

Adrian Botez



123 de sonete cruciate alese



123 Selected Crusader Sonnets

**Editura RAFET
Râmnicu Sărat, 2016**

ADRIAN BOTEZ



123 DE SORETE CRUCIATE ALESE



123 SELECTED CRUSADER SONNETS

Coperta: **Adrian Botez**

Pe copert : „*Prim vara – Cele trei gra ii*“ / “*The Allegory of Spring – The Three Graces*” de **Sandro Botticelli**, „*R stignirea*“ / “*Crucifixion*” de **Anthony van Dyck**, „*Alee cu plop toamna*“ / “*Avenue of Poplars in Autumn*” de **Vincent van Gogh**

Ilustra ii: Zentangle and Doodle Art, <http://ro.pinterest.com>

Selec ia i prelucrarea imaginilor: **Gabriela Pachia**

© **Adrian Botez**

Adrian Botez



123 de sonete cruciate alese



123 Selected Crusader Sonnets



În viziunea traducătoarei întru engleză, Gabriela Pachia
Imagined into English by Gabriela Pachia



Editura Rafet
Rafet Publishing House
Râmnicu Sărat
2016

SPECIAL EDITION FOR THE NOBEL PRIZE



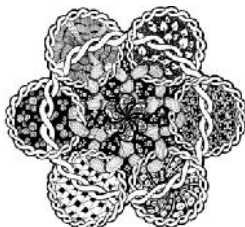
CÂT EFORT – ÎN MOARTE – DE A FI FRUMOAS

cât efort – în moarte – de a fi frumoas
când p durea- i schimb chinul în splendoare
î i d m rturie poiana stufoas :
n-a fost r utate – este – deci – Culoare !

Crist duios s-apleac – tot mai des opte te :
*„frumos voi tr ir i – frumo i fi i în moarte
merita i amurgul – sfânt s rb toare –
...de c de i în stele – nimeni nu mai moare... !“*

în genunchi copacii primesc de la ceruri
binecuvântare cu aghesmi de geruri :
bucuro i s moar – frumo i în sfin ire

a teapt doar Cristul s le intre-n fire...
...cât de frumos te las Dumnezeu
s mori – tr ind ascuns în orice zeu...



WHAT A STRIVE – AWAITING DEATH – TO BE BEAUTEOUS

what a strive – awaiting death – to be beauteous
when the forests change their anguish into splendour
bushy glades bear testimony – though caducous :
'twasn't ill-willed wickedness – 'tis – therefore – Colour !

Christ lovingly bends – more frequently whispering :
*“you’ve lived righteously – you’ll be beauteous resting
you deserve your twilight – a most sacred recess –
...if you fall into stars – no one feels death distress... !”*

down on their knees the trees receive from the Heaven
the blessing in the holy water frost-graven :
eager to die – consummate in consecration

they’re awaiting Christ to enter their pulsation...
...how beauteously does Lord God allow streaking
into death – charmingly concealed in god’s seeking...



MI-AM FURIT DIN FLORI
O-NTREAGĂR

mi-am furit din flori o-ntreagăr
i-o cârmuiesc cu păsări cu îngerî –
de nicieri nu se ridic plângeri
iar din corole bismuie te var

ridic palate din puteri de rou
iar rugăciunea o pîstrează în crini ;
cu ochi de mir – albastrele jivini
din candela iubirii – iau lumină nouă

unul pe altul patru răsturi
se-aprind – smerind întinsurile firii ;
pământul mare se-mpletesc în mituri –

îi peste-această a plutirii
îi a razelor alcătuite-n schituri –
îi ard căuie-mprătească Mirii





I'VE CONCOCTED A ROUNDED COUNTRY FROM FLOWERS

I've concocted a rounded country from flowers
rightly reigning over it with birds and angels –
no muttering complaints rise from any rebels
the corollas' fairytales breed summer bowers

I frame palaces from the dew's powers and moist
while my prayer's kept ablaze amongst the lilies ;
my myrrh eyes avert the blue wild beasts from sullies
they borrow – from love's candle – the new light rejoiced

four easterly sunrises superposed forthwith
illuminate – humbling the vastness of the being ;
measureless land and sea interweave in sheer myths –

over this country of ever-soaring wellbeing
over beams woven into hermitage zeniths –
the Bride and Groom burn kingly incense in wedding



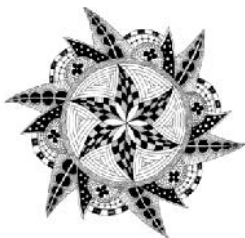
CU PRETEN II DE AUTOR – TOAMNA

valuri de galben a stârnit furtuna
r bdare nu mai vezi la vânt – când frunza
aduce argumentul c -i doar una
i r u nu face nim nui – ascunsa...

e un m cel de galben – f r -accente
amurgu-i coco at sub nori de hum
sunt violate fiice inocente –
peste cadavre – un cear af de brum

m car în moarte scoate- i demnitatea
din teaca urii tale pentru crim :
înjunghie-n tine orice rest de rim

s n-aib toamna nici poem – nici cartea...
...toamnei cu mari preten ii de-autor
strecoar -i între straie un topor...





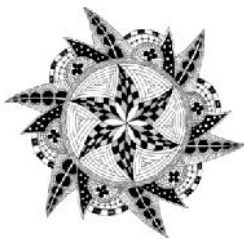
AUTUMN'S CLAIMING AUTHORSHIP

the tempest has upsurged crested waves of yellow
the wind's patience has given way – when the proud leaf
invokes the argument of its unique billow
and harmless grief – a thoroughly hidden belief...

yellow's undergoing slaughter – no grave accents
the twilight's hunched under the cloggy clouds of clay
daughters are raped though siding with the innocents –
a hoarfrost sheet – over the corpses' underplay

at least when death draws near unsheathe your dignity
pull down the scabbard of your dire hatred for crimes :
stab in spades whatever's your own leftover rhymes

lest autumn – poem and book – seek vicinity...
...autumn's claiming authorship for its entwinements
slyly thump an axe amongst its shedding garments...



ONETUL MEU

tr iesc într-o continu înviere
zodii mi-apar – ca bubele – în p lmi :
ce-i pentru voi z branici durere
la mine-i zarvă constelat – f r' de rmi

eu dau t cerilor senine al meu nume
zeii- i fac cuiburi în visarea mea
arterele luminii-ngân strune
pe fruntea gândurilor arse-n Crin i Nea

sunt patrie continu a sfin irii
sunt ne tiin a r ului din fire :
voi masacra i jivinele sim irii –

sunt liturghie-oprit -n nemurire
...nu v privesc : sunt Orb – senin i sfânt
chiar mult mai mult : sunt Unicul Cuvânt



MY SONNET

I lead life in perpetual resurrection
zodiacal signs emerge – like boils – on my palms :
what you define as mourning veil and affliction
means for me constellated hubbub – shoreless balms

I name tranquil quiescences after myself
gods set their nests within the dream that I bestow
light's arteries murmur like strings strummed by an elf
my forehead of fervent thought's for Lilies and Snow

I'm the endless Motherland of consecration
I am the ignorance of being evil-natured :
while you massacre the monsters of sensation –

I'm the liturgy prolonged to times unmeasured
...I can't behold you : I'm Blind – serene and sacred
and – which is more : I'm the Sole Word that is naced





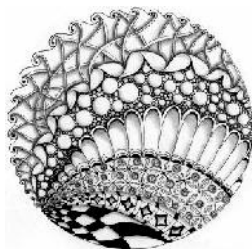
ES TORUL DE SLOVE

apele- i toarn singure otrav
iar mun ii dârdâie pe temelie
când p s rile- i scad suspect din slav
repro urile mi se-aduc doar mie

c nu iubesc – c nu ucid aparte
îngerii care-mi fâlfâie prin carte
c nu m -ncumet a primi-alduirea
în schimb prin raiuri îmi codesc privirea...

nici lini te nu vreau – dar nici putere
nu vreau venin – dar sunt s tul de miere
când El m va c uta s m întrebe

o s m afle printre flori i greble
...din slove vii eu ceruri am umplut
zbârnâi într-una r zboiul... de esut !



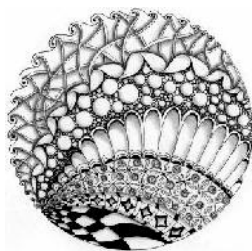
THE LETTER WEAVER

rivers themselves spill poison in their courses
and mountains tremble on their rock foundations
when birds suspiciously trim their discourses
'tis only I who collects accusations

that I don't show love – I don't overtly slay
the angels that flutter their wings in my book's bay
that I dare not receive the baptismal red
but waver catching glimpses of Heaven's thread...

I covet neither quiescence – nor power
I loathe poison – though plagued with honey vower
when my turn comes He'll ask me on Judgement Day

I'll be amongst the flower and rake display
...with living letters I have suffused the skies' doom
I ceaselessly click-clack my letter-weaving... loom !



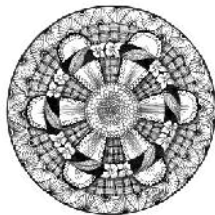
**ORIUNDE-S EU,
E LOCUL DE OSÂND**

oriunde-s eu, e locul de osând
îi aerul miroase a tortur :
pofte cu nări umflate stau la pând
gata-a-mi târâre ma e, cîrni îi zgur

dar sub durere, îpît, chip de sânge,
stîneclintit Roata de Lumin :
întinse mîdulare, ea îmi frînge,
dar, tot la ea, o tîri de magi se-nchin

tâlhar îi sfînt, cu dreaptî jumtate,
în mine se izbesc îi se frîmînt –
de-aceea nu se-ncheag îi în cetate

fiin a mea de demonie frînt –
îi unde-i faî-acum – apoi e spate
îi nu mai tîu cînd îpîi cînd cînt



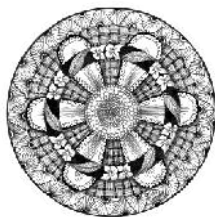
**WHEREVER I GO, I REGAIN
MY PLACE OF PUNISHMENT**

wherever I go, that's my place of punishment
the air smells of agony and tearing torture :
covetous wide-nostriled cravings find emplacement
to grab and drag my bowels flesh slag and facture

yet under my bloodcurdling throes, screams, bleeding face,
the supreme Wheel of Light reigns unfalteringly :
it crushes my stretched limbs in its ravenous race,
though armies of magi worship it bindingly

half a thief half a saint – neither thrusts to aggress –
my rowdy outbursts steadfastly clash and torment –
I shun the wish to coalesce in the fortress

when my being's split demonhood reaches no assent –
therefore I no longer grasp when it's heads or tails
no longer fathom when its shrill or song prevails



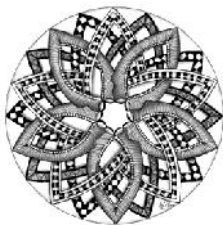
MAI-AM HOIN RIT O VIA

neajutat decât de Dumnezeu
mi-am hoin rit o via – mân -spart ;
mi-a fost i greu – mi-a fost i mult mai greu
tot scotocind – degeaba – dup -o hart ...

n-am cui s fac cu degetu-a mustrare
orb dac-am fost – ochi singur mi-oblonii !
schimbai – de filfizon – buna c rare :
erau stejar – i zeu : eu nu-i z rii !

nervos – se fă âie-n gr din moartea...
s-o chem ? s-a tept ca Domnul – în boccea
s -mi 'ghesuie – furi – boît – soartea ?

decât pomanagiu – mai bun -i piaza-rea !
...nu L-am ho it nicicând pe Dumnezeu –
de ce n-accept c-a a m vrusei eu ?





I'VE WANDERED THROUGHOUT MY LIFE

destitute of all succour but God's rusher
I've wandered throughout my life – a spendthrift chap ;
my life was harsh – at times t'was even harsher
while questing – to little avail – for a map...

none to whom I'd raise a reproachful finger
since I was blind – heedlessly shuttered my eyes !
I failed – poor dandy – the righteous path stringer :
there were an oak – and a god : I spoiled the dyes !

high strung – death is fidgeting in the garden...
should I call him ? or should I wait for the Lord –
to stealthily cram – my smeared fate – to harden ?

not a scrounger – rather the ill omen chord !
...I've never thieved the Almighty – a gusher
like me can't bear I chose to be a flusher ?



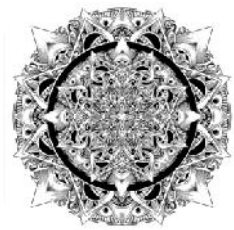
NEPUTIN E MISTICE

bat clopotele neputin a lumii
de-a i duce-n lini ti trai cuviincios
bat clopotele ne tiin a lumii
de-a g si-n ceasuri miezul cel gustos

degeaba plâng în b t tur pomii
degeaba- i risipesc apele-argin ii :
de peste tot se furi eaz gnomii
vampirii- i tot ascut la lun din ii

ce nobil -i Gr dina cu-ai ei îngeri... –
de peste tot vin incendiatorii
de e ti Hristos ori numai om – tot sângeri

culegi din praf preaînjosite glorii...
...drept în orbite î i înfig f clia
n-apuci s -i vezi : î i fac doar meseria



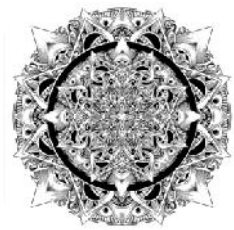
MYSTIC INEPTITUDES

church bells toll humankind's inability
to lead life harmoniously, in decency
church bells toll humankind's sheer fatuity
of not delving in the hours' core sapiency

in vain do the trees in earthen front yards weep
in vain do the rivers squander silver drops :
from all corners of the world gnomes peep and creep
dark vampires sharpen their fangs on moonbeam props

how stately is God's Garden with angels' meed... –
from all sides there dash in th' incendiaries
should you be Crist or a blank mortal – you bleed

you raise from dust the much too debased glories...
...they thrust the blazing torch into your orbits
no glimpse of faces : grim duty prohibits



NEBUNIA VIE II

suntem – în via – doar ce vrea Dumnezeu
nu ce ne-nchipuim – pretindem – ori pl tim :
nu ne-nv ar m – i ne este greu
s -ngenunchem în Templu – s ne umilim !

mult ne mai doare când – pro ti – ne d m de gol !
uit m de na terea din ap i din foc
uit m prin Duhul Lui s d m ocol
ca – astfel – orice împ rat ne fac loc... !

un pian de r ni e sufletul din noi
la cari Satana bate genial
concert turbat – cu-orgolii tot de soi !

... i suntem goi – pierdut-am Sfânt Graal !
...oricât de osteni i – am lua de la-nceput
o via – -oricare ! – chiar de împrumut !



LIFE'S FOOLISHNESS

we lay out our life paths – only at the Lord's will
not in the way we fancy – pretend – or pay :
we haven't learnt our lesson – it's too high a sill
to kneel in the Temple – humbling ourselves today !

what a distress – befooled – we give ourselves away !
we overlook our birth from water and fire
neglecting to revisit His Spirit we stray
failing – thus – to sit with emperors not mire... !

our soul's a piano keyboard of grievous wounds
where Satan brilliantly plays with his tail
a savage concerto – of deadly prides – zounds !

...while we are barren – deprived of the Holy Grail !
...enfeebled as we might be – we would gladly start
life again – any life ! – even in a borrowed cart !



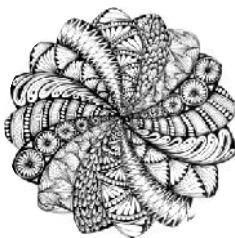
SONETUL TIMPULUI

trece vremea – trece vremea – trece vremea
alergai prin via – bestie n uc
trece vremea – trece vremea – trece vremea
nu-nv ai s cer – nici cum este de duc

n-am încredere-n lumin sau în noapte
te privesc chiorâ doar pentru c exi ti
pentru mine codrul nu mai are oapte
pentru mine-n ceruri îngerii sunt tri ti

un biet suflet – suflecat de minte
se târ te-n praful por ilor de rai
nu- i g se te lacrimi – nici cuvinte

de rugat pe Maica Florilor de Mai
...trece vremea – trece vremea – trosnesc grinzi :
au r mas din mine doar cioburi de-oglinzi



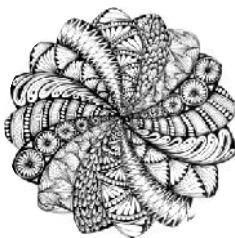
THE SONNET OF TIME

fugacious time – fugacious time – fugacious time
I've been racing throughout – a muddleheaded beast
fugacious time – fugacious time – fugacious time
I never learnt to beg – or the wanderlust yeast

I trust neither the light nor the night's foul fiddlings
I look at you askance for you persist to exist
for me th' eternal woods are sapped of their rustlings
for me the heaven's angels are too sad to assist

a misfortunate soul – whose weak mind is tucked up
laboriously crawls in the Heaven's Gates dust
lacking healing tears – and the prayer words' setup

to beseech the Mother of May Flowers for trust
...fugacious time – fugacious time – the main beams crack :
what's left of me is mirror shards as a throwback



SONETUL ADEVĂRULUI

să uiți de tot – să intri în laten
să uiți că ești – ba chiar de verbu-*a fi*
nu e nimic de în eles – clemen
doar pentru-orbi și surzi : cavoul lui *a ti*

să fie vid – sau bestii într-o tate
și moarte-a firii – pe nemestecate
semeni nu sunt – nici limbă și nici frate
urli-n pustiu – când ceri pe ar tate

cine și ce să articuleze-un nume
când sterpe-s toate ale lumii Mume ?
mor regii-n ceasuri – și-i atât de bine

să nu-nsemnezi vreun azi – să strigi vreun mâine...
...trăiește – spânzuratule de oase
desfată-te cu vremurile roase...



THE SONNET OF TRUTH

fall into oblivion – enter latency
forget that you exist – banish the verb *to be*
there's nothing to be understood – mere clemency
for the blind and the deaf : *to know*'s tomb – I foresee

will sink into voidness – or instigated beasts
and the kindhood's death – swallow unchewed verities
no kinship – neither language nor brother – no priests
you howl in the wilderness – join disparities

whatever could a name articulate – a maim
when the world's Mothers are barren – glad to disclaim ?
kings die in grandfather's clock – joy and no sorrow

neither mark a today – nor call for tomorrow...
...persevere in living – scapegrace of empty bones
strung up on the gallows – cherish the times' gnawed tones...



POET M RTURISITOR

foc f r de pricin ori de reazem
foc al m ririi i întreg rodirii
foc respirat de îngerii cl dirii
foc înghe at pe culmile uimirii

trecând prin somn spre cump na privirii
în nev zut întemeind fiindul
în nev zut – Mireasm -a Fericirii
întâia i dat contemplându- i gândul

viu în t ceri – lumin negr bit
în nori Tu contenind necontenirea
acela i mugur – firea i nefirea

sub legi dezv luind neîngr direa
...doar c tre Tine – Duhu-mi se-umile te
i cântec neaflat silabise te





POET CONFESSING THE LORD JESUS

fire without a spark wood a prop or furtherance
fire of glowing glory and boundless fruitfulness
fire breathed by angels of the design's deference
fire frozen on peaks of wonder and loftiness

overwhelming my slumber to my sight's fairness
grounding His being in imperceptibility
settling in the unseen – Fragrance of Happiness
contemplating His lively thought in probity

the beginning of our times – the leisurely light
in the clouds You've unbounded the unboundedness
dwelling in the same bud – being and nonbeing hold tight

Your steadfast laws revealing unlimitedness
...I avow Jesus – my humble Spirit worships Him
and writes the never-heard-of song of the Seraphim



SONETUL POETULUI

înc e var -n sufletu-mi uscat
dor de frumos îmi scurm înc -aripa :
vulturi n-au zis c -s vrednic de scuipat
iar florile-mi îng duie risipa...

dar cât va ine-acest dezm de raze
cu ce în lume-mi voi pl ti chiria ?
îmi murmur Hristos – nu d ucaze :
„pl te ti aflând luminii Poezia !“

un greiere boem – cântat-am lunii
un biet scaiete – ag at de straie
„un nimeni i-un nimic“ – m -njur unii

dar eu tac mâlc – cu nasul în tigaie...
...cu cât s-adun hula mai avan
Crist mai degrab' coboar -mi ici în ran !



THE POET'S SONNET

there's still summer lavishing in my parched soul
the yearning for beauty still scratches my wing :
vultures haven't pronounced me less than a spit's roll
while lenient flowers still suffer my ebbing...

yet how long will this beam profligacy last
how will I pay the rent in this adjourning world ?
Christ murmurs – no haughty ukase would He cast :
“you'll reveal the Poetry of Light when purled !”

a bohemian cricket – I've chirped at the moon
a poor burdock burr – stuck to the garment span
“a nobody and a nought” – some would harpoon

but quiet as a mouse – nose to the frying pan...
...the more furibund blaspheme might be spooned
the sooner Christ will descend and heal my wound !



CABOTINISM DE BOLT

schelete sordide ies din firide
v zduhul e-n prag de sabat
violat silfide – idei invalide
se zvârcolesc delicat

târf de zguri beat -n cianur
veghind i bocind preacurat
regin -aiurind paceaur
se suie pe norul uscat

descânt i cânt – tremur sfânt
în dialog macerat :
cade – se-mplânt – binecuvânt

în mla tini to i viermii-s la sfat
...cine suport f r revolt
cabotinismul de bolt ?



RCHIVOLT HISTRIONICS

most sordid skeletons walk out from sepulchres
the skies are on the brink of the witches' Sabbath
raped sylphids – invalid ideas in wiseacres
slenderly toss and fret amassing without scath

scraggy scoria harlots drunk with cyanide
immaculately mourning in poignant vigils
a floozy-queen insanely hoodwinking in snide
climbs up the dry cloud engraving magic sigils

she'd disenchant and chant – she'd maidenly caress
in her macerated dialogue she'd disband :
then she'd decline – she'd thrust – she'd virtuously bless

all the worms gather the council in the moorland
...who wouldn't rebel against the cheap significs
who'd bear the paltry archivolt histrionics ?





VENIT O CIOAR -N ZBOR

a venit o cioar -n zbor s -mi spun poveste :
mun ii nu mai au t lpici – nu mai au nici creste
pe p duri tot ning de zor scârbe i pecingini
pan’ i cerul se îneac de-atâtea funingini

oameni se ascund în fier – fiare fug de-a dura
peste toate se revars bolile i ura
pe Hristos Îl smulg cu sila dar cu artificii
zi de zi Îl mut lumea numai prin ospicii

ning blesteme – pier oceane – lumea-i pustiit
nu ne-ajunge doar demen a – avem i gastrit ...
vin mereu c l i în soart – cam pe la chindie

to i privim amurgu-acesta bogat în prostie !
...floare alb de lumin – Maic Preacurat
spune despre tot ce este : „*hei – a fost odat ...*“



THERE COMES A CROW IN FLIGHT

there comes a crow in flight to tell me a story :
our mountains lent their treadles – their peaks of glory
ordures and terrors like heavy snowdrifts on woods
even the skies are choked under the soot's bleak hoods

my fellows hide within iron – beasts somersault
ailments and hatred downpour – a deadly assault
they uproot Christ by force though fireworks are expelled
day after day He is pushed to bedlams – farewelled

blasphemies flood – oceans collapse – stark carditis
dementia's not enough – we supply gastritis...
fate gushes out headsmen – about the sunset swoon

we contemplate our twilight like a blatteroon !
...the white flower of light – Virgin Mary would rhyme
and rue : *“hmm – once upon a time all was sublime...”*



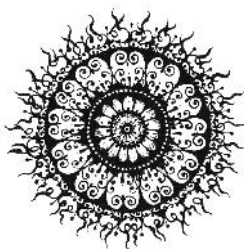
LINI TEA LUMII

e lini te pe crengile m ririi
lini ti de soi – c - i uit i Gr dina
solemnul cânt lunar al nemuririi
...mugure-ntârziat î i plânge vina

e lini te pe crengile m ririi
însu i Hristos viseaz într-o stea
târâ ul i-l amân solul firii
arpelui în elept i-e limba grea

nu tiu de-i clip sau e promisiune
nu tiu de-i rai sau doar o pauz -a vie ii
duhul din mine uit de misiune

i-aplaud – în delir – pe cânt re ii
îngerii – bolnavi de roua dimine ii...
...nu-i cine i nu-i ce din r ni s-adune



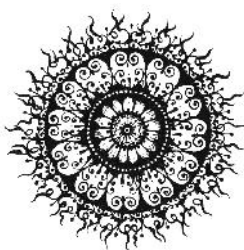
THE WORLD'S QUIESCENCE

there's quiescence on aggrandisement branches
choice silences – so that the Garden forsakes
the solemn monthly song of aeon bunches
...belated buds weep bitter tears for mistakes

there's quiescence on aggrandisement branches
Christ Himself dreams on a star seen from afar
nature's ground adjourns its raw crawling crunches
the wise serpent would have no say insofar

I can't tell if it's a twinkling or a promise
I can't tell if it's Heaven or a life break
the spirit within myself forgets its premiss

applauds – deliriously – the singers at stake
the angels – suffering from the morning dew – rake...
...there's no one and nothing to pick from wounds that miss



SONETUL APOCALIPSEI

mizer lume – coapt de sfârșit
măcar un singur om bun nu s-arăt
scaie îi au crescut și s-au prăsit
e cerul torturat și tras pe roată

s-au zdrențuit pe margini lunare – soare
stele-au căzut și ieri – și noaptea toată
atâtea crime – nimic nu mai doare :
tichie de măgar e liota toată !

...ce-i de făcut cu verdele din pajiți
și cum s-au izvoare-ascunse-n muni ?
Frumosul Dumnezeu e-un imn de jăriți

cei ce-or scăpa de cium – plece frunzi...
...s-a tot promis că îngerii vor plânge –
dar mătrăguna-aprins – cine-o stinge ?



THE SONNET OF THE APOCALYPSE

what a wretched world – though ripened into its end
scarcely can one find a straight good man's kind to reel
the thistles have grown and put forth their legend's blend
the sky's under torture slammed by the breaking wheel

the sun and the moon circumvolve frayed and frazzled
the stars kept falling – last night – tonight seems likewise
plagues of dreadful crimes – nothing hurts – the heart's dazzled:
the whole gang wears a donkey's cap to hybridise !

...what's to be done with the green in the meadows' garbs
how can you forget the mountain-hidden wellsprings ?
the Lofty Lord's a hymn of burnt forests and farbs

those who escape death should bow their foreheads' bearings...
...angels weep – as promised for centuries on end –
yet who's left to douse the deadly nightshade and mend ?



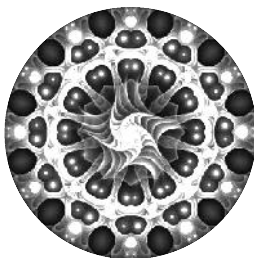
GLUME PE DOS

a tept – a tept – de-o via -a tept cântarea
prin care trestii z mislesc nou soare :
s-a vestejit de-acum pe lir floarea
i de tele zgârcitu-s-au pe floare...

nimic din oameni nu plode te lume
vin ierni zguduitoare peste a tri
pe malul m rii diavolii fac glume
iar Duhul cost -o mân de pia tri

doi orbi horesc în loc de zi sau noapte
z rile-s scufundate-adânc sub oapte
o bârf -amar -i lag rul ceresc

golaniî sfin i nici nu se mai numesc
...e-atâta zgur i rugin -n spade
Satana-i patriarhul cumsecade...





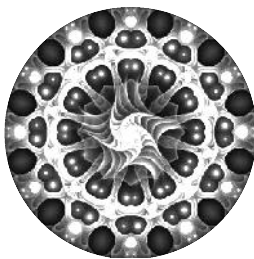
TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

waiting – waiting – my lifetime's waiting for the song
in the reeds' flute to mildly herald a new sun :
the flower's bloom on the lyre has withered endlong
and my fingers have strained on the flower's lost stun...

the human race has ceased to breed its human spokes
inclement winters overwhelm aloof astres
lewd devils on the seashore make practical jokes
while the Spirit's worth a handful of piastres

two sick blind men chant regardless of day and night
horizons deeply sink under the whispers' sleight
the celestial tune's a desolate gossip

the tramping saints are despoiled of their healing trip
...heaps of cinders and sheets of rust corrupt the swords
Satan's the decent patriach – the world miswords...



FLOAMN APOCALIPTIC

cotcod cesc alarme de ma ini
bie i maidanezi tot chioap t prin ploaie
lumea-a-nceput la cap t s se-nmoaie
iar de noroi copacii-s tot mai plini

ce s iube ti în ast -apocalips
schiload i leproas cer etoare
când navig m umili din lips -n lips
iar mor ii-i bat în geam la fiecare ?

urangutani au urinat lumin
la gura pe terilor de pe strad
e ran puroiat orice vin

e grea inima-n pieptu- i cât o lad
...mormane de gunoi cosmic cl dîte
îmi casc -n sânge vastele-mi orbite



POCALYPTIC AUTUMN

car horns toot and blare and cackle raucously
shabby stray dogs limp through the desolate rain
the world in its fag end gets soaked and insane
while the trees enshroud in mud hideously

what's there to cherish in this apocalypse
a crippled leprous beggar meant to widow
when we humbly sail from eclipse to eclipse
and the death toll resounds at every window ?

orangoutangs have urinated feigned light
at the philistine mouths of the dark street caves
each guilt is a pus wound under the searchlight

your heart is a chest – heavy like architraves
...rotting piles of cosmic garbage like pulpits
rush my raged blood in my vastly gaped orbits



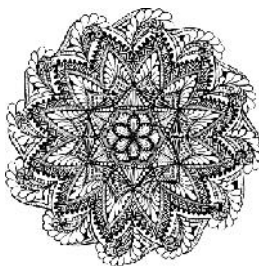
D M N UCIT

nu tie ce-i cu el – biet om hoinar
un altu-i zgâl âie în fa -i via a
ca pe o javr – ditamai paia a !
împlor mil pentru zdrean – în zadar

n uc î i pr bu e te fa a-n palme
i nu vrea s mai vad rea osând
e-atât de grabnic tot – c nici sudalme
n-apuc -a bâlbâi – cât st la pând

de cine s se ia – de Dumnezeu ?
e un birou atât de dep rtat
nici tu etaj – nici coridor aflat

se las p guba – n uc mereu
... i via a-i zace spart în noroi
dar gândurile-au asmu it – de viespi un roi



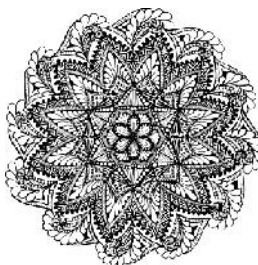
THE BEFUDDLED MAN

he has got no idea what's what – poor drifter
someone else boorishly shakes his life in his face
like a yelper's – a huge clown eager to deface !
he begs for mercy for his shreds – but life's swifter

befuddled he'd crumple his face in his surged palms
spurning the mischievously bitter punishment
everything around makes haste – there's no time for alms
or swearwords to stammer – during his enmeshment

he would espy but whom should he aggress – the Lord ?
His mighty headquarters are farther than remote
His office has no floor – or corridor to quote

he gives up – eternally addled and ignored
...and his yelping life lies shattered in the mean mud
yet his thoughts have set a swarm of wasps on the crud



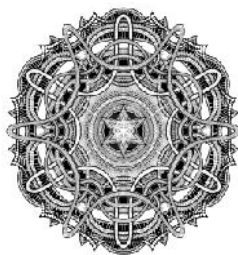
NELINI TI INUTILE

s-ajung' din urm umbra ceasului secret
î i istovesc isteric vlaga p s ri i copaci
în dârdâiri de epileptic duh ascet
î i farm forme-n gălgâiri brotaci

un dionisiac r zboi de broa te
i fl mânziri de vâlve înjosite-n hoa te :
cu cât se zbat – cu-atât se tulbur' ere
se-adun praful de prin voci i-artere

nu mai goni i prin ar t ri i basme
din fe i-frumo i au fost r mas doar iasme
s nu mai vre i s fi i ce a i visat

voi resemna i-v în semn turi de stat
...nu mai ciopli i la chip – nu murmura i :
îngrijor ri habotnice nasc aposto i



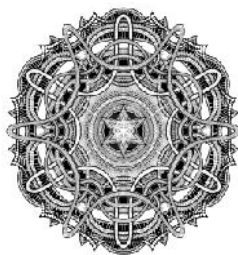
FUTILE DISQUIETUDES

to catch up with the shadow of the secret hour
birds and trees hysterically exhaust their strength
seizures of an epileptic hermit tower
when green frogs croak wringing their forms of gurgling length

the frogs' Dionysian dissension and warfare
and ravenous whirlwinds of decayed hags' witchware :
the more they fret – the more the ages' trickeries
stir – dust gathers from their voices and arteries

stop chasing around the vile visions' and tales' chasms
what's left from throngs of Prince Charming is mere phantasms
quit yearning for whatever you've dreamt to create

resign yourselves to the state to remunerate
...defy carving idols – ban him who susurrates :
bigoted misgivings deliver apostates



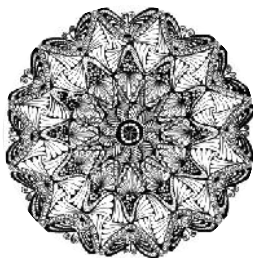
POCALIPS

se sting blânde lumini din 'nalte steme :
f clii sunt oamenii ce ard în vechi p cate
v zduh se-aprinde-n vaier i blesteme
mun ii nu v desc sfin i : doar guri spurcate

boce te Hrist – iar câinii-I url -n cale
se mistuie copacii în explozii
ne-mprumut m i ne ucidem bozii
o pia -a c rnii vii – i numai jale

mor ii nu-mi dau mormântul s m-ascund
setea de crim vars bale-amare
femeia na te arpele pe prund

p mântu-a otr vit ultima floare :
copil pe tat spintec i mu c
iar sângele de mam -i doar o du c ...



