



**Angela - Lucia Drăghici**

# **Wandering Longing**

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**Angela-Lucia Drăghici**

*Poetry is memory*  
*“bathed in tears”*

Miguel Angel Asturias  
1899-1974  
GUATEMALA



*„To ION B.,  
The only friend  
of my soul”*









## FOREWORD

Having an excessive sensitivity and being devoid of love since the first years of her life, the author of this modest volume of poems, took refuge in an imaginary and fantastic world in which the realities intertwine with the imagination of a lonely child in the atmosphere of a cold family full of austerity; thus, increasing his love for the close beings who gave him unconditional love and complete peace; but above all the admiration for the beauty and harmony of the heavenly worlds.

Lyrical poems in which intimate poetry occupies a dominant place starting with: "You, Sun!" are edifying in this sense. and ending with "Wandering Longing" or "Yellowed tears"; they being a true epic of a relationship of the author's soul, which she met only at the age of 30 and in which, not finding an absolute resonance of her feelings, she often felt marginalized, rejected and avoided, offering her a sporadic love relationship with many syncope and making her relive the coldness and ignorance of her childhood years.

This fatality of her destiny led her to understand the hard lesson of ingratitude, to feel the coldness of the lack of love and the melancholy of renunciation.

Now, just like in childhood, she remained alone and lonely, taking refuge in the noble fantasy of poetry, creating an imaginary world that would compensate for her lack of affection and give her a lot of wisdom.

*Prof. Maria Emilia Dragomirescu*



## **You, Sun!**

On summer nights standing wake,  
I reach amongst the star suns,  
My life knows which star to take,  
The morning sun which never shuns.

And gazing towards the distance,  
The love of thousands into existence,  
But their gleam easily fade.  
The Sun is my serenade.

You, Sun, which rise from wave,  
Have my love crave  
When my shoulders feel your ray,  
I wish it forever stay,

Proudly and with cheers,  
In the sky of other spheres.  
When your rays ignite my longing,  
You and other stars are wronging.

Rays burn me prolonging,  
I cry like field flowers spawning,  
From the offing to call the breeze,  
In vain... alone I freeze.

Far amongst the thousands,  
Your golden rays ignite,  
Only one is in your sight,  
But you can't, your gaze is not bright...

All are taking from your rays,  
In exchange for nothing.  
And bleeding you rise waves,  
What was then, sand now blossoming.

Then, at quakes chaos,  
Your solar wind launched in ethos,  
To look the sand of the sea,  
Searching for me, who cried bitterly.

In vain, you failed searching...  
I reach the mountain peak,  
So much wandering, I am weak,  
You, next to me, are setting.

*27 June 1976*  
*Drăgășani*

*To I.B*

## **I've been waiting**

I waited for you in summer evenings,  
With the sun leaning  
With the butterflies in the dusk flying,  
In vain...you failed remembering.

I waited for you on an autumn day  
When flocks of roosters passed away,  
When the autumn smoky clouds,  
I missed you as trees browns,

I waited for you in winter nights,  
Where it was bitterly cold that bites  
Where I let longing lie,  
The love that I still ask till I die.

*6 February 1979*

*To I.B*

## **Our love, a dream!**

Late, when sleep overtakes that way,  
For you to appear in my dreams I prayed  
Let me tell you that I still want you today  
Although, so many years it snowed...

And the night depths,  
A golden path brings you.  
With a bouquet of stars in your hand,  
I'm glad you came!

At the hour of the night-in thousands of whispers,  
How much I love you; I'm telling.  
The Caer, the weather no longer spins it crisper,  
My heart is pounding.

But when I come to caress you,  
Coming on the wing of the wind,  
Disappear in a silver cloud,  
I am stunned for a moment too,

And in the dream I begin to understand,  
Everything that is incomprehensible:  
Our love, a dream!  
That's why I cry oftenly.

*17 February 1979*

*To I.B*



## **Its night...**

When the twilight of the evening embraces me with wrath,  
Day butterflies fall asleep on the corolla of the flower,  
What happened by chance in their path,  
Although they miss someone else, to stay with her.

Flocks of swallows pass in rows,  
Reflecting in the waters of the rivers,  
In which the silver of the moon sank to the flows  
And fly slowly to a distant nest sending shivers.

The luminary ascends to the starry spheres,  
Looking at him I get lost in the night.  
His cold face makes me shudder as it appears.  
I adore you! A bird calls to him in its flight

When the night dew caught on his eyelashes,  
And ardent longing slowly died out,  
Her echo appears in thousands of whispers from ashes...  
He was silent,... it's lights out!...

