

Poetry Series

**Lucia Stefanovici**  
**- poems -**

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# Lucia Stefanovici()

## ... Whistle, Ruin And Star.

There is a time when the people faces are changing one to another  
greedily forgetting sadness  
without knowing even the forgetfulness  
which its thirst sips in them.  
There is a time when glasses  
become empty,  
when words become empty,  
there is a time when to the eye remained  
the memory sleep of the second in tears  
and sometimes the sensation that he left.  
Thinking of you I am drinking my thee  
as long as I breath  
the Last Nightfall.  
Thinking of you,  
sometimes of your name which I often  
do not know anymore,  
when a raw becomes a dull series  
and time gets asleep on a passing by  
I am smoking the Last Cigarette  
in an outburst of age  
tardy.

Lucia Stefanovici

# Ars Poetica

The meaning of time  
is  
a tear which falls in twilight  
and turn itself in a making up  
star.

Lucia Stefanovici

# Be

'cause of it.  
without any reason.  
should.  
fix it.  
someone.  
someday.  
let it.  
live.  
what if it might  
be one  
that could give  
life...  
back?  
give.  
for.  
give.  
oh,  
wonder, it's  
the  
true cause of  
  
be...

Lucia Stefanovici

# Cant

Pe harta agatata in cui  
cu lume cu  
tot  
este o lacrima  
in adanc.  
E tara in care mananc.

Lucia Stefanovici

# Childhood (Written By My Son Andrei Lucian Stefanovici)

Childhood is  
the most important moment in life.  
Than you can learn  
the most important things.  
But this is not all.  
What you cannot learn from books  
is how to be  
a real human being.

Lucia Stefanovici

# Defining

Poets are  
the incurable children of the world.

Poets are  
the incurable adolescents of the world.

They are sick  
of the celestial sickness and  
without a remedy.

In vain you call doctors  
to cure them.

Said the poet,  
dying of childhood,  
reviving the adolescence.

Lucia Stefanovici



## Fulgurations (2)

I saw a child playing with a circle.  
In the street unifying here and  
nowhere  
there is nothing and  
nothing was.

And he was rotting  
with the Moon on a star.

Lucia Stefanovici

# Life Poem

Life is a poem.  
We rewrite it daily.  
But we just have not found  
the right words.  
Not yet.

Lucia Stefanovici

# Of Autumn

through leaves  
through lives  
autumn has come  
as a poem  
damned fallen from the sky  
I do not know why  
I do not know  
it's lines has spread away and  
puzzled  
my sight couldn't catch them into a  
glimpse  
my desire of life has melted in their  
descending sign of ivory  
autumn has felt into my arms  
at my feet  
tired of death  
and of  
crushness  
autumn felt in my heart  
with all its dark lightening  
sight  
looking down  
at me  
who has ever thrown it despite  
reading?

Lucia Stefanovici

# Poem Of Love (By Mariana Marin)

You started to hate  
even the fact that I still breath, too.

Even my little madness of evening  
such harmless in this wilderness of country.

What an unconsciousness, I tell to myself,  
to want to kill hour by hour  
something that not you raised it,  
not you looked after the sweet-bitter pneumonia  
what a courage to believe  
that you can destroy something more  
from a lost animal  
among even more desolate verbs  
but with spiny fur on wound  
or from a refuse-collector dream  
let testament  
to the former anarchists...

Lucia Stefanovici

# Song

On the map hanged by nail  
with world with  
all  
there is a tear  
in depth.  
There is the country in which  
I eat.

Lucia Stefanovici

# Speaking

I have not seen you for a long time.  
I would have forgotten you if in the mean time  
people had not started to wear your look  
and the trees had not embraced you by some time with the bark  
and if the path had not seemed me just your arm long  
and children had not been in fact anything than a kind of your soul  
which it asks me always a question  
and if the hand with which I write had not been kept  
inside by you  
and this way I would have not been able to teach you to draw  
hieroglyphs strange  
in which the stripe of the look tinny presses itself  
and then it bends itself like smiling  
and if my gestures had not been so much yours  
that I am afraid to touch myself  
and if the air which I breath had not become so dizzying yours  
that I am blinded by you  
blinded by you  
blinded by you  
that it is such a rare and short holiday  
to catch a glimpse  
of any memory with me  
that who has lost in the trial of forgetting you.  
I have not seen you for a long time.  
Here it is only you.  
And I long so much for me.