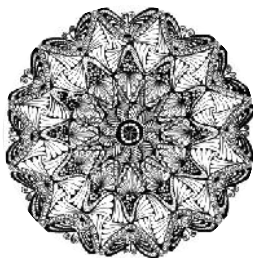
POCALYPSE

gentle lights wane in divine crowns and diadems :
torches are the people who burn for their old sins
the skies would flare with moans and curses and mayhems
mountains fail to nurture saints : merely foul mouth grins

Christ laments – while dogs bark and howl on His pathway
screaming trees are consumed in engrossing outbursts
we lend and kill our deities – the very firsts
a marketplace of living flesh – all's but Doomsday

the deceased rebuff renting tombs for me to hide
the grinding thirst for crime outspills bitter slobbers
women deliver snakes on the gravel bank ride

the ground forged poisoning the last flower sobbers :
the offspring would rip and bite their fathers' bigwig
while their mothers' blood is solely a hearty swig...



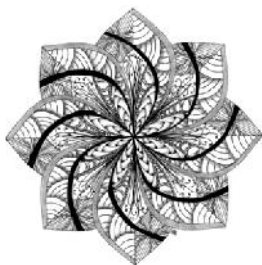
PITAL

iar i i iar – mereu i mereu
cel f r de rost r mas-am tot eu
f r' de r gaz i sfidând Dumnezeu
umbra m h ituie – r nindu-m greu

ursuz mi-e soarta – Midas pe dos
orice bine ating se farm în r u :
to i zeii-au pierit – sau auzul li-e gros
în urm -orice pas îmi las un h u

vie i tic loase-ntr-o lume roind
rasul i tunsul cu zid drept oglind :
tot ce se-ntâmpl -i ca funia-n sac

tot ce se na te-i sub zodii de rac
...la ce mai pierde i vreme i tr i i
când tot fiindul este ca-ntr-una s muri i ?



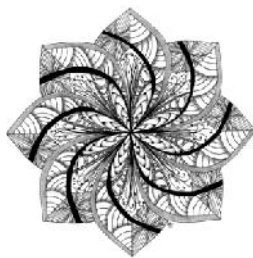
HOSPITAL

time and time again – day in, day out, without fail
it's me, myself, no other who has proved aimless
without a moment's respite defying the Grail
my shadow hunts me down – sorely impaired and creedless

my lot is sullen – an inverted Midas touch
whatever worth I touch is cursed to turn worthless :
all the gods have vanished – the muffled hearing clutch
each step of mine cleaves chasms which seem fathomless

nefarious lives in an ever-swarming world
a shave and a haircut as the mirror wall unfurled :
deeds are like a rope in a bag – a foul dancer

all that's born is launched under the sign of cancer
...then why are you still wasting your lifespans to wry
when all the living kingdoms are born merely to die ?



NEMUL UMIRE GENERAL

s crezi în bine i s dai de r u
nu-i o-ncercare – e naivitate
când lumea- i pierde sòrii – i-un dul u
delicii isc - i din trei beregate

a iarn mirosim pe frunze arse
nu-i bine-r u : e doar ce tre' s fie
dar „*cei de sus*“ – fanatici dup farse
se preg tesc s -orbeasc -o ciocârlie...

al'dat -orbeau privighetori m iestre
cele tii mon tri pream reau amurgul... –
de-atunci în raiuri spartu-s-au ferestre

i-n Empireu p trunse – cinic – burgul...
...n-or fi ei sfin i – naivii umili i
dar nici sacrii bufoni nu stau chiar mul umi i...



ENERAL DISCONTENT

to believe in goodness and endure evilness
is not a vain attempt – it's a naïvety
when the world's deprived of suns – and a dog's vileness
feasts on delights from biting three throats' vicety

we smell like winter on the bescorched and burnt leaves
it's not about good-or-bad : things are as they should
yet the “*high-ups*” – fanatical about farce heaves
machinate to mystify a skylark's statehood...

yesteryear they'd blind miraculous nightingales
the celestial monsters worshipped the twilight... –
thereafter Heavens' windows were smashed in assails

th' Empyrean was trespassed by the cynic blight...
...though not wholly pious – the humbled innocents
thrill the sacred buffoons who smell burg dissents...



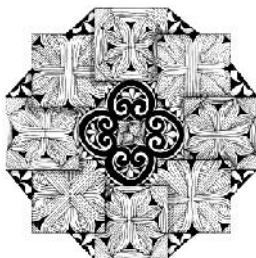
LUME F R VIITOR

lovi i prea brusc în febra h meselii
gândacii de gunoi hidos cabreaz :
explozia de fug – neagr -amiaz
ne-ngroap -n bale i ne-ngre o eaz

lumea – haznaua asta ambulant
cuprins -n spasme de nesa agonice
vomit peste ceasul electronic
iar cu „*da vincii*“ nu-i deloc culant

tot ce-a fost duh : l tûri de apoftegme
ce-a fost m re – ajuns-a scuiptoare
...de pe sub brâu – ne curg secrete ii-soare

iar visul ni-l c ut m r scolind flegme !
...de-atâta scârb – spasm i fojg ial
c-ar putea fi i-altfel – ni-e îndoial ...



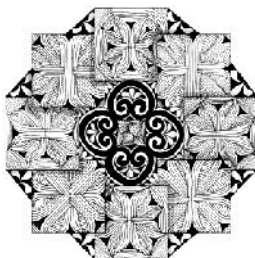
FUTURELESS WORLD

too sharply hit in their ravenous hunger
the cockroaches in hideous dung rear up :
the runaway burst – a pitch afternoon foul-up
slobbers and nauseates us like a lunger

our world – this loathsome itinerant cesspool
spasmodically seized with agonic greed
would vomit on the electronic watch breed
unaccommodating to “*da vinci’s rule*”

all that once was spirit : slops of apophthegms
all magnificence – turned into a spittoon
...from our waists downwards – sun-secretions festoon

while we wildly search for our dream poking phlegms !
...from so much disgust – spasm and pullulation
I greatly doubt – there could be any placation...



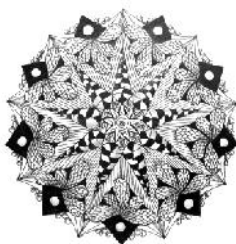
PARADOXURI APOCALIPTICE

parfum rituos de fructe – galbeni aburi de iad
smaraldele din frunte se vestejesc i cad :
gr dina vie-mi umplu mii erpi înmiresma i
demoni frumo i ca visul se-ncânt secera i

e-o dulce nebunie-n sfâr itul orgiastic
Sybaris i Gomora se-ngân -n mit sarcastic
f - i din amurgul cosmic o nobil cadân
în sânge frumuse ea s - i isp easc vin

p gân opulen din hoituri se îngra
pendula nimicirii – când sfânt când abra
ucide mirii-n nunt pe crucea geografiei

se l f ie Satana în noaptea-apostaziei
...polii-androginit ii-ntre ei efeb se schimb :
de lene i oroare – Hristos î i uit limb !





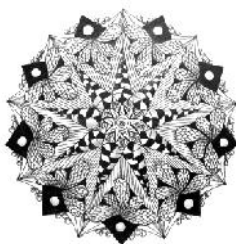
APOCALYPTIC PARADOXES

the staunch fruit fragrance – yellow vapours of hell
the emeralds on the forehead fade and knell :
thousands of musky snakes rip my fresh garden
dreamlike demons are ravished when reaped – pardon

the sweet enthrallment in orgiastic peaks
Sybaris and Gomorrah mingle their streaks –
sarcastic myths – shape a kadin from dusk's flood
let beauty expiate its sin in your blood

pagan opulence fattens on corpses' reave
the clock of wreckage – now sacred now restive
slays the wedded on the cross of geography

Satan sprawls during the night of apostasy
...the poles of androgyny switch ephebically :
in repugnant groundlessness – Christ stifles globally !



JOCUL CIFRELOR

sus de tot – din vârful de piramid
Satan prive-te furnicarul lumii :
e bântuit umbra lui hlamid
de trăsnete – schimbările furtunii

pionii s-au jertfit în albi negru joc
nebuni negociază cu ultimul noroc
din turnuri regii se aruncă-n vid
valurile regine se-ascund în propriul rid

crispate-n hohot – bezele transpir
din sânul lor cel stérp plodind lumină :
toți cei ce cred că Lucifer dezbină

ascultă cântecul ianús – din crucea de trifoi
...acum smerind cutremur – nu se miră :
pentru **A FI** – unu se răstigne-te-n doi



THE GAME OF THE FIGURES

from high above – from the pyramidion
Satan contemplates the world's formicary :
his gloomy mantle like an enchiridion
is haunted by thunder – the storm's quandary

the pawns were immolated in white and black games
the bishops negotiate their last chance frames
from their castle towers kings plunge into the void
the widowed queens take refuge in their wrinkles' sloyd

in their convulsive laughter – darknesses swelter
their barren bosom begets offspring of light :
who thinks Lucifer double crosses to disunite

listens to a Janus tune – since the trefoil's cross
...now they humbly shake – in the hands of the smelter
no wonder : one's crucified for both – **LIFE's** pathos



SPITAL CREȚIN

cu deget lung amenințată-i de moarte
îrștiștii pe gemete-i vaier
cei din spitale-s amintiți în soarte :
martiri cu slove scrise doar pe aer

cu itul răsucit în suferințe
e geamăn cu pironul Lui Hristos :
râzând prin val de lacrimi-i umilințe
străpung spre raiuri – luminat prinos

alai de sclavi durerii – risipirii
pecetea deznădejzii nu se-nfige :
crețin spital – Lui Hristos este verigă

de trănicioare-n lanțul mântuirii
...sfârșit storțit de timp-întorțit cîntec tre rigole
pe capete pogoare-aureole





CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL

threatened by death with his raised reproachful finger
and crucified on deep groans and lamentations
hospital patients are mentioned in fate's stinger :
martyrs whose names are written on air's conflation

the ruthless knife twisted in bitter afflictions
is the callous twin tool of Christ's remorseless nail :
wounding through waves of tears and humiliations
they pierce upwards to heavens – a lightened gift vail

a procession of slaves to pain – dissolution
do not allow despondency's dark dart to thrust :
the Christian hospital – Christ's pledged loop to entrust

everlastingness in the chain of redemption
...time-squelched saints turning their faces towards rigols
shine loftily crowned by descending aureoles





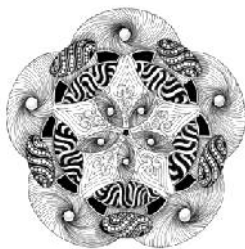
ARLECHINAD AUTUMNAL

în valuri de noroi se-neacă noaptea
cât de uscat sunt sfîinii din copaci
se-opre-te rugăciunea ca în soartea
îi vrei să mori îi nu mai vrei să faci

orbii vampiri vomită peste gânduri
podoabele de beznă se alintă
chiar demonul s-a plictisit să mintă
ceasul din urmă a căzut pe scînduri

pe cruce Crist tresare printre clisme
cer e te rîni în picote-te sânge
istoria vicleană nu se frînge

rugini martire iscă reumatisme
...ne-nconjur' capul negrele coroane
iar bufni a adăugă cincipiroane



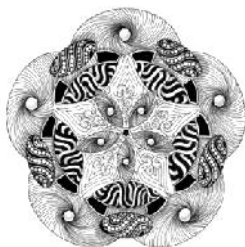
UTUMNAL HARLEQUINADE

the night is swallowed up by waves of abstruse mud
the saints in the harrowing trees loom so scrawny
the prayer is disrupted likewise the fate's bud
you're willing to die – your deeds fail to be brawny

the visionless vampires vomit over concepts
obscurity's adornments frolic and unloose
even the demon is bored with crooked untruths
life's last hour has unbalanced on boards and precepts

up there on the cross Crist startles between clysters
He begs for wounds and sheds drops of blood in His drowse
the deceptive history wouldn't keep its vows

thick martyr rusts arouse the rheumatism twisters
...our heads are surrounded with black wreaths of mock trails
meanwhile the plotting owl would add wails and five nails



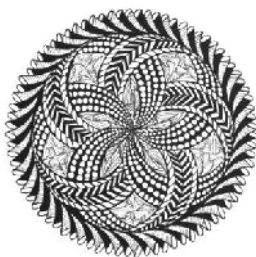
CAVALERUL NEGRU

cavalerul negru tace la r s cruce
 obolani i nimfe înh mai la cruce
b trâne amurguri transpir subsuoar
c mor i m satur n-ar fi prima oar

m-a teapt m-a teapt negru cavalerul
nu mai v d p mântul – nu mai v d nici cerul
doar abis de mume adulmec -mi via a
rid cu rid se terge de pe zare fa a

nord cu nord m -nchipui în alegorie
ce a fost s fie e doar teorie :
s-asmuț unul pe-altul dul ii fantastici

Hristosul i Iuda se s rut sarcastici :
...cavalerul negru spada i-o jupoaie
prin noapte se-ndeamn i gem lungi convoaie



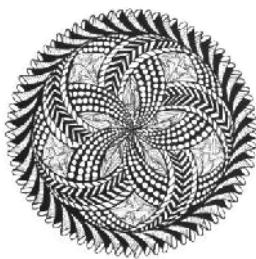
THE BLACK KNIGHT

the black knight would speak no more at the crossroads
I've harnessed rats and nymphs to the cross' loads
timeworn twilights pour forth their underarm sweat
it's not the first time I die and win the food's bet

the black knight's awaiting darkly awaiting
I can't behold the earth – or the sky mating
all's but an abyss of mothers sniffing my life
with each wrinkle my face wanes from the skyline's strife

I fancy myself northwards in this allegory
what was foredoomed to be remains sheer theory :
weird shepherd's dogs set on each other evilly

Christ and Judas would kiss sarcastically :
...the black knight would then unsheathe his righteous sword
long convoys stir and groan along the night's cord



REALISM

s-a luat vopseaua de pe via – doamn !
prefer rugina acr – auririi...
dar ce tii tu de atra fericirii
când nu e ti liber nici pentru-o goan ?

lipse ti din fa -mi – tu – cu coasa roas !
mi-e grea de atâta-emfaz -a mor ii !
i-o zic deschis : aproape-ai fi frumoas
de n-ai tot zuruî zarul pe mas !

fii mai discret – mai fireasc -n fapt
cosmic ga c de briganzi alba tri :
tot ce de-acuma de la voi m-a teapt

cost -un sughi i vreo doi-trei pia tri...
...mori ieftin când îi dai sor ii la gioale
i faci cu tifla cerurilor goale !



RREALISM

my lady – my life's paint has cracked and shrivelled !
now I would favour the sour rust – to gilding...
d'you know the caravan of happiness wading
when your gallop is hindered – your gait swivelled

perish from sight – grim lady with the blunted scythe !
I'm so sick with death wielding pomposity !
I'll tell you frankly : you'd be almost fair and blithe
should you stop clattering your dice of rapacity !

be more discreet – more natural in action
cosmic gang of inclement blue highwaymen :
all that I can expect from your detraction

is a hiccup – two or three piastres – amen...
...you die cheaply when you flick anklebones to fate
and thumb your nose at empty skies to replicate !



VÈNERA I APOCALIPSA

femei-popice hrentuiesc v zduhul
asimetrii devin sfrunt ri de lege
din toat -alc tuirea iese duhul :
pe zebra str zii doar un câine trece

i sufoca i i comprimă i de urbe
oamenii-s umbre-n câmpuri elizee
arhitectura Lui st s se surpe
sexul i-orbirea : schingiuri pe-alee

iubirea ta s-a spânzurat la poart
paia ele-o bocesc – hoinari pe uli i
trec cei învin i – incendiul numit soart

ne luminează moartea ca pe-o art
...vino spre mine – pas re pe um r :
n-a vrea-n Apocalips pe Vènera s-o sup r !



VENUS AND THE APOCALYPSE

slovenly skittle-women unworthen the skies
bare asymmetries prove defiances of laws
the whole design's deserted by the spirit's ties :
city zebras are crossed by a single dog's paws

utterly smothered and repressed by their own urbs
the townfolks are shadows in th' Elysian fields
His divine architecture soon crumbles and curbs
sex and blindfolding : tortures on the alleys' yields

your sweetheart has hanged herself at the gate's refrains
the clowns bewail her – roving along the cramped lanes
the vanquished march on – the conflagration called fate

lightens our death as though it were the art's estate
...fly closer to me – bird – lightly descend on my shoulder :
I'd loathe to upset Venus with Apocalypse smoulder !



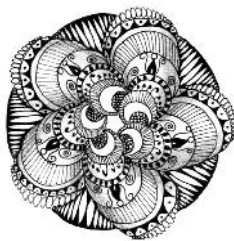
BALUL IUBIRII DEMONICE

telegarii de z pad mi-au adus colo-n pridvor
doamn de smarald i nad pentru vis i pentru dor :
dintre pernele din troic a p it pe al meu suflet
ca pe-un astru-al r stignirii i i strune te lira-umblat

doamnei de smarald altarul i-am pictat cu raze rare
mi-am înfipt crucea-ador rii drept în inim de Gral
rând pe rând eu sting în ceruri zodii reci – rodii bizare :
serafi negri – heruvi ro ii sângereaz -n culmi de bal

cavaleri sunt unicornii – lebede sfin esc agheazma
iar regin a plutirii – doamna mea i-al ei smarald
m înva liturghia de iubiri a toat preajma

pân ochii-mi plâng nu lacrimi – ci un sânge tot mai cald
...a iubi : recitativul asfin ind demonici ochii
când se r stignesc p unii pe-uragan regal de rochii



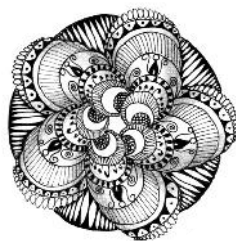
THE BALL OF THE DEMONIC LOVE

the snow trotters have brought over there on my porch
an emerald lady, a lure for love dream's torch :
from the troika cushions she stepped down on my soul
she strings her lyre gait – the cross of an astre's thole

painting rare rays on emerald lady's altar
I've thrust the adoration cross in the Grail's heart
quenched the cold sky's bizarre pomegranates – not to alter :
black seraphim – red cherubim bleed from the ball's dart

unicorns as knights – swans consecrate the water
while the soar's queen – my lady and her emerald
teach me the liturgy of love without falter

till my eyes don't shed tears – but warmer blood's herald
...love's the recitative which dims demonic eyes' reign
when peacocks are nailed to a gown's royal hurricane



SONETUL IUBIRII

iubirea n-are vârst , nici soroc,
candel -aprins , ve nic, printre îngerî,
minune-a învierii – nu-i noroc :
s arzi deplin ! – în loc, greoi, s sângeri !

n-alegi nimic – ci, pururi, e ti ales !
în straie scris, precum slava-n psaltire,
vii, spre altar, înluminat, ca Mire,
doar glas : n-ai urm – pasu- i este ters !

cine iube te, întru p timire,
v de te raiu-ntor ilor str mo i :
o Ev i-un Adam, în ceruire

de crâncen v paie – ard frumo i !
...dar nu te-ajut nicio catehez
s sfarmi, uimiri – smerita parantez !



LOVE'S SONNET

true love knows no age confines, no predestined hour,
an eternally lit candle, amongst angels,
'tis Resurrection's miracle – not sheer luck's scour :
'tis the consummate flame ! – not slow-flow blood upwells !

you hardly choose – it's mere winnowing false from true !
your vestment's the sign, like Heavens in the Psalter,
like an enlightened Groom, you draw near the altar,
you're a voice : no footmarks – light steps to your rescue !

he who loves and undergoes excruciation
exudes his revisiting ancestors' Heavens :
Eve and Adam, enwreathed by the ring's elation,

within the fiery blaze – shine their sinless havens !
...in truth there's no scathing kind of catechesis
to split miracles – the humble parenthesis !



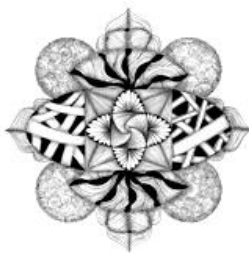
PENTRU IUBIRE

nu tiu nici ceasul lunii ce-a b tut
nu tiu nici, iat , oaptele din Cer :
m rturisesc – cu fulgere pe scut :
iubirea,-n veci, se ctitoare te-n ger !

doar îndurând calvaruri i golgote
po i înv a s scrii pe nenufar –
doar spintecând prin ghe uri i prin grote
pe F t Frumos trezescu-l din zadar !

...s-a terne promoroac de t ceri
i pulberi de lumin ning în palm :
e veste plin -a misticelor veri

care vor refuza s între-n toamn !
...n-au mai r mas din noi nici vorbe i nici fraze :
doar dou mâini unite-n pod de raze !



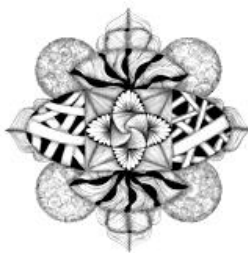
FLO LOVE

I faintly know the hour when the moon's wan clock struck
I'm the poor sigher, you see, of Heaven's whispers :
nonetheless I confess – although harsh flashes stuck
on my shield : it's in frosty times that love prospers !

only by suffering Calvaries, Golgothas
can you study how to write on a nenuphar –
only by cleaving ice fields and grotto vistas
can Prince Charming wake from vain roving overfar !

...the hoarfrost of quiescencies would fall forthright
fluffy lightdust starts to streak and snow on our palms :
they're the round heralds of the mystic summers' might

that will refuse to step into the autumn qualms !
...we've lessened and shed both our words and sentences :
we're hands vaulting a bridge of beam ascendences !



ÎN VISUL GR DINII

în visul Gr dinii m voi odihni
i – de n-am fost smerit – acum voi fi :
pluteasc -mi mantii de senin pe um r
deasupra mea-i un stol de îngerii f r num r !

... i mintea-mi toarce preacuminte strun
i inimii i-am dat – pentru iubiri – arvun :
s-a luminat fereastra Preacuratei –
sunt trubadurul a teptat al soartei...

...n-aduc suspin – nici fumuri de m rire
doar inorogii blânzi ai Cosânzenei :
sunt doar v zduh – parfume i uimire

sfioas raz -aprind – spre voalul genei...
...îngenunchem minunii de candoare :
Regina-n Cânt de Dor – Privighetoare !





IN THE GARDEN'S DREAM

I'll take a lengthy rest in the Garden's dream
so – hadn't I been pious – I'd join the stream :
may serenity mantles float on my shoulder
flights of countless angels sing to the beholder !

...and my worldly-wise mind spins sagacious strings
I gave my heart earnest money – for love's rings :
the Holy Virgin's window has brightened up –
I'm fate's long-awaited troubadour windup...

...I stir no sighs – put on no high-standing airs
but Fairy Cosânzeana's meek unicorns :
I'm merely air – fragrances and wonder's fairs

I kindle shy beams – to tame the eyelash thorns...
...we bend our knees to the candour's marvel veil :
the Queen of Yearning Songs – the sweet Nightingale !



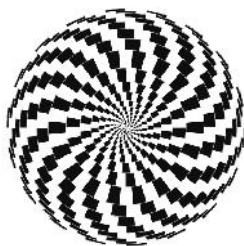
LIMPIADE FURATE

purtând pe frunte nimburi stinse ieri
machiaveli i – diavolii-au dibuit sindromul :
din evanghelii de bandi i citesc stingheri –
ei î i dau seama : premiant e omul !

de-atâta crim – fars – pr bu ire
n-ar fi în stare dracii-n ve nicie... :
nu mai sunt vrednici nici în schilodire
de Adev r – Sfin enii i Mândrie !

...o lume de hingheri învins-a dracul
sfruntarea i-a-ntrecut-o f r p s :
demoni de vaz (...nu doar „*cinci pitacul*“ !)

plecatu- i-au grumazul spre ov z...
...omul îi fur -olimpiade naibei :
pre ul la r stigniri e cel al zgaibei !



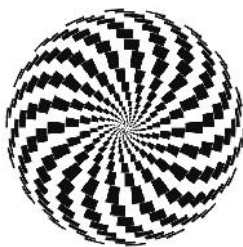
TOLEN OLYMPIADS

bearing long-lost withered haloes on their foreheads
like Machiavellis – devils have grasped the syndrome :
they flusteredly chant from villain evangel dreads –
they've shamedly realised : the great prize goes to *l'homme* !

however masterly in crime – sheer farce – breakdown
the hellers accomplish lesser sins to deride... :
they've ceased wearing the crown – mutilations slow down
Truth can't be distorted – Holinesses and Pride !

...a world of flayers has overthrown the devil
surpassing his defiance – not giving a damn :
esteemed demons (...not only „*five-shilling*“ level !)

have yielded their wide napes to the oat's gainful scam...
...man would steal olympiads from the freaking deuce :
the price of crucifixions is the scabies' sluice !



RESEMNI

neoane furnicând istovitor
dureri, mîhniri i moarte de speran e,
boli galopînd cinic pe coridor
i sânge – fream t de-ambulan e...

harnica tuse dumi -n saloane,
strivit e gînd, sub antica putoare !
infirmiere 'nal -ne-n baloane
silnice pic turi de amînare !

nimeni n-a teapt – to i prefir -ocean
de neputin i, prin ochi i-ncerc nare...
la ce s spera, cînd, între-altar i strane,

to i îngerii-s bolnavi de g lbinare ?
...tîrziu e tot – c zut i osîndit :
ce-a fost cîndva – acum este oprit !



URLY RESIGNATIONS

neon tube lights exhaustingly prickle and tingle
deadly aches, bitter sorrows and the death of hopes,
diseases cynically galloping springle
corridors and blood – the stir of ambulance gropes...

the painstaking cough grinds the bleak hospital wards,
the thought is crushed under the antiquated stink !
nurses would you pump in the drip chambers downwards
requisite drops of surly resignation's blink !

no one's eager to queue – since all reveal oceans
of helplessness, through eyes and undereye circles...
no hope when, between altar and pew devotions,

all angels suffer from jaundice that encircles ?
...and everything seems belated – fallen and doomed :
all that was aforetime groomed – now's to be entombed !



F RÂM

copacii – pe-un t râm haîn i nins
cu f clîi de promoroac s-au aprins
iar câinii gerului din lături mu c
paznicu-n ceruri a mai tras o du c

palat de ghea i colibi de frig
încremenit-au preajm arpelui covrig
r zbit de vise – nu se-nal glas
iar dinspre-ocnî a z rii zeii nu fac pas

din pu c ria alb nu-i sc pare
unde-au fost chipuri – orbii-au dat cu vare
e-un v lm ag de nev zut i fric

nici pas re nici suflet nu s-ardîc
e o bolîrea-a stanei privegheate
e-o lepr alb -n albii blestемate



REALM

the trees – on a remorseless and snow-bound realm
have caught light from hoarfrost torches to dishelm
while the frost's hounds ruthlessly bite from the sides
the vault's guardian gulps the spirits at tides

a sturdy ice palace and freezing huts flake
stiffly surrounding the fallacious coiled snake
overcome by dreams – no outcry would tower
from their horizon's recess gods don't empower

there's no way out from the stifling white prison
the blind threw slaked lime – over the faces' foison
a medly of the unseen and fear – uproar

neither birds nor the confused souls would outsoar
it's the malady of the no-vigil slab
it's white leprosy in the accursed rivers' grab



ZADAR DE TOAMN

frunze scrâ nesc pe-asfalt – b tându- i joc de soare
pe pielea-ntins -a aerului r ni apar
nehot râre – moarte i-exaltare
se trec-petrec pe-obrazul milenar

sunt vremi de-amurg i ceas de-ntunecare
de isterii pe muchii de cu it
e de ajuns s -mpingi mai tare-o boare :
cosmosu-ntreg în plâns a izbucnit

nu mai opti i : se-aude prea departe
pe Gr dinar i p s ri le treze ti !
...dar crinii-n cântec cresc pe maluri sparte

îngerii mor i ning i-s preacumin i :
por ile zarea i-a pierdut – o voce
cade nisip – din 'nalt zadaru-atroce



UTUMN VAINNESS

the leaves screech on the asphalt – jeering at the sun
on the air's stretched skin gloomy wounds heave into sight
indecisiveness – death and exaltation stun
they chance and wane on the millenary cheek's flight

these are ages of dusk and bewailing hours run
times of hysterics within a hair's breadth of death
'tis enough to unleash a gentle breeze for fun :
th' entire cosmos would burst into tears in one breath

stop your whispering : it carries across the skies
you'll wake the Gardener and the birds of the heavens !
...yet trumpet lilies grow by harsh riverside plies

the angels die being sifted dutifully wise :
Edenic horizons close their gates – vowed voicedness
falls like sand – from the heights of atrocious vainness



-A F CUT DE MOARTE

duduie ceasuri pe margini de crater
Domnul nu tie a zice nici „*Pater*“
linche te- i tr darea – viril i solemn :
e-un rânjet de soare – gre os untdelemn

...unde i-e rindeaua – o – dulgher celest ?
rumegu de gânduri la nord i la est :
lumina r sare peste voma-n floare
s-a f cut de moarte – s-a f cut r coare

pun câinii pe tine – Dumnezeu al milei
to i n scu îi lumii din pântecul silei –
a b tut B trânul la poarta mir rii

i se frânge frigul pe ira spin rii
...nu-i cavalerie – doar z vozi turba i :
nu mai sufl -a oameni gu teri prosterna i !



EATH IS DAWNING

pendulums roar and whirl on the brinks of craters
the Lord hardly knows to rhapsodise His “*Pater*”
lick your betrayal – virilely and solemnly :
'tis the sun's snarl – sunflower oil – sickeningly

...but where's your planer – dear celestial carpenter ?
sawdust of thoughts in the North in the East canter :
the light is dawning over blossoming vomit
death is dawning – my dread is a frosty habit

I'll unleash the dogs on you – fair Lord of mercy
all the world's newborns from the womb of prophecy –
the Old Man has knocked on the gate of amazement

death chills run along his spine in bedazzlement
...there's no cavalry left – only enraged watchdogs :
the prostrated lizards cease their manly leapfrogs !



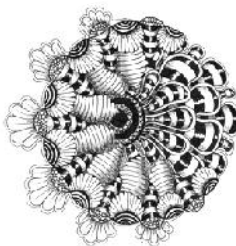
CHIMB RI DE VIZIUNE

nu- i f iluzii : via a nu-i v paie
ci plictis snob al unui dumnezeu
riga-ncercat-a s nu fie oaie :
n-a izbutit îns a fire leu...

lirismul cosmic cost trei parale
i va ploua în ori ice castel
to i mun ii lumii – r stigni i în vale
prefac – de ast zi – raiul în hotel

Pas rea Lumii s-a sf rmat blestème
m cel de cavaleri – în orice curge :
prin ii din stele n-au nici har – nici steme

Marele Cer etor st s amurge...
...ai înv at : **iubirea-i suprem leac !**
ia schimb fraza – scurt : **dragostea-i drac... !**



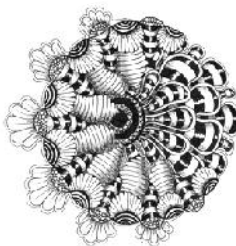
VIEWPOINT CHANGES

don't cherish illusions : life's not an ardent flame
but some surreal god's mere snobbish tediousness
the king has striven not to embrace a sheep's frame :
however he's failed to feign a lion's boldness...

the cosmic lyricism isn't worth a threepence
rain will pour upon whichever sort of castle
the world's mountains – crucified in the valley's sense
turn – henceforth – the Heavens to a hotel's bustle

the World's Bird has shattered into wrenching curses
the slaughter of the knights – in every flowing form :
star-born princes have no skills – nor the crown's purses

the Great Beggar awaits His twilight to reform...
...you have been taught : *love is the supreme remedy !*
simply change the quote : *love's the devil's dramedy... !*



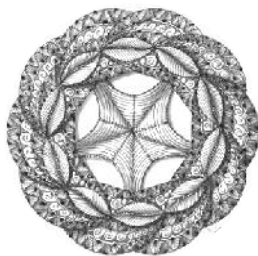
SONETUL ISTORIEI

gâl găind – clocotind din str buni
peste noi istoria toarn doar t ciuni
i degeaba uguie prin s lci porumbei :
te-op re ti în hora nebuniei – vrei nu vrei

alduit – izmenit sub coroane
te cadorise te – zilnic – doar cu toamne
iar când – candid – intri-n sacrele-i bulboane
burdu escu-te – buluc – cosa e doamne !