*7 July 1980*

*To I.B*

## **Far away from me**

You are far from me  
And I miss it for a long time.  
Another autumn is coming  
And it will be over again.

The clouds shake their shadows,  
Rain drops on the windows,  
Cold and gloomy days are coming,  
I, ...wait for your showing.

You are far from me  
Goodbye autumn wind,  
Dear memories are with you from me,  
You are always in my thoughts blind.

*Sunday, 22 September 2002*

*To I.B*

## The tree from my gate

The tree at my gate, old acacia with years of snow,  
Often, he would correct me, a fairy tale that he remembered.  
I loved him, he adored me snowing in May,  
Immaculate snow flowers on my hair.  
And in the dusk of the evenings, he cradled me under the  
branch  
With a fairy tale from his ancient past, what a mystery he was  
dealing with:  
- Come, you blonde child with the name of angels,  
Don't spend my life forgetting, write my complaints in verse.  
Place your broad forehead, on my long-wrinkled trunk  
And listen to his sap from a bygone age'.  
I feel like I'm losing my life, soon you'll freeze  
I only believe in you today; you writing, I will shine.

Looking at the starry sky in the late clear nights,  
On a slave road I found out, from the sobs of slaves:

It was once long forgotten, a sky with other stars,  
Other lands and another ocean glowed beneath them.  
It was in the Andean prairie, stretched without limit,  
In the north-a-kingdom and a proud emperor MAPLE  
When the autumn wind sounded in the leaves, Emperor Green  
He called the armies to fight with the trembling branches.  
At his voice I reign, in alert echoes,  
Wise answers came to him from everywhere:  
The oak groves resounded, the flutes cried,  
The birch trees were swaying in the twilight and the platins  
were wailing.  
On the high rocks, his sons - the firs - greeted him with bow,  
And on the sands, the ROBI-acacias, sang psalms to him at  
prayer  
And in psalms, they asked the king to free them from slavery

That freedom is on Earth, of the world-kingdom.

Hearing the Green Emperor of the Slaves pray,  
He sends messengers with a vengeance upon the subjects to  
flow.

The acacia ROBINS found out that they are free to choose.  
Whether he remains or not, in the world to run.

The acacias remained mute, they did not feel like creating,  
Until storms with frost, snow, began to settle.

Then, a daring ROBIN came to the acacias  
Shouting in thunder to the fjord let the GREAT ODIN come.  
Suddenly a blizzard appeared on his wing

The wind god arrives, like the thought in a moment.

He takes with him those slaves who want to go to the world,  
Climbing the Atlanteans crests of waves, green in foam.

And they kept going...days and nights towards the Rising Sun,  
Until the foaming wave broke against Gibraltar.

Chilled and tired, the ROBINS fell asleep;  
But their fate woke them up and scattered them in the world.

One of them arrived, on the high peaks of the Carpathians  
Where-in-a-castle sits a sobbing princess.

Tears flowed from her beautiful green eyes,

On the spot, the beloved ROBIN was seized with burning  
passions.

Being of a hard essence, he anchors himself to the rock,  
Looking at her blonde face with deep love.

The child with sapphire eyes, fell in love in turn

By the one who blooms for her, giving her white flowers.

And bells rang in the valleys through holy monasteries

Echoes rose to the sky, announcing their love.

In the wave of flowing waters, the icon of the moon trembled,  
While Luceafarul was looking at them, he was enjoying their  
secret.

Learning his love story dear child,

Descended from old legends, the old king was saddened

And he appointed archers to shoot him with their bows  
To teach ROB - the acacia that love is according to ranks.  
But the belief in their secret united them much stronger  
They fled on their OLT to the valley, being hidden by an old  
counsellor.

From their hiding place of foliage and dry branch  
They only came out late at night, when everyone would have  
gone to bed.

Only the Light from heaven looked at them with a mysterious  
thought

And he immediately decided on the blonde picking up;  
And on the silver-stairs, ascending steps to heaven,  
She gradually transformed into a star in the Divine Aether.  
Becoming resplendent in her silver splendour,  
He froze watching her fly towards Infinity.

On the long road to IMMORTALITY, the years flew by  
Passing through time over time, lightning moments passed.  
And having reached high in the heavens, she forgot about the  
royal throne,  
Of flutes and springs, trills of nightingales climbing into the  
unreal.

The child forgot them all, everything and everything has  
become dust,

Memories come to him one after the other, and they become  
overwhelming.

Today, lost among the stars in the wonderful landscape,  
Diamond tears sound on the gilded pavement.

