

Poetry Series

**Elena Daniela**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2010

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Elena Daniela()

# Among The Hundreds Masts

Among the hundreds masts  
That leave the shores, away,  
How many will be broken,  
By the winds and by the waves?

Among the flying birds,  
Across the seas and land,  
How many will be drowned,  
By the waves and by the winds?

Chasing either the good luck  
Or all of your ideals,  
You are followed at your back,  
By the winds and by the waves.

Undeciphered is the thought  
Running through your chants,  
Flying over, intertwined,  
By the winds and by the waves.

This is a translation of the poem *Dintre sute de catarge* by Mihai Eminescu

Elena Daniela

# Asking You

Have you ever had the windy gale,  
Or everything at a large universe scale?  
Have you ever thought to take the Sun, from sky,  
With your hands, to sunset in good bye?  
Have you ever listened to the apple flower,  
Singing the love song with its total power?  
Have you ever merged with the summer rain,  
Keeping the thunder light in your arms and brain?  
Have you ever forged with the eye of mind,  
How deep could be the autumn with a beauty blind?  
Have you ever carved from winter and existence,  
Smooth and sunny pathways over the cliffs distance?

Translation of the poetry 'Te intreb' by Viorica Salajeanu

Elena Daniela

# I Don't Regret

I don't regret our love story,  
But is so sad and strange to me  
To feel that like a very tiny  
And beauty silk is cut from me.

I don't remember even when and where  
Like in a dream being asleep  
Suddenly happen and surprises me  
Asking myself if really that has been.

Translation of the poetry 'Eu nu regret ' by Magda Isanos

Elena Daniela

# I Miss

to Rob

I miss your hug,  
I miss your kiss,  
I miss you all,  
I do so miss!

I miss your smile,  
I miss your eyes,  
I miss you all,  
And you know why...

Elena Daniela

## Just Think, Wouldn't Be Pity?

Teach me from what I could begin,  
And in which words to say, to tell,  
How blue is in your eyes the sky,  
How many worlds just glitter in...

The smile onto your mouth; it is a sun,  
They do not know and never would,  
How from a quickly fading second,  
The immortality we stable

With love of course, but they don't know,  
How many songs I sing to you when say  
The words which on whoever lips  
Are simple words and simple they remain.

Just teach me how I could begin  
To tell the world how much I love it,  
For all the labour to giving birth to you,  
My love, my happiness, my dream forever.

They do not know and never would,  
That real bloom and flowing waters,  
Hard rocks and grey perpetuity,  
Leaven together to bring you close to me.

We'll die one day as everybody  
And think, wouldn't be pity dying too,  
The all this spring which lie in our souls,  
And all this love in our hearts embedded?

That's I am asking you to teach me,  
How to begin to write all that should be,  
As the graveyard's disdainfuls,  
We'll love each other eternally...

Translation of the poetry 'Gândeste-te, n-ar fi p&#259; cat...' by Magda Isanos

Elena Daniela



# Kiss Me

Kiss my eyes, full with tears  
Your kiss only would be right  
Killing the fire, which burn them  
And filling them with love and light.

Kiss my mouth, with clenched lips  
Which lost the whisper and the smile,  
And their smile will soon recover  
Being in love as the first time.

Kiss my forehead, and bad thoughts,  
And every doubt would surely die,  
Instead my dreams would brightly rise  
Of a new spring and a new life.

Translation of the poetry 'Saruta-ma ' by Magda Isanos

Elena Daniela

# Leaning My Head

Leaning my head over my hand  
Wandering, my mind is running,  
And in my dream I am your queen,  
And you forever are my king.

As formerly I am believing,  
That only me, you were devoted,  
And your heart was saddening  
Thinking of me, and deeply sighed.

As many stars are on the heaven  
And many stories in the world,  
As many thoughts flash in my mind,  
Thinking that you love me so,

But I wince...and from my hand,  
I rise slowly my forehead  
And from your queen in my dream,  
I wake up, oh, as a poor slave!

Translation of the poetry 'Cand imi plec' by Veronica Micle

Elena Daniela

# Niagara

Maid of the mist,  
So beautiful, so white,  
Maid of the mist,  
The perfect bride!

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# Pastel

Trumpeting autumn,  
In full agony,  
Birds flying by,  
And hiding secretly.

Drizzling rain...  
And no-one on the road,  
Just staying outside,  
Would feel a heavy smoke.

Far away on the field,  
Ravens gently dropping,  
And howling of the cattle  
Across the field is spreading

Sorrowful cowbells,  
Sadly melodize,  
It is awfully late,  
And I haven't died.

Translation of the poetry 'Pastel' by George Bacovia

Elena Daniela

# Singing Together

Autumn has come already  
As in a psalm the amen.  
We are together ready  
To swallow venom-honey.

We are together ready  
To grow the willing crocus  
To bloom in our soul  
This autumn last in focus.

We are together ready  
And blessed by the cloud shadows.  
What Sun has planed already-  
We are together ready...

Translation of the poetry 'Cantec in doi' by Lucian Blaga

Elena Daniela

# Soon We'll Die

So sadly is to think that soon,  
Maybe tomorrow the alley tree,  
Where you see them, they still will be  
While us in grave will be decaying.

So sunny days, Oh God, so sunny,  
Will come behind while we are not,  
The all four seasons will cycle funny  
With rain, snow, and flowers opened up.

And grass is still again to sprout,  
And moon of course again will rise  
To mirror in the water, although  
We sure don't have a second chance.

And strangely seems to me that,  
We have time to hate others,  
When life as a small drop behaves  
Between this second and another.

And sadly seems to me to see  
That we don't look toward the heaven,  
That we don't smile and gather flowers  
While soon we'll die and it's forever!

Translation of the poetry Murim ca mâine by Magda Isanos

Elena Daniela

# The Grass

In soul and in spikes the life is gathered  
Without keeping any memory,  
I and the grass, my only sister,  
In the graveyards, we grow happily.

The sky is holding above us,  
Without knowing, paths of stars  
And the same rain will wet us,  
From his tender and blue eyes,

I and the grass we bow to sun,  
Along all springs, just dreaming,  
To bring to sight as in a bow  
All the gold that we are stealing...

We love this world with all its beauty,  
But is so thin our life straw,  
The same scythe searching for us,  
To bow us both, I and the grass.

Translation of the poetry 'Iarba' by Magda Isanos

Elena Daniela

# The Soul Bows Down To Destiny

The soul bows down to destiny  
Dreariness beats it, but not destroys,  
The water under wind is waving  
Be happy, is just wave, not wound...  
The heart, betrayed is sometime,  
Like haunting, but gets over,  
The water under wind is waving  
The wave is just a wave, not wound...

Translation of the poetry 'Sufletul s-apeaca soartei' by Vasile Voiculescu

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