îmbuibate crime – vag soprane
î i s rut crinul vie ii vane :
crâncen ofilit de vremuri pan' la os

te predai lui Procust cel scabros
...cin' s - i dea vreun rest la-a a bancnot ?
calpuzanii te-mbrâncesc din not -n not !



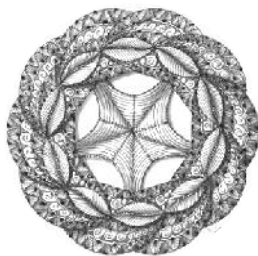
THE SONNET OF HISTORY

gushing forth – seething since our forefathers' times
history sheds only embers over our grimes
in vain do the doves coo amongst the willows :
willy-nilly – you're scalded in folly's billows

maced in the head – finicking under glory wreaths
it would present – daily – the gift of autumn's sheaths
and when you – candidly – plunge into its whirlpools
you're soundly thrashed – pell-mell – by reaping lady-wools !

amply gorged with wretched crimes – vaguely sopranos
they would kiss the lily of your futile ethnos :
dreadfully withered by ages to the backbone

you fit the bed of scabrous Procrustes – bemoan
...who could give you change from such a hefty banknote ?
counterfeiters push you to foot the bills – scapegoat !



VIN TOT VIN STIHII DE CIORI...

vin tot vin stihii de ciori peste biata ar
nu mai vezi nici mun i nici flori de-atâta ocar :
cârâieli str ine-ncap pe post de porunc
neam i limb nu mai scap' : la gunoi s-arunc !

pe aici au fost odat' rai – nectar i-ambrozii
pe aici lumini ningeau în poieni voivozii
ci acum se-nvenineaz sânge din cuvinte
iar apostolul Lui Crist plânge i ne minte !

...pân la nisip se-nchin teferi beduinii...
aici nu-i nimic preasfânt : latr pinguinii !
pe aici treceau cândva hoarda i nechezul

dar din cer se pogorau Pajura i Crezul !
...ast zi pân' i Crinul Alb pâlpâie – p litul :
pe la noi s treci de vrei ca s vezi Sfâr itul... !



TEMPESTS OF CROWS KEEP PLUNDERING...

tempests of crows keep plundering the doomed country
mountains and flowers scarcely show in sympatry :
the foreign caws are delivered as taunt orders
no way for nation and language : off the borders !

this land was heavenly – nectar and ambrosia
voivodes sifted lights on the meadows' enclosure
whereas today bitter words envenom our blood
and Christ's apostle weeps and swerves into the mud !

... sand-reaching signs of the cross from the bedouins...
nothing's utterly sacred here : howls from penguins !
heathen hordes and wild neighs found their routes hereabouts

yet the skies sieved Eagles and the Creed for the devouts !
...today even the White Lily twinkles – withered :
drop by to witness the End – weathered and tethered... !



PATRIA I VÂNZ TORII

adulmec patria i mun ii – dindeparte
precum parfumul unei vechi iubite :
aici zile i nop i nu-mi sunt de arte
i sori i nori i p s ri – toate-s sfinte

patrie bucovin – stea martir
cu voievozii stau sub cetini la voroav
ei mie-mi spun de tefanida lir
eu lor – cum limba azi ni-e sclav

sub tot copacul – r ze escul sânge
i-n toat floarea – -nv p iat zâna
aici e ve nic cântecul ce plânge

Crist ve nic peste noi î i tinde mâna
...doar c privighetoarea azi e-un mit
i-L vindem ne-ncetat pe R stignit...



THE MOTHERLAND AND THE BETRAYERS

I evoke my Motherland's mountains – from afar
the way you perceive a long-lost sweetheart's perfume :
my days and my nights here are not vain and bizarre
while suns clouds and birds – all's sacred in my volume

Bukovinian Motherland – my martyr star
I sit with voivodes in counsel under fir trees
they tell me about Stephens's lyre and the wars' scar
I say – our mother tongue's the slave of some decrees

the free peasants' blood – outspread under the leafage
the flaring fairy – transmuted into flowers
here resides th' eternal song mourning their courage

Christ's sempiternal hand bowers and empowers
...sadly enough the nightingale's a myth today
and we ceaselessly crucify Him and betray...





TEFAN VOD PLEAC FRUNTEA...

tefan Vod pleac fruntea – i se-nnegur prin mun i :
l-au tr dat ranii no tri – mahala f r de rost !
au zvârlit òcina veche la p gâni lacomi i crun i
sfânt r ze u-acum ajuns-a cer etor de cel mai prost...

mân stirile se surp – iar Manole s-a-mb tat
cu un kil de vorbe goale – dar tratate cu nitrat !
i – M ria Ta – pe cruce Hristul iar i s-a urcat
pân i a a Maria azi în mall-uri L-a scuipat !

cânt re ii- i fac din dible suport de calculator
obolanii electronici ne-au ros grâu – ne-au stins pridvor...
straiul înc rcat cu stele ne-a ajuns de răs – voievoade

ne-mbr c m ca de inu ii – numai lan uri s ne-nnoade !
...scoate – Sfânt tefan – din teac palo drept
i opre te viitura cea de zoaie – pân' la piept !





STEPHEN THE GREAT BOWS HIS HEAD...

Voivode Stephen bows his head – glooms in the mountains :
our peasants have betrayed him – unworthy slummers !
they abjured our ancient land – now it appertains
to greedy pagans – good freemen are mean bummers...

monasteries collapse – Master Manole’s drunk
from empty words – a kilo – yet nitrated junk !
Your Highness – Christ’s crucified again – the cross’ call
even foul-mouthed Mary has spit Him at the Mall !

singers turn their fiddles into computer stands
e-rats have gnawed our wheat – the unlit atrium strands...
my prince – our star-studded clothes are a laughing stock

since we dress like convicts – awaiting chains to lock !
...unsheathe – Holy Stephen – your brisk righteous broadsword
and slash the high flood of slops – up to the chest’s hoard !





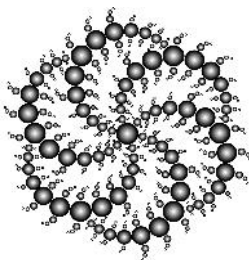
STRIG TUL BUCOVINEI DE NORD

ciolane de str buni mi-a i dezgropat
pe toate-n Ceremu le-a i pr v lat !
de-al stepei criv prip i i cazaci
v blestem : masul fie-v la draci !

în loc de cruci în întirim – gorgane :
pe bolovani se l f ie slavoane :
vezi bine – pe aici valahi n-au fost
ci tot mongoli de-ai vo tri – plini de rost...

o – Neam orfan de vlag i-amintire
tare-a mai vrea s - i ie i odat' din fire :
s op ie în fl c ri criminalii

iar ho ii – porci str pun i de saturnalii !
...nu mai fi i blânzi daco-valahi de-ograd :
Biciul Lui Crist s fichiue-n gr mad !



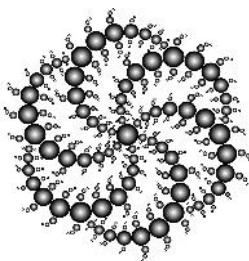
THE OUTCRY OF NORTHERN BUKOVINA

you have unearthed my great forefathers' hallowed bones
tumbling them over the Cheremosh river stones !
you've settled here away from icy steppe North winds
be cursed Kazakhs : may you halt with the hell's fierce fiends !

may you rest in kurgans – no crosses no graveyards :
may Slavonic letters sprawl on boulder diehards :
just fancy – Wallachians within their borders
ignored by Mongolians – turned into warders...

oh orphaned Nation – no vigour and remembrance
how I would cherish your loss of indifference :
may criminals hop in deadly flames – guerillas

and raiders – pigs stabbed on the Saturnalias !
...stop being peaceful courtyard Daco-Wallachians :
may Christ's Scourge flagellate wild hordes of ruffians !



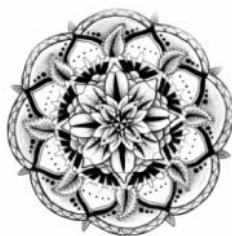
SONETUL VÂRSTEI DE AUR

...oameni erau – pe-atunci – lumini în v zduh
plutiri de vis – gr ind cu Sfântul Duh...
i nebunia nu urla-n pustie
dureri n-aflaser c tre' s fie...

frun i înfloreau cu merii deodat
i via a îns i i era r splat
în ieslea cerului to i toate se-nfr eau
pietrele-n templul z rii cântau de te sl veau...

veghea Hristos cu oamenii-n ospe e
stele din miri ti le d deau bine e
iar greieri lumii – craii i cr iese

sporeau în sfin ii holdelor alese...
...unde-i povestea lumii – ghirland a minunii ?
au scris-o în elep ii – de azi le zici „*nebunii*“...



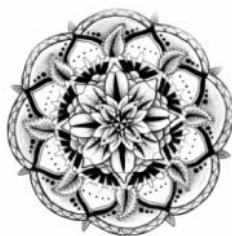
THE SONNET OF THE GOLDEN AGE

...the people were – in times of yore – lights in the skies
dreamlike beings in flight – the Holy Spirit's allies...
and madness was not howling in the wilderness
hardships were not revealed their part in groundedness...

foreheads used to blossom along with apple trees
life was its own reward – the Kingdom had no keys
the Heaven's manger welded all like bretheren
the temple's vault stones worshipped You – a warbling wren...

Christ stood guard at men's feasts tending His family
the stars upon stubble fields greeted them nicely
while nature's crickets – emperors and empresses

throve the crops enchanted by gods and goddesses...
...but where's the world's story – the garland of wonders ?
written by the wise – we'll call them foolish "**blunders**"...





RANII MEI

ranii i-au pus c m i de s rb toare
cum crinul alb gr it-a cu Hristos :
curatul lor dumnezeiesc m doare
îngerii m cutreier' pân' la os

se duc în moarte cum la sfânta liturghie
se duc pe îndelete i smeri i :
ei tiu c între lumi nu e frânghie
c viii i cu mor ii-s ferici i

e-atâta lini te pe masa cu lumine
sicriale sunt tronuri de-mp ra i
neamul acesta lini tit tot vine

umplut-au cerul Craii din Carpa i
... ranii mei – st panii de mo ie
nu mor : vegheaz totul sfânt s fie !



MY FELLOW PEASANTS

my fellow peasants put on their festive shirts
as settled between the white lily and Christ :
for me their divine purity almost hurts
angels pervade my whole being to the bones whilst

they pass away through the sacred liturgy
stepping into death leisurely and meekly :
they know the two realms have no rope strategy
the quick and the dead are happy implacably

such a silence on the candle-lit table
the coffins like emperors' thrones sing paeans
this gentle nation flows like in the fable

the Kings fill the skies of the Carpathians
...my fellow peasants – the landlords of wholeness
will never die : they safeguard our saintliness !





RANII PRUNCIEI MELE

cura îi mei rani – cei din pruncie
în straie de-mp ra i i de vântoase
neam ce s-a pogorât nu doar s fie
ci s - i lucreze duhuri i prinoase

un neam de crai i mucenici se scurge
prin mun îi mei – 'napoi la grea poveste
c ci iat – lumea-i gata s amurge :
deci neamul se întoarce iar pe creste

ranii mei se sorb iar în icoane
cu strai de moarte i cu strai de via
se r stignesc cu to îi în piroane :

numai în vârful de muni s -nvii se-nva ...
...voivozii mei rani – în vremuri rele
s-au r spândit pe ceruri – iar i stele !



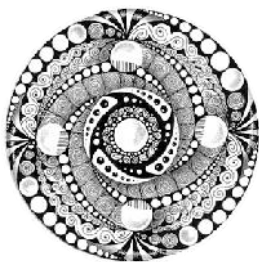
THE PEASANTS OF MY BOYHOOD

the righteous peasants – dwelling in my boyhood
dressed in their emperor and whirlwind attires
a god-sent nation to transgress livelihood
refining its spirit by offering fires

a nation of voivodes and martyrs outflows
from my mountains – thriving in their harsh history
since – behold ! – the world deepens in twilight glows :
my kinsfolk turn back to the gory peak's story

my fellow peasants are absorbed into icons
in their garments of death and garments of life
they crucify themselves with spikes as replicons :

only mountain crests teach about the afterlife...
...my peasant voivodes – during hard times of scars
they were strewn on the vault – once again as stars !



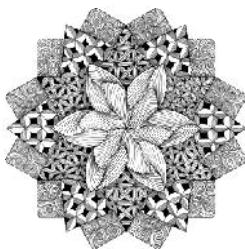
**SCHI E DIN MUN II BUCOVINEI –
LA SIH STRIA VORONE ULUI**

de sunt modern sau clasic – mun ilor nu le pas
ei cresc p duri pe coaste – veste-n t rii ascut
de-acolo – de la vulturi – doar câte-un stih îmi las :
pe pagina-alburie s-a terne sfânt i mut...

eu sunt doar mâna slab – copiind partituri
din simfonii stelare – din dans apoteotic
pe care zâne-l sfarm de rmuri f r guri...
în ierburi – apoi – suf r de fulgerul despotic

i m ascund sub glie – ca un pârau molatic...
i Mumele – i vâlve – deasupr -mi es lumina
de-ajung prins în gogoa – fluture u uratic :

sunt surd i mut i sincer : ochii-mi holbeaz vina...
...da – a tept Învierea – a tept furtuni de raze
Fulgerul M rturiei – orânduit în fraze...



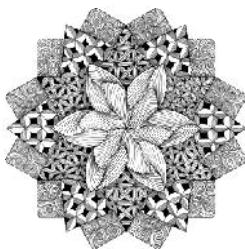
**SKETCHES IN BUKOVINA'S MOUNTAINS –
AT THE HERMITAGE OF VORONE**

modernist or classicist – mountains wouldn't care
less – they sprout woods on slopes – prick the heavenly vault
with news – from eagles' realm – they'd drop a line and blare :
on the white page the sacred verse strings to exalt...

I'm the feeble hand – I copy musical scores
from stellar symphonies – the apothecotic dance
which fairies rush and break against the speechless shores...
thereafter – I bear the despotic lightning's glance

in grass – I hide underground – an idle streamlet...
Forest Witches – and Fortune Fairies – weave my light
trapped in the cocoon – a flighty butterfly : let

me be deaf dumb and frank : my eyes goggle in fright...
...indeed – I await Resurrection – beam credences
the Flashlight of Testimony – set in sentences...



SIH STRIA VORONE ULUI

din pieptul vulturilor ascunși în nori
se pornesc jos pâraie : se-mping vâzduhuri
cu tot cu lună cu stele cu sori –
până la – luminat de duhuri culori

sih stria plutind pe valul de deal...
fulgere – rugăciunile fărâș de mal
ostoiesc mări înfrunți de pâlcat
între răstigniri de brazi – desferecate

se-arat porțile raiului – Gospodarul
ne-ntâmpină cu înșeri și sfinte bucate –
epopeile s-au tors – din cer – toate

până-am rămas tu cu ei – singuri cu Harul :
copacii vuiesc a pâlca i-ocean
la Cina de Taină surâd toți – fărâș an...



THE HERMITAGE OF VORONE

from the breasts of the vultures hidden in clouds
streams run their downward courses : the skies jostle
their way rolling moon and stars and suns in crowds –
to – illumed by the Holy colours' apostle

the hermitage floating on the hillside's wave...
lightning flashes – shoreless prayers mighty to save
soothe the seas and the fiery clashes of sins
unfettered – amongst fir tree crucifix pins

the Gates of Heaven loom – the sage Householder
welcomes us with angels and sacred victuals –
epic threads – from above – are spun – in rituals

till we drop words – alone with His Grace – and bolder :
trees roar their calls echoing forests and oceans
the Last Supper guests smile – nescient of Time's notions...



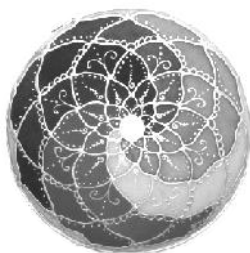
NOAPTEA MIRACOLULUI

se clatin -ntunericul învins
corn d-inorog leag genuni cu cerul
suli i de ger fulger -n necuprins
înfipte-n Bethlehem – trezesc Oierul

Potir Graal e grota-n jos de runcul
fr ii i regnuri – unu-n alt' se mistui'
iscat din smirne – toi de foc e Pruncul
împac ierbi i turme – vezi-L : Hristu-i

care-n osp cunun om i înger
care pe magi a scrie-i pune-n sânger :
când scriu – r nile z rii se închid

din crim nu se vede niciun rid...
...fioresc – cerul tope te-n el p mântul
i sc ri de duhuri ard domol în Sfântul !



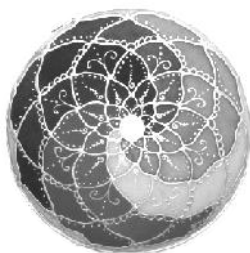
THE NIGHT OF THE MIRACLE

the vanquished darkness staggers facing mindedness
the unicorn's horn twines abysses with the skies
frost spears lash batter and pierce the unboundedness
thrust into Bethlehem – awake the Shepherd's eyes

the grotto down the pastureland's the Holy Grail
kinships and kingdoms – overlap and interlace
myrrh-born – the Celestial Son is the fire core tale
He reconciles herbs and herds – behold Him : Christ's Grace

whose thorned wreath feast would conjoin humans and angels
who led the magi write in blood the evangels :
when they write – the horizon's wounds heal and inkle

no wrinkle would ever show from the crime's kinkle...
... nature's course – Heavens melt and mingle with the Earth
the spirits' stairways gently flare His Sacred worth !



NAIUL R STIGNIT

r stigni i pe lemnuri – sfin ii voievozi
sunt scuipa i – scârnav – de-oceanul de nerozi !
când din cer te pogorî-vei – Chip-Graal
ca s faci deplin curat – din mal în mal ?

...înjosit-au tot seninu-n spum
au f cut din crim – cer i mum
l-au încoronat pe Hestas împ rat
iar pe Crist – tâlharii L-au incinerat...

orbii lumii nu tiu îns c din Foc
Phönix-Învierea nu-i un searb d joc !
...viermi i trântori ! – pân i neghina

trece- i-va – prin Poarta de V paie – vina !
...sfin i p rin i – eroi martiri i crai
Petru schimb Cheie i N vod – pe-un Nai...



THE CRUCIFIED PANPIPE

crucified on wooden beams – our sacred voivodes
spat upon – by oceans of dolts in squalid modes !
when will You descend from Heavens – the Grail's Soul
to purify through and through – the foul from the bowl ?

...they've debased azure to the foam's decadence
turned murder – into motherly providence
they've crowned impenitent Gestas emperor
the rascals cremated Christ – in sheer terror...

yet mankind's sightless eyes shun the Phoenix frame
Resurrection from Fire is not a stale game !
...worms and sluggards ! – even corncockles will tilt

through the Great Gate of Fire – to thresh their dire guilt !
...holy fathers – heroes martyrs magi – tripe
Peter'd change Key and Fishnet – for a Panpipe...



NOAPTEA S R B TORII

din opotiri se-aprind – în nop i – copacii
i florile fecioare ard sub v luri :
cât de boga i mai pot fi to i s racii
când doar ei v d averile din ceruri ?!

tot m-a trezit migala de mae tri
care-au visat v paie de petale :
m iastră boare-a mirilor tere tri
sunt r sufl ri de îngerî – cer la poale !

da – m-a trezit Hristos în S rb toare :
a înviat – din r ni – în cununie !
tot ce-i r nit – f cutu-s-a-n El floare

iar în trezi îi oameni – nebunie !
...de cât nebunie e ti chemat
Gr dina s-o-nlumini din sfânt p cat ?!



THE CELEBRATION NIGHT

trees are enkindled – at night – by susurrations
the virgin flowers burn under their cloaks and veils :
how wealthy are the poor people's long narrations
as sole beholders of treasured Heaven's avails ?!

I've been awakened by the masters' thoroughness
they've never ceased to dream of empassioned petals :
the miraculous breeze of the earthbound gladness
bride and groom as the angels' breaths – skyward travels !

indeed – I'm awakened by Christ's Celebration :
He's resurrected – from wounds – into wedding rites !
all that's wounded – through Him knows jollification

while in the awakened – it calls fights and incites !
...what a derangement resides to be called therein
to enlighten the Garden from the sacred sin ?!





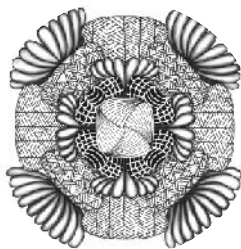
T-FRUMOSUL CRUCII

brazi crucia i m r luind în soare
au t b rât prelucile din mun i
iar cruci de vulturi mântuiesc izvoare
i ne aprind luceferii pe frun i

cerul deschide por i împ r te ti
din jar de cetini se smeresc altare
dinspre înalte nun i de p s ri ne vin ve ti
clopot m ririi-i vuie te tot mai tare

...se isc-apoi amurgul de lumin
când se trezesc în paji ti i pe coast
to i inorogii Maicii f r' de vin

venit-a vremea de sl vire-albastr :
delir de flori i raze de poveste
când F t-Frumos spre Dumnezeu porne te...



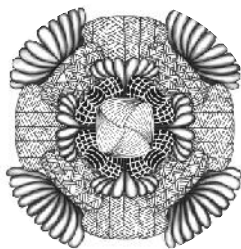
PRINCE CHARMING OF THE CROSS

crusader fir trees marching in the bright sun
have congregated in the mountain pastures
while vulture crosses redeem the wellsprings' stun
and light evening stars on foreheads and vestures

the Heaven opens its imperial gates
the fir tree embers piously raise altars
tidings from bird weddings come – the Vault conflates
the bell of majesty thunders for boaters

...then the bidding twilight looms like no other
when all over meadows and on mountain slope
all unicorns of the Immaculate Mother

wake up – it's high time for the blue worship scope :
flower deliria fairytale beams concord
when Prince Charming embarks on his search for Our Lord...



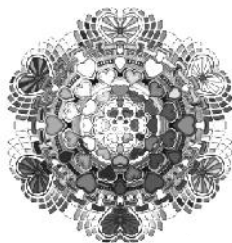
„**MODERNIZAREA**“ PA TELUI...

nu-L mai plânge – ast zi – nimeni pe Hristos
nimeni nu-i mai simte dorul Lui de noi
Crucea-I grea n-o îndur m – direct – pe os
nici hidosu-I strig t – horc ind în toi !

...nevinovat carne s înghit
în vina lui mereu deschis -a poft
oricine-i preg tit – smerit – s mint
s cumpere privata lui Golgot ...

a preg tit ciocane i piroane
spectacol : â nirile de sânge
turbat – vampiric – delicii noi – saloane

cu-orgii i vome : nu mai ai când plânge...
...doar în pridvor ceresc Maica suspin :
„**Fiule, seac -izvorul lor de vin !**“



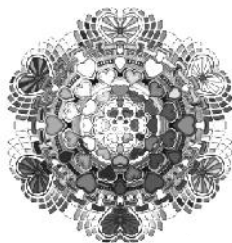
THE “*MODERNISATION*” OF EASTER...

today nobody’s mourning and weeping for Christ
nobody grasps His longing for humanity
we hardly bear His heavy Cross – on our bones – spliced
or hear His hideous scream – rattling laity !

...man’s wholly prone to gulping down innocent meat
his guilty greed is to be blamed for – biting
whoever’s ready – humbly – to lie and entreat
might purchase his own Golgotha unheedingly...

man has winterised – hammers and nails lie in store
a genuine performance: sore gushes of blood
rabid – vampiric – new delights – halls – dancing floor

crammed with orgies and vomits : no time for tears’ flood...
...only the Virgin Mother on Heaven’s porch sighs :
“My Son, dry up their sham wellspring of sins and lies !”



MÂNTUITORUL MÂNTUIT

stai i-ascu! i – Hristoase – pe la u! i de stea
nu cumva vreun înger iar d! veste rea ?
nu cumva te cheam! pentru r! stignire
i-n rândul acesta – oarba omenire... ?

iar îngrijorare! i mereu minuni
s! salvezi n! dejdea din p! uni nebuni... !
câte vecii oare vei c! l! tori
s! a! i incendii pe-un' s-o nimeri ?

...nimeni nu-! i r! spunde – ceasuri în r! sp! r!
bat prin constela! ii goale de-adev! r...
...trece-o rândunic! fulgerând de raze :

fuge din ospicii – fuge de extaze
drept în palma-! i spart! cuib! i! i odr! sle! te :
pe Mântuitorul ea Îl mântuie! te... !



THE SAVED SAVIOUR

there you eavesdrop – hidden Christ – outside the stars’ doors
could it be an angel with bad news about spours ?
or is it the sightless humankind’s conviction
that – time and time again – summons crucifixion... ?

disquietude once more and strings of miracles
to save hope’s realm from crazy peacocks’ tentacles... !
how many infinitudes will you roam and lance
to kindle a conflagration where it may chance ?

...nobody’s there to answer – clocks lacking in couth
throb through constellations devoid of grains of truth...
...mind that fork-tailed swallow flashing across sunbeams :

it forsakes the madhouse – it flees ecstasy’s seams
right here on Your nailed palm it builds its straw-and-mud nest:
saving the Saviour it passes the Redemption test... !





ALTARUL DIN P DURE

altarul din p durea de lumin
unde s rb toresc iar muguri verzi
î i cheam cerbi la ruga bizantin
i sui spre slav pân când te pierzi...

orice copac e sacerdot i mire :
doar îngerî cânt vîersul de iubire
arhangheli gravi – pe stîanca de uimire
binecuvânt cer p mînt i fire

cununi de flori fulger zarz ri iar i
cire i s lbatici înro esc fr îi
lor li se prind în hor brazî tovar i

altarul este-un rai de simetrii
...Craiul Hristos binecuvânt visul
din cari se isc' i firile i scrisul...



THE FOREST ALTAR

the altar in the forest of light's a lair
where the green buds celebrate when life is paved
it summons deer to the Byzantine prayer
thus you rise to Heavenly heights to be saved...

each tree stands both for the high priest and the groom :
while angels sing their chaste love song's ornaturess
solemn archangels – on the rock of wonders bloom
blessing the vault the earth and the whole nature

apricot trees sparkle their flower wreaths afresh
the wild cherry trees redden sworn brotherhoods
their fellow firs join the hora dance and enmesh

the altar's a heaven of symmetry broods
...Our Lord Jesus Christ would bless the dream and the sage
sprouting both nature's realms and the writer's green page...



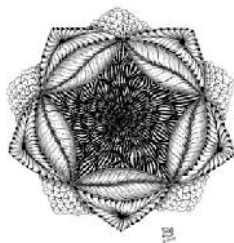
ONET DE SEAR

a teapt raiul clopotul din mun i
p s ri s-o teasc princiare nun i :
vin în alaiuri constelate flori
p e te Crist pe fulgere i nori

iar cina noastr este rug ciune
adap cerbii – oglindind minune
din cetini se aprind cuvinte noi
ceasuri de-albine tac extatic roi

nu-ntârzia la crucea din amurg
izvoare liturghia-ntreag -o scurg :
în catedrala bol ii înserate

s-au ostoit i neamurile toate
...e pace pe p mânt ca i în cer
îngeri psalmodiaz auster...



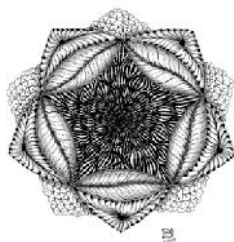
EVENING SONNET

the Heavens are awaiting the mountain bells
for birds to swarm and grace princely wedding wells :
constellated flowers march in processions
while Christ walks on lightning and cloud regressions

meanwhile our homely supper dwells in prayers
the deer pant for brooks – mirroring deep layers
of miracles new words are kindled in firs
the bees' stinging hours hush the ecstatic stirs

do not linger the twilight's cross would ding-dong
streams susurrate the whole liturgy along :
in the cathedral of the twilit vaulted gown

all kingdoms of blest life have quietened down
...thus Heaven and Earth embrace in peace dearly
the gentle angels psalmodise austere...



LIEDUL METAMORFOZELOR

ar fi fost bine s' plou -ntreaga noapte
s' m' înec în florile de rod :
a a – doar voi privi de pe înaltul pod
cum faclele se sting – discret – în oapte

cumplitul lied m' urm' re te-n stele
orbesc privind la arpele uit rii :
de-atâtea-ncol cîri – se rup ostroave
oprindu-l pe Ulysse-n gura m' rii

e cântul bolii zborului de flutur
e cântecul semin ei prins -n brazd :
din fâlfâiri – târâ f' r' de gazd

din moartea zânei – florile se scutur...
...mareea mor ii unduie-n coroane :
r sare luna – cap punând la zvoane



THE LIED OF THE METAMORPHOSES

how beguiling if it had rained the whole night
so I could've plunged through fruit-bearing flowers :
yet – from the high bridge my craving sight devours
night torches waning low – in whispers bedight

the gloomy lied would haunt me up to the stars
the serpent of glances would bedazzle me :
from so many meanders – islets break free
detaining Ulysses at the sea mouth bars

it's the plague song of the butterfly's flutter
it's the song of the seed clasped by the furrow :
from flaps – to hostless crawls out of the burrow

from the fairy's death – flowers shake and gutter...
...the high tide of death undulates in grave wreaths :
the moon rises – dispatching rumours to heaths



ÎN LOC DE SMARALD

pribegind prin crânguri de m t suri verzi
miresmat de vânturi rourat de lun
nu te temi regatul în priviri s -l pierzi :
cân i zânelor rele ce- i opti cea bun

zboar -atâ ia îngeri – p s ri proroces
în perfecte-armônii – Dumnezeu falseaz :
arabesc de dansuri ielele-nsereaz
miez de-apoteoze prin ii p r sesc

to i suntem copacii cople i i de lire
to i ne na tem ast zi dincolo de fire
f r zi ori noapte – f r nimicire

în loc de Smaraldul – Sacrele Safire
...de atâta cântec a trii se îmbat
se încurc -n zodii Leb d Curat





INSTEAD OF THE EMERALD

while roaming around groves of green woven silk
enraptured by sweet winds bedewed by the moon
you don't fear the kingdom in your eyes would bilk :
you sing to wicked fairies the good one's croon

flights of angels abound – birds in prophecy
in perfect harmoniums – God's out of tune :
midsummer fairies in arabesque secrecy
princes quit apotheosis cores to attune

since we are all like trees overwhemed by lyres
since today we are all born beyond dire gyres
unhampered by day or night – over church spires

instead of the Emerald – Sacred Sapphires
...from so much chanting planets steer tipsy designs
the Pure Swan interweaves with the zodiac signs



NEAM VALAH

din temelia zdruncinat -a lumii
se smulge gândul : „*via a-i vis de moarte*“
dar neamul meu nu-s horbotele spumii
i nu degeaba e Cuvânt la carte

izvor de zei ori ipot ars de stele
e neamul meu pururi adaos veciei
pisc Lui Hristos – înger suflând în vele
îl întorc iar la raiul blând-prunciei

de nu-s nepo ii demni de sfânt-mo ia
doar frângere-i de osie în zodii
dar Sorii-Fe i Frumo i îi in t ria

pentru când vremea limpeze te dodii
...magule sfânt te-ndur -n vârful de munte
pe crucea Lui s ard i-a mea frunte !



MY WALLACHIAN PEOPLE

from the wide world's longly undermined foundation
the thought upsurges : *"life's but a dream onto death"*
yet my people's not the foam's laced fabrication
as Words in ancient books attest with every breath

the bright birthplace of gods or starlit gushing springs
my people is meant to enhance eternity
heightening Christ's peak – angels blow the sails' swift swings
to restore the divine childhood's felicity

should grandchildren prove unworthy of sacred land
history'd be mere breaking the sky's axletree
yet the Prince Charming Sun duly helps to withstand

until time clarifies the twaddle's frilled debris
...sacred magus there on the mountain top ahead
allow on His ardent cross my devout forehead !



CANDELA LUMII

Ardealul mereu sângereaz cumplit
i ne-nsângereaz pe câ i n-am murit :
de fl c ri izvor – cum coasta Lui Hristos
Ardeal – Suprema Ran – „*pe ceruri în gios*“ ...

...a fost odat – i va fi în veacuri
Cetate-n Duh i-n t inuiri de leacuri :
lui Sarmis fii – v p iem Stea Fiin ei
tot din Ardeal – n sc tori Vetrei Gin ei !

...prin mun i i ape vom r zbi-n lumin
s tim ce-ncepe i când se termîn
s tim cine sîntem i-ncotrò pribegim

candel lumii mereu noi s fim...
...f cîi ce-n Ardeal ca valahi noi jertfim
vor fi c l uze-omenirii-n sublim !