But in vain...she no longer sees her LUCEAFÁR dear  
He just seduced her, now he steps on another threshold.  
Then the child understood that love is just a dream,  
A momentary illusion, wasted in paradise.

And from there on the Heights, he often watched with  
amazement,

A blue, spherical ocean, which in turn looked at her with its  
bewilderment.

It was the very planet that, the child had lived on,  
But from the heavenly glory he did not know that he had left  
her.

And floating silently in the HARMONY World,  
It was becoming the proudest blue planet in a thousand.  
In her double pilgrimage, she was accompanied by doubles:  
Two diamond crosses, two being double crowns.  
Crosses of shining stars say that the world is equal  
And Candidium crowns - a sign of royal descent.

And in the glow of its majesty the blue ark sails  
Over uncontainable abysses; and the acacia robin watches  
He has been scrutinizing the boundless world for centuries  
And nostalgically looks at his Star of Immortality.  
She, lost to him, but in his thoughts will be forever  
And calling her at any moment, he will live secretly loving her.

ROBIN-acacia remained, abandoned on this journey  
With his longings and sighs, written in his wandering soul.

*23 October 2002*

## The acacia at my gate

I was a child when  
I knew the old acacia.  
He bids farewell to the gentle night then,  
A longing for the unknown.

Silent a demigod it seemed  
Towering Old Robin,  
When the cold moon shadowed,  
Secretly passing by the branch wobbling.

And being enveloped in the dew of the night,  
Its silver leaves sparkled  
Under thousands of candles light,  
The heavens were burning him marvelled.

Through the veil of holy lights,  
The acacia saw me in its sights.  
I thought he was a miracle,  
And he, an Angel, believed me typical.

And we both saw in the heavens,  
Twinkles of sidereal angels,  
Lighting up their paths,  
Divine steps into the unreal contrasts.

At dawn the next day,  
I went to him crying away.  
I dreamed from the night - I fixed it,  
He, the tear in his mind lit.

And tears were ringing on the branch,  
There is rust on the leaves to catch.  
I was in tears  
A leaf in deserted paths with fears.

On his trunk wrinkled by time,  
Bending down when the clouds climb,  
They were passing through the adjournment of autumn  
And over the clouds, cranes were passing sublime...

With its cold, desolate branch,  
In winter nights at the windows,  
Laying silver flowers on me to catch,  
I want to listen to his stories he knows.

The acacia at my gate  
It snows in May late  
Immaculate snow flowers,  
On my hair like powders.

And in the summer the sparrows whispered to him  
In the night of their love to tell him.  
They fell asleep on the branches,  
Dreaming of immortality in tranches,

I loved him, he raised me,  
In his wise shadow,  
He wanted to be a star in the sky  
Adored by the world.

But one day he left me,  
Alone in the world  
With his unfulfilled longing  
On the world's wave in foam.



In the fog of the weather he went  
My childhood spent...  
In my soul is a "what" I carry unspoken.  
And a sweet reverie unbroken.

I didn't know anything then  
And yet I knew a lot again,  
Ideas that we quickly forget...  
They were from ages past and set.

In vain today I know too much,  
His past life like a touch.  
In my heart I have a lonely longing  
And nights, when the moon-ice soaring...

*26 October 2002, Drăgășani*

## **A silent longing**

So many autumns have passed,  
Carrying on their wings at last,  
A longing that remained silent,  
In wasted moments defiant.

And the leaves blinked as they fell,  
Calling on the cobblestones,  
A silent longing that sighs,  
I am left in tears.

And tears of sapphires flow to me,  
On rusty leaves,  
A silent longing is my twilight,  
Hidden dusk in the night.

*Sunday, 10 November 2002*  
*Drăgășani*

*To I.B.*

## **In the enchantment of autumn**

On the plain sky,  
The clouds run in the studs shy.  
The wind, sure mane-farewell,  
Shaking off a vague rain to fell.

After them, in cavalcade  
The clouds of lead are coming to shade,  
What torrents are they going to fall into?  
Smoky autumn rains too.

And a beautiful Amazon,  
With dark cavalry in the ozone,  
Holding the rein tightly in hand.  
Until the evening under the twilight to stand,

When, letting them face each other,  
The clouds shake their manes another  
And suddenly...in light rains,  
The sky seems to be sleeping in chains...

And in the melancholy of the evening,  
Detached yellow leaves are leaving  
Called in the tear of the fall  
Their life now extinguished they crawl.

My longings are gone  
The nights are getting colder with dawn  
Silver is under the stars,  
My deserted path scars.

