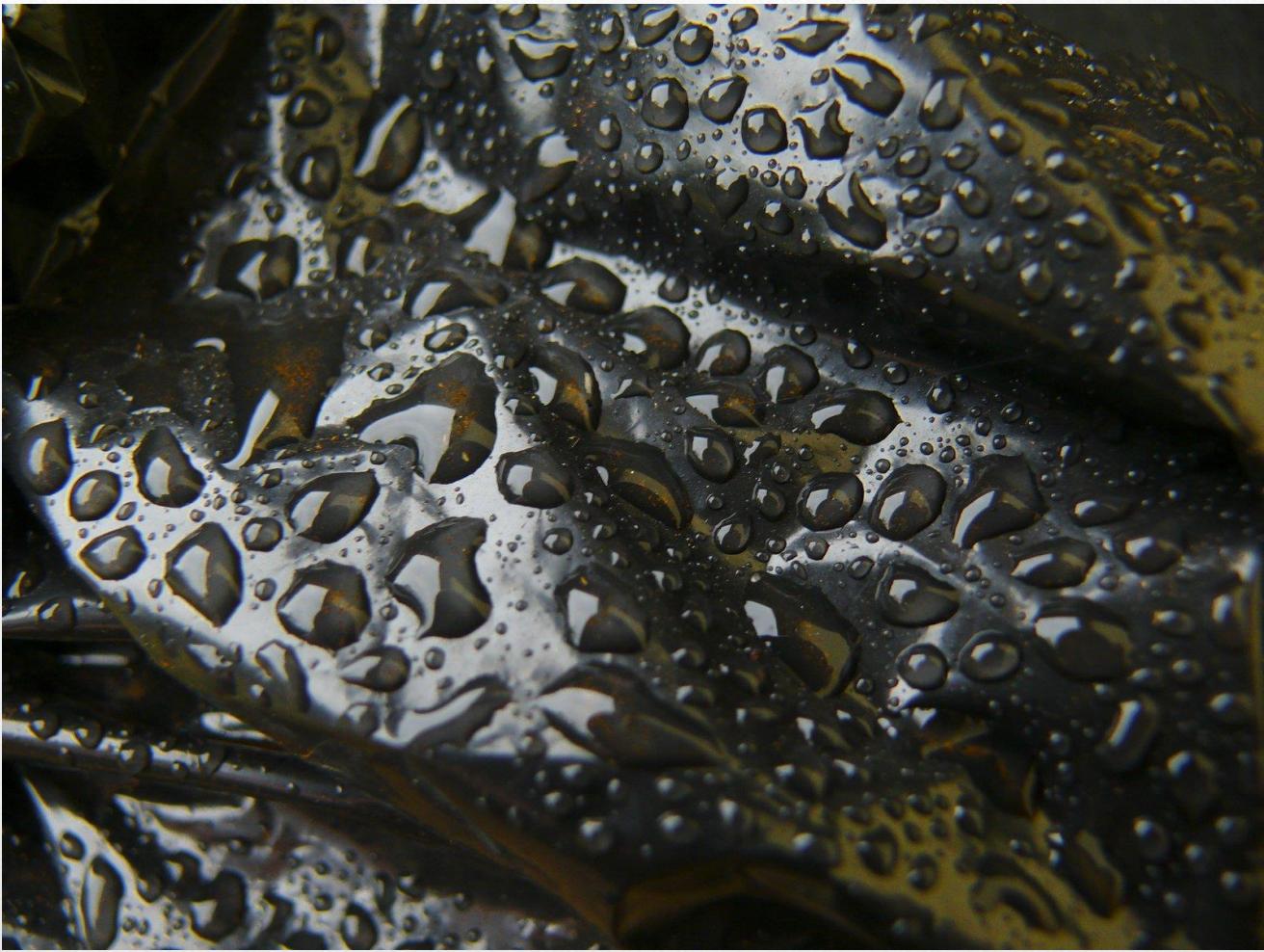


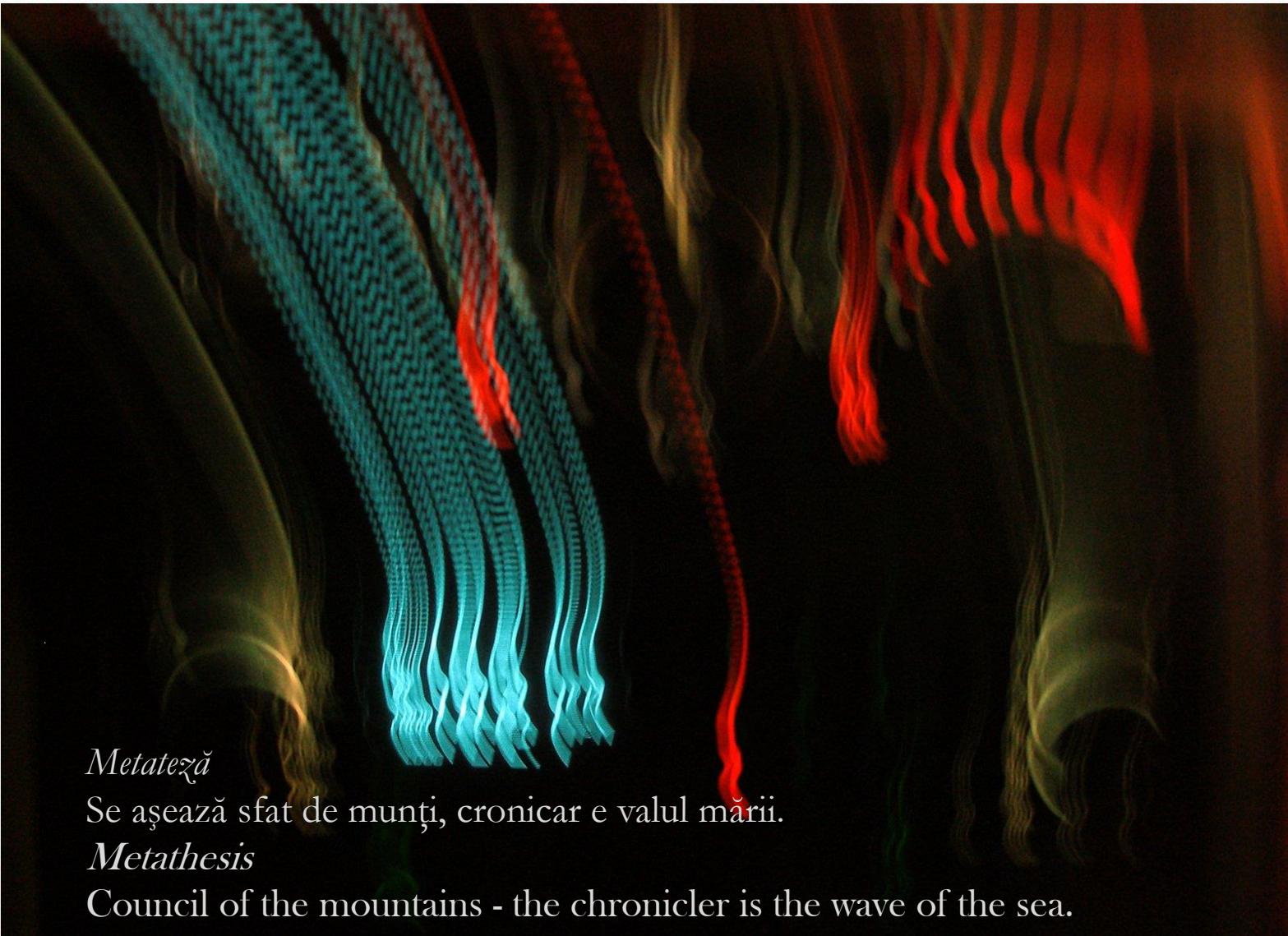
Toamnă

Liniștea ruginește în burniță mărunță.

Autumn

The silence is rusting under the drizzling rain.





*Metateză*

Se aşează sfat de munți, cronicar e valul mării.

*Metathesis*

Council of the mountains - the chronicler is the wave of the sea.



Amiază

Noon

Se aşterne liniștea pe stâncă.

The quietness is laying on the rock.

Indecență

Indecent

O libelulă umblă goală prin muguri.

A dragonfly roaming naked among buds.