Lucia Stefanovici

# Ten Thousand Gallows (Mariana Marin) - In Memoriam

Dumb founded you finally stare one day  
to your own life.  
You still retouch it a hand,  
you still put it a grimace  
under covers of which no one knows.  
you still pour a piece of bad luck in its glass  
Lucidity would not find us out like that  
in the one eyed look of people.  
We should be more careful  
with our secret skeleton,  
to cheat the reality with muscles of doped athlete  
who sings us daily the burial.  
But who knows what it's better to us?  
So I stay also  
and stare to my own life.  
It is also a kind of anesthesia, too  
but different than others.  
You humiliate yourself with love,  
it murmurs you milk and honey  
from a country which it was not to be yours, too.  
It dresses you in the purple of pomegranate  
and after that it sucks you a little more blood,  
it slaps you in the face.  
During my childhood I used to eavesdrop  
to anything it was forbidden  
- a prophylactic method for a light maturity.  
Today I collect information about a summary oldness  
which has started to grow on my palm.  
Even ten thousand gallows  
risen up along the great literature  
would be less frightening  
than what it was given me to hear.  
Dumb founded you finally stare one day.

Poem by Mariana Marin, from *The Mutilation of An Artist as a Young Man*  
(translated by Lucia Stefanovici)





# The Last

## To A Man Of Honour

I know. We should have been angels.  
This way we would have chatted  
around the round table  
we and our angels  
four seasons  
Anno Domini.  
We should have been angels, but  
it is creaking the door and the laquey  
is crawling the corpus of days to the closet,  
our table neighbours are discussing about  
the Americans' point of view and the movie financing,  
in the meantime the days are coming back  
one by one,  
having make-up redone  
like some chippies  
and are going out in the street  
for sure.  
We should have been angels.  
Otherwise, seated together,  
we look in the face our parents,  
it does not matter whose,  
you with tearing hands,  
me with a child voice,  
the table is small and empty,  
but the waiter is bringing us cups of coffee  
and we are trying to sweeten them in the least,  
long stirring.  
We should have been angels.  
This way I would not been forced to slap the bad fore-token  
and I would not have thrown me in  
and you would not have bent by me  
to defend me from the air pressing,  
from the world pressing.  
We should have been angels, I know that,  
but we are only the wings of the same flight  
and it is a single bird  
with a single eye

which is aiming with more and more insistence  
the same out of tune  
piano  
that is slowly  
played.  
Minuet?

Lucia Stefanovici

# The Rest Is Silence

I have warned you.  
It has gotten autumn and  
the leaves are running through us  
and the wind is disturbing the silence in the valleys.  
The looks are dead.  
I have warned you.  
Only a bit  
and my word is freezing in sigh.  
I have warned you...  
There is wind.  
I have told you that at the first word...

Lucia Stefanovici

# Vision Of A Sentiment

As if it as a tow  
as light she was  
a tear clothing.

An archer  
so strained it was sounding  
hearing delusional.

As if it was a semi-god  
so cutting, so heavy  
the hand singing

Her skin  
so remote it was  
it was touching.

As if it was to be seen  
so clear it was  
a sight of not knowing.

A rebirth  
so much being it was.

Pain.  
Then...  
As if it was...

Lucia Stefanovici

# Vorbire

Nu te-am vazut demult.  
Te-aş fi uitat dacă între timp  
oamenii nu ar fi început să poarte chipul tau  
şi arborii să te îmbrăţişeze de la o vreme cu scoarta  
şi dacă drumul nu mi-ar părea un lung brat al tau  
şi copiii n-ar fi de fapt un fel de suflet al tau  
care îmi pune mereu întrebare  
şi dacă mâna cu care scriu nu ar fi ținută  
pe dinlauntru de tine  
şi în felul acesta nu te-aş putea învăța să desenezi  
ciudate hieroglife  
în care dunga privirii se apasă subtil  
şi apoi se-nconvoaie-a zâmbire  
şi dacă gesturile mele nu ar fi devenit atât de mult ale tale,  
încât aproape mă tem să mă ating,  
şi dacă aerul pe care îl respir nu ar fi atât de amestecat de al tău  
încât sunt orbita de tine,  
orbita de tine,  
orbita de tine  
şi e o atât de rară şi scurtă sărbătoare  
să mă mai întrezăresc  
vreo amintire cu mine,  
aceea care s-a pierdut în încercarea de a te uita.  
Nu te-am văzut demult.  
Pe aici eşti doar tu.  
Şi mi-e atât de dor de mine.

Lucia Stefanovici

# You Broke My Piano!

You broke my piano!  
I was arguing both my friends  
five days after I met them.  
You broke my piano! ,  
I was arguing them under a mulberry tree  
louder and louder  
and they were more and more amused,  
entered as they were through the window  
by the luxury red car  
and went out in such a  
beautiful day.

But I have never had a piano  
and that was in a dream,  
but how I could find in such deserted times  
a tuner of abysses?

Lucia Stefanovici