But under the eyelash of dawn,  
White cavalcades spawn,

Like an Amazonian fawn,  
On a clear blue sky drawn.

And on the azure expanse,  
Ascend to the heavenly spheres advance,  
Sun-in-golden-cloak,  
Illuminating glimpses of stories unbroke:

The curlers in copper leaves,  
Valleys with rusted groves,  
Hills, fields under the kerchief,  
With nuances and harmonies brief.

In sight, the silver poplars,  
They tremble on their journey.  
The leaves fall on the deserts,  
Longing in me is wandering effortlessly.

And covered in raindrops,  
With diamond sparkles,  
I scatter the rays of the Sun,  
Under the light of the Sun.

Only in chrysanthemum parks  
Blooming in royalty  
And in their dignified candors,  
On the alleys, I walk royally.

In the enchantment of autumn  
My thoughts pass like clouds,  
In plumb shade forgotten,  
Among the clouds, crows fly like sounds...

*13 November 2002, Drăgășani*

*To I.B.*

## Summer rain

Under the shadow of the evening,  
Clouds of lead are gathering  
And in the spark of lightning,  
Thunder falls, the sky thundering.

Summer rain-in showers,  
Rote on the cobblestones  
And in the frequent waves,  
Flowing through the streets in foam.

Tree branches waltz,  
In the park, the flowers bow,  
Only one more dreams,  
She is the queen of the night now.

Beside her, under the old shade,  
A lady stands alone.  
His thoughts are wandering in vain  
And to her longing she urges afraid.

*Friday, 25 July 2003*  
*Drăgășani*

*To I.B.*

## Daybreak in midsummer

Daybreak in midsummer,  
Lin comes down the hill to hummer.  
And in twilight time,  
I hear unreal whispers climb.

The stars are twinkling in the sky  
Reflecting in the waters shy,  
The waters where they whisper:  
My longing is not near crisper

On the mirror lake,  
Bent willows weep awake  
And in the gentle breeze,  
Rustling in the grove are the leaves.

Among the leaves, up on the branches,  
Thousands of birds are chirping  
Their young dream in nests mirroring  
They hum in longing.

And in the cool of the morning,  
On the horizon mane showing,  
The star of life rises,  
In her ethereal kerchief advises,

Climbing steps to the heavens,  
At midsummer last,  
Inundate us in his waves  
When we two met in the past.

*Friday, 15 August 2003, Drăgășani*

*To I.B.*

## **Autumn knocking windows**

The leaden autumn sky  
He seems to be frozen dry  
And under him, the silent lady  
Carries hidden thoughts maybe.

In the air no movement,  
Geese, butterflies, perished!  
No flock flies in the air fluent,  
Everything seems asleep squished...

It doesn't rain, it rarely rains,  
Some rusty leaf with veins,  
From its branch it detaches,  
With deep nostalgia scratches.

Slowly..., the clouds begin to sift,  
Light rains, muttering drift.  
A lot of time will pour,  
Autumn is knocking on the windows for sure...

*Friday, 26 September 2003*

## Star of my life

In the deep night to look,  
The deep sky of stars,  
I think I can see them cook  
And the star of my life soars.

A little lonely star  
What is red in her fire.  
Its heart being shot by desire,  
Out of longing with luck too far.

In dices, it has two sisters,  
Which shines in veil twisters,  
But she, left in oblivion,  
Eluding them for thousands of years like Ixion.

Vainly walking the paths,  
Silent as shadow lasts  
She crosses cold abysses,  
Following a grim fate that releases.

And in her pilgrimage  
Archers in silver chains rage,  
Through the golden dust of buttermilk,  
Shoot arrows at them endlessly in the silk.

Born under the same sign  
And the same bitter fate divine,  
Our tears are incited  
In the evening twilight invited.

*Friday, 14 October 2003*



## **Eternal law of denial**

The serenity of summer days  
Extinguished in silent sunsets by rays  
How nostalgia fades in the evening  
In resigned memories unveiling.

Memories scattered in thoughts  
I rust on the road of longing with sighs,  
Of futile expectations in "n" rows,  
In denial from now on I suppose.

Now the summer is lost in oblivion,  
In cavalcades the clouds start from horizon.  
Recaptured by autumn-in denial,  
The leaves turn yellow on the branch on a tile.

Yellow in their slumber  
In the battle of hidden opposites plunder,  
Decay gradually, unsurprisingly, louder  
Eternal law of denial which thunder.