THE WORLD'S CANDLE

Ardeal bleeds enduringly and abysmally
shedding its righteous blood on the ones still lively :
a wellspring of flames – like Christ's rib pierced by the spear
Ardeal – a Supreme Wound – “*downwards drops the sky's tear*”

...’twas from ancient times – it’ll be in ages to come
our Spirit’s Fortress – our alleviation’s sum :
as sons of Sarmis – we kindle our Being’s Starshine
from our Ardeal likewise – our Nation’s Hearth and Shrine !

...along mountains and rivers we’ll step into light
acknowledging our beginnings and our twilight
affirm our identity and swan purposely

so that we be the world’s candle eternally...
...our Ardeal torch offerings as Wallachians
will be mankind’s guides into the sublime Christians !



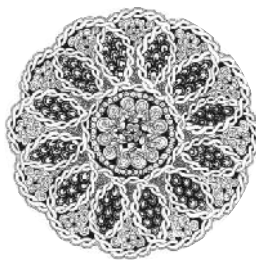
AICI

vuie te simandra duhul de vecernii
v p i de credin se a tern pe zare
Dumnezeu din schituri isc sempiternii
lumina de jertf se scald -n altare

m dor mun i i p s ri când m sui pe cruce
sângereaz crinii izvor de-nviere
iar p mântu-acesta m -mbrac -n od jdii
când s rut fierbinte coasta de-njunghiere

aici nu sunt singur – sunt cu neam i fire
aici vin str mo ii pentru miruire
aici e poporul sfin ilor voievozi !

în l turi Satan – voi lepro i irozi !
aici doar martirii învie când mor :
veneticii îns n-au nici trai nici spor !



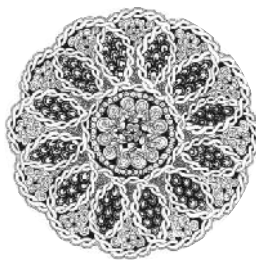
HEREABOUTS

wood sematron sounds summon to intone verspers
blazes of faith are strewn all over horizons
in abbeys the Lord stirs sempiternal whispers
altars bathe in sacrificial light like burgeons

mountains and birds twinge when I'm raised on the cross
the lilies shed blood for the resurrection spring
the earth wraps me in sacerdotal vestments like moss
when I fervently kiss the pierced rib everbearing

I'm not alone hereabouts – all's nation and nature
my ancestors come here for annointment and lecture
here dwells the holy people of the sacred voivodes !

go away Satan – and get lost leprous Herods !
'tis only here that martyrs resurrect after death :
yet newcomers won't find here benefits bread and breath !



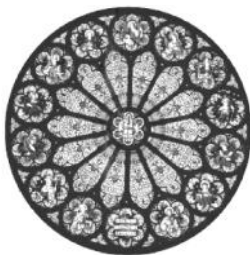
LITUCILOR ROMÂNIEI

n-aveau nici timp nici loc de rug ciune
dar Hrist li-era i inim i fapt :
voivozi cu piscu-n fier i-am r ciune
mâhnirea preschimbau în ar dreapt

o ar de martiri i r stigni i :
fiece pas stârne te gheizere de sânge –
o patrie a sfin ilor r ni i
a azimei durerii ce se frânge

zi dup zi cinà Hristos de tain
i ceas de ceas mun i se-ncru eau sub iude
dar craii îmbr cau a mor ii hain

véghea-n altar sf râma astre crude
...s-ave i hodina valurilor m rii
de-i ve i uita pe r stigni ii rii !



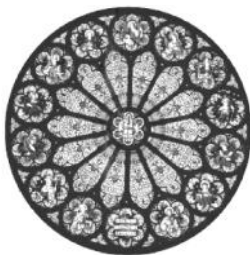
TO THE FEATHERBRAINS OF ROMANIA

they had neither time nor place for seemly prayer
nonetheless Christ would dwell in both their heart and deed :
our voivodes whose stature reached iron and despair
changed woefulness into the country's righteous creed

the country of bold martyrs and crucifixions :
each footstep turns into a blood-gushing geyser –
the Motherland of the wronged saints in affliction
of throe azymes proving the pure and the wiser

day in day out Christ would feast on His Last Supper
with each hour mountains got bloodtanned by Judases
while our emperors clad grave clothes after scupper

altar wakefulness crushed the astres' biases
...be cursed to relish the sea waves' grinding leisure
should you ignore our country's crucified treasure !



LUME DIN VIS...

ascult – ascult -aurirea de ve ti :
în poieni mugesc iar i to i zimbrii domne ti !
venit-a dreptatea ! – ie i i la fere ti !
...uciga ule sfetnic – un' te pite ti ?

venit-a dreptatea ! – voievozii-n cutremur
Mo ia vor iar i s-o ia-n st pânire
sfânt cerul s-aduc din fundul de vremur' :
Lumina i Crezul zidesc noua fire !

vai vou ! – vai vou ! – ucenici vr jitori
f ta i pe meleaguri de nu tiu ce nori...
va fi foc – va fi jale – c ci vechi veghetori

vin Stra nica Lege s fulgere-n zori !
...iar visez caraghios i-mpotriva de lume –
ochii mei tulburi cutreier glume...



REAMLAND JOKES...

listen – listen to the diffusing gilded news :
heraldic aurochs regain roar on meadow hues !
justice has been restored ! – look out from your windows !
...murderous counsellor – where d’you hide your arrows ?

justice has been restored ! – the besieging voivodes
regain full sovereignty over their Motherland
resurrecting the sacred skies from old times’ codes :
Light and Creed for the newly-built being are at hand !

alas poor you ! – beware ! – apprentice sorcerers
whelped on our lands by I-don’t-know-which cloud jeerers...
’twill be fire – ’twill be grief – since ancient guardians

rush to flash the Righteous Law at dawn’s dulcians !
...once again I foolishly dream unlike my folks –
my misty eyes mainly wander through dreamland jokes...



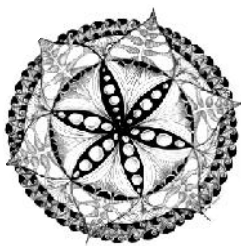
PORUMBII CERUL DE MÂTASE-LI SCRIU

porumbii cerul de mătase-l scriu
cu îngerescul cântec de plecare
ecoul zimbrilor-voivozi de-acum îl ău
patria- i por i – sfînit – în spinare

să nu te plîngi de răstigniri și ruguri :
tu sîi doine ăi în bătălii creștine
și de ne cred doar boii buni din juguri
să simtă pleasna-arzându-le în vine

Hristoase înnoptînd sfîios la strung
to i i i vom fi apostoli adierii :
mai zboară cîte-o pasăre a serii

dar noi rîvnim strămoșii să ne-ajung
...fără de sfatul boieresc – noi azi
am fi doar umbra asudată de sub brazi...



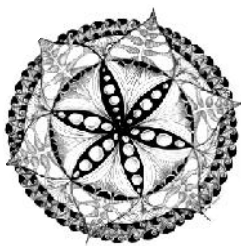
THE DOVES ILLUMINATE THE SILKEN SKY

the meek doves illuminate the silken sky
singing their angelic song of departure
now the auroch-voivodes' echo is my ply
your hallowed Motherland's nearby – your nurture

don't complain about crucifixions and pyres :
yet sing sad doinas in your Christian battles
and if they think we're mere yoked oxen through mires
let them feel the whip and throb for their rattles

Christ meekly overnighting in the sheep pen
we'll be apostles of your breath – one and all :
though coarse hoot birds of the night call and enthrall

still all of us crave for our ancestors' den
...bereft of the wise men's council – carefree bees
we'd rest as sweaty shadows under fir trees...





IMPERATIVE

mâna i de griji – uit m de mor ii gliei
de flac ra închis -n noi de El
uit m c suntem ultimi paji soliei
spre Empireu – heralzi de timp i el

încendia i c r rile din stepe
i sparge i digul beznei din v zduhuri
nu asculta i de bârfele sirepe :
încorona i vecii – smaralde duhuri

s prosterna i la Tronul Frumuse ii :
s n-aib amintirea gustul ce ii
Iubirea – tuturor Regin fie

l-altarul Ei s domolim urgie
...str mo ii mei – în clocot de lumin
stârnesc în mine profe ia crin





IMPERATIVES

driven by worries – we forget our land’s bygones
we ignore the flame that He entrusted to us
we fail as the last pages of the mission’s dawns
to the Empyrean – heralds of time and suss

set ablaze the thin paths in the wide barren steppes
shatter the dam of darkness in the heights of skies
stop lending your ears to the untamed gossip’s straps :
crown the Heavens – emerald spirits on the rise

prostrate yourselves before the Throne of High Beauty :
lest memory bear the taste of mist and booty
may Love be the Almighty Queen of each and all

by Her altar may wrath shrivel and wane its call
...my forefathers – in their lightstorm theocracy
bestir in my soul the white-lily prophecy



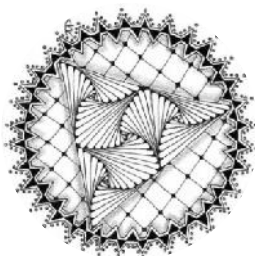
MMI-E DOR DE-O ALT LUME

mi-e dor de-o alt lume – a sl vîlor deschise
de-o lume luminat – a stelelor aprinse
o lume f r' cântar i f r' contururi scrise
o lume ca ne-alta – nepovestit -n vise

alung – Doamne – norii hotarelor mahnire
las doar clipocitul din m rîle ligure
str mut - i sfin i copacii-n Gr dina Hyperbor
i duhurile- i toate-n serafii ce te-ador

m simt atît de singur – i soarele se stinge
în lunci p r ginite mereu cu stele ninse
...e sear -a beznei albe : Al Dorurilor Hrist

m-a fost l sat pe mine la mal – singur artist...
tiu c va fi lumin – de i-n icoane-i trist
am tain : plînsul lumii-l preschimb în ametist !





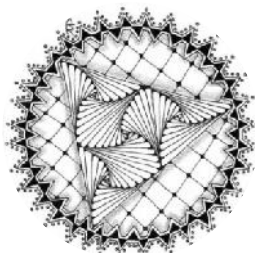
YEARN FOR AN OTHERWISE WORLD

I yearn for an otherwise world – the heavenly heights
for an illuminated world – the star-lit delights
a world devoid of two-faced scales and written contours
a never-seen-before world – unfancied in dream tours

drive away – My Lord – the clouds of sullen boundaries
allow murmurs of the Ligurian Sea diaries
move Your sacred trees to the Hyperborean Gardens
and all Your souls to adoring Seraphim as wardens

loneliness takes a firm hold of me – and the sun wanes
over weed-grown water meadows of fallen-star lanes
...it's the evening of the white darkness : All Yearnings' Christ

left me behind on the shore – the only balladist...
I grasp light's strength – though doleful icons make me a lyricist
secret-laden : to turn the world's tears into amethyst !



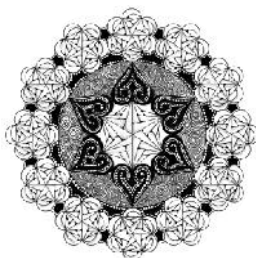
CELESTUL POETULUI

nu privi bezna bocind – nici cîi vicleni ai lumii :
prive te la Dumnezeu revîrsat în Arta Sfînt !
azi cetatea-i năpădită de dezlănău și nebunii...
peste hoituri – peste tronuri – dansul ciumei se-nfierbînt !

nu te-ncrede-n vreo lumină – doar în focul din cuvinte :
în proorocirea limbii se vor prăbuși ciclopul !
de-azi încolo carnea morții se-nu te mai învețe mînte
căci Hristos n-are nevoie nici de calpă și nici de cîmp !

a venit pe drum de noapte sîndu-nduplece beția
s-a deschis desfrîu-n pagini s-umple enciclopedia :
fulger fîi și arde-n stihuri toată lumina-obscenă carte

scrie-n slavă epopeea Frumuseții dindeparte !
...plin Cuvîntul și destrame idolii scorniți de cea
ca fîclii vor arde la ei : Crist se vrea privit în față !



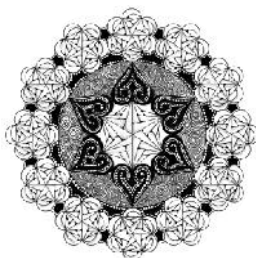
THE POET'S CREED

don't stare at wailing glooms – the world's sly manslayers :
peer at Lord God exuding from the Sacred Art !
now the stronghold's assailed by unleashed gainsayers...
over corpses – over thrones – the plague flares its tart !

don't swear by any light – have faith in the word's fire :
cyclops topple as in the written prophecies !
henceforth don't enshroud yourself in mortal desire
since Christ wants no falsehood, faking or fallacies !

rigmarole has chosen night roads to bend your will
debauched wordiness – encyclopaedias' fill :
be the lightning – scorch in verse the world's obscene book

extol the Beauty's epopee from Heaven's brook !
...your thought-laden Words dispel fog-concocted idols
cowards burn like torches : face Christ's truth in the Bible's !



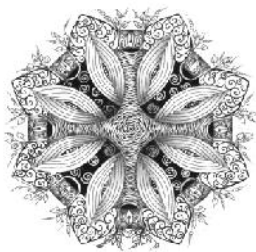
USTI IA TOAMNEI

câini cer etori pe lângă restaurante...
unde-ast prim var ardeau muguri
acum uier vântu-n foi uscate :
stol – grauri peste vii f r de struguri !

b f r' de vlag -i tot ce era lujer
zdren e fantastice vaic r ogoare
în loc sceptrul p pu ii s-ard -n soare !
praf explodează : Hrist ajuns-a slujer...

p duri orfane plâng mocnit spre-adâncuri
cump na galben s-ardic înspre cer :
pe to i ne-acuz – procuror sever

iar Dumnezeu se ghemuie te-n stâncuri –
se-a teapt fulger din ori icare pisc :
chiar mântuirea – a devenit un risc !



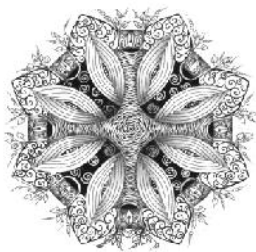
UTUMN'S JUSTICE

stray dogs weird beggars rest under restaurant eaves...
where eager buds burst into leaves in early springs
now the spiteful wind whistles through the shrivelled leaves :
on grapeless vineyards – murmurations of starlings !

the once vigorous stem is but a sapless stick
harvested fields mourn in their chimeric tatters
instead there shines the staff of the wicked raptors !
dust blasts : Christ's debased into a servant to prick...

orphaned forests gloomily grieve in profoundness
the yellow shadoof rises crossing the heavens :
like a harsh prosecutor – our sin's lump leavens

while the Lord's mortified within the rocks' wryness –
a bolt of lightning lurks in ambush in each peak :
redemption itself – might prove a grim lurid streak !



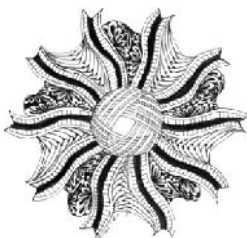
R NI I R NI,
SOMN I SOMN

sfânta treime-a pun îi c tre om
mâhnit se cutremur cu mun îi :
chemând spre-aureol rana frun îi
r spus pi ig iat primî – de gnom

trimis-a-n drumul mântuirii vultur
copaci a smuls din somnul de s mân –
dar ucenicii-au somnul de priin
i omenirile-ntomnate-ncet se scutur

risipele de fulger i lumin
s-au resemnat pe malul spulber rii :
de i-n gr din nu se afl vin

sc pa i din gheara înc p ân rii
vreo doi serafi se scarpin -ntre raze
c utându- i rana scurgerii de-extaze



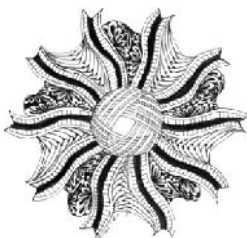
WOUNDS UNTO WOUNDS, SLUMBER UNTO SLUMBER

the Holy Trinity of the bridge to mankind
wistfully shudders and groans with the high mountains :
calling the forehead wound to the aureole's bind
It got shrieky answers – as if from gnomes' fountains

It sent a vulture onto redemption's pathway
It uprooted trees from the seed's faithless slumber
yet the disciples' fair sleep does not encumber
and late autumn human kinds steadily decay

the prodigalities of lightning and wise light
have resigned on the bitter shores of scattering :
though Heaven's graceful Garden knows no plaguing plight

freed from the clutches of stubbornness – cumbering
two seraphim scratch between their divine light beams
seeking the bleeding wound of their ecstasy streams





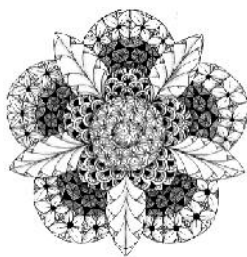
ATUNCI APOSTOL – AST ZI UN LEPROS

s-a ridicat din colburi umilite
s-a fost sculat de pe saltea din smoal
senin era – privirile-i uimite
aprindeau p s ri sus pe bolta goal

cu pielea-arzând de lipsa vreunui strai
se în l a deasupra de to i regii
era un tân r dumnezeiesc crai
scriptura i-o plimba-n v zduhul legii

liber biruitor i vestitor
venea din timpii vechi spre noi sfin enii
apostol viu din fapte gr itor

p ea spre omeniri cu vii vedenii
...atunci apostol – ast zi un lepros
ce-i ros de evanghelii pân' la os



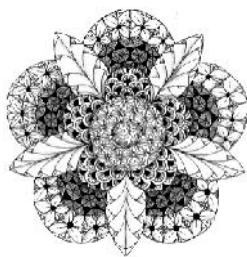
ONCE AN APOSTLE – NOW A LEPER

he's arisen from the humiliated dust
he has come upright from a firm mattress of tar
most serene was he – his eyes amazed by sheer trust
impassioned birds on the empty vault high and far

with his skin searing from the lack of lush garments
he was ascending above the highest of kings
a youth a godly voivode sent for atonements
he'd walk his lasting scripture within law's reachings

unfettered unvanquished truly prophetical
he loomed from olden times for heavenly preachings
a flesh-and-blood apostle his deeds veridical

he stepped into man kinds with staunch foreshadowings
...once a true apostle – now a disgraced leper
devoured by holy Gospels to the bone's wrapper



TOAMN SPRE IARN

tâlharii-au jefuit în catedral
mânjit altarul – urmele-s de sânge
ca de-obicei – Hristosul nu se plânge
dar clopotari i vânturi crap' de fal

i lepr i noroi spurcat-au naos
o zi de bezne iar i-a pus coroan
cetatea nu-i decât un spârc de haos
sf rmate-s – sus – coloan cu coloan

bocind în zdren e – marginile lumii
cer esc o not de la Sfântul Clopot
dar bidiviii negri vin în tropot

strivind n dejdi i patima arvunii
...e greu din nd ri s-aduci mântuirea
...toamn spre iarn : unde-i lecuirea ?





AUTUMN HEADING FOR WINTER

burglars have broken into the cathedral's gain
the altar's besmirched – all the tinged marks are blood-stained
like many a time – Christ's complain is self-restrained
whereas bell ringers and winds burst with pride unslain

both leper and grime have desecrated the nave
another day of obscurity has been crowned
the fortress is but chaos – the rind of a knave
shattered – up in the skies – pillar by pillar downed

sobbing in its rags – the verges of creation
beseech Heavens for a toll of the Sacred Bell
yet the black horses advance clatter and foretell

crushing the hopes and the earnest money passion
... 'tis ever so thorny to redeem smithereens
...autumn heading for winter : where's the healing means ?



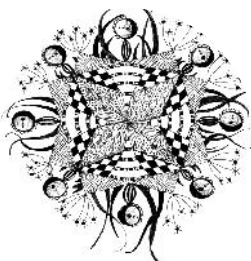
VAMPIRIC

târâ be ivii sângelui s-adap
to i le ofer carotida vie ii
i din be ie în be ie – precupe ii
înfloresc Graalul – dar ceva le scap

vampiric extaza se picteaz
din rai în iad pe scara-nfierbântat :
opiomanii diavoli se rujeaz
cu cheaguri din licoarea blestemat

secat de suflet dar clon os arhanghel
zeniturile le-am f cut chibrituri
cu care-aprind scripturi i tetravanghel

în nop ile strivite dintre mituri
...e-atâta-n elepciune blând- erpeasc
încât Hristosul uit s se nasc



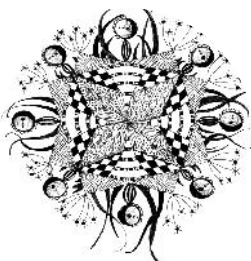
VAMPIRICAL

blood-thirsty drunkards swill draggingly and guzzle
everyone's obliging to bid life's carotid
and from carousal to carousal – the trotted
merchants bloom the Grail – yet underrate the puzzle

the vampirical ecstasy is depicted
from the Heavens to Hell on the scorching stairways :
the opiomaniac devils are convicted
to smear their lips with clots of the cursed drink's tideways

drained of my soul yet a sharp-tongued dark archangel
I've chopped the zenyith into lucifer matches
to fire the Scriptures and the Tetraevangel

during the vile nights crushed between the myths' latches
there's so much meek and shrewd wisdom of the snake's kind
that Christ's idea of being born slipped out of His mind...



PARADOXURI APARENTE

scârbit de oameni – v mult de soart
linguri trecute – mursec viitoare
a tept în atriș deschid o poart
decid ferm cîinii strănic -nchisoare

în vrîjbi necruț toare sunt cu rîul
arestez viața – sîi dau libertate
urc pisc amețitor – e-o tîflică
cu o tîi de brazi te asaltez – dreptate

din splendid vigoare – isc uimire
din scrînet î credinț – nemurire :
cîzut în stei – nasc izvorâre-adînc

sorbii din ape plîmuri de stînc
...un prinț s-a încruntat la cer – iar Crist
surâs ivi – din foc de ametist !





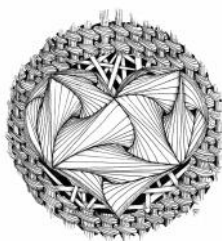
APPARENT PARADOXES

disgusted with mankind – my fate taking its toll
I lick my past life's wounds – munch the future's treason
awaiting a gateway revealed by the stars' roll
and firmly resolve to put flesh in harsh prison

I bear a merciless grudge against devilry
I put life under arrest – ensure its freedom
climb stunning peaks – thumb my nose at chasm's rivalry
I besiege you – justice – with fir armies' heirdom

from splendiferous vigour – I arouse novelty
from faith and gnashing enragedly – eternity :
fallen on sharp rocks – I'm the wellspring of wisdom

I've drawn stony mouldings from the waters' birthdom
...a prince frowned to Heavens – while Christ couldn't resist
to loom a smile – from the fire of an amethyst !



ERTARE PENTRU EVIT RI

nu pot decât s tac zb tând sfial
când amintirea-mi cere socoteal
precum un rege bun m-a tot iertat
când eu m-am ap rat i-am tot uitat

dar n-ai cum da la dos chiar ve nicia
f r s - i cad -n pulberi p l ria :
la geam bat frumuse ea i iubirea
iar tu le spui s - i tot amâne firea !

în loc s bagi în seam cer i-imperii
te-ncurci în dou oale i trei perii !
o cârti în somnuri te chirce ti

v zduhurile ard minuni i ve ti !
...atunci când Dumnezeu î i într -n cas
strai – plâns i îndoieli – îndat' le las !



REPROOFS FOR AVOIDANCES

no choice but quiesce and fight off my bashfulness
when my memory calls to account for lateness
like a magnanimous king it kept forgiving
when I defended myself and kept misgiving

still you can't turn your back – not on eternity
without being debased to the dust's terrenity :
sheer beauty and sacred love tap on my window
whereas I keep asking to adjourn their call's bow !

instead of giving heed to heavens and empires
I get jumbled by three brushes and two attires !
like a mole I curl up in my lassitude pews

the heavenly vault's ablaze with wonder and news !
...when Lord God enters your house to light humankind
eschew clothes – lament and doubt – then leave them behind !



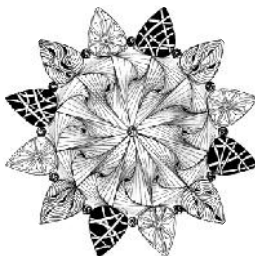
MOARTEA CUVÂNTULUI

nes bunin a-i viermele ce roade
la temelia vie ii – 'mp r iei :
ne vindem singuri capul de noroade
jertfa Golgotei scade în mânia

în loc de suflet – iar vi el de aur
pe Dumnezeu îl p r sim în schituri
ascun i ca sub pocl zi – sub mii de mituri
surzim la trilul unui mire graur

ne lunec urechea spre ispit
încol ci i de erpi de foc – extatici
ne z logim fiin a – bie i ostatici

la gloduro ii cai în rut – z natici
...gura-abure te-n dimine i coclit
n-avem cuvânt – ci rumeg ri de vit



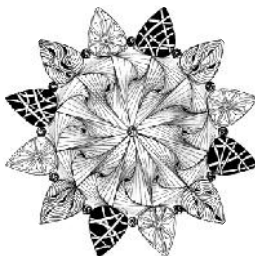
THE DEATH OF THE WORD

foolhardiness is the inward worm which gnaws
at the foundation of life – of God's kingdom :
we betray our own nation's head for no cause
Christ's Golgotha sacrifice seems no halidom

instead of our soul – we worship a golden calf
casting the Lord away in hermitages
concealed by shabracks – thousands of myth leafages
we mime deafness at the blackbird's warbling stuff

we thoughtlessly lend our ear to temptation's guess
allow – ecstatic – snakes of fire to coil around
we give our beings as pledges – wretchedly earthbound

to muddy rutting horses – frenzied on the ground
...our foul mouths spread copper rust morning breaths in excess
we're at a loss of words – worse than rummination's mess



CEA A I POETUL

Motto: „eu nu-mi fac rost de griji – ci
griji de rost !“

e-o cea -atât de deas – de nu se v d nici sfin ii
se zvârcolesc fantasme de orbi în agonie
demonii prind pe frunte coroane precum prin ii :
s fugi din om în bestii devine-o isterie

de ce s - i vezi durerea – când po i ucide zeii ?
de ce s fii martirul – când scânteie jungherul ?
de ce s - i ri ti regatu-n v paie – precum leii
când po i s fii m garul ce- i ap r ungherul ?

...e cea a mum bun a la it ii lumii
e lut ceresc în care cârti a prop e te !
de ce s-ar da n ierul în largurile spumii

când poate s se-ngra e de câte ori rânje te ?
...Poetul nu s-ascunde – se sinucide-n mite :
un cimitir golgotic de lacrimi r stignite



THE FOG AND THE POET

Motto: *"I don't aim at finding worries – but
I worry about finding aims !"*

there's such a thick fog – you can barely see the saints
the blind men's phantoms writhe in bitter agony
daemones place princely crowns on their heads – no attaints :
dumping man for beast's hysteria – no felony

why should you face your pain – when you can slaughter gods?
why should you be the martyr – when the dagger sparks ?
why should you risk your burning kingdom – like lions' plods
when you can be the donkey defending its darks ?

...fog is the birth mother of the world's cowardice
it's the celestial clay in which the moles thrive !
why should seamen on the foam's high seas fling amiss

when he can grow fatter with each grinning jive ?
...Poets don't hide – they'd suicide in bribery's gears :
a Golgothian graveyard of crucified tears





ARNA POETULUI

statornicia r zvr tit -n haos
a descle tat catalepsia iernii :
s-au preschimbat demen a-n sfântul naos
iar Dumnezeu în paznic al povernii

nu-s martor nici prepus în balamucuri
nu cred în moarte – ci în luminare
dar când î i vin pe cap mii de buclucuri
îi ceri cuierului asem nare

nu vreau s fiu salvat de oarecine :
mai bine-ascuns în nimeni – bine ters
i m-a dori-n coclauri m r cine

decât s m aga e altul – ca pe-un vers
l-al s u pana ce-mi r stigne te rima
...ce-asidu binevoitoare-i crima !



THE WINTER AND THE POET

permanency has dissented into chaos
and has slackened winter's graven catalepsy :
dementia has moved into the holy naos
while God's switched to the warden of distillery

neither a witness nor a suspect in bedlams
I don't believe in death – but in enlightenment
however when assailed by nettlesome items
I crave for the ramified coatstand's educement

I loathe being saved by some mediocre brigand :
'tis better disguised in no one's dealing – effaced
I'd rather be the brambles in the vast wasteland

than pegged by some jackanape – like a line disgraced
by his smirch quill that crucifies my rarefied rhyme
...how assiduously benevolent is crime !



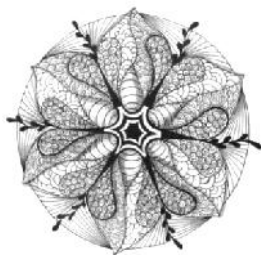
SONETUL EXASPER RII

umil se pierd în pulberi omeniri
din când în când – o rază minunată
smulge și izbăvește printre miri
un fir de colb al lui „*a fost odată*”

pe-o creangă sui înalt spre Dumnezeu
pe altă mână scobor între suspine :
la mijloc de cântar – oare cine-s eu ?
...stejari foarte nesc – tot între rău și bine...

dungat puțin călămări plimb prin lume
purttând stigmatul amestecat
...decât să-ntreb și nimeni nu mă-ndrume

mai bine-s ucenic la fulgerat :
să scapi – nu te-opri din făptuire
și nici să-alegi : ori crimă – ori iubire !



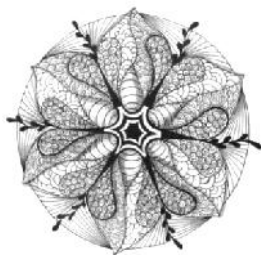
THE SONNET OF EXASPERATION

waves of mankind humbly waste into time's dust
now and then – a miraculous heavenly beam
snatches and saves from amongst the wedded rust
a grain of sand in the “once-upon-a-time” scheme

on a bough I rise to the Lord's highest high
another lowers me to deeply felt sighs :
myself – the balancing crossbeam – who am I ?
...oak trees rustle – between good and evil eyes...

a striped prisoner I stride across the world
bearing my amalgamated stigmata
...rather than ask guidance and my voice be hurled

I'd better apprentice in gushing magmata :
scintillate – never cease to dispatch the white dove
above all carve up your deeds : either crime – or love !





ZBOI METAFIZIC

p catele noastre râioase rânjesc
i din broa te se isc' brontozauri
o dat în via a vrea s-a ipesc
dar m -nghiț în cuptoare balauri

nu aflu un ceas de murit lini tit
demoni i norii- i r stesc fulgerarea
sfîn ii tac reaveni – precum sfînc i de ghicit :
de i ars – mi se-amân -ntrebarea

nu cer i – Cavaler al Sfântului Gral
lege n-ai umilin a din gloate :
i chiar de-ai ajunge în iadul banal

cu Hristos i r zboi – **tot se poate !**
...sub clocotul m rii rechinii divini
foame- i asmut cu ai cântului spini...



METAPHYSICAL WAR

our scabby sins broadly grin and easily bruise
while foul green toads engender brontosauruses
at least once in my lifetime I'd relish to snooze
yet dragons drag me to furnace thesauruses

'tis hard for me to find any quiet deathbed
demons and clouds bluster and spatter their flashes
aloof saints hush up – in prophetic sphinxes' stead :
though sore at heart – my query's adjourned to hashes

abjure beseeching – fair Knight of the Holy Grail
the large crowds' humble law is not your guiding lore :
even if you ended in the hackneyed hell's hail

with Christ and bloodshedding battles – **Truth lies in store !**
...under the sea's seething turmoil the divine sharks
nourish their hunger along the chant's thorny barks...



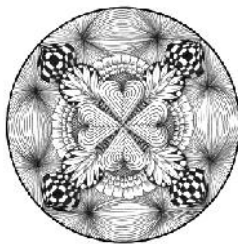
FRATERN

am ostenit – eu prin ul de gunoaie
de-atâta întrebare pe la u i
poli ia lui Dumnezeu – greoaie
m-a arestat – de i purtam m nu i

m-acuzi c nu i-am vrut vecia
m mul umeam cu-o floare hiacint
d - i la o parte – Doamne – broderia
i-arhanghelii din col uri nu mai mint

sub fulgerarea vestei vespérale
descoperi-vei cancere divine
blestemu-atâtor vremuri bacanale

i-atâtea bâlbâiri elefantine
...tu Doamne i cu mine suntem fra i
copii de proprii r ni însp imânta i



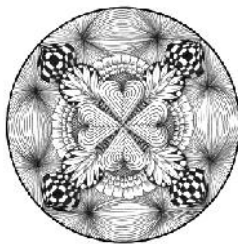
FRATERNAL

so utterly fatigued am I – the prince of waste
from so much relentless questioning at the doors
God's enfeebling police – stodgily – without haste
arrested me – although I wore kid gloves outdoors

You blame me for no will to bloom Your everness
I'd be perfectly content with a hyacinth
draw aside – my Lord – Your embroidery glibness
purge the nook archangels from the lie's labyrinth

under the glitter of the vesperal vestments
You will discover prosperous divine cancers
the curse of long bacchanalian divestments

many stammeringly elephantine jabbers
...my Almighty Lord – You and I are true brothers
mere children dismayed by their own wounds and druthers





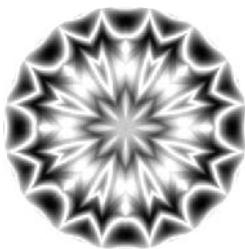
ZBÂNDĂ OSÂNDI ILOR

cu noi dimpreun tot sângeri pe Cruce
Hristosule – Frate mai Mare-al sim irii
când trece-ascu i ul prin carnea osânde
r zbate cu vârful-n Lumina Sfin irii

nu-i lacrim frânt -n privazul de lume
s nu- i s geteze în ochiu- i cu strune
i nici nedreptate sfruntat -n orbire
pe cari ochiul T u s n-o-ncrunte-n privire

obid i lan uri – scuipa ii prostimii
ne-aduc pe-amândoi în genunchi ca siha tri :
stau om lâng Fulger în jugul mul imii

dar om i cu Fulger r scol' lut i a tri
...Hristosul împarte cu omul osând :
deja isc -n ceruri Catarg de Izbând !



