

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

DARK SNOW

*poems*

(translated from Romanian by the author)



Phoenix • Chicago  
Erhus University Press

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(translated from Romanian by the author)

for Teresinka Pereira and her wonderful verse



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The artwork in this book was created by the author.

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I CAME

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

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

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

DUE TO...

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

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

ONLY A SUNBEAM

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

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

BUT...

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

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

WHEN...

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

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

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

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



BEYOND FEELINGS

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

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

I HAVE NO MORE WORDS TO DEFEND MYSELF

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

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

WOMEN THAT ARE CRYING IN MY VERSE

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

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

THE PRAISE OF THE SUFFERANCE

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

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

THE WINE IS DRIPPING IN GLASSES  
MEMORIES

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

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

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

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

THE CARRIAGE

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

RETRO MIRRORS

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

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



DISOLVED HOURS

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

TOMBS IN HEAVEN

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

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

TO CATCH THE TIME BY HAND

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

THE LEAVES OF OBLIVION

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

## DEVIL

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

PEOPLE DUSTED BY WORRIES

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

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

IN ITS BEARD THE TIME  
HAS GROWN

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

Its hearing remained  
In a romance

WE GATHER THOUGHTS  
WITH THE SHOVEL

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



## METAMORPHOSIS OF THE FALLEN SOLDIER

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

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

## ABYSS

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

## RUNNING IN THE NIGHT

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

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

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

THE BLIZZARD  
IS WHITLING IN THE CHURCH

Limits of darkness

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

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

I AM FAR AWAY FROM MYSELF  
MILES AWAY

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

EVERYONE IS CARRYING  
HIS OWN CROSS

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

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

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

THE DARKNESS BLINDFOLDS  
MY EYES TIGHTLY

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



S.O.S.

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

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

The mast falls on the knees  
And prays

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

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

'Save our souls'  
Save them  
You save them!

## ALONE AMONG STARS

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

Sky with black eyes

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

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

THE WORRIES BEGIN  
TO BUSTLE IN THE STREETS

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

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

## THE MUSIC IS A DREAM WITH OPEN EYES

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

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

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

The music is a dream with open eyes

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

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

## FORMULAS FOR THE SPIRIT

The ugly effigy  
Of the time  
On the mind

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

The brain  
Perspires on the temples

The mirror remained -  
Temple  
In which I meet  
With myself

## THE PEASANTS WERE PASSING

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

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

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

ALL THE RED FROM MY BLOOD  
IS BEING DRAINED

On the grass the time is playing  
In bare feet

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

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

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

THE OUTLINES ARE BEING BROKEN  
BY THE FLIGHT

A big wheel  
Of crepuscule  
Rolls over  
Onto a crest

Livid trees are walking with uncovered heads

King on the streets  
The North wind  
With empty pockets

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



THE SPIRIT IS A STATE  
OF THE EGO

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

The time hangs from my neck  
Like a mill stone  
The wind beheads the trees  
  
But I live, live 'til the street  
'Till town  
'Til the room where I work

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

**THESE BLACK**  
**DEPARTURES OF MY PUPILS**

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

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

I touch the objects around  
With the silence

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

## DETATCHMENT

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

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

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

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

WINTER IN THE DESERT

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

## THE WATER GAME ENCIRCLES

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

## LIFELESS TIME

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

THE SILENCE AS A BOAT

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

The evening extinguishes the sky

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

**MY BLOOD IS A TRAVELLER**

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

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

My blood is  
A traveller  
Which pulls you  
Ashore



IN FURROWS THE EARTH  
IS GROWING RIPE

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

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

## FALLING ASLEEP

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

FOLLOWING THE FLIGHT TOWARDS  
THE SUMMIT

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

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

## THE DRY SOUL OF THE FIRE

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

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

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

PROBABLE TIME  
OF THE TOMORROW'S SOUL

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

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

THE COLD THORNS  
OF A CRY

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

AT MY DESK I AM WRITING  
I AM STILL WRITING

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

## CONFESSION

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



## LAMENTATION

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

## YEARS OF NO LIGHT

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

## BLACK SOLITUDE

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

THE DANCE OF THE PALE FLAMES  
STAGGERING DRUNK

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

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

## BEYOND LIFE

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

THE HOARSE AUTUMN'S  
VOICE IS DESCENDING

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

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

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

POKED BREAST  
AS TWO LAMB HORNS

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

How cold it is  
Outside of you  
My soul!

'TIL THE TIME  
SMOKES EVEN OUR LAST CIGARETTES

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

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



DISMAL  
WITH FUNERAL STEPS  
OF ANGUISH

Street lamps in night gowns  
And candles mourning  
Lightly elongating  
Awaiting