And in denial, autumn rains,  
It is loaded with snowflakes again.  
Snow falls from the sky,  
Hard winter over my life goes by.

It's winter between you and me  
Too long separations in dense silence to be.  
The long-promised "December" is no longer coming to me  
My love remains a mystery.

Mysteries startled under frosty silences,  
Latent lives in sleepiness fences  
From the long nights  
They wake up in a new valence of lights.

Valences-in floral explosions,  
Recaptured in the dialectic of nature  
By the magic of astral colour erosions  
Resound in the "spring symphony" for sure.

*1 December, 2003*  
*Drăgășani*

*To I.B.*

## The Holidays Eve

Polar snows are turning over,  
On the eve of holidays clover,  
Wrapping in winter white,  
My immaculate shivers light.

And the quiet flakes come down,  
Like resigned memories around.  
Illusions begin to die,  
In unknown wastes sigh.

Only the longings of the past,  
I often get myself at last...  
And alone and pensive,  
I miss you so much its uncomprehensive.

And it snows...from high it comes down,  
Snow for holy holidays grown.  
It's winter, cold and a sparrow shown,  
It brings you carols of a longing alone:

Happy birthday, happy birthday,  
And all you want in your way.  
Fortunes to you shall display,  
May you live many years from today!

*Friday, 24 December 2004*

*To I.B.*

## **It snows, it snows like in fairy tales**

In the evening twilight,  
Clouds of lead are gathering might  
And longing for distance  
The blizzard rumbled beneath them with resistance.

With gusts echoing,  
Beating in the world,  
Cloud snowflakes dropping,  
In a fog of snow curled.

And in the stormy night,  
Deep branches bend with might,  
The snow falls hard,  
The vault of the sky is opaque.

But suddenly the blizzard is silent  
It snows, it snows like in the fairy tales.  
There is peace in heaven above, its strident,  
On Earth, heavenly signs prevails.

*Sunday, 30 January 2005*

## Spring breeze

Spring has arrived,  
With her tender flowers  
And in my wounded soul revived,  
I hear the crowing of roosters.

Spring breeze,  
Swallows take flight  
And in the soul a violin with ease,  
It resonates with my longing right.

On the sky I walk,  
The springs have passed  
And in my soul I wander like a rock,  
Reveries remain in thoughts vast...

*23 April 2005*

## **Pointless dream...**

Loving you hopelessly  
Pointless dream...  
Illusions without resonance honestly,  
They went out it seem!

Now, silent as a shadow,  
My loneliness  
The symphonies walk in echoes narrow,  
With tears sadness.

My dewy eyes  
Dripping sapphires  
On the Saints-contemplative rise,  
From the monastery cries.

Like the Skylight  
You moved away  
Looking for dying stars in the night  
You forgot about me in the day.

Stay where you are  
Giving happiness from far,  
And I, walking on paths heavenly,  
Learn immortality!

*Friday, 27 May 2005*

*To I.B.*

## **Roads to memories**

In autumn twilight,  
Chrysanthemums-bloom,  
Covered by a secret sight,  
I find memories gloom

Roads among memories,  
It takes me back to the past  
Where-in thousands of wastes reveries  
I loved you and kept quiet at last.

And in violin chords  
The leaves waltzed along,  
In autumn colours,  
The chrysanthemums were blooming lovers.

Roads among memories,  
After dusk,  
When from my sapphire eyes  
Silent tears flowed sunk

And in violin chords,  
The chrysanthemums watched towards  
How rows of roosters pass...  
Among the clouds that shadowed them in contrasts.

*13 December 2005*

*To I.B.*

## Stairs to heavens

When on the wings of thought,  
Stairs to heaven in the night I climb,  
Thousands of years flash in a moment sought,  
The moments go to nothingness sublime.

Nine heavens stretch,  
Towards the boundless World,  
With their stars shining quench  
Other worlds in infinity curled,

Lost in immensity  
Heavenly splendours I admire.  
They are shining brilliantly,  
Contained in their spirit fire.

Thousands of silver stars,  
Traversing the sidereal road,  
Bridges shining in the night like guitars,  
Over the abyssal chasm flowed.

Showers of shooting stars  
Lightning of the night sky  
On dizzying paths scars  
Where their rays perish high.

And the rays that come to us today  
From deep space,  
On heavenly paths they flow smoothly away,  
From a forgotten past with grace.

And in my smooth flight from the night  
On the sky I walk,  
In echoes of thousands of whispers quite,  
I flow in my wandering soul stuck.