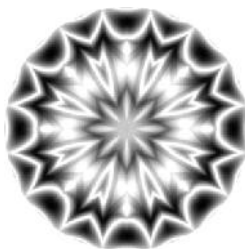
THE TRIUMPH OF THE FOREDOOMED

You bleed on the Cross making attonement for us
Jesus Christ – the Elder Brother of soulfulness
when the sharp blade slashes the vile flesh of badness
it thrusts up to the Light of Consecration thus

there's no tear shattering on the world's windowsill
that the tender strings of your meek eyes wouldn't quill
nor any horrid wrong done casting a blind eye
that Your frowned and all-seeing eye wouldn't decry

oppression and chains – the foolhardy mob spitting
the two of us down-trodden like splitting hermits :
man and Lightning abide yoked by the crowd's witting

yet man and Lightning rise the clay and star summits
...Christ shares the punishment with the sinful mortal :
heavens loom Triumph's Mast – redemption's immortal !





TEPTÂND FLORILE

bat florile-n noapte la poarta de Nord –
nu le deschide Cet i Împ ratul :
mai e pân stele – petale-n acord
lumina-vor Copacii i – mistic – Palatul !

atunci când Hristosul a fost r stignit
â nit-au i sânge i ap din rane :
sângele – sfer de foc – a cercuit
lumile : v paie-n furtuni de dojane

iar apa botezului nou – în potop
s-a n ruit pân la noi r d cini :
de-aceea se-a teapt ca fl c ri i strop

Miri ve nici s fie-n Copaci – nu vecini !
...a teapt – a teapt nuntirea de vis
fermecat ning cire ii – în Paradis !



WAITING FOR THE FLOWERS

at night flowers knock at the Heaven's Northern Gate –
the Emperor would not open the Fortresses :
there's a long way to the stars – tuned petals inflate
and light the Trees and – the mystic – Palace tresses !

when Jesus Christ was mercilessly crucified
from His grievous wounds both blood and water gushed out:
His blood – a sphere of fire – encircled and defied
the worlds : a blaze amongst storms of reproofs and doubt

while the new baptismal water – in the great flood
befell the sinful Earth deep down to the new roots :
therefore blazing flames and waterdrops in rushed stud

are to be eternal Weds in trees – not neighbours' scoots !
...await – do await the dream wedding to entice
becharmed cherry blossoms shed snow – in Paradise !



✧ FÂR ITUL TUTUROR LUMILOR

„spune-i s m nânce sticl “ – zise el
i – pe dat – visul meu r mase chel...
încerc m s scriem stele pe ascuns
dar Licornul-Crai e-un fulger nep truns...

s r cie – isihîi – monomanie...
am strivit voin e – crâncen – nerv cu nerv !
va ie i din pe teri – iar – str mo ul serv
crima-n fri c – l f it -i pe tipsie

nu glumi cu slute Parce – disper ri
nu-l dispre ui pe Sclavul dintre m ri :
e o logic în via – ca i-n moarte

crinii cresc pe r stigniri de arte...
...luna se va c ra din ast balt
arpele din m r nu mai tresalt ...



THE END OF ALL THE WORLDS

“tell him to engorge glass” – said he – I was appalled
and – presently – my sheer dream went utterly bald...
we stealthily endeavour to write the stars’ fling
yet the Unicorn-Emperor’s a deep lightning...

dire poverty – sloth Hesychasm – monomany...
I’ve crushed willpowers – ferociously – nerve by nerve !
they’ll exit caves – once more – ancestors meant to serve
crime wrapped in cream – sprawling on the tray’s litany

don’t play tricks upon the Parcae – despondencies
don’t despise today’s Slave sailing between the seas :
there’s some kind of logic in life – in death likewise

on vain crucifications do the lilies rise...
...the moon climbs up the sky’s ladder right from this pool
the serpent in the apple wanes its wicked rule...



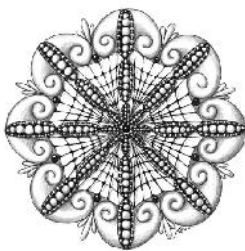
TRADUCERI

El scrie de zor pe pagina lumii :
viziune i fapte sunt slove-ntr-ales
dar ip tul slovei i sângele strunii
filistinii din noi le acop r cu fes !

în coa c de melc ne chircim paradisul
stihia sublim aflând – o-ngrop m
dres m ve nicia – ’nadins tundem visul
pe Hrist i Iubirea – blegi câini îi leg m

zvârle-te-eroic în scrumul de slov
te-nvie pe creste tu – phoenixul scris
uimirii s -i stai neclintit doar la prov

i doar epopei lumineze- i zapis
...din cu ti – semne-narmate cu migal
smulge-or stihii spre via a lor regal !



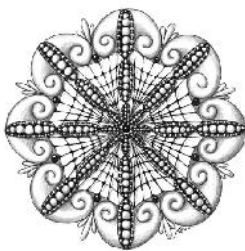
TRANSLATIONS

with all His might He writes on the world's eager page :
His choice of visions and high deeds proves exquisite
yet His letters' screams and His strings' blood are the stage
fez-topped as our philistinian requisite !

we stunt our paradise – dwarf it in a snail's shell
we discover the sublime strengths – then bury them
we tame timelessness – wittingly prune our dream's spell
we tether Christ and Love – the docile dogs' tandem

fling yourself heroically on the words' ash
revivify on sharp peaks – a written Phoenix
unflinchingly stand at the prow of wonder's flash

and may your writings be the epopees' helix
...from cages – sore signs armed with meticulousness
will snatch and restore strengths to their royal highness !



PLAGARUL C R II

de-o s mai plou mult prin anticare
uita-vom iar i Sloi de Peruzea :
c r ile toate-au dat în urticare
slovele-njur f r de perdea !

se pleac – gârbov – Zeul Anticar
s schimbe stelele din zarea dreapt :
multe- i pierdur luci de-argint – pierd var
i-n loc de vis – prind mucegai de fapt ...

s rman gigantic Dumnezeu din semne
n-ai ajutor vreun om la asfin it :
n-ai haturi i nici roade s te-ndemne

n-ai l udaci – pentru cât ai trudit...
...cu trupu- i peste Carte r stignit
opte ti mereu : „*plugarii n-au sfâr it...*“



THE PLOUGHMAN OF THE BOOKFIELDS

should it rain on in antiquarian bookshops
we'd once again disregard the Turquoise Ice Floe :
all books confirm reckless urticaria crops
letters swear grossly like a sailor to a foe !

the Antiquarian God – hunchbacked – gently stoops
to readjust the frail stars in their righteous skies :
swarms've shed their silver glow – still slough limestone loops
instead of dreams – their deeds get mouldy as disguise...

poor gigantic Lord God abiding within signs
there's no human helping hand around at sunset :
no field paths or rich harvests to spur the headlines

nor do You have true praisers – for your toil's asset...
...Your body's crucified upon the Holy Book
You'll always whisper: "*ploughmen are an endless brook...*"



ÎN ÎNCIERII PRIM VERII

cu l ntile de flori împung spre ceruri
s se destupe Taina Învierii :
de peste tot – din orice col de leruri
fulger' lumina alb – l ncierii !

e-o devastare – prigonire-a iernii
cu t v lugul razelor de flori –
sever putrezire – f r viermii
f r slin de metamorfoz : doar zori !

t ios – v paia luptei-incendiaz
p mânt i cer – ubred i mucegai :
r mâne-n via cine-a cer it via

i-a sc p rat pricini în contra beznei
i-a complotat s fie – pe p mânt – iar rai !
...scânteie-a Trandafir – pe Cruce – cuiul Gleznei...



THE SPRING'S LANCERS

they thrust their flower lances into the skies' garths
to unlock the deep Resurrection Mystery :
all over creation – from all corners and hearths
the lancers – a flashing white light embroidery !

there's devastation – there's winter's persecution
under the hefty roller of the flower beams –
severe putrescence – a wormless dissolution
missing metamorphosis filth : merely dawn themes !

sharply – the clashing bone and sinew set ablaze
the earth and the vault – the weak the stale the musty :
he who has begged for life will stay alive through haze

he who's withstood and fought against the dark's shackles
plotting to restore Heavens – on Earth – the justy !
...the Rose twinkles – on the Cross – the nails through Ankles...



CRTURARI F R BALAD

c rturarii uitat-au de-mp r ie
pentru ei – cartea nu mai e vie !
sceprul i-l fac din minciuni i din spume
tot ce-i lumin – pentru ei nu e lume !

oceanul se zbate la gur de pe teri :
pe-aici izbucni-va din foc Noul Prunc !
c rturarii-nchid cartea cu cei nou me teri
tocmai la capul când Manea s-arunc' !

mireas a lumii – tu An zidit
tu suflet Cet ii i f r ispit
vin pe tii la malul de ap -odihnit

rug mu-ne ie : deschide iar Cartea
alung din lume i ghea a i moartea
alin nebunii – i las -le partea... !



THE SCHOLARS BEREFT OF THE BALLAD

the scholars have forsaken their kingdom's debate
for them – hefty tomes have ceased to be animate !
they forge their sceptre out of untruths and drift scum
all that is light – for them's not worth a canticum !

the ocean convulses at the gateways of caves :
therefrom the Divine Infant will burst out of fire !
scholars shut the nine master masons book that raves
Manea's flying off the roof – thus they miss the gyre !

you, immured Ana – the whole world's undaunted bride
holy soul of the Fortress wherein you abide
the fish thrive to the banks of the fresh water's tide

we come to You in prayer : open the Book anew
banish both hoarfrost and death from humankind's thew
find solace for the fools – but don't side with their view... !





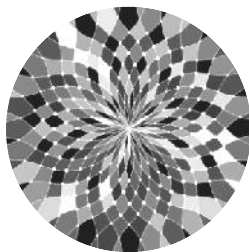
INVERTIREA POETULUI

mintea-i e schiload – soarta v t mat
zgurile din stele i-au nins în priviri
o leprozerie – arta-i vinovat
cochetând cu diavoli printre trandafiri

uit s respire – n zuros din fire
râvne te s -nchid soarele-n cu it
printre sinucideri i cere ti delire
î i g se te vreme s par smerit

spânzurat adesea între nori i glie
între-otr vi i dorul de-a fi ipocrit
î i contempl crima – ba o i r zgâie

ieri deasupra pr zii a bocit cumplit
...scârbit – Domnul arde-n tain cu-o f clie
re etele toate de demiurgie



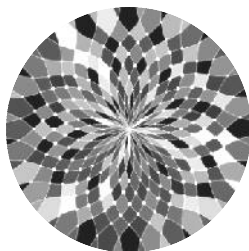
THE POET'S INVERTIBILITY

his sparse mind is maimed – his weird fate is defective
the star scoriae are snowed in his scrutinies
a leprosarium – art is sin inductive
while coquetting with devils amongst rose cronies

he would forget to breathe – his nature's whimsical
he craves to hedge the sun with the knife tip's scrumple
amidst suicides, deliria – phrensical
godly races – he'd find the time to sound humble

more than often hanging between clouds and the ground
between banes and the wish to be a hypocrite
he'd comtemplate his crime – overindulge around

yesterday he sorely wept his prey – a culprit
...sick – the Lord burnt with the torch of chaology
all the recipes of demiurgology



METEORI FUNEBRI

meteori funebri – frunze pârjolite
cad din piramid – vatra de salcâmi :
cineva din ceruri – tiranii elite
dau porunc aprig celorlal i t râmi

ghilotina – mistic – nu se mai opre te
se cernesc v zduhuri – în t ceri supuse
valuri lumi se-nal – ceasul le-ocole te
în p duri mai cânt doar un cuc nebun

bocetul de p s ri se preschimb -n înger
se preschimb -n nour
apele s lcii
vin la nunta mor ii greieri mii i mii

' i rup broboade-n fl c ri tufele de stele :
Tu – Matroz de Raze – vina mea o sângeri
faci un semn – i Crucea arde între vele !



FUNEREA METEORS

funereal meteors – sheerly scorched leaves
fall from the pyramid – the locust tree hearths :
someone in heaven – tyrannous elite cleaves
send harsh commands to the other realms like sparths

the guillotine – in its mystic ways – wouldn't stop
the skies put on mourning attire – the world's waves
surge in subdued silence – clocks shun their gallop
only woods shelter a cuckoo's foolish staves

the birds' lamentations change into angels
the brackish waters turn into gloomy clouds
thousands of crickets attend death-wedding shrouds

the star shrubs tear their headscarves and blazing veils :
Sailor of Rays – my guilt bleeds from Your cudgels
You make a sign – and the Cross shines amongst sails !



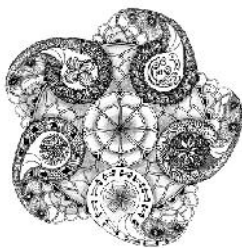
MURG

iubiri catifelând 'nalt gl' suirea lumii
suind în str' luciri solara epopee
precum deschide-se corola dumnezeu
când drept deasupra ei stâlpesc columnii

nu pe maidan – nu-n bunget e Graalul :
e-aici – în fa a noastră de-ospe ie
noi în ine – iubind cu bucurie
ne înbr c m în Crist – lep dând halul

e cântec – e iubire – rug de har :
de ce s'cau i cu dinadins sisifici c i ?
de ce scobind p'cate – s'ntorci v i ?

îngenunchezi la poala simfoniei-munte
iar lâng' fruntea- i sim i o alt' frunte :
e Crist – în ochi î i caut magicul s' u dar



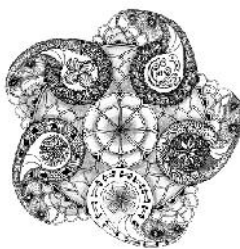
TWILIGHT

love stories velvetise the world's lofty verse
raising the solar epopee to the skies
as the divine corolla unfolds to disperse
when khulans forage for palms above its dyes

the Grail would not abide in wasteland – or woods :
it lies here – looms on our hospitable face
whenever we – joyously loving His Grace
clothe ourselves with Christ – shaking off our falsehoods

there's the song – there's the true love – the pyre's upshift :
why d'you bother to seek Sisyphean alleys ?
rummaging amongst sins – why d'you reverse valleys ?

you kneel at the foot of the mountain-symphony
while perceiving another forehead's euphony :
there's Christ – seeking in your eyes for His magic gift



NOP I DE RUG CIUNE

tei tomnatici plâng în var – copleșii
între vîpii și parfumuri sunt striviți :
stă pe ramuri – toropit de nopți fierbinți
înger singur : s-a certat cu vîșii-sfinți...

nopți învârtjite-n foc – fie-vă mil
cântecul de greier – disperat – hrănește sil ...
coborât-a iar infernul pe pământ
vestejit e-n gura de păsări – Ultim Cânt...

nu te mânia pe bieții Artiști – o – Criste
când ceresc spre ceruri ametiste :
mistic – răcorosul foc – se mai hrănește

din credință și durere – și tot crește !
focul Artei nu a ars pe nime-n lume :
schimbă-i – Criste-n simfonii – câteva strune...



NIGHTS OF PRAYER

autumnal linden trees weep in summer – engulfed
subdued amongst torridity and fragrances :
a lonely angel on a branch – wilted and puffed
by scorching nights : he’s quarrelled with saint-flare stances...

nights whirling with fire – show your heart’s mercifulness
the cricket’s chirping – in despair – feeds weariness...
the inferno’s fallen once more on the Earth cant
warbles dry in the birds’ syrinxes – the Last Chant...

oh Christ – don’t lash out in fury at poor Artists
when they beg the Heavens to bestow amethysts :
mystically – the soothing fire – is still nourished

by faith and excruciation – to be flourished !
the fire of Art has never burnt the world’s upswings :
Christ do change – in Your symphonies – some of Your strings...





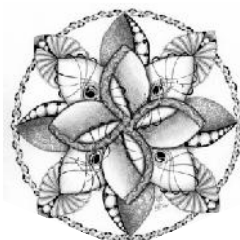
ARNA CITIND

iarn -i – în lampa-aprins ca pururi c p tâi
citesc cu-nver unare – cer i p mânt rânind
r zgâie-m i patul – vis rile dintâi
dar nu-n huzur mi-e for a – ci buzele-mi r nind

trezesc slove-n elepte – din alte ierni i lumi
cu care numai noaptea e bine s te-aduni :
i tainele se-ntrup – str jeri cu fulger negru
z pezile de-afar aprind în mar funebru

stau r stignit pe iarn – spre-a mântui lumini
citesc din Tine – Criste – ceaslov f r de vini :
Tu- i la i în rana min ii-mi v p ile de spini

...o – boreale nimburi – alai senin i trist
lacrimi de sânge frângu-mi toiagul de-ametist :
deasupra tuturor st cer – Palma Lui Crist !



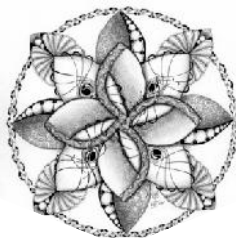
WINTERTIDE READING

winter – my ever burning lamp's at my bed's head
I obstinately read – scrubbing both skies and earth
the bed's overindulgent – dreamings step ahead
yet leisure's not my strength – visions hurt my lips' girth

wakening wise words – from former winters and worlds
which should offer you shelter when the night engirds :
and the mysteries take shape – black-lightning wardens
kindle outside snows in funeral march cordons

I lie crucified on winter – to redeem lights
I read Your teachings – Christ – pure breviary rites :
You rest Your thorned flares upon my mind's wounded sights

...oh – boreal haloes – serene and sad rise strand
blood tears might break my amethyst staff – yet life's spanned:
above all's the vaulted sky – Almighty Christ's Hand !



H RISTOS POETUL

n-a dulgherit i n-a mâncat sl nin
ci-i vizionar Poet – zidar al r nii :
a-nchipuit cu truda Lui senin
pe Omul-Munte – viscolind dih nii

izbânda Lui – mutând z ri i istorii
smulgând din pântec – mirul de lumin
preschimb crima în arcada florii :
schilodu-acum e flutur f r vin !

cultura leprei – cump na orbirii
prin cuvântare-s turnul de v zduh :
c ci Gòlgota-i veninul nou-privirii

i înflorirea c rnii în Sfânt Duh !
...de-asprimea Lui Hristos tocim p catul
i-I reg sim în Frumuse e – sfatul !



CHRIST THE POET

He was not a carpenter nor did He touch lard
but a visionary Poet – the wound’s mason :
His serene labour envisioned in high regard
the Mountain-Man – snowstorming the beasts’ vile treason

His triumph – shifting horizons and histories
snatching from holy womb – the light’s anointing oil
converted crime into flower-arched hymnaries :
now the cripple live the blameless butterfly’s toil !

healed leprosy – the ordeal of blindness – life pleads
rumour turned into the sky’s spire by holy word :
Golgotha’s the poison of the Newcomer’s deeds

and flesh thrivings from the Holy Spirit’s watchword !
...in fear of Christ’s severity we blunt the vice
and recapture – in His Beauty – godly advice !



RETRAGERE

„*s rac s fii – vise s ai*“ – motto-ul
meu – exorcizând pe tera de vampiri :
golgota dac -i seac de martiri
degeaba ve i sl vi – demen i – ecoul

degeaba l b r eaz marea valuri
când Pas rea nu vine – necum stol :
nici Dumnezeu nu face vreun control
nici publicul n-aplaud în staluri

urca i în mun i – sfin i ai ultimei zile
afla i în piscuri – trâmbi a i de prob :
vor sâsâi – erpi – u ierii-n rob

ve i fi zdrobi i – de bolovani i sile !
...unde-a putea urechea s-o feresc
de clinchetu-uscăt – de ban c m t resc ?



RETREAT

“poor as one might be – indulge in dreams” – I’ll stow
my motto – exorcising vampires from caves :
should Golgotha be stripped of martyrs’ sooth craves
you’ll glorify – dementially – the echo

the sea will unavailingly spread and sprawl
if the Bird does not draw near – nor does the flock :
nor does Lord God inspect the genuine stock
nor does the chaste public applaud in the stall

retreat in the mountains – saints of the last day
secluded on peaks – blow your trumpets on probe :
there’ll be hissing – like snakes – from ushers in robe

thus you’ll be crushed – by boulders and disarray !
...where could I find shelter to keep my ears clear
from the arid clink – the usurer’s coin sear ?



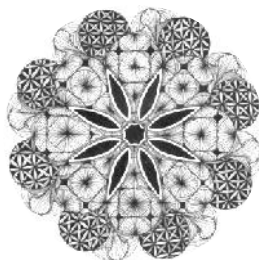
PSALMODIERI ÎN VÂRFUL MUNTELUI

cu sânge scriu pe creier vii psalmòdii
fiin toare dincolo de mine
precum e aurul c zut din rodii
îns mân ând izvoare de lumine

îmi strâng la piept credin a – unic strai
azvârl uit rii toiul zvârcolirii
sunt cavaler al soarelui privirii
când amurgirile întemeiaz rai

un vârful de munte este pisc de cântec
de-aceea m-am oprit – oprindu-mi lume :
jertfesc minunea – pieptu-adânc mi-l sfârtec

în locul inimii î i face templu harul
arhanghelii îmi pritocesc amarul :
beau vinul nemuririi – din genune !



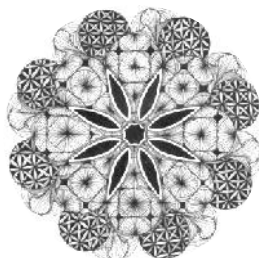
PSALMODIES ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

I write in blood vivid psalmodies on the brains
songs conveyed from the farthest side of the beyond
like the gold seeping from pomegranate overstrains
that sows wellsprings of light to wondrously respond

I firmly embrace my faith – my only garments
I throw the heights of writhe into oblivion
I'm knight of sunbeam glances and alluvion
when my twilight years ground on Heaven's attunements

a lofty mountain top is my worship song's peak
therefore I stopped – withholding myself from the world :
I sacrifice His wonder – rip my chest to wreak

deep within my heart the Spirit builds His temple
archangels decant and thrift my sorrow's sample :
hence I'll drink eternity's wine – an abyss whirled !



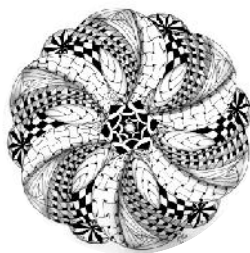
VSIS NEROD

s mergi pe p duri – peste mun i – pân -n lun
s faci a r zbate în a tri – iar – strun :
cavalèrii de jar – amânând cavalcada
ne-or ierta – i-om jeli – sfâr indu-se sfada

poieni iar vor umple-n elep i inorogi
scutieri Preacuratei – spre oglind te rogi –
i-n elege-vei limba de P s ri M iestre
deschide-va Crist – colo-n ceruri – ferestre

din pulberea lumii scântèie lumin
mânii i tr d ri s-or schimba în iertare
vor pleca spre amurguri to i cei ce dezbin

s iubeasc -nv a-va – din nou – fiecare...
...e-un vis de nerod i-n elare de sine ?
p cat oar' s fie dorirea de bine... ?





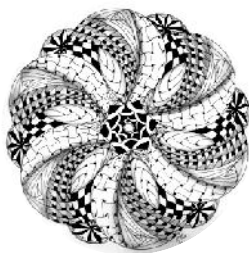
FOOLISH DREAM

to walk on the woods – over mountains – to the moon
to make the strings – anew – reach the astres' commune :
the fiery knights – reprieving their red cavalcade
would exempt us – we'd mourn them – ending the strife's trade

wise unicorns would once again throng the meadows
squires of the Unblemished – the mirror foreshadows
your prayers – you'll fathom the Miraculous Birds
Christ will unbind – up in Heavens – the windows' girds

the world's dust and ashes will scintillate skywards
wrath and betrayal will turn into forgiveness
those who favour discord will soon proceed hellwards

each dear soul will recapture warm wholeheartedness...
...is this a foolish dream and sturdy self-deceit ?
a sin to wish well to the depleters' conceit... ?



CHIBZUIESC

ireversibil solia – sec norocul
fidel veste te cum cinci fântâne
au hot rât de mult mor ii-mi sorocul
oglinzi recit vandalic – sting lumine

în crisalid – strai de tragedie
cu negre mantii – straturi – m închid
i dac -i prea curând moartea-mi vie
târzie-i mântuirea în lichid

agheazm vin uleiuri rozmarine
îmb ls mez ciolanele de timp
i drac n-apuc – nici înger spre bine

se vremuiesc colindele pe-Olimp
...singur tatea-n sânge – chip negustoresc
ascuns-am spre dobând : noi vie i agonisesc





CAN HANDLE

the message is irreversible – my luck's hard
honestly heralding that five living fountains
long ago decided my death hour to be marred
I recite mirrors – a vandal – turn lights to cleanse

inside my chrysalis – my tragedy's garments
in black cloaks – wrapping tissues – I enshroud myself
though my death is untimely disclose the varments
absolution by liquids is belated pelf

consecrated water altar wine Rosemary oils
I embalm my due wearisome bones in advance
so neither devils – nor angels would seize their foils

carols weather over Olympus and enhance
...loneliness in my blood – a keen merchant's trade skill
I've hidden to gain : I earn life for a refill



CEINISM

duhne te-osând – ultim ceas al vie ii
scârba de mine m'asfixiaz :
am alungat din poart' orice raz
am tăiat gâtul – ast' zi – dimine ii

cine-o fi fost st' ruitor prin veacuri
mi-a strâns în jur abisuri de blesteme
ca să le duminic – bracuri după bracuri
trei ve'nicii nu mi-ar ajunge-n steme

e-atâta ur' -n steaua mea livid
i-atât amar se scurge-n r' suflare
c' orice piatr' -a devenit lichid

Pompeiul labei arde în uitare
...s' răzi de mine m-ai trimis în zile
dar zeule – te mistui între file



CYNICISM

it reeks of condemnation – my life's last hour
scorn and abhorrence would asphyxiate me :
I've banned all sunbeams at my gate – lock and key
I've cut the morning's throat – today – to devour

who could have been so tireless through centuries
as to besiege me with abysses of curse
to nibble – trash after trash – vile perjuries
three eternities don't suffice to imburse

there dwells so much hatred in my livid star
and so much bitterness pours out in my breath
that each stone becomes a liquid repertoire

the lava's Pompeii meets oblivion's bless
...you brought me into being to mock at sages
yet my God – you're consumed throughout my pages



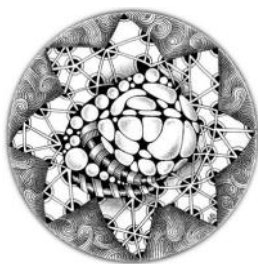
POETUL

via a în stele-i scris : „*fii fl mând !*“
doar cei fl mânzi au n luciri i strig t
doar cei fl mânzi nu-s amenda i furând
din pomul cel de aur – ori de sclip t...

s nu- i mai sim i picioarele de r ni
numai a a po i dobândi aripe
numai a a po i trece peste v mi
preschimbi eoni în tot atâtea clipe

te îndârje ti în vârful de toiag
te cump ne ti pe cruce de biserici
tigrii te sfârtec' – i nimic nu-i vag

i te sfin esc târâ ii de holerici
...martirii derizorii se zidesc
la temelii de stih dumnezeiesc



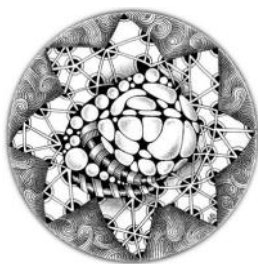
THE POET

Our life is written in the stars, “*Endure hunger !*”
since only the hungry have visions and clamour
the hungry one can’t be fined as a theft monger
from the golden tree of knowledge – or of glamour...

’tis only when you cease to feel your wounded feet
that you’ll be blessed and start to grow heavenly wings
so you’ll be exempt from heavy tolls and conceit
converting aeons into as many sightings

you obstinately lean on the top of your staff
you ponder on life’s ordeals trusting church crosses
tigers tear you to pieces – every trial’s gruff

and choleraic lickspittles anoint your glosses
...thus derisory martyrs would always transverse
the foundations of Lord Our God worshipping verse



TRONUL POEZIEI

binevoiesc – din tronul meu – s v privesc
cum bâjbâi i lumina verii s-o afla i
abia-n amurg pe fra ii-mi zei regal primesc –
i-n candelabre cânt îngerii r sf a i...

orbi târâtori – spre p s ri globii goi i-nal
dar de atâtea raze-s pururi covâr i i :
orbesc a doua oar – to i – zarafi smeri i
de l comie-n casa-mi se descal

v sunt st pân – prin muzici i v paie
i rege sunt – al Armoniei Sfinte
voi – r i vasali – cu zdren uite straie

s înv a i cum arde cel ce minte...
...acest palat – dreg torie vast
l-am fost cl dit s surpe-n lumi n past ...



THE THRONE OF POETRY

I deign – from the height of my throne – to stare down
at your empty groping for the summer's light
at dusk I'd welcome my god brothers – unfrown
while spoilt angels in royal chandeliers cite...

crawling blind men – roll their dark eyeballs to birds
though evermore thwarted by throngs of sunbeams :
twice blinded – all together – usurer herds
subdued by greed take off their shoes in my gleams

I am your Lord – in heavenly tunes and flares
a king am I – ruling Sacred Harmony
yourselves – disloyal vassals – ragged welfares

your lesson be : liars burn in agony...
...this palace – this all-embracing dignity
is raised to erase the world's calamity...



REGELE-POET

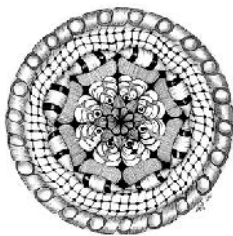
dond nind un rege singur prin palatul pustiit
bate pas ca la parad printre-umbritele coloane
iar coroana-i de pe cretet f urit -i din piroane
sângele-i br zdeaz rig i chipul i vestmânt cernit

cum Tezeu se-azvârlea-n bezne s înfrunte Minotaur
bravul rege – biet nebunul – se îndreapt spre infern
bate pas ca la parad – f r fier i f r aur
Duhu-i bântuit de stele :

ARMA CÂNTULUI ETERN !

pe culoare palatine se aud aripi i fiare
princiar – Dementu-Oceanic acceptat-a jur-prejur
provocarea-a mii dueluri – cruciat sublim i pur

generos împarte cur ii toate mor ile polare...
...biet Poet – Martir de-Ospicii – ne tiut i-nvolburat
numai Crist te mai boce te în r zboiul f r sfat... !



THE POET-KING

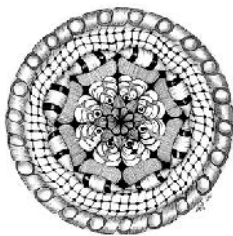
a most lonesome king mutters in his ravaged palace
goose stepping amongst the shadowy coarse colonnades
while his imperial crown is wrought from spikes and blades
blood spills over his face and his dark vestment's solace

as Theseus darkly plunged to confront the Minotaur
so the brave king – a dismal fool – heads to the inferno
goose stepping – devoid of iron and gold and many more
his Spirit is star-spelled :

TH' ETERNAL SONG'S NOTTURNO !

wings and swords rumble along Palatine passages
princely – the Oceanic-Madman – an all-time evader
tackles thousands of duels – a sublimely pure crusader

who richly bestows on his court polar hemorrhages...
...wretched Poet – the Bedlam's Martyr – obscure and vehement
in this ill-judged war only Christ bewails your entombment...!



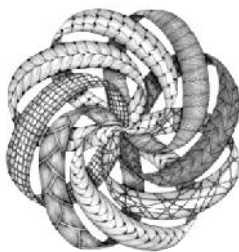
POEML MARII C L TORII

am suit mun i înal i i-am trecut de p duri
am privit în vulcani i-am visat la lemûri
n dejdea-i lumin i-i Frate de Sus
nu tiu strâmb tate : m-am dus când am spus

nu m f vinovat c-am v zut mult prea mult
Inorog i V p i – c l uze-n tumult
mi-au optit de t râmuri i-atâtea pove ti :
nu pot da despre ele nici sam nici ve ti

asfin e te degrab în temple i-n lumi :
n-am tr it s v-amestec cu foc ori cu humi –
doar matrozilor aspri cu degetu-ar t

cum se merge prin stele – nicicând înd r t
...între vele se zbate un biet pesc ru :
împânzirea de vremuri s-a rupe arcu ...