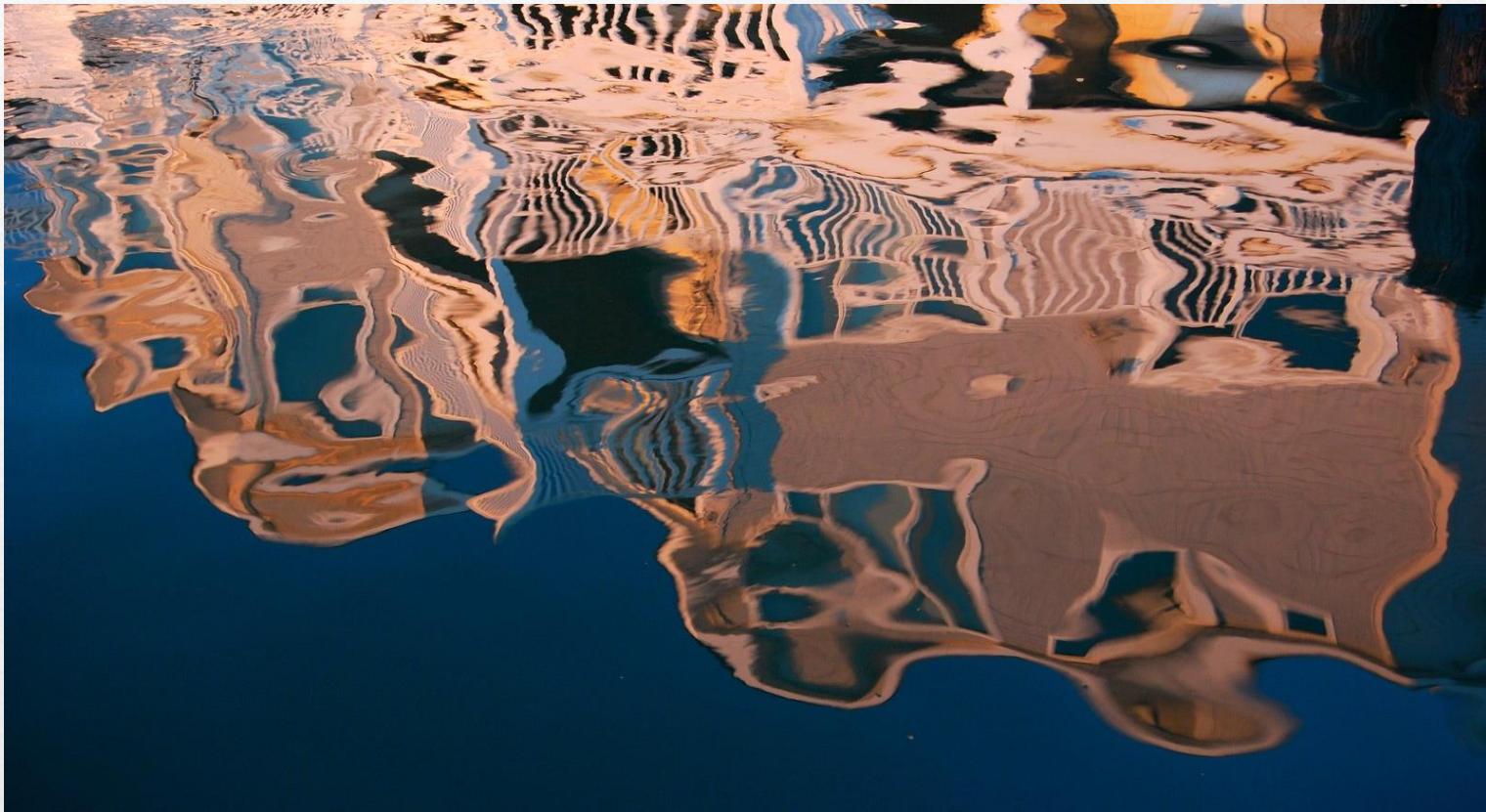


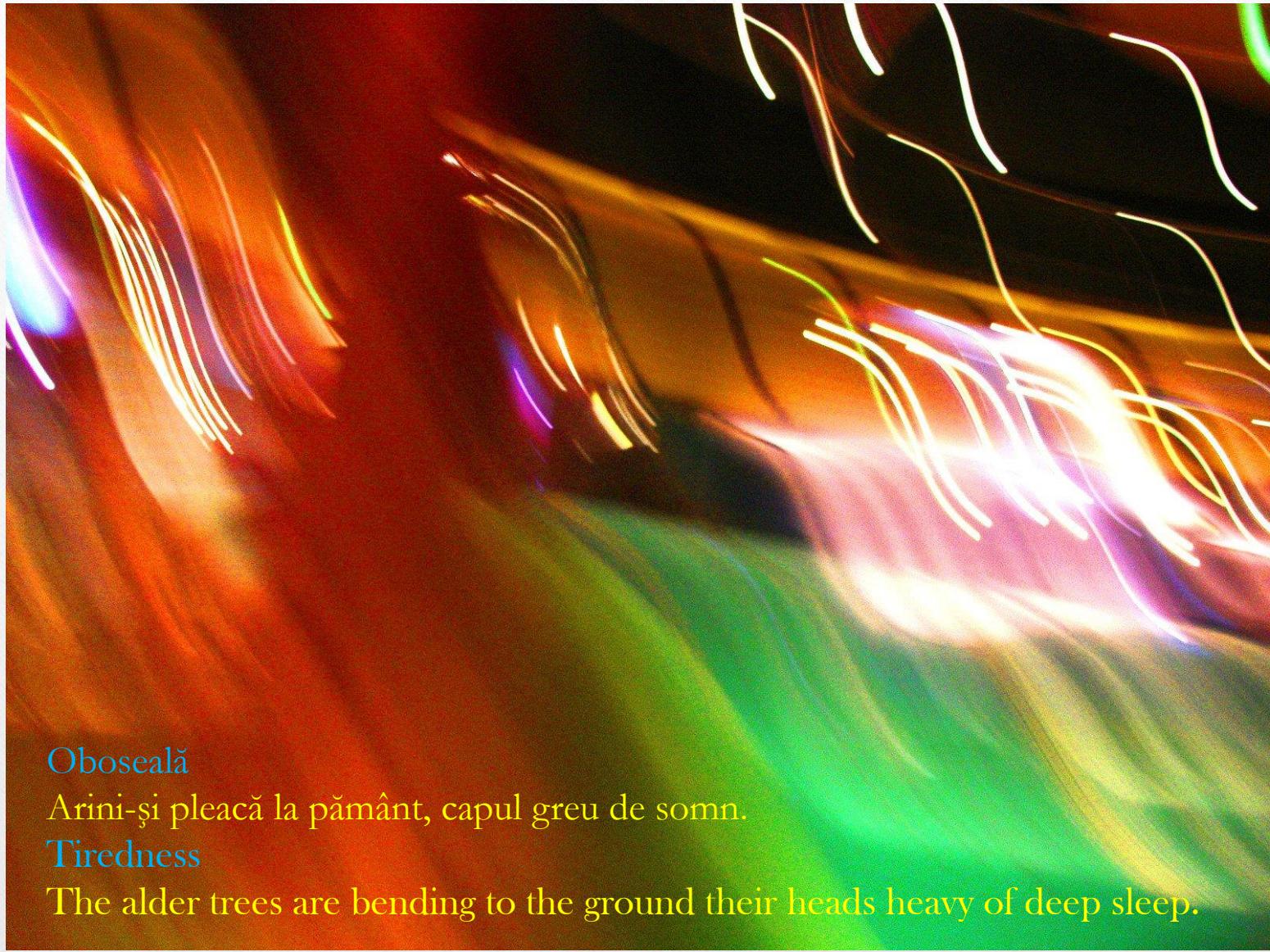
Pe trotuare

Oameni prăfuiți de griji cu umbra prinșă de picioare.

On the Sidewalk of the Street

People covered with the dust of the worry for the morrow  
and with the shadows tied to their feet.





Oboseală

Arini-și pleacă la pământ, capul greu de somn.