*14 June 2006*



## **My illusions**

It rains with rusty leaves,  
Calling on the cobblestones,  
Vivaldi symphonies,  
They were wasted in the world.

In the air, golden leaves  
They floated silently,  
To the diaphanous azures,  
With fond memories.

And in Bacovian colours,  
The leaves waltzed.  
They were my illusions  
When they were leaving the branch.

Swept up by the autumn breeze,  
Vibrating, we resonate,  
Like waving leaves levitate,  
I was floating over the alley trees.

Yellow leaves, rusts,  
Tomatoes, or violets,  
Today I wander in reveries,  
With longings-absent in dusts.

*Cișmigiu Park,  
5 October 2006*

*To I.B.*

## **I always write to you...**

I'm writing to you today too,  
I also wrote you yesterday,  
And tomorrow I will write to you,  
I always write to you...

Letters of love and longing,  
Letters of broken wings in flight,  
Letters of tears and pain pouring  
I even wrote to you the day before yesterday night.  
You forgive me, right?

In five decades, I wrote to you,  
Thousands of letters with dense content.  
Small letters that my mind weaves to an extent,  
In frequent runs I do.

In them I said everything,  
All that is hidden in my "I"  
Veil after veil, I lifted my try,  
To know why I have, or not, pity to bring.

You, forgive me!  
I wrote you too much  
Unanswered letters come to me  
And that's enough for me, it's a bunch!

Being far and far away,  
You have forgotten me for a long time such.  
Many years have passed, I stayed,  
That's why I wrote you too much.

In my mind I gathered you with luck,  
Unknowingly I called you back  
And you were always by my side stuck,  
In my writing, when it was hard for me to get you back.  
Thank you!

And many pages I sent you,  
With so much unquenchable longing,  
Let me tell you that we met in drawing  
From time without beginning showing.

As in a dream we met  
In the infinite Worlds set  
And in front of the forgotten Altar,  
You gave me my first kiss like a star  
It was sublime like a sapphire!

In heaven the Angels sang,  
All the Saints were lighting candles to hang,  
Enveloping with their Light,  
Our Divine Love's might.  
In thought, we pray in the night!

Today, at the icons I kneel,  
The Heavenly Father I worship again.  
A ray of smooth Light,  
Heaven from its Divine Light.  
Lord, please don't forget me! Amen!

You also wrote to me  
Strong to be  
That the sign of the Cross made to be,  
Faith in the One above is a shield.  
Thank you, it healed!

I think it was a dream seeing  
And words said without meaning.  
But I wrote you sensible  
Let me tell you that the longing is unquenchable.  
You told me to go my way...  
It's hard for me not to stay!...  
I'm not insensible.

*8 November 2006*

*To I.B.*

## **We are eternal**

Don't think you're getting old  
Moments are fleeting as told  
Don't think about death  
That death is an opinion with breath.

We are eternal, having in us  
A divine spark,  
By which-of the World-builder thus  
Gave us the Holy Light.

The existences you see, they perish,  
Tomorrow they will come to cherish  
Other worlds and other glories  
Over the world they will shine in stories.

Everything passes, will be lost  
In impenetrable nothingness to dust,  
Dissipating, they will perish,  
To the Holy Law, being subject in a Parish.

Don't try to understand  
For your faith;  
But believe in order to understand  
God's will you can relate.

The mystery of autumn contemplating  
Don't be sad when leaves fall.  
They leave the tree repainting  
Who were you once tall...

Winter will soon come,  
With her immaculate white,  
It will encompass the whole thread in a drum  
And the old tree quite...

And then, with white temples  
You will find answers assembles,  
To the present questions  
In hidden thoughts suggestions:

Life is a fleeting moment,  
Death is an opinion component  
Only the Harica Light,  
It never perishes in the night.

*5 December 2006*

*To I.B.*

## A seductive man

In a flooded hall  
With scorching sun,  
For a moment I was watched all,  
Of a seductive man stun.

He was brown to blond beautiful,  
An elevated guy, suitable  
Green-eyed, mysterious,  
It was as I dreamed it, imperious.

And our thoughts vibrated  
On the same wavelength elevated,  
From forgotten times they returned,  
Breaks in a second concerned.

He started to go, but stopped  
To my bank with a question:  
(He was also confused),  
How do we know each other, suggestion?

He was a seductive man,  
An elevated guy,  
Mysterious, charming and a tie  
How long I waited for him, like a fan!

And time passed quickly...  
He wants to find out quickly,  
(Because he was starting the second course)  
He demanded a monosyllabic answer of course.