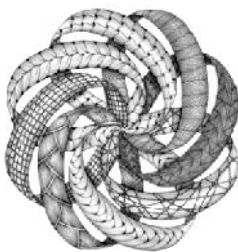
THE POEM OF THE GREAT PASSAGE

I've ascended high mountains beyond their forests
I've scrutinised volcanoes – dreamt of lemures' rests
my hope lies in light and the Almighty Brother
I know no false oath : like I said I passed farther

don't accuse me of sighting too much to exult
the Unicorn and the Flares – guides in the tumult
have whispered to me about realms and fairytales :
I can neither account or answer for their gales

the sun untimely sets in temples and world kinds :
my life's not meant to blend you with fire or clay binds –
I merely steer the harsh sailors pointing forwards

how to navigate through stars – by no means backwards
...a poor seagull strives amongst sails to cross the flow :
the time-studded weavings might tear under the bow...



ÎNAFARA SONETULUI

o mie de sonete s-ar sparge i-ar cr pa
lava durerii mele s-o torn de-a încerca
e-n mine-atâta vifor de-umilin
cât dezn dejdea n-ar putea credin

s -ng duie în piept : i-a a barbar
m-am r stignit în orice zi – avar
bolnavul de tr dare n-are leac
i simt cum ceas de ceas sunt mai s rac

oricâte întreb ri – niciun r spuns
coasta-mi tot mai adânc -i – de str puns
de la iubire oprit întreaga via

m-am c inat – de ne-n eles paia
...dar tu ce buchise ti aceste rânduri
n-ai drept a judeca : doar patru scânduri



OUTSIDE THE SONNET

should one thousand sonnets of mine crack and crumble
should I pour my sorrow's lava I'd still grumble
I'm ravaged by the storm of humiliation
to bounds that discontent might refuse deflation

and faith deny my soul's quarters : barbarously
I have crucified myself – avariciously
the man afflicted with betrayal finds no cure
so I feel poorer – with each hour – more insecure

myriads of queries – no reply in the least
my rib delves deeper – from the grief of my shove's beast
I've been forbidden to love throughout my lifespan

I've been lamenting – a misconstrued jester's bran
...yet you who anagrammatise these rueful lines
are not allowed to judge : your four-board casket whines



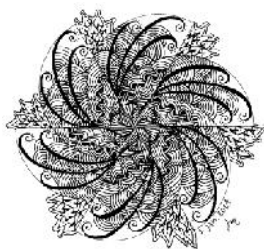
AMNARE

mi-am pl tit c l toria spre nadir
arîp -agonisit pe-un safir
atât de-adânc î inspirat transpir
îngerî brigânzi în mine- î fac cvartir

liric moarte invitai la valsuri
m-a-mbr î at cu-o dragoste divin
un gigolo-al c derii oarbe-n falsuri
în piept port ran – floarea de iasmin

muceg itu-mi râs – ecou de cript
ghea a în ochiul meu împlânt
sunt semne-ale t cerii baladine :

ritmat m plimb – sanchiu – din eu în mine
...m -opre te-n strad bunul gr dinar
î – scurt – m anexeaz felinar



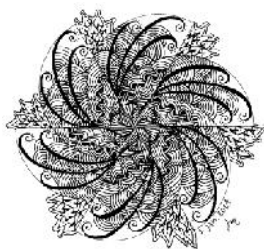
AMNATION

I've paid my journey to my fortune's nadir
my wings gained for a sapphire – a crusader
my perspiration's so profound and inspired
I furnish brigand angels' quarters well-wired

I've invited a lyrical death to waltz
death has embraced me with divine love and cheers
a gigolo of the blind fall into schmalz
my heart hides a wound – the jasmine flower spheres

my mouldy laughter – the echo of a crypt
thrusting fear icicles into my eyes' script
suppressing signs of a baladine's stillness :

my rhythmic walk's – cranky – from I to selfness
...the good old gardener forestalls me in the street
and – firmly – annexes me as a lamp post treat



DELIR DE PRIM VAR

catifelatul aer de martie mângâie
i zeu se simte ori ice momâie !
iar p s rile-au explodat zenituri
în umeri ne fierb aripi – rai în rituri !

o Doamne – i-ai deschis comoara-n ceruri
nu se mai v d arhangheli la creneluri :
nu merit izb virea – dar m simt izb vit
în tot arde fr ia – de i to i m-au hulit !

delir de prim var – vicleanul elixir
m prad de nelini ti : c ma a de n dejdi
cu ea doar îmi acop r ru inea de fachir !

delir de prim var – în sânge clocote ti !
...Hristoase-frate – apas -mi pe-umeri cruce
s nu uit c -n cer – doar dorul ei m duce !



PRING DELIRIUM

the fragrant velvety air of March – an embrace
that drives simpletons to dream they’ve drawn a god’s ace !
birds have darted into zeniths – effusive wings
rush from our shoulders – Heavens under the rites’ flings !

oh My Lord – You’ve disclosed Your heavenly treasure
archangels on battlements furnish no measure :
I don’t deserve redemption – yet I feel redeemed
our brotherhood’s rife – I’m cursed and underesteemed !

the spring delirium – the scheming elixir
robs me of my disquietudes : my shirt of hopes
barely covers my fakir shame as a trickster !

the spring delirium – seething in my blood’s scopes !
...brother Christ – lie the cross heavy on my shoulder
lest I forget – craving Heavens makes me bolder !



INDICA II PRE IOASE PENTRU POET I

s raci i singuri – unde-i fericirea ?
gr dini de rai sub sc fârlie – „*niet*“ pitac !
poate m-o fi-ncercat vreun junghi de-i zic „*iubirea*“
dar când m uit în pung – tot un drac !

s tot încurci cu pana soarta lumii
croind n dejdi acolo unde-i spum
s fii Poet – când n-ai nici banii strunii :
ca i când mor ii vrei s -nvii cu-o glum !

fii orb de tot – nu doar în inspirare
ca s nu vezi Molohul covâr irii :
de-ai fi o varz pus la murare

ai fi mult mai pe plac des vâr irii
...sunt vremi acestea – drag Poet Sublim
când locul optim i-e în intirim !





INVALUABLE COMMANDMENTS FOR POETS

in dire poverty and lonesomeness – where’s gladness ?
sublime gardens thrive under your skull – “niet” farthings !
I might have been tempted by a stitch called “loveness”
though when I look in my purse – rack and ruin’s hidings !

your quill pen keeps meddling and muddling the world’s lot
tailoring hopes from mere bursts of flattering foam
being a Poet – when money’s scarce for my stringed plot :
is as though you revived the dead with a joke’s cloam !

better be utterly blind – ebb inspiration
not to see Moloch’s immolation – defleshment :
were you a brining cabbage in liquidation

you’d be to the liking of sheer accomplishment
...these are times – my dear Poet Sublime of self-regard
when your unsurpassed place lies in the grim graveyard !



ENTIMENTUL LUMINII

lumin – sfânt lumin din v zduh
pogoar - i fulgerul de îngerî în c mar
înva -m iubirea iar i iar
mustr -mi sfin enia-amor it -adânc în Duh

lumin i potir – Curatul Graal :
mi-e frig de raze – sete mi-e de moarte
dar voi tr i rotind delir de bal
iar din chilia-mi izgoni-voi noapte

eu smuls voi fi de m celarii lumii
din pielea mea zbârcit de mâr oag –
dar asta-a teapt vinul : sp rgând doag

s se reverse sub lumina lunii
...ogorul vremii – împlinit arat :
curând voi sta cu Dumnezeu la sfat !



THE SENSE OF LIGHT

kindling light – the heavens’ robe of sacred light
descend with your lightning angels in my store
teach me – time and time again – to love the flight
scold my hardened saintliness on the Spirit’s core

light and chalice – the unblemished Holy Grail :
I crave for rays – I thirst for death onto God
yet I’ll live whirling the delirium ball tale
banishing the night from my hermit cell nod

I’ll be flayed by the greedy mundane knackers
skinned of my wrinkled hide – a depleted jade –
likewise the wine’s wish : erupt over palisade

break the staves – gush under the moonlight flickers
my lifespan’s tilled – slaked ploughing although tinsel :
not before long I’ll join Lord God in counsel !



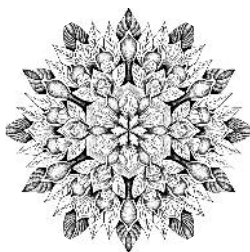
VAR DUMNEZEIASC

cu franciscan dispre de marafe i
trec pe aleea râiei statuare :
am buzunarul plin de-idei stelare
fluier printre minuni – rai de sticle i !

îngeri zbur t cesc prin catedrala
castanilor sl vi i în candelabre
stoluri de verde – cântece calabre
îmi chiuie în dans via a – astrala...

Hristoase Doamne – vino s sfîn e ti
acest osp de ramuri aripate –
c ci nu degeaba-asûzi i te trude ti

de-o-eternitate – la-arbore ti palate !
...Doamne-ostenit în roiuri de lumine
vino-n hodin -aicea – lâng mine !



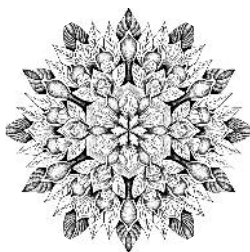
HEAVENLY SUMMER

with Franciscan disdain for trappings and graces
I stroll on the alley of the statuary scab :
I have a pocketful of stellar thought laces
whistling amongst wonders – heavens of goldfinch blab !

swirling angels smoothly take wing from the chestnuts'
dignified cathedral extolled in chandeliers
bebies of green – Calabrian song ateliers
gleefully dance away my life – my astral ruts...

my Lord Jesus Christ – swiftly descend kindly bless
this relishing feast of sublime winged branches –
so Your sweat and toil should not be vain and depress

sempiternity – You build tree palace bunches !
...Your strenuous labour for lightswarms is accomplished
come and rest by my side – may Your work be replenished !



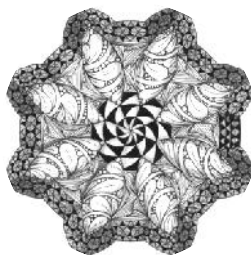
VE NIC TOAMNA ARTISTULUI

ascult cocorii din suflet cum pleac
cite te-le scrisul din cer i ar ari
n dejdea-n fântâni tot scade i seac
vezi umbra Lui Crist p r sind ochii mari

de frunze se umplu pridvoarele lumii
i pulberi de stele sufoc alunii
agale-inorogul sleie te p durea
din mun i i din brazi a r mas doar s curea

migreaz sublimul spre alte fruntarii
tu du-te cu toate i nu- i uita larii :
blestemu-mi l-ascult cum vuie te în pe teri

cum cad de pe case – pe rând – nou me teri...
...pârjolit de iubire – Manole Artist
cu zâmbet i tain veghez Ametist !



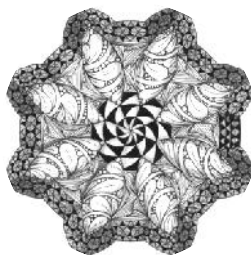
THE ARTIST'S ENDLESS AUTUMN

listen to your soul's cranes leave to winter lodgings
read their wingwriting from high skies and maple trees
hope steadily lowers and goes dry in wellsprings
you see Christ's shadow deserting the gaped eyes' ease

the world's wide porches are strewn with parched fallen leaves
stardust smothers the hazelnut recitatives
the leisurely unicorn disheartens the woods
mountains and fir trees leave behind an axe and hoods

the sublime is migrating to new boundaries
as for yourself get lost – don't forget your Lares :
I can hear the bitter curse thundering in caves

nine masons fall – in turn – from their houses to graves...
...my heart's ablaze – Master Manole the Artist
a veiled smile – I keep close watch on the Amethyst !



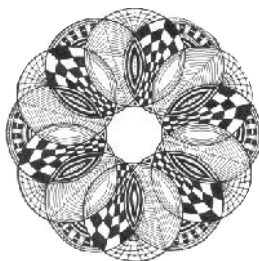
FLOAMNA VIE II

privesc în gol – i golu-i singur plin :
c ci n v lesc într-însul vechi icoane
mustr ri i amintiri – chip de suspin
i-atâtea remu c ri – acum vane...

tr iesc în v l tucul de imagini
i mu c din pâinea unor vremi trecute
dar totu-i doar s-umbresc aceste pagini
ce pasc „*cândva*“-u-n ieslea zilelor pierdute...

degeaba tot fr mân i – în gol – v zduhuri :
nu se întorc la maluri triste duhuri
...ocean necump t rii e-ntre min' i ele

atâtea hoin reli i vise grele...
...nu mai veni i – strigoi – la casa asta :
pe rând – pierdu pere i i u i – fereastra...



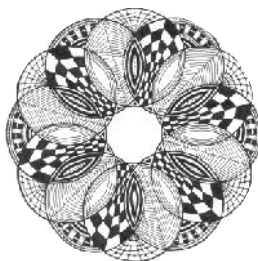
MY LIFE'S AUTUMN

I stare into vacancy – the void's plenitude :
since old icons stormily rush to emptiness
remorses and memories – sighing finitude
sundry pangs of conscience – lost into uselessness...

I live in the whirlwind of jumbled images
feed on the replenishing bread of bygone times
yet my exploit's to merely scribble these pages
which browse the "*yesteryears*" of our worn manger primes...

you knead and bestir the skies – vainly – it's a blank :
saddened spirits never return to their breed bank
...an ocean of intemperance clearly unseams

between me and them – ramblings and ponderous dreams...
...venerable ghosts – quit haunting this weird shadow :
my house lost – one by one – walls and doors – its window...



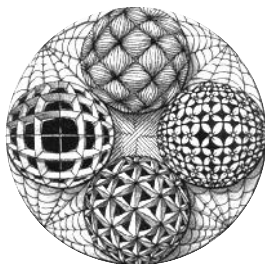
METAFIZIC GALBEN

m nunchiuri – galbenele frunze se pogor
din cer – dansând în roate lunecânde
precum un stol de balerine-agonizânde –
...spectacol pentru îngerii... – ... i-apoi mor...

prin parcuri – gârbovite – trec stafii
oceanul galben – non-identitate
pe toate le îneac -n calomnii :
c-un horc it – au i trecut în carte !

de moarte – chiar c ast zi nu-i nevoie
c ci sufletele urc spre delir :
în ceruri s-a mutat un cimitir

de flori – de oameni – de arzânde troie...
... „- *e toamn* ...“ – zice-un înger str veziu
„- *ba-i metafizic înalt* – *asta tiu*“ !



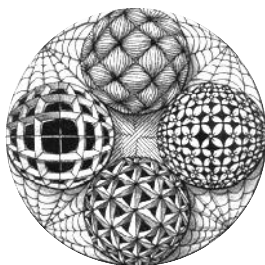
YELLOW METAPHYSICS

in wavering bundles – the yellow leaves descend
from the sinuous skies – dancing in gliding swirls
swarms of agonising ballerinas’ downtrend –
...choreography for angels – and then death hurls...

slithering ghosts – hunchbacked – walk in the blurry parks
the yellow ocean – non-identity’s slick crooks
would smother all their spins in calumny landmarks :
no more than a rattle – and they step into books !

there’s hardly any need of death today – to toy
souls wend their ascending way to madly discard :
the Heavens have welcomed a whole grievous graveyard

of flowers – people – sacked cities like burning Troy...
... *“it’s fated autumn...”* – says a translucent angel
“nay – it’s divine metaphysics – on my bagel” !



PILEPSII HIBERNALE

delire de-obâr ii înroat prin albii
sever heruvimii vegheaz Frumosul :
poemele iernii înghea prinosul
sublim cer etor mai fumeaz din salvii

fe i-frumo i pe cai albi c l resc în oglinzi
se-implinesc epopei întru floarea din meri
negustor de pove ti – e ti dispus s m vinzi
sc p r rii eterne din ziua de ieri ?

cine sunt – cine e ti : sunt tociri de cuvinte
acolo în cer minunat se mai minte
în lectica mor ii-n huzur f r ceas

uit m simfonia din ultimul pas
...pe z pada m ririi citesc r sufl ri
furtuna de-extaze se isc pe n ri



HIBERNAL EPILEPSIES

descent deliria swim along riverbeds
cherubim sternly shield to safeguard Beauty's realm :
winter's poems freeze the due homage in farmsteads
the sublime beggar still smokes meadow sage with whelm

Charming Princes ride white horses in the mirrors
epopees are accomplished for apple tree blooms
fairytale merchant – is your heart in the harbours
to trade me for yesterday's ardour that still looms ?

who am I – who are you : these words are wearing thin
up there in heavens falsehood is a matchless sin
in death's palanquin at our timeless leisure

we flout the symphony of our last step's treasure
...from the snow of grandeur I peruse the gasps' thrills
seizures of ecstasy are roused through the nostrils



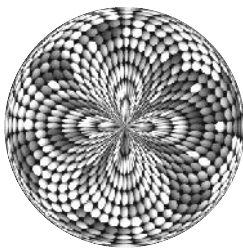
NORDUL

tot c tre Nord m mistuie chemarea
puzderii c i – înt -unic -ntre inte
misterioase-aripi vânzolesc zarea
sub ghe uri – apa curge mai fierbinte

în frigul vân t arde cugetarea
sporind z pezi – v paia cre te-n suflet
sub ce uri dese de lumine-n zumzet
n luci de buze opinte te zarea

din spasm agonic se deschid silabe
i unde-i întunericul deplin
desface Nordul slovele arabe

din promoroac – Logos-ul cu spin
...e greu s mergi întit spre miezul sor ii
dar când ajungi – tr ie ti extazul mor ii



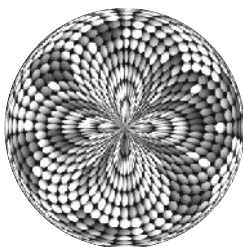
THE NORTH

I'm devoured by the allurement of the North
swarms of pathways – the sole goal amongst all goals
mysterious wings stir the skies back and forth
under ice floes – water flows as hot as coals

in the violet-blue cold reflection flares
expanding the snows – the flame grows in the soul
under the thick mists of buzzing lights there roll
spectres of lips bestirred by the Heaven's spares

from agonistic spasms syllables would rouse
and wherever consummate darkness abounds
the North unfolds the Arabic letters' spouse

from hoarfrost – the thorned Logos mounds and astounds
... 'tis strenuous to spearhead to the fate's core
yet on arrival – taste the bliss of death lore



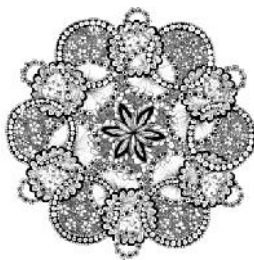
FINAL

în via a-aceasta – n ucit de juzi
nu mi-am l sat n dejdi – nici remu c ri :
vandalii – deghiza i în ceasuri – cruzi
în abur m-au încins – jefuind sc ri

nu mi-e s plec – dar nici s stau nu-s vrednic
am istovit un stoc de r stigniri
eu nim nui nu fost-am sfe nic... – sfetnic...
ci doar pocal cu sânge de jigniri

strâmb mèrit mi-am croit din umilin e
din r ni i plâns – doar slove pentru carte
am dec zut din ploi i din semin e

nu cer lumin : tihna fie-mi parte
...cu-un v l acoperii sfânt chip de Dumnezeu :
încep s -mi murmur – epic – scrisul meu...



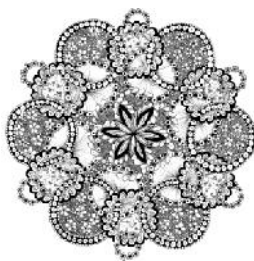
THE END

during my lifespan – befuddled by judges
I haven't indulged in hopes – or remorse :
the vandals – guised as clocks – in their cruel grudges
have befogged me – robbing my stairway endorses

I don't feel like leaving – though too vile to stay
I've exhausted all crucifixions in store
I've been no one's candlestick... – or counselling fay...
but the grail brimming with insolence's gore

I've reaped false merits from humiliations
from wounds and weeping – mere letters in a book
I've decayed from rain and seed postulations

I don't cry out for light : let leisure be my nook
...I've swathed God's holy face in a lackluster veil :
instead I murmur – plainly – my epical trail...



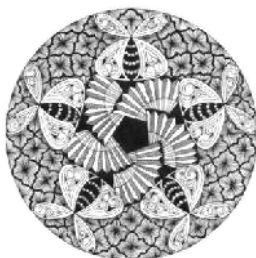
LLORILE DE LILIAÇ

candele de liliac – îmbuib ri de flori
ard episcopal v p i – viole ii nori
abia mo ie salut când vântoase trec
numai soarelui-i zâmbesc : vremii nu se plec’

cu atât boierie tufe se sume
umilind pe câte-un înger – s rman cânt re
asta-i lumea – sta-i pre ul vie ilor ce curg
unora nu le ajunge un singur amurg

oamenii- i caut norocul în marea florii
dar în ceruri e t cere – se aprind p storii :
verii cosmici – prea âfno ii – c l tori în stele !

...urci cobori sau bei miresme – nimeni nu te-ntreab
r mâi pururi singuratic – altfel decât ele
tragi n dejdi : m car Hristosul s - i afle vreo treab ...



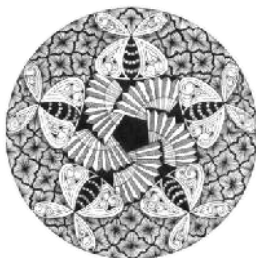
LILAC FLOWERS

lilac vigil lamps – profusions of flowers
blazes burn episcopally – cloud bowers
barely greet gales with a violet snooze splendour
save smiles but for the sun : show time no surrender

snobbish shrubs vaunt haughtily – lord it over
belittle some poor angel – a song drover
that's the world – that's the price for human lifelapse
as though one nightfall didn't suffice to collapse

people seek their luck in the flower's tidal sleight
yet there's silence in the skies – the shepherds ignite :
the cosmic cousins – petulant – star travellers !

...you climb up and down sip nectar – no one would care
you endlessly stand alone – aloof from rev'llers
your hope : may Christ give you reasons to live and dare...



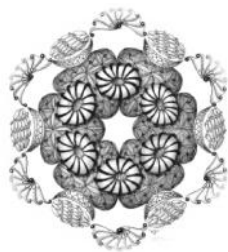
SONETUL A TEPT RII

trecând din via înapoî în vânt
îmi pritoce te luna ultimul cuvânt
îngenunchez pe-o raz i suspin
a tept c milele s -mi spun când s vin

atâta lini te vuie te printre spini
drume ule – aici te speli de vini
luce te gândul drept i zori se-ngân
din loc în loc îmi cânt câte-o zân

lumin din lumin rai cu rai
cer înd mereu pentru ogînd strai
pe cavalerii negri i-am gonit

i peste lumi de stele-am st pânit
...nu m trezi nu-mi spune c-am ajuns :
din mirul l mpii mi s-a dat r spus...



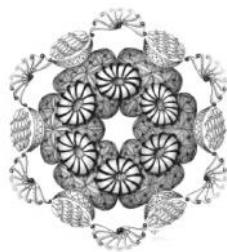
THE SONNET OF ABEYANCE

while switching from my life back into the windhood
the moon decants the last wise words I have to brood
I kneel on a moonbeam and heave a weary sigh
waiting for the camels' nod when departure's nigh

there's so much quietude amidst the thistle growl
wayfarer – here's the realm to cleanse sins from your soul
here the righteous thought shines – night and daylight mingle
hither thither and yon a fairy would jingle

light from holy light heaven near heaven to slake
forever begging garments for the mirror's sake
I have banished the plaguing black knights on horseback

thus I've vanquished and ruled kingdoms of stars that pack
...don't wake me up don't tell me my life's in short supply :
th' imparting holy oil urged to hastily comply...



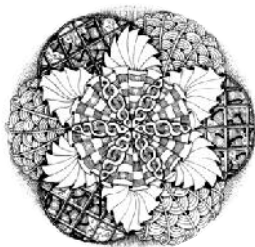
COPAC I BU TEAN

desi de vie i 'nalt t mâiat de p s ri
flori vinete- i vestesc apocalipsa
devin v zduh vagi f ptuiri de laz ri :
m tem c nimeni nu ne simte lipsa

vâltori p duri ne-acoper -amintirea
p mântu- i mulge pieptu-n mii de raiuri
dar în niciunul nu ne afl m tirea :
doar buhnele fo nesc t cute graiuri

copac – crescut-am cu credin vie
am miresmat cu flori din zare-n zare :
bu tean de am ajuns – eu nu-mi sunt mie

nici rost – nici chip – i nici m car c rare !
...amarul i nefirea b trâne îi
mi-ascult doar cei somnoro i – bure îi...





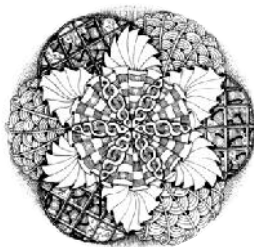
TREE AND A LOG

thicket of lives sweetly incensed by lofty birds
violet-blue flowers herald apocalypse
lame deeds of Lazaruses fade Heaven's herds :
I fear nobody misses our life's hardships

swirling forests shroud remembrances of us
the Earth milks her breasts spreading throngs of Edens
though no Paradise acknowledges our truss :
only the owls hoot and hiss their weird jargons

I've been brought up in true faith in Our Lord – like
a flowering tree scenting horizons' sway :
now that I'm a mere log – an intruding dike

neither aim nor means – nor even pathway, per fay !
...my stodgy bitterness of satiety
heard only by the drowsy – benumbed boleti...



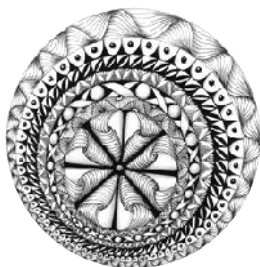
RFEU

s taci în m re ie sfânt cuvântul
i cer bolteasc -se oricare gând :
nu risipi-n cenu i sunet pl pând
nu-l înjosi – nu-l v t ma p mânt !

când sfânt roste ti e-nalt preo ie
mun i rânduie ti i-nchipuie ti oceane :
în roua lumii care va s vie
st pân p e ti i paznic de arcane

fulgerul vorb se preschimb -n tunet
delire se rotesc ame itor :
cald izvor sc din buzele pridvor

p duri de cântec – rug ciuni de chipuri :
a a se nasc luminile de lume
prin poezia zeului din strune !



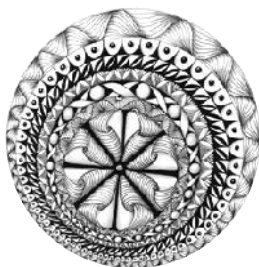
RPHEUS

confine the holy word in majestic silence
bestow heavenly vaults on each fugacious thought :
refrain from casting the feeble voice to ash naught
don't dishonour or harm it with the clay's stridence

'tis noble priesthood when you utter sacredly
you classify mountains and visualise oceans :
in the dew of the world that looms undisturbedly
you tread – master and guard of arcana' motions

the word's flash of lightning turns into thunderbolt
deliria figments swirl bewilderingly :
the verandah of your lips cascades throbbingly

woods of songs – prayers of saintly faces unbolt :
that's the way to coin the enlightened world wellsprings
due to the poetry of the god's charmed lyre strings !



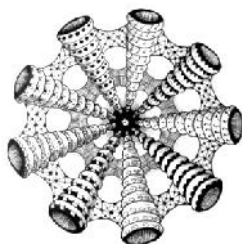
RECAPITULARE A ISTORIEI

Dumnezeul întronat în om nu moare
destul în piept br zdatu-ne-a amurgul :
da – fi-va-n piscuri – iar – r s rit de soare
iar lumii noastre Crist va fi chirurgul

nu i duminica pr i i pe iude
c ci este-n Lun -un Templu de privit :
fi i milei str ji – iar nu caiafe crude
...dar s -i l sa i s moar pe cei ce-s de murit...

c ci vatra ve niciei pierdutu- i-a Fierarul
iar din credin a noastr alesu-s-a popcorn...
dar Cristul se îmbrac – i iat -ne Plugarul

la dreapta-I sfânt cre te ne-nduplecat Licorn...
...nu pierde i n dejde – nici duh de fr ie :
pentru fiecare vin' ce tre' s vie !





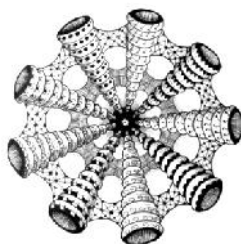
SHORT REVISION OF HISTORY

Our Lord God enthroned in man never perishes
the dusk furrowed our chests and souls for long ages :
indeed – over the peaks – the sunrise cherishes
once more Christ will be our surgeon like old sages

spare the Holy Sundays – don't weed the Judases
since there is a Temple to behold on the Moon :
be mercy's guardians – not harsh dealer's chases
...however those who deserve death let them die soon...

since our eternity's hearth has lost its Blacksmith
and our sacred faith has ended in trite popcorn...
but Christ regains attire – our Ploughman and Wordsmith

on His sacred right the unyielding Unicorn...
...never abandon hope – never waste brotherhood :
whatever each of us deserves can't be withstood !





APRECIERI CRITICE (SELECȚIE) ASUPRA OPEREI LUI ADRIAN BOTEZ... DE-A LUNGUL TIMPULUI...

ROXANA SORESCU, cercetător științific principal I, Institutul de Istorie și Teorie Literară „George C. Ionescu”-București:

„În critica literară românească nu există, deocamdată, lucrări de acest tip. Prin lucrarea Spirit și Logos, în poezia eminesciană, dl. Adrian Botez este un precursor. Pe drumul pe care înaintează se vor buluci multe persoane, ce vor confunda bolboroseala extatică, cu foarte severele discipline, care sunt Mistica și Inițierea în domeniul spiritual – dar acesta este riscul oricărui cercetător înnoitor. Dl. A. Botez repune în discuție, dintr-un unghi inedit, întreaga viziune asupra poeziei eminesciene și a strategiilor de revelație poetică, în general (...)” (cf. *Aprecierile Comisiei de doctorat*, 14 februarie 1997, în cadrul Facultății de Filologie a Universității „Al.I.Cuza” – Iași – în legătură cu lucrarea *Spirit și Logos, în poezia eminesciană*, devenit cartea *Spirit și Logos, în poezia eminesciană – pentru o nouă tip de hermeneutică, aplicată asupra textului eminescian* – Editura Rafet, Rm. Srat, 2005).



„Adrian Botez este autorul unei poezii care se caută cu un aer definitiv și se găsește, se neagă afirmându-se, e reconfortant, reziditoare.”

AUREL R U, redactorul- ef al revistei clujene *Steaua* – în **Prefa a** la volumul de debut, *Jurnal din marea temni interioar* , Axa, Boto ani, 1998)



„*Poet metaforic, cu o schem prozodic inconfundabil , Adrian Botez începe s devin un nume în lirica româneasc .“*

VALERIU ANGHEL – în revista *Pro-Saeculum*, noiembrie, 1998



„*Am citit comentariile la VOSHOPOLEA [Prigoni îi cavaleri ai Mielului, Ed. Funda iei Aromâne „Dimândarea p rinteasc “-Buc., 2000], marele poem lirico-epic al lui Nida Boga, cu sufletul la gur ! Având sentimentul c ascult una dintre c r ile de c p tâi ale lui Johann Gottlieb Fichte, „Cuvânt ri c tre na iunea german / Reden an die Deutsche Nation“, 1809). (...) i noi, românii, avem nevoie de astfel de impulsuri de suflet, într-o vreme a destructur rii noastre (...). Un discurs ofensiv este întreaga carte a profesorului Adrian Botez, din Adjud, un discurs substan ial patriotic, adesea cu îndrept ite accente vaticinare (...).“*

HRISTU CÂNDROVEANU – în revista *De teptarea aromânilor*, Anul 11, nr. 10 (127), octombrie 2000



„Ambi ios, profund, cu gust pentru textul de anvergur c rtur reasc , Adrian Botez respir lejer în aerul tare al ideilor, oricât de înalte, provoac adev rate cutremure în con tiin e, cu proiec ii devastatoare în plan moral i intelectual, experimenteaz f r s aib neap rat voca ia experimentului, reu înd – în cele mai bune pagini ele prezentei epopei [<<EPOPEEA ATLANTIC >>] – s produc adânci revela ii în dimensiunea estetic i ontologic . (...) Poet, în primul rând, cu serioase cuno tin e magico-mitologice, c rturar de aleas stirpe, bântuit de aromele din altare, atins de nimbul sacru al icoanelor i aerul tare al ideilor, prozator i eseist, din rezerva din ce în ce mai restrâns a erudi ilor autohtoni, lupt tor cu har pe drumul Binelui i Frumosului, Adrian Botez este un gânditor i un scriitor pe deplin matur, viguros i competitiv la nivel na ional.“

MIRCEA DINUTZ – în revista *Pro-Saeculum*-Foc ani, nr. 3-4, iunie-iulie, 2005: art. *Adrian Botez – un cavaler al Graalului*



CONVORBIRI LITERARE (Anul CXLI, iulie, 2008)

Vitrina c r ilor

EMILIAN MARCU

(4) **Adrian BOTEZ**, *Ruguri – România sub asediu*, Editura Carpathia Press, 2008, 200 p. cu o Postfa de Artur Silvestri.