Tiredness

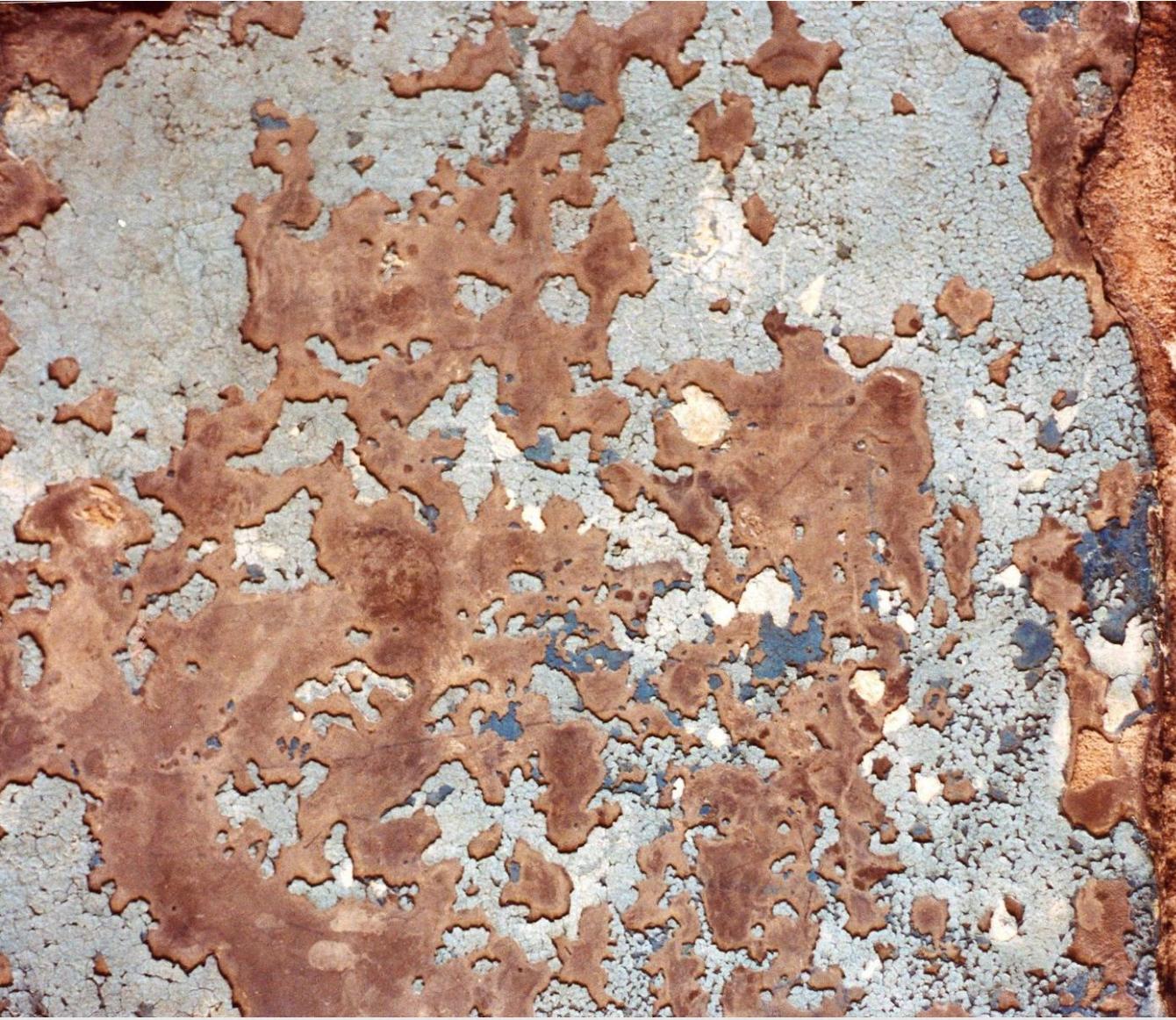
The alder trees are bending to the ground their heads heavy of deep sleep.

**Regală**

Salcâmul își pune coroana, sarmant ca un rege.

**Royal**

The locust tree is crowning itself-charming like a king.



Policromie

Culorile au adormit uitate în peisaje.

Polychromy

The colours have fallen asleep forgotten on the petals.