About studies and hope,  
Both in the world and in Heaven envelope,  
Nothing about his life,  
We didn't know,  
It was a mystery to show.

After the class I wandered  
On the streets and boulevards,  
Till the stars rose honoured,  
Over the worlds hazards...

He was a seductive man,  
An elevated guy.  
In my delusional mind,  
I never forgot even if I try.

*July 1964, Mihai Viteazul High School*

*To I.B.*

## Mirage

Caught in the spell of dusk,  
Happily, I fell asleep  
And on the paths of dreams struck  
I met you again to keep.

Like an echo in thousands of whispers  
You were approaching me, shivers  
But when I embrace you in the night,  
You are moving away towards the Unknown fright.

The next day I saw you  
Climbing the stairs to the floor blue,  
Avoiding me you perished  
And I understood, it was a mirage I cherished...

I flew down the stairs,  
Flashing through the corridors in tears.  
And in flight I gained momentum,  
Ignoring thousands of honks omentum.

Tears fell from my eyes,  
Sounding sad on the cobblestones baptised.  
I didn't look back anymore,  
I was alone in the world for sure...

*July 1964, Mihai Viteazul High School*

*To I.B.*



## **I want him to know...**

That ray of love  
From him what was given to me whereof,  
It was a moment,  
What I will never forget was sent.

One moment left  
In my life's content  
And in the temple of the heart cleft  
I wear it with unquenchable longing spent.

I would like him to know...  
But I dare not show  
Far being though...  
I can't find it anymore now...

*1-30 July 1964*  
*1 November 2008*  
*Mihai Viteazul High School*  
*Bucharest*

## Alone

Alone in the nothingness of the world  
Dark thoughts come to me whirled,  
What is lost in the storm of time,  
Where the customs are waiting for them sublime.

And I'm staying here  
To spend my solitude clear  
Waiting for him to pick me up  
The wave of the world and justice stump.

And in the stillness of the evening,  
When the moon rises in the sky weaving,  
My thought is like the wave of the sea,  
Singing together what I foresee.

Big dreams and high hopes,  
All the powders have arrived in slopes.  
Only Pray for me can rise,  
He extinguished the longings that remained in my eyes.

*25 March 2009*

## Past twilights

In the evening twilight,  
The high-speed train was running bright,  
Coming back for the thousandth time  
In the city he wanted it chime.

And in the spark of lightning,  
The echoing wheels rang frightening,  
In the gust of whistling,  
Longing for longing they met enlightening.

Tired from the long journey,  
The high-speed train was coming from the tourney  
Dispersing the clouds in smoke,  
When he stopped at the station he spoke.

And past twilights,  
Violets, bleeding,  
With their love in the bud seeing,  
I relive it in reveries which ignites.

Silence in the twilight today,  
Weeping leaves without a branch away,  
The clouds that walk alone...  
I still have you in my thoughts flown!

21 May 2009, Drăgășani

*To I.B. coming to Drăgășani by  
fast train from 17:00*

## Where are you?

It rains with rusty leaves,  
In the autumn lonely  
Reverberating in harmonies  
My old love, the only.

Where are you, on what path,  
Is your soul in the dark?  
At the ceaseless calls I want you back,  
Answer me from your ark.

In divine organ sound,  
I want to hear you in my dream around  
And in the ringing bells,  
From the wide sky excels.

Come back today from your world,  
In the world you once were furled!  
On the wave of life with your name  
And give me the old love flame!

In the silence that I have at home,  
My voice rings in the desert dome.  
Fatality presses on me,  
Where are you? I'm always waiting for you my absentee!

*Friday 27 November 2009*

## **Towards the eternal ford**

Lost on the sea wave,  
I get down and up brave  
Through the mist of tears, on the shore,  
I can't see anything anymore.

Now, under the clouds of lead,  
Rusty leaves shed,  
From the smoky branches,  
Passing to the eternal ford patches.

And once I pass with them,  
Flocks my thoughts.  
My grey days pass aughts,  
My nights are starless gem.

Reveries have set,  
In enchanting twilight met,  
The longings have arrived  
Included in their buds revived.

*29 November 2009*

## **The Kingdome of my thoughts**

In the Kingdome of my thoughts  
Lost in reveries gloss,  
I'm looking for you among thousands of stars  
Waiting for you to come back in my arms.

Carried on wings of thoughts,  
I often roam  
Under the breezes of branches  
Hoping to find you home.

And lost among thoughts,  
A whisper came over me,  
Avoid in the shadow of some clouds  
What kind of tears did they catch free?