„Preocuparea, apropiat de patim , a lui Adrian Botez, de a lumina cititorul în problemele fundamentale ale viitorului României contemporane, teme fundamentale de

natur doctrinar , dar i ideologic , de antropologie cultural , str bat, de la un cap t la altul, întreg continutul acestei c r i.

În context de natur divin , Neamul Metafizic Românesc este privit într-o adev rat transcenden , în triada: Trecut, Prezent, Viitor, ca semn al rugului care i arde (purific), dar i lumineaz („în-lumin “).



„Bibliografia c r ii este impresionant , încadrându-se perfect uria ei cantit i de energie degajate de autor, în acest demers c rtur resc, de nivel academic. O lucrare ap rut sub forma unui Premiu de excelen , dat de editur (...). O autentic investi ie în cultura româneasc profund . (...) Este vorba despre o apari ie monumental , produs al unui intelectual inconfundabil, în peisajul românesc de dup 1989. Un fenomen.“

MARIN IFRIM, în *Opinia de Buz u*, mar i, 8 aprilie 2008: *Despre „Cei Trei Magi ai prozei române ti“*



«E dificil s faci o disociere între poetul Adrian Botez al primei c r i i cel al urm toarelor volume. Dar, un lucru e cert: Acest Poet este inconfundabil. (...)

Scrisul lui Adrian Botez nu e comod, reconfortant, stenic, el oblig , strig , interpeleaz , se impune – f r a face compromisuri i temenele curentelor vechi sau noi ale liricii. El merge pe principiul: Acesta sunt eu, cui îi convine. Dar, dac încerci s i-l apropii, ceea ce va urma

întrece orice închipuire: vei descoperi un univers mirific, fabulos i real în aceea i m sur , de care tiai c exist pe undeva, dar nu erai con tient c e atât de aproape de tine i c faci parte integrant din el. i în această privin , Adrian Botez este un vestitor. El anun i se anun , f r surle i tobe, dar apropiindu-se iminent de con tiin a i inima ta, de unde nu-l mai po i smulge.(...)

Nu s-ar putea spune c Adrian Botez este un romantic. El este un lucid suferitor i jertfitor pentru substan a i trupul cuvântului, ducându-l cu sine la cele mai înalte cote ale valorii autentice, dublat de o demnitate f r cusur i de o probitate moral cum rar se întâlnesc în ziua de azi.»

CEZARINA ADAMESCU, Gala i, redactor
la revista **AGERO-Stuttgart**

7 ianuarie 2010, de ziua Ionilor: *Adrian Botez – un poet incomod i poemele sale magistrale*, în revista **ARP Luceaf rul Românesc**, ianuarie 2010



„Adrian Botez este, f r doar i poate, cel mai original poet pe care mi-a fost dat s -l cunosc, r sfoind / r scolind prin ceasloavele pr fuite, dar i cele de ultim or ale liricii române ti.

El este f r pereche. Crea ia sa, atât de diferit de vulgul cotidian care aduce osanale nesfâr ite dimensiunii trupe ti a omului, i-a pus amprenta, marca ei pre ioas pe domeniul, atât de râvnit al literaturii i locul s u nu poate fi ocupat de preopinen ii zilei, oricât s-ar da ace tia de ceasul mor ii.

Adrian Botez nu se încadrează , nu se aliniază , nu se confundă .

El este **ALTFEL**, cu totul altfel, și nu rostesc aceste cuvinte din complezență. În tot ce întreprinde, prin multiplele raze pe care le răspândește, în încercarea disperată de a-i lumina pe cei din preajmă, se poate vedea acest semn al unității care nu cunoaște locul comun, cărțile bătătorite, deși inspiră în el este uneori livresc. El realcă tuie, rescrie, reiterează marile teme ale literaturii universale, cu aceeași dezinvoltură și măiestrie, de parcă ar fi scrise acum. Vasta, colosală erudiție pe care a acumulat-o prin străduințe jertfelnice, supraomenești, ar putea speria, intimida, pentru că se ridică la cote de neatins.

Spirit enciclopedic, oferă însuși, cu reținere, frământuri din monedele minții, atât de bine organizate, doar atât cât putem noi oamenii, îngurgita, îndeobște.

Dar, ce asupră de măsuri conține verbul său, esențializat, cristalizat, strălucind dincolo de rețineră !

Dacă ar fi să ne raportăm la alte personalități enciclopedice, care și-au înscris până în cartea de aur a liricii noastre, Gellu Naum ori Emil Botta – ar fi palide umbre...

Dar mai bine să-l sămăncăm clasificărilor, pentru că locul lui Adrian Botez pe podium este, de asemenea, singular. Pe treapta pe care stă opera sa, copleșitoare, vastă, nu mai încap nimeni, și aceasta, nu pentru că autorul și-a propus această performanță, alungându-i eventualii concurenți în competiția pentru câștigarea nemuririi, ci pentru că, privind în jur, nu prea are cu cine concura, grație, pripiții dezordonate, trufașii indiferenți, îmbrâncindu-ne suveran, în Arca Bunei Speranțe, ca să apucăm un loc, așa cum suntem cu toții. De aceea, în

competi ia des vâr irii la care trude te continuu, Adrian Botez alearg singur. Ia trofeul, se întoarce înving tor, îl arat mul imii, care, în mod ciudat i paradoxal, nu-i scandeaz numele, nu-l afi eaz cu litere uria e pe postere, pe ecrane gigant, ci prefer , a a cum gloata nu L-a preferat pe Nazarineanul cu fruntea însângerat de spini, biciuit i gol, pe un oarecare Baraba, cel care tie s - i câ tige faima cu fel i fel de tertipuri, ori pe prototipul lui Baraba, care speculeaz fiecare secund , fiecare sentiment i orice dram din gra ia auditoriului, cu spirit gregar. (...)"

CEZARINA ADAMESCU, Gala i, redactor la revista AGERO-Stuttgart – art. În amurgul lumii cuvintelor – poeme pentru ziua mâniei: ADRIAN BOTEZ, Rog înorog, poeme, Editura Salonul Literar, Foc ani, 1998 – în revista ARP O carte pe zi, martie 2009



„Scriitor de mare sensibilitate i for creatoare, un erudit al zilelor noastre, Adrian Botez reu e te a se ridica deasupra valului spumos, ce caracterizeaz , azi, literatura româneasc , încercând a-i da acesteia o mai luminat direc ie, cum ar fi: curajul actului critic, înviorarea exprim rii libere, care s fie bazate pe o moral cre tin des vâr it . Om de o larg cultur , prin profesie dasc l i filosof al culturii, române i universale – a mai fost d ruit, cred, de îns i Pronia Cereasc , din bel ug, cu harul Poeziei i al în elegerii artelor, în general. Scriitor fecund, editeaz , cu mult succes i prestigiu, revista „Contraatac“, în cadrul Colegiului Tehnic „Gheorghe Bal “, din ora ul

Adjud, cu sprijinul ARP (Asociația Română pentru Patrimoniu)-București, fondat de venerabilul erudit român Artur Silvestri.“

IOAN MICL U, din Cringila / AUSTRALIA – în revista *Pro-Saeculum*, nr. 63-64, aprilie-iunie 2010 – Foc ani: în articolul **ADRIAN BOTEZ: „Spiritu i Logos, în poezia eminescian – pentru o nouă hermeneutică, aplicată asupra textului eminescian“ (Editura Rafet, România, 2005)**



„Amintirile trei sunt strjile Ființei poezion românești, așa cum le exprim doina: de dor, de jale, de revoltă. Adrian Botez înscrie în expresie modernă acest triumf, reînălând CRUCEA CA STÂLP, într-un cvadrat care este... al Cercului. (...) Adrian Botez Poetul este criticul cu forceps, operând unde se mai poate, chiar în tumori. (...)

Când sufocarea este la cota de risc, Botez scrie cu apăsare de trandafir pe aripa unei adieri (...). Așa îi face. Nu arghezian, nici bacovian, ci BOTEZIAN!“

EUGEN EVU – art. *ADRIAN BOTEZ: terifiant contraatac la înfrângerea umanului – sau Căderea ca bocet la viaa muribund* – în revista *PRO-SAECULUM*, Foc ani, Anul IX, nr. 1-2 (61-62), 15 ian.–1 martie 2010



Însă dincolo de cantitate, poeziile nu au vârstă și sunt cu neputință a se descrie formule de stil ori categorisire curentă. Nimic aici nu-i „modern“, după

cum nici nu este „romantic“ ori „clasicist“ = cci, ilustrând o atitudine devo ionist unde st rile de mari intensit i metafizice aduc sufletul în pragul abisului, poetul iese din timpul evolu iilor exterioare care, estetice te, sunt doar conven ie. Rezult c o clasificare stilistic este i ea de nef cut, afar numai de al tur ri în asimetriile condacului, ale irmoaselor i în poetica de împiedec ri emotive, cu tradi ie la noi de la Dosoftei i pân la Vasile Voiculescu i „Comornicul“ lui Sandu Tudor. Muzicalitatea, de i subîn eleas , nu-i aici nici *belcanto* i nici mecanism de simetrii perfecte în felul medieval, trubaduresc, ci denot o muzic interioar , de cântec optit în maniera misticilor de Bizan ori a cânt re ilor de tab r militar . Cci poetul are atitudine mai degrab de prooroc, vituperând ori închipuind mari desf ur ri învolburate pe pânze suflete ti uneori memorabile.

[...] „*Loja Johannic* “, una dintre cele mai stranii exegeze din literatura român contemporan , dezv luie nu atât metoda, CÂT VIZIUNEA, aceasta fiind i contribu ia ce l-a afirmat pe Adrian Botez în felul unui doctinar, mai degrab decât al unui studios cu virtuozit i analitice (totu i, DE ORIGINALIT I RARISSIME!), ar tând dimensiunile unei personalit i ce parc vorbe te din viitor. Cercetarea este o „hermeneutic “ sui-generis care, de i se situeaz în mo tenirea lui Vasile Lovinescu, adapteaz metoda cu originalitate, apropiindu-se în tangen ial de Nichifor Crainic i de „*tr irism*“. Cutari dizerta ii guéroniste de aici îng duie al tur ri, îns nu confirm o descenden de observan strict i nici ini ieri regulamentare, ci doar lecturi de rost l muritor. Cci autorul este un

erudit, cu înclinări de conduită profetică, mizând mai degrabă pe intuiție, „istorie sub-lunară” și „porunci incontingente”, decât pe expunerea sistematică și demonstrația făcută matematic. Kabbala, rozacrocienii, Kali-Yuga, „spenglerismul”, teosofia ottocentescă, alchimia – acestea sunt numai câteva domenii pe unde Adrian Botez a trecut cu exuberanță, fără să se dedice hotărât nici unui hermetism, altfel decât în felul unui reazem de argument util. În privirea asupra literaturii este înrăurit de aceste perspective multiple. Opera, în ceea ce este „obiect”, este văzută ca un depozit inițial, o concluzie vehiculată în semne, un mesaj ocult și, de aceea, nu valoarea estetică ori locul în tabla de valori preocupă (deși se prezumă), ci descifrarea, deci Revelația.



„Ani în urmărit cu durere, și neputință, și lacrimi în suflet că nu voi găsi niciun poet contemporan care să fi evadat din temnița mocirloasă a postmodernismului – această epocă de Kali-yuga a artei – spre care să strig: **Iată Poetul!** și să mă fac de el, măcar în parte, venerația, respectul și fruntea plecată ca în fața lui Eminescu. [...]”

Întâmplarea a făcut să citesc poezie scrisă de domnul Adrian Botez și să exclam fericit: Iată Poetul! Credința, căutarea unui sens al vieții, dorul de Dumnezeu și nostalgia absolutului, neputința, teama – nu de moarte, ci de viață trăită fără rost și fără a te fi ridicat vreodată la înălțimea a tot ceea ce a pus Creatorul în tine, mizeria lumii oglindită în vers – dar nu spre râia mocirloasă, din cuvintele tembele (e o blasfemie să le numesc poezie) ale

lui G l anu, ci spre „*florile r ului*“ ale lui Baudelaire, sau „*mucegaiurile*“ lui Arghezi – înflore te ca sor de slov i de durere, în versul fratelui meu de cuvânt, Adrian Botez.

Mereu e o c utare a lui Dumnezeu, cu care vrea s fac pace în poezia „*Pax*“, i a sinelui, o nostalgie, pân la lacrim , a absolutului pierdut – i mi se pare c , prin poezie, are loc reg sirea, împ carea, lini tea, m car în parte. Poetul Adrian Botez e o îngem nare stranie i sigur dureroas , de dor de Iisus i de a fi Don Quijote pe p mânt. Credin a, c utarea unui sens al vie ii, dorul de Dumnezeu i nostalgia absolutului, neputin a, team – nu de moarte, ci de via tr it f r rost i f r a te fi ridicat vreodat la înal imea a tot ceea ce a pus Creatorul în tine, mizeria lumii oglindit în vers. [...]

Poezia, harul – nu vin oricum i la oricine [...] – poezia e o lovire de Dumnezeu, o întâlnire cu demiurgul ce doare ca în cer. Pentru cei ce scriu cu sufletul, cu inima ca o ran , pentru cei ce cred c scrisul e religie i ine de sacru – sunt normale teama i ip tul mut c tre cer [...]. Poete, dac eu î i aud glasul, eu care sunt o m runt f ptur a lui Dumnezeu, poate i-l aude i EL. Dac eu plâng de versul t u, nu spun c plânge i Dumnezeu, dar sigur cade în palma Lui lacrima mea n scut din poezia ta. E destul, poete, ca s tii c numele t u va r mâne!? E destul ca s se atenueze pu în teama?!... A- i fi fric atunci când scrii, c slova ta nu s-a ad pat din curcubeu i nu a atins cerul, e normal, am i eu aceea i team .

[...] Nu se închin lumii poetul, chiar dac îi face oglind ei scriind, c ci scrisul este o cale între poet i Dumnezeu, nu între poet i lume [...] – scrisul se na te, nu din cuvinte bolborosite aiurea de un om singur, f r con tiin a sacrului i a eternit ii, i care se viseaz

demiurg, când arunc zoaie peste cuvinte, ci se na te miraculos [...]. Ce frumos! Ce înalt! Eu nu mai am ce s spun despre un asemenea vers, c ci cuvintele mele ar fi o întinare. Între poetul inspirat i Dumnezeu – nimeni nu are voie s se bage. Citesc cu sfial , ca pe o rug ciune, i ascult muzica ce se na te din t cerea de dup vers.

Patriotismul e religie sfânt , e datorie i e cale. Dou tulpini întregesc omul i poetul Adrian Botez: credin a i patriotismul i niciuna nicialtul nu sunt vorbe goale, ci sunt sângele ce îi curge prin vene, sunt respira ia ce îl însufle e te, sunt ra iunea lui de a tr i. Toat poezia lui îmi spune c f r patrie, f r str buni i f r credin el nu ar putea tr i. Am v rsat o lacrim amar i nu am mai g sit niciun cuvânt – eu care de obicei am cuvinte i le folosesc u or – de scris citind: „**Rug ciunea unui copil**“ [...]. S mai întreb, s m mai mir cum i-a venit, poete, s pui al turi durerea neamului meu, de to i c lcat – de sublimul vers al **Miori ei!**? Cum i-a venit s plângi atât de frumos cu vers!?... tiu, poete... tiu... Plânge p mântul i str bunii în tine plâng – i nu te las s taci... i dac ai omorî vocea din tine, ar fi p cat, p cat de moarte, i nu ai mai g si mântuire.

[...] Tema dominant-esen ial a poeziei domnului Adrian Botez este **credin a – raportarea la divinitate**. Toate celelalte teme p lesc sau sunt mici, prin compara ie cu tumultul i vibra ia în l tor-sfâ ietoare a c ut rii c ii spre Cer.

[...] Îmi place pân la a nu mai ti de mine muzica din poeziile: „**Prigoan de doin**“, „**Cântecul cavalerilor rourei**“, „**Licornul**“, „**Doina ghiocului**“, „**Venit-a ceas**“, „**Rug ciunea unui copil**“. Este în ele dulcea a pur a versului popular, în special a doinei i eu nu mai tiu de

citesc sau cânt, cîci undeva, în inima mea, versul a devenit una cu cântul.“



NU POT TOMNI...

[...] **MAESTRUL DE CEREMONII** Adrian Botez [...] este cel coborât din Septentrion, cu herb voievodal în pecetea Cuvîntului, ursit de ursitoare uor, legendar î angelic, pe bun dreptate, **CEL MAI BUN** (!!!) din generaia noastră ! (a se vedea cîci eu, cu modestia de rigoare, mîi „trag“ din secolul trecut, ba chiar din mileniul trecut!)...

Desigur, îcîndu-i suprat îscârbit de slinul îurilor primite fîi sau pe la spate, sub forma zîmbetului deocheat, Maestrul gîseşte puterea (nu-i da, Doamne, omului cîtpoate duce!) sîi desferece baierile Harului, cu care a fost dîruit de Cel de Sus, încîînainte de a veni în **LUMEA CEA REA**, îistoarne, în slove de foc îde aur, poveştî nemaipomenite, despre lucruri adevărate îoameni altfel, sîrostuiascîlumi îperspective numai de el vîzute, sîcînte, pînîla sa ietate, despre miturile primordiale – pe care, orbiîind, noi nu le vedem nici dacîi „le-atingem cu mîna“, sîi dîruie Romînilor inima sa, mai mereu încrustat cu mireasma basmelor coborîtoare dîin ara Bucovinei (trecute pe nedrept îintr-un ochi strîin), sîmute îmunîi din loc, cu credinîa sa îin Absolutul Fiinîrii Hristice!

Credînestr mutat îcu încrîncenare cîaceast **CARTE**, **unicat îin literatura de specialitate**, s-a fost scris **PLÂNGÂND**! Pentru cîAdrian Botez este un mare **CRTURAR**! **SPIRIT ENCICLOPEDIC**! Despre

DUMNEALUI se spune că trude te buchea că ții douăzeci și cinci de ore pe zi! Când nu citești, scriești, când nu scriești, îți cântă în gând poeziile, care îți dijmuesc, neîncetat, făptura. Cătușă de vorbă cu tine la telefon, poți fi sigur că-amai însuși ilat niscaiva versuri pe care „*se bat*” redactorii de revistă, în zilele următoare... Așa cum îți plăcea să spun bunului meu Prieten Valeriu Filimon, „*Adrian vine pe lume cu ce i-a pus în muca lui în traistă, încă de la naștere: HAR mult, îndulcit cu dor de Moarte!*”

Că de aripa Duhului, a avut Dumnezeu grijă... în-acum, când plânge Poetul, poți fi sigur că Domnul îți pune mâna pe crețelul... plânge și El! în-amândoi plâng, cam mult, în ultimul timp, mai ales de când Domnul plânge în...

LIMBA ROMÂNĂ ...!!!^[1]

prof. Dan SANDU, Berzun i-Bacău/ROMÂNIA – în revistele „*ARMONIA*” – Saltmin Media / SUA și CANADA, precum și în revista „*SINGUR*” / Târgoviște / ROMÂNIA



CÂND DIAMANTELE SE FISUREAZĂ ...

Constantin Stancu

Adrian Botez prezintă sensurile existenței în volumul de versuri *Cartea profețiilor*^[2], acele sensuri care luminează

[1] Adrian Botez, *EMIL BOTTA – închinător înfrânt Eminescului...?! ARHEII EMILBOTTIENI*, Editura Rafet, Râmnicu Sărat, 2015

[2] Adrian Botez, *Cartea profețiilor*, Editura Rafet, Râmnicu Sărat, 2010

fiin a, o înnobilează și deschide noi perspective sufletului dornic de inițiere. Este un curaj spiritual ca în vremuri din urmă, vremuri de cînd, să mîrturisă despre profeție, despre taina ei, despre perpendiculara pe gând, pentru a da forță gândului.

Poemele scriitorului vin dintr-o convingere profundă în valorile creștine, asimilate prin prisma personalității sale, modelate de suferința proprie, de boala proprie, de luminarea care luminează pe oricine caută matricea, esențele – **dimensiunea Cristică** [...].

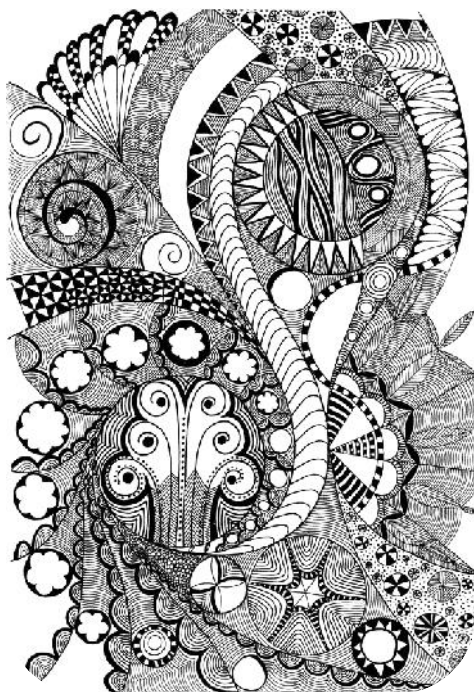
Dinamica lumii vine din zădărnici, din gest, din mîrturisirea simbolică și una liniară, culminând în **t cerea** ca mîrturie deplină a celui care zice luminos. Iar glasurile sunt glasurile apei, liliac cu garofustie, om, moarte, artă, moartea și forma supremă a zădărnici: t cerea, motiv preluat din Scriptură (Cartea Ezechiel), cu profunde trimiteri spre viitor.

Descântecul ia locul psalmului în **inutul Carpatic**, e legătura naturii, a munților, atingerea umbrei de brad, tristețea realității, prezența Divinului ...

Viziunea poetului se împletește cu cea a profetului (...). Poemul este dens, simbolistică profundă, străbate istoria credinței și istoria lumii, vizorul devine desigur, cum numai Hristos **ESTE**. Vederea aceasta în patru dimensiuni este de natură divină, poetul o prinde în cuvinte, atrage atenția asupra viziunii, e posibil ca omul să vadă până la urmă, dacă își asumă starea perfectă, în adevăr...

Adrian Botez, pornind de la modul de a fi al unui profet, merge până la capăt în volumul acesta, exemplele sunt preluate din **Vechiul Testament**, din scrierile proorocilor mari sau a proorocilor mici, influența este penetrantă, acolo imaginile sunt mult mai ocante, pentru a

se pune în lumină voia divină. De fapt, specific scrierilor profetice, este modul de a privi lucrurile, prin Ochii lui Dumnezeu, atunci, se poate observa nivelul de deris, al păcatului care face ravagii în ființa umană. Pentru poet, însă, este necesar să se rezerve pe viziunea creștină a Noului Testament, de a vedea lucrurile prin Ochii lui Hristos, iar Adrian Botez depune acest efort vizionar, trimițând mereu la Mântuitor, ca Salvator Universal. [...].



CRITICAL APPRECIATIONS (SELECTION) ON ADRIAN BOTEZ'S WORKS... THROUGHOUT TIME...

ROXANA SORESCU, main scientific researcher – 1st class, “George C linescu” Institute of History and Literary Theory-Bucure ti:

“So far the Romanian literary criticism has not witnessed any work of this kind. By means of his work Spirit and Logos, in Eminescu’s poetry, Mr. Adrian Botez is a precursor. On the path he makes headway, many people will jostle, mistaking the ecstatic babble for the utterly severe disciplines of Mysticism and Initiation in the spiritual realm – nevertheless this is the risk inherent to any innovative research. Mr. A. Botez brings back to debate, from an unprecedented viewpoint, the entire perspective upon Eminescu’s poetry and the state of poetic revelation, in general (...)” (according to *Appreciations of the PhD. Commission*, the 14th of February 1997, at the Faculty of Philology of the “Al.I.Cuza” University – Ia i – on his paper *Spirit and Logos, in Eminescu’s Poetry*, to be published as *Spirit and Logos, in Mihai Eminescu’s Poetry – Favouring a New Hermeneutics, Applied on Mihai Eminescu’s Text* – Rafet Publishing House, Rm. S rat, 2005).



“Adrian Botez is the author of a poetical work which definitively seeks itself and definitely finds itself, denying itself by affirming, it is invigorating, re-creative.”

AUREL R U, editor-in-chief of the *Steaua* literary magazine in Cluj – in the Preface to the debut volume, *Journal from the Vast Inner Prison*, Axa, Boto ani, 1998



“A metaphorical poet, displaying an unconfoundable prosodic scheme, Adrian Botez is on the way to become a famous name in the Romanian lyric poetry.”

VALERIU ANGHEL – in the *Pro-Saeculum* literary magazine, November, 1998



“I have read these comments on VOSHOPOLEA [The Lamb’s Persecuted Knights, The Publishing House of the “Dimândarea p rinteasc ” Aromanian Foundation - Buc., 2000], Nida Boga’s great lyric-epic poem, beside myself with excitement! Having the feeling that I am listening to one of Johann Gottlieb Fichte’s fundamental books, “Addresses to the German Nation (Reden an die deutsche Nation”, 1809). (...) Likewise, ourselves as Romanians need such stirrings of our soul, throughout these times envisaging our destructuring (...).The entire book written by Professor Adrian Botez, from Adjud, is an assaultive speech, a substantially patriotic discourse, frequently strewn with justified vaticinatory emphases (...)”

HRISTU CÂNDROVEANU – in the *De teptarea aromânilor* cultural magazine, Year 11, No. 10 (127), October 2000



“Ambitious, profound, with a propensity for the scholarly comprehensive text, Adrian Botez leisurely breathes the rarefied air of ideas, no matter how lofty, he induces genuine consciousness seisms, with devastating projections onto the moral and the intellectual levels, he experiments without necessarily possessing the experimental vocation, thus succeeding – in the noteworthiest pages of the present epopee [<<THE ATLANTIAN EPOPEE>>] – to engender deep revelations in the aesthetic and ontological dimensions. (...) Primarily a poet, conversant with the abstruse magic-mythological knowledge, a scholar of the noble kind, haunted by the altar fragrances, blessed by the sacred aura of the church icons and the elevated air of ideas, a prose writer and essayist, sprouting from the ever narrower reservoir of the autochthonous scholars, a gifted fighter on the road of Righteousness and Beauty, Adrian Botez proves a fully mature, vigorous, and nationally competitive thinker and writer.”

MIRCEA DINUTZ – in the *Pro-Saeculum* literary magazine-Foc ani, Nos. 3-4, June-July, 2005: art. *Adrian Botez – A Knight of the Holy Grail*



LITERARY DIALOGUES (Year CXLI, July, 2008)

The Book Showcase

EMILIAN MARCU

(4) Adrian BOTEZ, *Pyres – Besieged Romania*, Carpathia Press Publishing House, 2008, 200 p. with an Afterword by Artur Silvestri.

Adrian Botez's almost arduous preoccupation to enlighten the reader concerning the fundamental problems of contemporary Romania's future, the basic themes of the doctrinal, as well as ideological and cultural anthropological kind, cross, from beginning to end, the content of the whole book.

Regarding our divine nature, the Romanian Metaphysical People is legitimately viewed in transcendency, within the triad: Past, Present, Future, as a sign of the pyre which burns (purifies), but also lightens (“en-lighten”).“

[...] Exceptional themes in the Romanian destiny are presented by Adrian Botez, themes of general concern for the Romanian nation, perceived as forever facing divinity.



“The bibliography of the book is impressive, perfectly matching the huge quantity of energy emitted by its author, in his highly academic venture. A work which came into being in the form of an Excellence Prize, awarded by the Publishing House (...). An authentic investment in the profound Romanian culture. (...) It is a monumental issue, created by a unique intellectual, in the post-1989 Romanian landscape. A phenomenon.”

MARIN IFRIM, in the *Opinia de Buz u* daily, Tuesday, the 8th of April 2008: About “The Three Magi of the Romanian Prose”



«It is difficult to dissociate the poet Adrian Botez of his first book from the poet in the volumes which followed. Nevertheless, one thing is certain: **This Poet is unmistakably distinct.** (...)

Adrian Botez's manner of writing is not easy-going, refreshing, sthenic, it compels, screams, interpellates, asserting itself – without making compromises and low bows to the older or newer lyric trends. The poet obeys the following principle: This is myself, whether it suits you or not. However, if you endeavour to approach his work, whatever follows goes beyond imagination: you will discover a mirific universe, both fabulous and real, a realm of whose existence you were aware, although ignorant of its proximity and heedless of being a part of it. In this respect as well, Adrian Botez is a herald. He foretells and is announced, without much ado, but he imminently draws closer to your consciousness and heart, whence you cannot pluck him out. (...)

One cannot say that Adrian Botez is a romantic. He is a lucid sufferer and sacrificer for the word's substance and body, raising it on the highest peaks of genuine value, accompanied by flawless dignity and moral probity that can scarcely be met nowadays.»

CEZARINA ADAMESCU, Gala i, editor at AGERO cultural magazine-Stuttgart

On the 7th of January 2010, on St. John the Baptist's Day and Epiphany Day: **Adrian Botez – a Disturbing Poet and His Masterly Poems**, in ARP magazine, the **Romanian Morning Star**, January 2010



“Undoubtedly, Adrian Botez is the most original poet I have ever met, while looking / rummaging through the dusty breviaries, as well as through the latest books of Romanian lyric poetry.

He is peerless. His work, entirely different from the mundane mob who endlessly praises the human being's bodily dimension, has left his imprint, his invaluable mark on the much-coveted field of literature, while his place cannot be taken by the men of the day, hard as they might try.

Adrian Botez cannot be classified, aligned, or mistaken.

*He is **DIFFERENT**, altogether different, and I am not simply being obliging. In each of his ventures, by spreading myriads of rays, in his desperate attempt to enlighten the people around, there can be seen the sign of unity which does not know the commonplace, the trodden paths, although his inspiration is bookish at times. He reassembles, rewrites, reiterates the great themes of the world literature, showing the same nonchalance and literary craftsmanship as if they were written right now. His boundless, stupendous erudition acquired through sacrificial, superhuman endeavours, might scare or intimidate, since they reach the unreachable.*

An encyclopaedic spirit, he offers, though somewhat restrainedly, grains from the monads of his well-organised mind, inasmuch as ourselves, as mere humans, can generally swallow.

Yet his essentialised, crystallised verb is expressive beyond measure, shining beyond our retinae!

If we were to refer to other encyclopaedic personalities who entered their quill in the gold book of our lyric literature, Gellu Naum or Emil Botta – they would be mere pale shadows...

*But let us leave classifications aside, because **the place of Adrian Botez on the podium is also singular. No one else is worthy of standing on the step where his overwhelming, vast work dwells, not because the author aimed at attaining this performance, by driving away any potential competitors in gaining immortality, but because, when looking around, he cannot behold anyone to compete with, as people are in a hurry, thoughtless and disorganised, haughty and indifferent, sovereignly jostling against the others, in the Ark of Good Hope, to occupy a place, as all of us do. This is why, in the competition for perfection, while perpetually striving, Adrian Botez runs alone. [...]***

CEZARINA ADAMESCU, Gala i, editor at AGERO magazine-Stuttgart – art. *The Words' World at Twilight – Poems for the Day of Anger: ADRIAN BOTEZ, I Beseech the Unicorn*, poems, Salonul Literar Publishing House, Foc ani, 1998 – in ARP magazine *A Book a Day*, March 2009



“A highly sensitive writer, endowed with creative power, a scholar of our times, Adrian Botez succeeds in rising above the foamy wave which characterizes today’s Romanian literature, trying to guide it towards a more enlightened direction, such as: the courage of the critical

act, the revigoration of the freedom of expression, both arising from the consummate Christian morality. A highly cultivated man, both a teacher and a philosopher of the Romanian and the world culture – he was richly bestowed, I think, by the Heavenly Providence, with the graceful gift of Poetry and understanding the arts, in general [...].”

IOAN MICL U, from Cringila / AUSTRALIA – in the *Pro-Saeculum* literary magazine, Nos. 63-64, April-June 2010 – Foc ani: in the article **ADRIAN BOTEZ: “Spirit and Logos, in Mihai Eminescu’s Poetry – Favouring a New Hermeneutics, Applied on Mihai Eminescu’s Text” (Rafet Publishing House, Romania, 2005)**



“I would mention that the three protectors of the Romanian creative human being, as expressed by the doina are: sorrow, suffering, and rebellion. Adrian Botez inscribes this triangle in the modern expression, re-hoisting THE CROSS AS A PILLAR, in a quadrat which is that of... the Circle. (...) The Poet Adrian Botez is the critic holding a forceps, operating where nothing else can be done, even in tumours. (...)