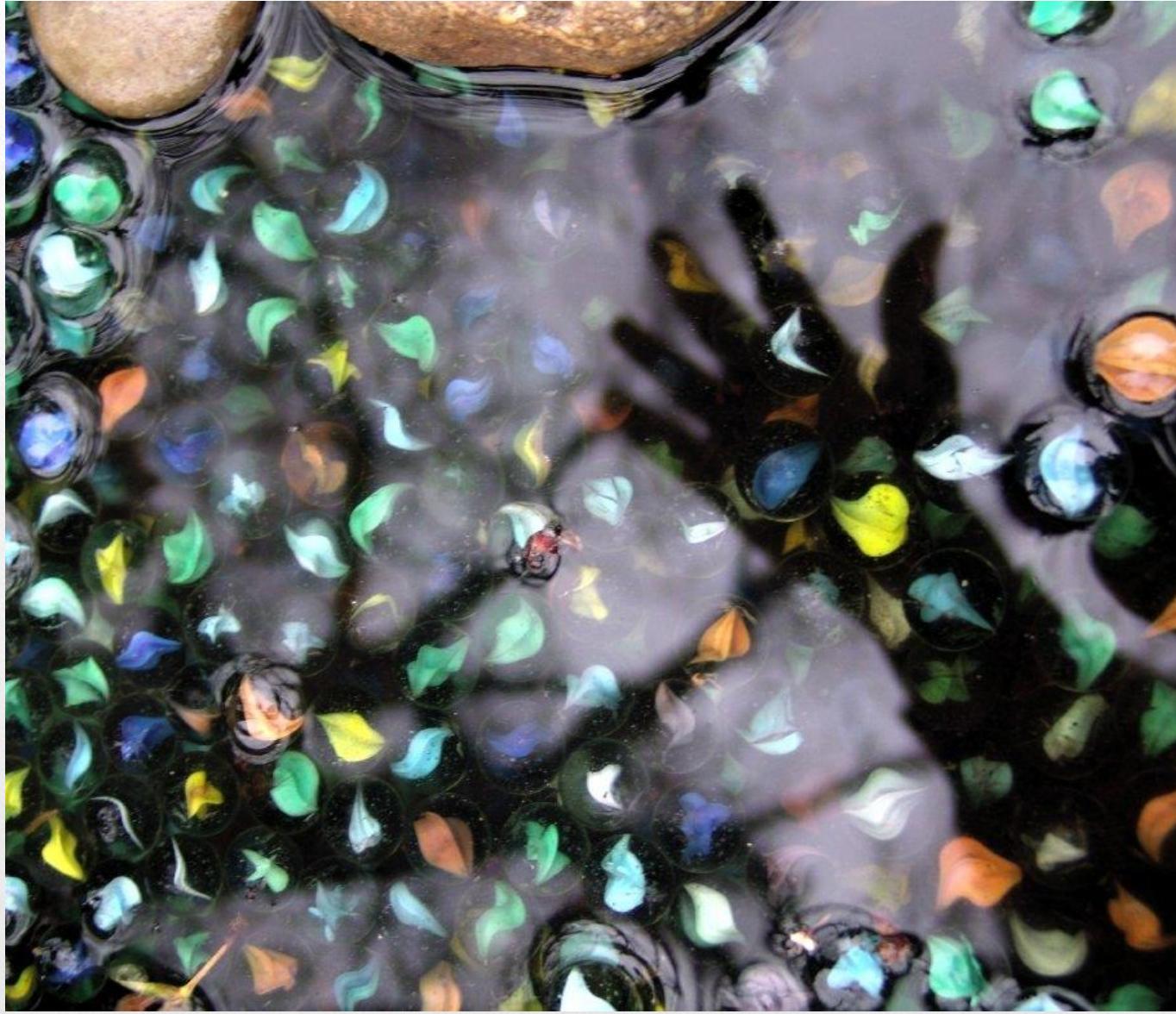


Entropie

Precum un elefant inert, se duce fluviul să moară.

Entropy

As a dying elephant, the river is flowing towards his death.





Spectacol  
În loja verii se-alungă brize ușoare.  
Show

In the open theatre of the summer, gentle breezes are chasing one another.



ongevenu, voor  
park van 17 a  
bestaande uit :  
Gelijkvloers C  
vestiaire met  
terras ong. 20m  
keuken, 2 nach  
flat met privé-  
badkamer, we  
1ste verd. (175

**Lebede**

Pe ecranul apei privesc ca la televizor.