In the Kingdome of my thought  
For a moment, for a moment I cry,  
Dear light of your life shy  
And the twilight of my life caught.

*Friday 25 March 2010*

*To I.B.*

## **I call you in vain**

Whispers said in secret, delusions for a moment,  
They caught me in the soul, love is wasted.  
My innocence naked in a riot of fire enrolment,  
All too soon he reached ashes with no luck related.

Ignoring my love, you didn't want to be happy  
Not knowing what you want, I was left alone, unlucky.  
In the penumbra of your life,  
You left the shadow of my life,  
What in her silent dream,  
She only walks with whispers it seemed.

It was written for us in this life,  
So that we can go through it alone  
And her many meanders, let's spend them alone.  
Separation becoming your thought of fatal obsession,  
With passenger loves,  
You changed the loyal one's impression.

And so, I arrived today, with my longings extinguished,  
On the path of life with unattainable hopes diminished!  
What good should regrets try me today?  
When are they lost for me, all in the river, won't you say?!

Carried away in my thoughts, deep in reveries,  
Thunder, holy signs, I long for you to come back.  
And suddenly in the winter of life, on a hard winter day,  
The phone wakes me up, hastening my astonishment:

"-Don't forget, you are the only woman I've ever loved,

For me, you are the icon that appeared in my path!"  
And immediately a heavy silence descended from on high,  
Like a coffin descends below the bank of earth.

In your shadow I cannot come, in your gloomy world.  
Remaining what I was and what I will be, steadfast penumbra.  
My tears flow in vain, I call you in vain,  
My life is a huge desert,  
In prayer I only exhort myself again.

With your twined hands on your frozen chest,  
Extinguished lights under your eyelids, you left the world.  
Only your spirit shines through the spheres to High,  
Carrying with him the living light from the elevated man.

And how many moments I have left after your waste,  
In mourning I will spend them through holy monasteries,  
Asking the Good God to forgive our sins  
And in eternity we share Light and the Holy Spirit.

In partings we wasted luck and happiness,  
Rare meetings, big separations, a wasted life.  
But, beyond in the Eternals, nothing separates us  
The destiny of being united written in the Book of the  
World.

Like the waves of the sea, weeping at the dying shores,  
Flowing water waves, another comes out of the spring.  
Or as rusted leaves break from their branch,  
Everything perishes in separation; today,  
I still have you in my thoughts.

*Friday, 12 March 2010*

*To I.B. Bucharest*



## On Victoria Street

In the constellation infinity,  
I admire the Milky Way with dignity,  
With diamond sparkles,  
In the Tide World marvels.

The diamonds are woven,  
Among the silver threads open,  
Over unknown abysses,  
Illuminate to infinity countless.

And their rays recapturing,  
Through the valley pass captioning,  
A thousand lights that illuminate,  
On Victoria Street great.

It's the way of Little Paris,  
Landmark in the mythical space,  
What in the late evenings at the gates of dreams relate,  
Vibrate in wondrous song with grace.

Landmarks in Heaven and Earth  
They are the Divine Ways rebirth.  
Cast my thought to the wind,  
When their longing returns twind.

*9 May 2010  
Drăgășani*

## Wandering Longing

Tell me, tell me wandering longing,  
Why did you leave my doorstep ignoring?  
Tell me where is my dream  
Wasted... in what abyss it seemed?!

Lost in my shadow  
I wander endlessly like a sparrow  
Under the twilight of blood  
Through the groves of lamentation flood.

Go, go wandering longing,  
Across the wide seas drowning  
And their waves in storms  
With sands from the dune's reforms.

Alone in my desert soaring  
Just a wave-I'd like to be,  
To traverse with unquenchable longing,  
My unattainable dream to see.

Come, come wandering longing!  
In vain my dear adoring  
Desolate from fire to ashes,  
The shadow of life in the smoke splashes.

*Bucharest, 19 June 2010*

## Yellowed tears

Dry yellow leaves,  
Fall on the paths in the park cleaves,  
From overgrown branches,  
Of an old tree with scratches.

Weeping for forsaken branches,  
In the thrill of autumn shears,  
Yellowed tears,  
Fall on the copper carpet in peers.

Enigmatic, silent,  
Lazy leaves fall reliant,  
Going unknown,  
Towards the Eternal World shown.

My steps walk the alleys,  
And lazy nostalgic thought rallies,  
Sinking me back  
In my enigmatic past track.

Years pass... and years come  
Green leaves, turn yellow;  
I fall into the unreal sigh numb,  
Uninvited... rusting bellow...

*Sunday, 10 October 2010  
Bucharest*



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