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

I AM BEING CHOSEN  
FROM ANGUISH

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

**THE BEECH WOODS**  
**ARE RAISING THEIR PIPES TO THE WIND**

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

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

## I SINK IN LOVE'S WAVES

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

## SCATTERED SPLINTERS OF THOUGHTS

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

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

WITH DROWSY HAIR  
THE TREES GROW DUMBFOUNDED

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

Tammuz in his youth

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

Clearing full of birds

With drowsy hair  
The trees grow dumbfounded  
In images

**DURING THE SILENCE**  
**BLACK**

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

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

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

for my Mother

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



IF YOU SNATCH AWAY  
THE ROSY FROM THE CHICKS

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

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

## LIGHT SUPPLEMENTS

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

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

Quickly we put up  
To ask  
Light  
Supplements

## THE FIGURES STARTED VIBRATING

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

## TOWARDS THE ABSOLUTE WHITE

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

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

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

## THE WAY IS SNORING THROUGH THE PONDS

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

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

## APPEARANCES

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

## AUTUMN OF TIN

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

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

## PASTORAL

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

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

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

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



## THE MASQUE OF THE SOUL

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

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

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

## MOURNING

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

## THE CALLING

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

I RECONCILIATE WITH  
MY LAST EMOTIONS

Dried body  
From which is draining  
The last drop  
Of soul

Storages of the feeling  
Which are being emptied

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

I SET MY SOUL INTO MY PUPILS

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

I set my soul  
Into my pupils

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

FROM YOUR CHICK  
I WIPE OFF YOUR SIGH

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

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

THINGS - ALL HURT ME

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

## THE SOLITUDE OF A WINTER HOUR

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



THE LOOK IS SQUEEZING  
OF ITS BLUE

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

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

Shall I die in this blasphemy!

LOOK INTO YOURSELF  
I AM YOUR HEART

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

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

IS THE SKY FOR THE STARS  
A GRAVE DIGGER?

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

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

FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE  
WITH WINDOWS TOWARDS WINTER

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

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

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A GESTURE  
FROM YOUR BOUNDLESSNESS

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

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

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

GIRLS WITH  
RIPE BELLIES

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

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

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

THE DEATH WILL REMAIN ALIVE

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

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

THE LIGHT HANGS HEAVILY  
ON THE LAMPSHADE

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

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

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

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



## TEARS OF IRON

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

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

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

PARK WITHOUT LOVERS

...Vigors chestnuts  
With frazzles on them

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

...Roses shaken away  
By thoughts

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

The water is breathing in reeds  
Through reeds

Oh, the soul  
The soul bumps on the body

## THE COLOR OF THE CRY

...Gloomy noon like a rotten  
Canned fish

The streets are full of emptiness  
And the life is death

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

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

I take to the laundry  
A few sordid verses

These times  
Are mine - no times

THE STORK IS LISTENING  
HOW THE FOOL IS SINGING

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

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

## LIGHTMOTIVE

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

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

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

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

## ICON

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

YOU SHALL FIND ME BEGGING  
A UNIVERSE

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

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

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

POOR LIFE  
IT'S TIRING TO STRETCH THE TIME

The clouds are hanging  
Like filthy chandeliers

It is raining ceaselessly and moss and lichen  
Are growing

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

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



TOUCH WITH YOUR MIND  
THE SONG OF THE DOVE

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

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

## SUNSET

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

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

The day of tomorrow  
Shall die  
In the night

## LITERARY WAR

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

## INVENTORY OF GENERAL UNHAPPINESS

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

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

## AT THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF DESPAIR

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

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

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

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



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

## NEW MEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



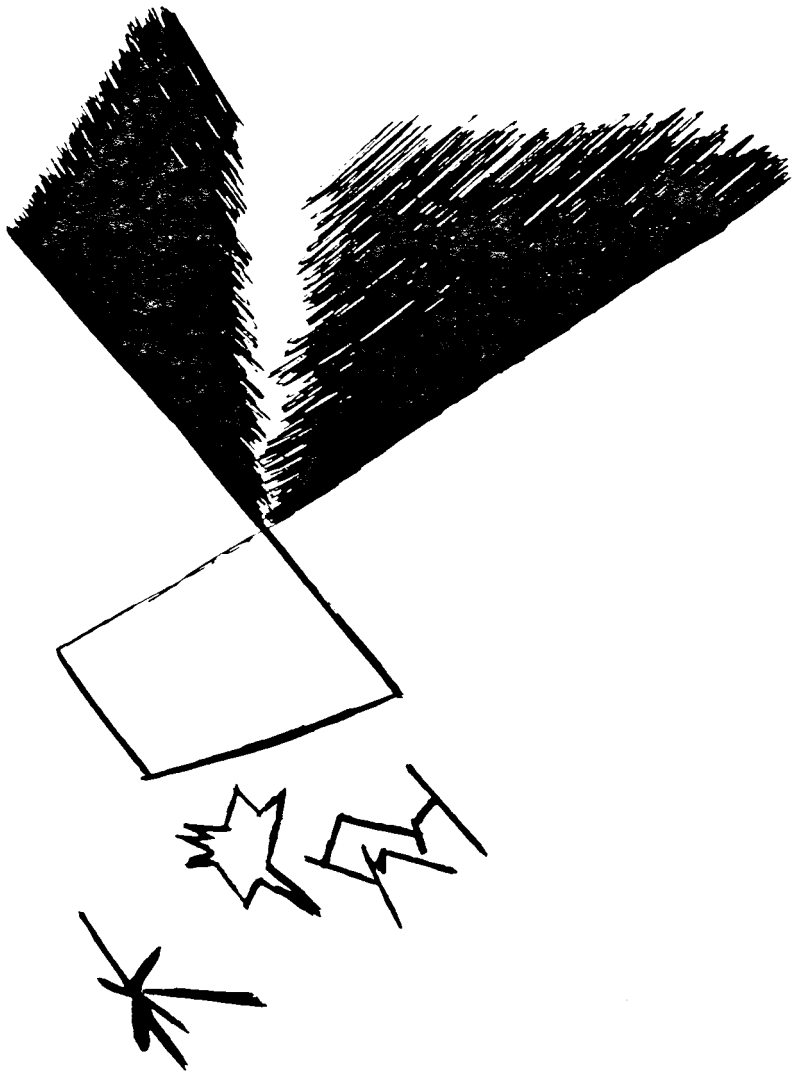
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