**Swans**

On the screen ofthe water, I admire a teleshow.

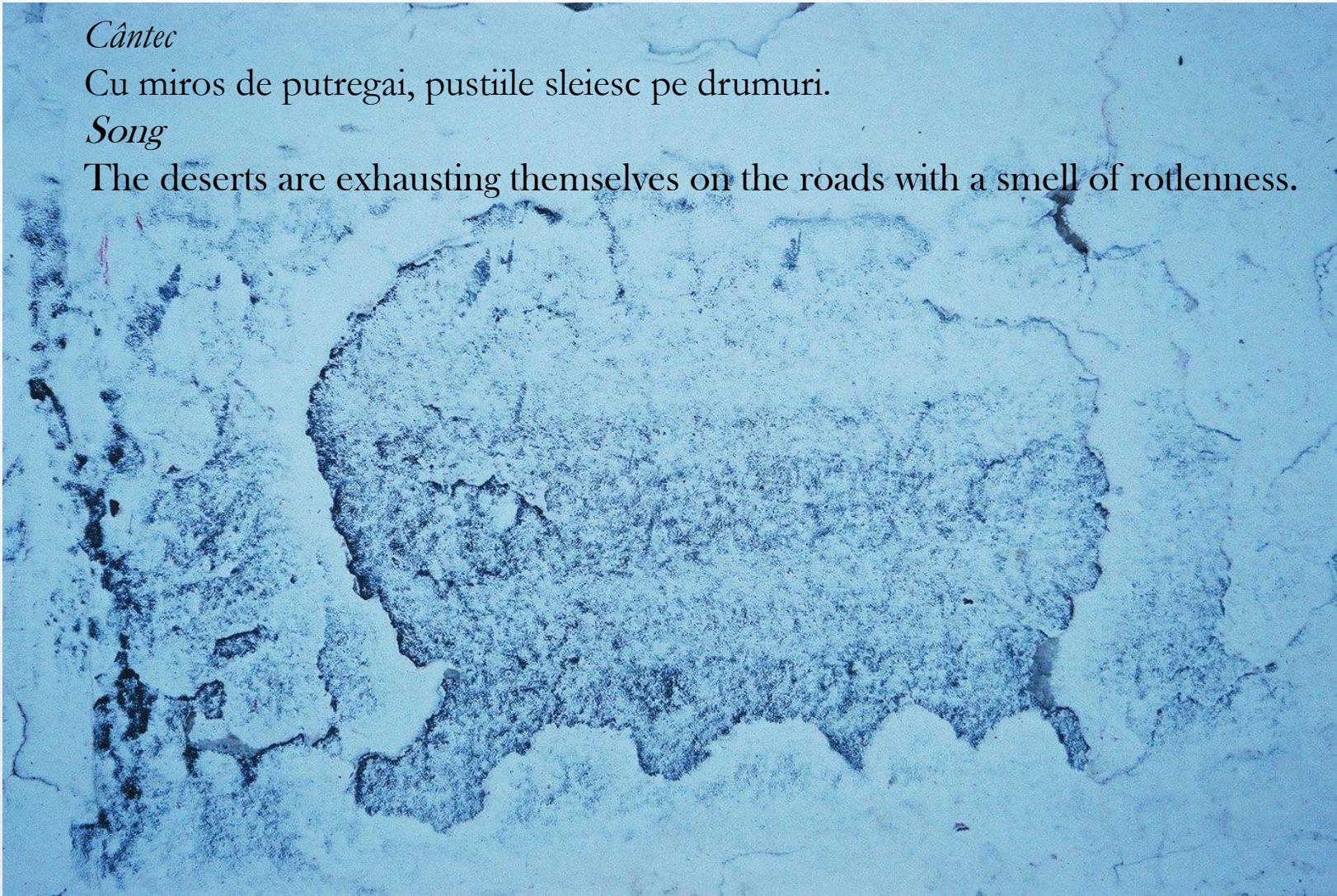


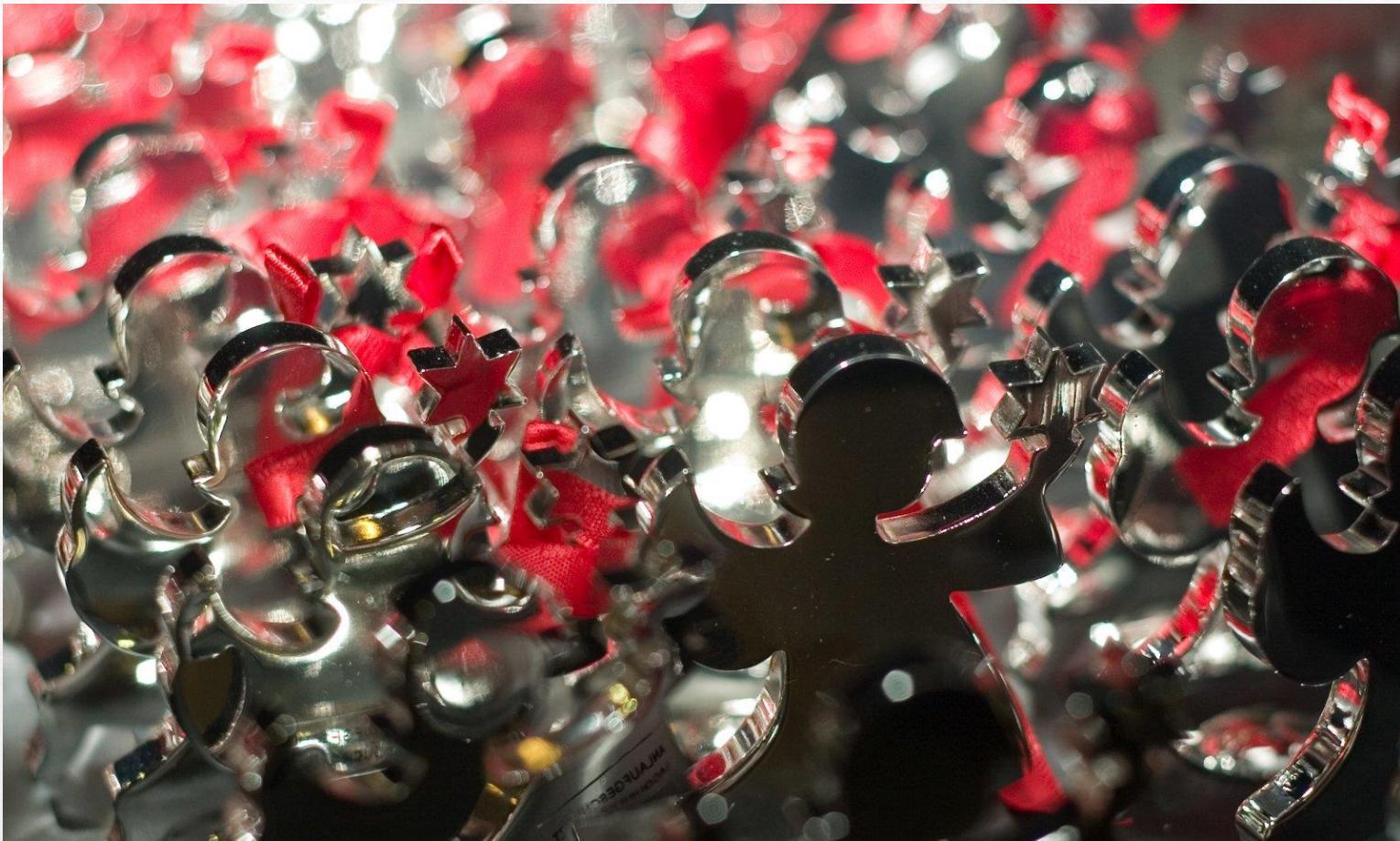
*Cântec*

Cu miros de putregai, pustiile sleiesc pe drumuri.

*Song*

The deserts are exhausting themselves on the roads with a smell of rotteness.





### Autoportret

Oglinda feței mi-e zgâriată de anxietate.

Self portrait

The mirror of my face is scratched by anxiety.

- Poems from

Florentin Smarandache:

*PRIN TUNELE DE CUVINTE  
THROUGH TUNNELS  
OF WORDS*

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