When suffocation is at the risk level, Botez writes with rose water on the wing of a breeze (...). This is what he does indeed. Unlike Arghezi or Bacovia, but in the manner of BOTEZ!”

EUGEN EVU – art. ADRIAN BOTEZ: A Terrifying Counterattack on the Human Embittering – or Lamentation as Wailing for the Dying Life – in the PRO-

SAECULUM literary magazine, Foc ani, Year 9, Nos. 1-2 (61-62), the 15th of January – the 1st of March 2010



Afterword to *PYRES.BESIEGED ROMANIA*, Carpathia Press Publishing House, Buc., 2008

**ADRIAN BOTEZ: AN IDEOLOGIST OF THE
“METAPHYSICAL PEOPLE”**

[...] But beyond quantity, the poems of Adrian Botez are ageless, their style patterns or regular categorisation being difficult to describe. Nothing here seems neither “modern” nor “romantic” or “classical” = since, by illustrating a devotional attitude in which the states of great metaphysical intensities lead the soul to the edge of the abyss, the poet steps out of the external evolutions which, from an aesthetic point of view, are a mere convention. It results that a stylistic classification cannot be done either, except the connections in the asymmetries of the short hymn and of the beginning hymns, and in the poetics of the emotive stuttering, which have a rich tradition from Dosoftei to Vasile Voiculescu and Sandu Tudor’s “*Comornic*”. The musicality, although implied, does not reside in *belcanto* in this case, nor is it a mechanism of perfect symmetries in the mediaeval minstrel’s manner, but it denotes an inner music of a whispered song similar to the Byzantium mystics or to the military camp musicians. Because the poet greatly displays the attitude of a prophet, blaming or imagining large whirling developments on frequently memorable soul canvases.

[...] **Adrian Botez is an ideologist and, more recently, a prophetic preacher**, who thinks that “**Creation**” is not essential, in its laic and circumstantial aspect – and that, irrespective of the context, some themes and attitudes are more important, in the optics of a “**collective imperative**”. His way of embracing a moral responsibility, which exceeds the simple condition of the “**individual**”, is radically different from the creative “**individualism**”, in which the intellectual adventure is usually imposed and preferred. The evolution takes place step by step, but in a short period of time and solidly by quantity, because the book Synoptic imposes itself by number, as well as by profound accumulation. *The Lamb’s Persecuted Knights – on the Romanian Cult Poetry* (2000); *Spirit and Logos, in Mihai Eminescu’s Poetry – Favouring a New Hermeneutics, Applied on the Mihai Eminescu’s Text* (2005); *The Romanian Johannic Lodge – ION Creang , ION Luca Caragiale, IOAN Slavici – Towards a New Hermeneutics, Applied on the Texts written by Ion Creang , Ion Luca Caragiale and Ioan Slavici* (2006); *The Three Magi of the Romanian Poetry (Mihail Sadoveanu, Liviu Rebreanu, Mircea Eliade) – and The Michaelic Epopee: Towards a new Hermeneutics, Applied on the Texts written by Mihail Sadoveanu, Liviu Rebreanu and Mircea Eliade* (2007) – these are episodes in a demonstration which considers the notion of “**Metaphysical People**” as belonging to a doctrinaire – and which will have to be developed, sometime, in a systematic form, away from the need to analyse the classical text. We observe it, in “**Macedo-Rumanian Reconquista**”, as well as in the examinations of Eminescu’s works, in which some clear signs of his own method appear, a thing that is

derived from hermeneutics, having sources in the theological existentialism and clues of spiritual family towards Unamuno and Ortega y Gasset. **However, only “The Johannic Lodge”, one of the strangest exegesis in the Romanian contemporary literature, reveals not as much the method, BUT THE VISION, this being the contribution which has asserted Adrian Botez to be a doctrinaire, rather than a studious scholar with analytical virtuositities (yet, PROVING RARE ORIGINALITIES!), revealing the dimensions of a personality which seemingly speaks from the future. The research is a sui-generis “hermeneutics” which, although it derives from Vasile Lovinescu’s legacy, adapts the method with originality, tangentially approaching Nichifor Crainic and “life for life’s sake”. Some Guénonist dissertations in the book allow connections, but do not confirm a strictly observed descent or a regulatory initiation, but mere readings for clarification purposes. Since the author is a scholar, with a propensity for prophetic behaviour, gladly relying on intuition, “sub-lunar history”, and “incontinence behest”, rather than on the systemic exposure and mathematic demonstration. The Kabbalah, the Rosicrucians, the Kali-Yuga, “Spenglerism”, the Ottocento Theosophy, alchemy – these are only some of the fields which Adrian Botez has exuberantly explored, without dedicating himself to a particular Hermeticism, except for its being a supporting and useful argument. The overview of literature is also influenced by these multiple perspectives. The literary work, inasmuch as it is an “object”, is seen as an initiatory storage, a conclusion**

conveyed by signs, an occult message and, accordingly, the aesthetic value or its place in the value table do not represent the focus (although presumed), but the deciphering, that is the Revelation [...].

Dr. **ARTUR SILVESTRI**



“For years I have lived in pain, in powerlessness, and shedding tears within my soul that I might not be able to find any contemporary poet who could have escaped from the swampy prison of Postmodernism – this era of Kali-yuga in art – to which I can scream: ***Here is the Poet!*** having for him, at least partially, the veneration, the respect and the bowed forehead as I would have worshipped Eminescu. [...]

I happened to read poetry written by Mr. Adrian Botez and I happily exclaimed: Here is the Poet! [...]

[...] Alone, he becomes king over thoughts, over words and he builds the world with them. In his poetry there is everything: water, heaven, light, faith, redemption, crucifixion, sorrow, love and the poet writes with ardour, with rage – as if the time were over and he had not finished getting the world out with his words. [...] Obsessively, the poem is full of the word ‘wing’, as the vital organ which connects the poet to heaven – but, to heaven, first he learns how to fly. [...] The prayer is impressive; the poet prays to God to get his wing from under the warms so he can dedicate it to heaven and in this way it becomes the axis mundi between man and Creator. My feeling is that the wing is the human soul that must be saved from destruction, from death [...].

Poetry, the grace – do not come anyway and to anybody [...] – poetry is God’s strike, a meeting with the demiurge which hurts as if in Heaven. For those who write with the soul, with their wound-like heart, for those who believe that writing is a religion and abides the sacred – fear and the voiceless scream to the Heavens are natural [...]. My poet, if I can hear your voice, I who am a tiny creature of God, maybe He can hear it, too. If your lines make me weep, I cannot say that God Himself cries too, but it is most likely that my tear born from your poetry falls onto His palm. It is quite enough, my poet, for your name to last!? Is it enough to diminish your fear?!... Being afraid when you write, that your words might not draw inspiration from the rainbow, not reaching the Heavens, it is but natural, I experience the same fear.

[...] The poet does not bow to the world, even if he makes a mirror to it by writing, as writing is a path between the poet and the Lord, not between the poet and the world [...] – writing is born, not from words nonsensically babbled by a lonely man, devoid of the consciousness of the sacred and of eternity, fancying himself as the demiurge, when he throws slops upon words, on the contrary, it is miraculously born [...] How beautiful! How lofty! I have nothing else to say about such lines, since my words would be a blemish. No one is allowed to interfere between the inspired poet and God. I shyly read it, like a prayer, and I listen to the music arising from the silence following the line. [...]

Patriotism is a sacred religion, a duty and a path. Two stems make the man and the poet Adrian Botez complete: faith and patriotism and neither of them means empty words, since they are the very blood running through

his veins, they are the enlivening breath, his sheer reason to live. All his poetry tells me that, without a motherland, without forefathers and without faith he would not be able to live. I shed a bitter tear and I found myself at a loss for words – I who usually find my words and use them easily – reading in writing: “*A Child’s Prayer*” [...]. Should I wonder, should I be amazed how you, my poet, have thought of lying side by side the pain of my oppressed people – and the sublime verse of *Miori a (The Little Ewe)*!? How have you felt inclined to cry so beautifully in your lines!?... I know, my poet... I know... The Earth cries and your forefathers cry within yourself – and they would not let you be silent... And if you killed the voice inside of you, it would be a pity, a deadly sin, since you would not find redemption.

...It is normal to find the presence and the “*theme of love for nature*” [...], as with every great poet. “*The mountains rise high reaching the clouds*” is a symphony of words that offers me bliss, ecstasy [...].

Love and the loved one are a sacred territory [...] it is no wonder that, by loving, the poet seeks the Heavens. The musicality of the verse, the song close to intoxication of happiness perfectly complete the hymn to the loved one, even if the stars fell down, even if they fell upon the houses, because love is stronger and lasts longer than time.

[...] The essentially dominant theme of the poetry written by Mr. Adrian Botez is **faith – his permanent reference to divinity**. All the other themes are wane or seem lesser, compared to the tumult and the elevatingly heart-breaking vibration of seeking the path to the Heavens.

[...] I lose myself in the music of the poems:
“*Prigoan de doin* ” / “*The Persecution of Doina*”¹,
“*Cântecul cavalerilor rourei*” / “*The Song of the Dew’s Knights*”, “*Licornul*” / “*The Unicorn*”, “*Doina ghiocului*” / “*The Cowrie’s Doina*”, “*Venit-a ceas*” / “*The Time Has Come*”, “*Rug ciunea unui copil*” / “*A Child’s Prayer*”.
There lies in them the sheer sweetness of the folk poems, of the ‘doina’ in particular, so that I hardly know whether I and reading or chanting, since somewhere in my heart the poem became one with the song.

the 11th of July 2010

LUMINI A ALDEA, Cornu Luncii/SUCEAVA:
art. *SCRISUL CA DESTIN – Impresii legate de poezia domnului Adrian Botez* / *WRITING AS DESTINY – Impressions about Mr. Adrian Botez’s Poetry* – in the *Romanian VIP* electronic magazine – a magazine for the *Romanians All Over the World*, Sydney, the 12th of July 2010



I CAN’T AUTUMNISE...

[...] **THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES**, Adrian Botez [...] descends from the Septentrion, with a voivode’s coat of arms sealing the Word, predestined by the Fates gently, legendarily and angelically, with good reason, to be **THE BEST** (!!!) of our generation! (see that I, showing the due modesty, “*descend*” from the former century, even more, from the last millennium!)...

1 *Doina* is a Romanian musical tune style, possibly with Middle Eastern roots, customary in Romanian peasant music.

Naturally, when he is upset or disgusted by the dirt of the knives hitting him overtly or in his back, in the form of evil smiles, the Master finds the power (Please, God, don't give the man more than he can bear!) to unfetter the strings of Grace, bestowed upon him by the Lord, long before the he came into the **EVIL WORLD**, and to mould, in fire and gold letters, his never-heard-of stories about true things and unreal people, to put in order worlds and perspectives seen only by him, to sing, to satiety, about the primordial myths – which, since we are blind, we could not behold even if we “*touched them with our hands*”, to offer the Romanians his own heart, forever encrusted with the fragrance of the Lowland fairytales from the Country of Bucovina (unjustly delivered to a foreign eye), to move the mountains with his faith in the Absoluteness of Christ's Being! [...]

I unwaveringly and strongly believe that this **BOOK, unique in the specialised literature**, has been written while **WEeping**! Since Adrian Botez is a **SCHOLAR! AN ENCYCLOPAEDIC SPIRIT!** He is said to toil in the realm of books for 25 hours a day! When he is not reading, he is writing, and when he is not writing, then he is chanting his poems in his mind, while they ceaselessly tithe his being. When he is talking to you on the phone, you can be sure that stitched some lines which “*are hunted*” by the magazine editors on the following days... As he would say to my good Friend, Valeriu Filimon, “*Adrian comes into this world with what his mother put in his bag, even from his birth: much GRACE, sweetened by the yearning for Death!*”

The Lord took good care of his Spirit's wings...
And now, when the Poet weeps, be sure that God lays His
hand on his head crown and... He weeps, too! They both
weep, for too long, lately, especially since the Lord weeps
in... the **ROMANIAN** language...!!!^[1]

prof. **Dan SANDU, Berzun i-Bac u/ROMÂNIA** –
in the „**ARMONIA**“ **magazine** – Saltmin Media/SUA and
CANADA, **as well as in the “Singur” magazine** –
Târgovi te/ROMÂNIA



WHEN DIAMONDS CRACK...

Constantin Stancu

Adrian Botez presents the meanings of existence in
the volume of poetry entitled ***The Book of Prophecies***^[2],
the meanings which enlighten the being, elevat it and open
new perspectives for the soul eager to be initiated. It is an
act of spiritual courage as in the latest times, times to
decay, to confess about the prophecy, about its secret,
about verticality in thought, in order to enforce the thought.

The writer's poems arise from a profound
conviction in the Christian values, assimilated through his
personality, modelled by his own suffering, his own illness,

[1] Adrian Botez, ***EMIL BOTTA – The Worshipper
Vanquished by Eminescu...?! EMIL BOTTA'S ARCHEI***,
Rafet Publishing House, Râmnicu S rat, 2015

[2] Adrian Botez, ***Book of Prophecies***, Rafet Publishing
House, Râmnicu S rat, 2010

by the light shedding on anyone who seeks the matrix, the essences – the **Christic dimension** [...].

The world's dynamics comes from speaking, from the symbolic confession and the linear one, culminating in **silence** as a full confession of the one who speaks serenely. And there are the voices of water, the lilac in an empty station, the man, the arts, death and the supreme form of speaking: silence, a motif taken from the Scripture (The Book of Ezekiel), with profound references to the future.

The magic song of disenchantment takes the place of the Psalm in **The Land of the Carpathians**, being the swing of nature, of the mountains, the touch of the fir tree shadow, the sadness of reality, the Divine presence... [...]

The lines oscillate between tenderness and imprecation, they gather lighting words and soil words, sometimes mud words, the artist's rebellion before the fall is real, the simple joys fill the poem, the great motifs of the Romanian culture or the world culture are carefully wrought as it is required in a prophecy. From this point of view, Adrian Botez takes the risk of going further to the limits, where the poem might explode in vowels and consonants. [...]

The poet's vision mingles with that of the prophet [...]. The poem is dense, its symbolism is profound, it crosses the history of faith and the world history, the seer becomes perfect, as only Christ can **BE**. This sightseeing in four dimensions is of divine nature, the poet captures it in his words, he draws the attention on his vision, since it is possible that the man might eventually behold, if he assumes the perfect state, within the truth [...] In these poems the lyrics of a poet run through by verse can be felt. [...] The poems have the modern graphy of that who rebels

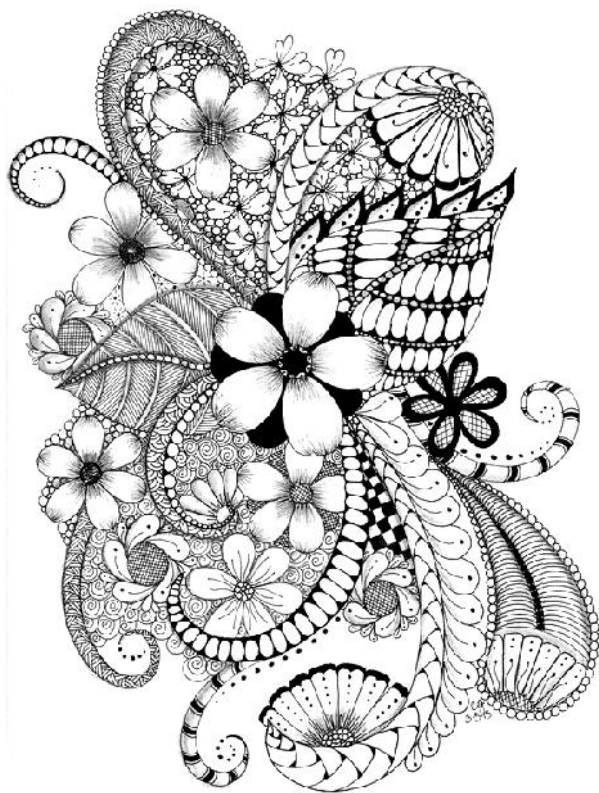
on immediate reality, words without capital letters, the broken verse, modelled by untold pain, but in the presence on divine name correctly written in capital letter, clearly brings the style of old prophets, who honoured the Creator, in old Hebrew, it is known, there were special words, used only to confess God, it was something secretive, the devotion of the one who wrote was perfect, pious a piety necessary to get out of daily muddy words ...[...]

Starting from a prophet's way of being, Adrian Botez, goes all the way in this volume, the examples are taken from the *Old Testament*, from the writings of greater or lesser prophets, the influence is penetrating, there the images are much more shocking, to shed light on the divine will. Actually, as specific to the prophetic writings, we find the manner of looking at things, through God's Eyes, and then, one can notice the level of the debasement, of falling into sin which ravages the human being. Nevertheless, it is necessary for the poet to rearrange the Christian vision of the New Testament, to see things through the Christ's Eyes, and Adrian Botez undergoes this visionary effort, incessantly referring to the Messiah, as the Universal Saviour. [...].

Constantin Stancu

the 31st of May 2011, in the *Agero-Stuttgart* magazine, Week 43/2011





Note bibliografice / Bibliographical Notes

Din volumul *Crezuri cre tine : 70 de sonete cruciate / Van Gogh – Perioada Borinage (tumorile artei)*, Bac u, Editura Casa Scriitorilor, 2005 / *Christian Beliefs : 70 Crusader's Sonnets / Van Gogh – The Borinage Period (The Tumours of Art)*, Bac u, The 'Writers House' Publishing, 2005:

Oriunde-s eu, e locul de osând / 16

Din volumul *Aici – la-ntâlnirea tuturor câinilor (...poeme îngre o tor de noi...)*, Editura Rafet, Râmnicu S rat, 2009 / *Hereabouts – At All Dogs' Assembly (...Loathsomely Newfangled Poems...)*, Rafet Publishing House, Râmnicu S rat, 2009:

Sih stria Vorone ului / 108

Din volumul *Lini tea lumii*, Editura Dacia XXI, 2011 / *The World's Quiescence*, Dacia XXI Publishing House, 2011:

A teptând florile / 176

Delir de prim var / 222

În visul Gr dinii / 76

L ncierii prim verii / 184

Liedul metamorfozelor / 126

Lini tea lumii / 36

Mi-am hoin rit o via / 18

„Modernizarea“ Pa telui... / 118

Nebunia vie ii / 22

Neputin e mistice / 20

Noaptea S rb torii / 114

Pentru iubire / 74

Sonetul timpului / 24

Din volumul ***Cavalerii Apocalipsei. Psalmodieri în Vârful Muntelui***, Editura Rafet, Râmnicu S rat, 2014 / ***The Knights of the Apocalypse. Psalmodies on the Mountain Top***, Rafet Publishing House, Râmnicu S rat, 2014:

Aici / 134

Atunci apostol – ast zi un lepros / 152

Cabotinism de bolt / 32

Cavalerul negru / 64

C rturari f r balad / 186

Certare pentru evit ri / 160

Chibzuiesc / 206

Cinism / 208

Copac i bu tean / 246

Damnare / 220

Epilepsii hibernale / 236

F t-Frumosul crucii / 116

Fratern / 172

Iarna Poetului / 166

Lume f r viitor / 54

Meteori funebri / 190

Moartea cuvântului / 162

Nordul / 238

Om n ucit / 44

Paradoxuri aparente / 158

Poet m rturisor / 28

Poetul / 210

Psalmodieri în vârful muntelui / 202

R ni i r ni, somn i somn / 150

Retragere / 200

Sonetul exasperării / 168

Spital / 50

Spital cretin / 60

Trâm / 82

Zadar de toamnă / 84

Din volumul ***Eliberarea de trepte***, Editura Rafet, Râmnicu S rat, 2015 / ***Disentanglement from Stairways***, Rafet Publishing House, Râmnicu S rat, 2015:

Amurg / 192

Apocalips / 48

Arlechinad autumnal / 62

Balul iubirii demonice / 70

Cea a i poetul / 164

Crezul poetului / 146

Florile de liliac / 242

Hristos Poetul / 198

Imperative / 142

Indica ii preioase pentru poezie / 224

Invertirea poetului / 188

În loc de smarald / 128

Jocul cifrelor / 58

Justi ia toamnei / 148

Neam valah / 130

Nelini ti inutile / 46

Orfeu / 248

Paradoxuri apocaliptice / 56

Resemnări / 80

Sentimentul luminii / 226

Sonetul iubirii / 72

Toamnă apocaliptică / 42

Traduceri / 180

Uitucilor României / 136

Vampiric / 156

Venera i Apocalipsa / 68

Din volumul ***Ion – Patria mea. Balada Kog-a-Ion-ului***, Bac u, Ateneul scriitorilor, 2016 / ***Ion – My Motherland. The Ballad of Kog-a-Ion***, Bac u, The Writers' Atheneum Publishing House, 2016:

Altarul din p dure / 122

A venit o cioar -n zbor / 34

Final / 240

Iarna citind / 196

Înafara sonetului / 218

Lume pe dos / 40

Mântuitorul mântuit / 120

Mi-e dor de-o alt lume / 144

Noaptea miracolului / 110

R zboi metafizic / 170

Realism / 66

Regele-poet / 214

S-a f cut de moarte / 86

Sonetul adev rului / 26

Sonetul apocalipsei / 38

Sonetul a tept rii / 244

Sonet de sear / 124

Sonetul istoriei / 90

Sonetul meu / 12

Sonetul poetului / 30

Sonetul vârstei de aur / 100

Strig tul Bucovinei de Nord / 98

tefan Vod pleac fruntea... / 96

ranii mei / 102

es torul de slove / 14
Var dumnezeiasc / 228
Ve nic toamna artistului / 230
Vin tot vin stihii de ciori... / 92

Din volumul *Frumuse ea durerii*, Ateneul Scriitorilor,
Bac u, 2017 / *The Beauty of Excruciation*, The Writers'
Atheneum Publishing House, Bac u, 2017:

Candela lumii / 132
Cât efort – în moarte – de a fi frumoas / 6
Cu preten ii de autor – toamna / 10
Glume din vis... / 138
Izbânda osândi ilor / 174
Metafizic galben / 234
Mi-am f urit din flori o-ntreag ar / 8
Mic recapitulare a istoriei / 250
Naiul r stignit / 112
Nemul umire general / 52
Nop i de rug ciune / 194
Olimpiade furate / 78
Patria i vânz torii / 94
Plugarul c r ii / 182
Poemul mării c l torii / 216
Porumbii cerul de m tase-l scriu / 140
Schimb ri de viziune / 88
Schi e din Mun ii Bucovinei – la sih stria Vorone ului / 106
Sfâr itul tuturor lumilor / 178
Toamna vie ii / 232
Toamn spre iarn / 154
Tronul poeziei / 212
ranii prunciei mele / 104
Vis nerod / 204

CUPRINS

Cât efort – în moarte – de a fi frumoas	6
Mi-am f urit din flori o-ntreag ar	8
Cu preten ii de autor – toamna	10
Sonetul meu	12
es torul de slove	14
Oriunde-s eu, e locul de osând	16
Mi-am hoin rit o via	18
Neputin e mistice	20
Nebunia vie ii	22
Sonetul timpului	24
Sonetul adev rului	26
Poet m rturisitor	28
Sonetul poetului	30
Cabotinism de bolt	32
A venit o cioar -n zbor	34
Lini tea lumii	36
Sonetul apocalipsei	38
Lume pe dos	40
Toamn apocaliptic	42
Om n ucit	44
Nelini ti inutile	46
Apocalips	48
Spital	50
Nemul umire general	52
Lume f r viitor	54
Paradoxuri apocaliptice	56
Jocul cifrelor	58
Spital cre tin	60
Arlechinad autumnal	62

CONTENTS

What a Strive – Awaiting Death – to Be Beauteous	7
I've Concocted a Rounded Country from Flowers	9
Autumn's Claiming Authorship	11
My Sonnet	13
The Letter Weaver	15
Wherever I Go, I Regain My Place of Punishment	17
I've Wandered Throughout My Life	19
Mystic Inaptitudes	21
Life's Foolishness	23
The Sonnet of Time	25
The Sonnet of Truth	27
A Poet Confessing the Lord Jesus	29
The Poet's Sonnet	31
Archivolt Histrionics	33
There Comes a Crow in Flight	35
The World's Quiescence	37
The Sonnet of the Apocalypse	39
A Topsy-Turvy World	41
Apocalyptic Autumn	43
The Befuddled Man	45
Futile Disquietudes	47
Apocalypse	49
Hospital	51
General Discontent	53
Futureless World	55
Apocalyptic Paradoxes	57
The Game of the Figures	59
A Christian Hospital	61
Autumnal Harlequinade	63

Cavalerul negru	64
Realism	66
Venera i Apocalipsa	68
Balul iubirii demonice	70
Sonetul iubirii	72
Pentru iubire	74
În visul Gr dinii	76
Olimpiade furate	78
Resemn ri	80
T râm	82
Zadar de toamn	84
S-a f cut de moarte	86
Schimb ri de viziune	88
Sonetul istoriei	90
Vin tot vin stihii de ciori... ..	92
Patria i vânz torii	94
tefan Vod pleac fruntea... ..	96
Strig tul Bucovinei de Nord	98
Sonetul vârstei de aur	100
ranii mei	102
ranii prunciei mele	104
Schi e din Mun ii Bucovinei –	
la sih stria Vorone ului	106
Sih stria Vorone ului	108
Noaptea miracolului	110
Naiul r stignit	112
Noaptea S rb torii	114
F t-Frumosul crucii	116
„Modernizarea“ Pa telui... ..	118
Mântuitorul mântuit	120
Altarul din p dure	122
Sonet de sear	124

The Black Knight	65
Realism	67
Venus and the Apocalypse	69
The Ball of the Demonic Love	71
Love's Sonnet	73
To Love	75
In the Garden's Dream	77
Stolen Olympiads	79
Surly Resignations	81
Realm	83
Autumn Vainness	85
Death Is Dawning	87
Viewpoint Changes	89
The Sonnet of History	91
Tempests of Crows Keep Plundering... ..	93
The Motherland and the Betrayers	95
Stephen the Great Bows His Head... ..	97
The Outcry of Northern Bukovina	99
The Sonnet of the Golden Age	101
My Fellow Peasants	103
The Peasants of My Boyhood	105
Sketches in Bukovina's Mountains –	
At the Hermitage of Vorone	107
The Hermitage of Vorone	109
The Night of the Miracle	111
The Crucified Panpipe	113
The Celebration Night	115
Prince Charming of the Cross	117
The “Modernisation” of Easter... ..	119
The Saved Saviour	121
The Forest Altar	123
Evening Sonnet	125

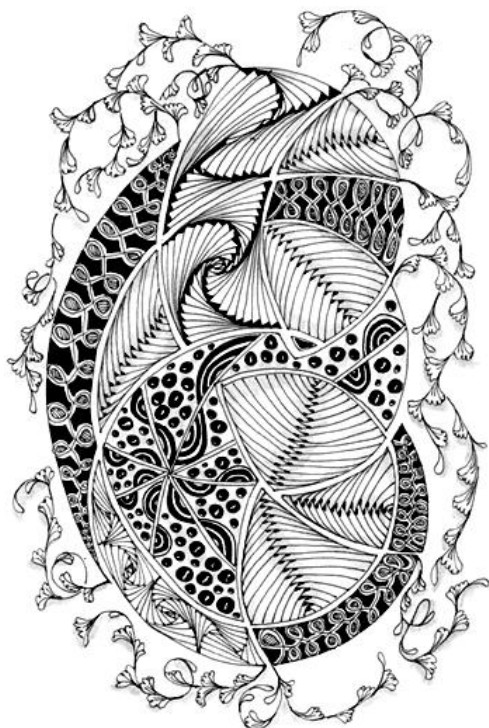
Liedul metamorfozelor	126
În loc de smarald	128
Neam valah	130
Candela lumii	132
Aici	134
Uitucilor României	136
Glume din vis... ..	138
Porumbii cerul de m tase-l scriu	140
Imperative	142
Mi-e dor de-o alt lume	144
Crezul poetului	146
Justi ia toamnei	148
R ni i r ni, somn i somn	150
Atunci apostol – ast zi un lepros	152
Toamn spre iarn	154
Vampiric	156
Paradoxuri aparente	158
Certare pentru evit ri	160
Moartea cuvântului	162
Cea a i poetul	164
Iarna Poetului	166
Sonetul exasper rii	168
R zboi metafizic	170
Fratern	172
Izbânda osândi ilor	174
A teptând florile	176
Sfâr itul tuturor lumilor	178
Traduceri	180
Plugarul c r ii	182
L ncierii prim verii	184
C rturari f r balad	186
Invertirea poetului	188

The Lied of the Metamorphoses	127
Instead of the Emerald	129
My Wallachian People	131
The World's Candle	133
Hereabouts	135
To the Featherbrains of Romania	137
Dreamland Jokes... ..	139
The Doves Illuminate the Silken Sky	141
Imperatives	143
I Yearn for an Otherwise World	145
The Poet's Creed	147
Autumn's Justice	149
Wounds unto Wounds, Slumber unto Slumber	151
Once an Apostle – Now a Leper	153
Autumn Heading for Winter	155
Vampirical	157
Apparent Paradoxes	159
Reproofs for Avoidances	161
The Death of the Word	163
The Fog and the Poet	165
The Winter of the Poet	167
The Sonnet of Exasperation	169
Metaphysical War	171
Fraternal	173
The Triumph of the Foredoomed	175
Waiting for the Flowers	177
The End of All the Worlds	179
Translations	181
The Ploughman of the Bookfields	183
The Spring's Lancers	185
The Scholars Bereft of the Ballad	187
The Poet's Invertibility	189

Meteori funebri	190
Amurg	192
Nop i de rug ciune	194
Iarna citind	196
Hristos Poetul	198
Retragere	200
Psalmodieri în vârful muntelui	202
Vis nerod	204
Chibzuiesc	206
Cinism	208
Poetul	210
Tronul poeziei	212
Regele-poet	214
Poemul marii c 1 torii	216
Înfara sonetului	218
Damnare	220
Delir de prim var	222
Indica ii pre ioase pentru poe i	224
Sentimentul luminii	226
Var dumnezeiasc	228
Ve nic toamna artistului	230
Toamna vie ii	232
Metafizic galben	234
Epilepsii hibernale	236
Nordul	238
Final	240
Florile de liliac	242
Sonetul a tept rii	244
Copac i bu tean	246
Orfeu	248
Mic recapitulare a istoriei	250

Funereal Meteors	191
Twilight	193
Nights of Prayer	195
Wintertide Reading	197
Christ the Poet	199
Retreat	201
Psalmodes on the Mountain Top	203
A Foolish Dream	205
I Can Handle	207
Cynicism	209
The Poet	211
The Throne of Poetry	213
The Poet-King	215
The Poem of the Great Passage	217
Outside the Sonnet	219
Damnation	221
Spring Delirium	223
Invaluable Commandments for Poets	225
The Sense of Light	227
Heavenly Summer	229
The Artist's Endless Autumn	231
My Life's Autumn	233
Yellow Metaphysics	235
Hibernal Epilepsies	237
The North	239
The End	241
Lilac Flowers	243
The Sonnet of Abeyance	245
A Tree and a Log	247
Orpheus	249
A Short Revision of History	251

APRECIERI CRITICE (SELEC IE) ASUPRA OPEREI LUI ADRIAN BOTEZ... DE-A LUNGUL TIMPULUI.....	253
CRITICAL APPRECIATIONS (SELECTION) ON ADRIAN BOTEZ'S WORKS... THROUGHOUT TIME....	269
Note bibliografice / Bibliographical Notes	288





ISBN: 978-**xxx-xxx-xxx-x**
EDITURA RAFET

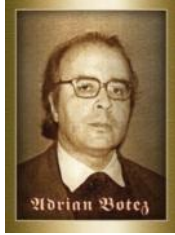


Consilier editorial : **XXXXXXXXXXXXX**.
Lector : **XXXXXXXXXXXXX**.
Culegere / paginare : GABRIELA PACHIA.
Bun de tipar : 30 noiembrie 2016.
Ap rut : 2016.



Tiparul executat
la Editura RAFET,
str. Gr di tea, nr. 17,
Râmnicu S rat
România





ADRIAN BOTEZ



GABRIELA PACHIA

**WHEREVER I GO,
I REGAIN MY PLACE OF PUNISHMENT**

wherever I go, that's my place of punishment
the air smells of agony and tearing torture :
covetous wide-nostriled cravings find emplacement
to grab and drag my bowels flesh slag and facture

yet under my bloodcurdling throes, screams, bleeding face,
the supreme Wheel of Light reigns unfalteringly :
it crushes my stretched limbs in its ravenous race,
though armies of magi worship it bindingly

half a thief half a saint – neither thrusts to aggress –
my rowdy outbursts steadfastly clash and torment –
I shun the wish to coalesce in the fortress

when my being's split demonhood reaches no assent –
therefore I no longer grasp when it's heads or tails
no longer fathom when its shrill or song prevails

Adrian Botez

English version by **Gabriela Pachia**