

DIOGEN pro culture magazine & DIOGEN pro art magazine -ISSN 2296-0929; ISSN 2296-0910

Publisher online and owner, Sabahudin Hadžialić, MSc

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Marius Chelaru

love

you are sleeping
naked like a glimpse of happiness with its hair set loose
inside of me
troubling the first cry of the Earth
that God gave me as a present
when I was conceived
out of the previous painless darkness

and in that church where the years are growing on us
in which two icons
of two gods
were looking at each other face to face
like two chunks of life
you divided me
as if I were an apple
in love and hatred

your eyes were like two tears sculptured in my prayer when
you snatched the flesh of my soul
my father by night with his life all crumbled to pieces on a Sunday
my mother by day, counting my father's deaths
watched me till I passed away
in your blood

you divided me
as if I were an apple
in hatred and love
having the naked pips of my heart picked up by you
thrown away
they are lying now keeping silence with a love tongue
in the sole of the foot of my brother for ever – the land

I am dying myself
laid down among the dreams with you threaded in all the seven days
in the palm for ever let down of this instant
praying that your breath
blow the flesh off my soul again
watched by my father the Night, by my mother the Day

You

while you were shaking the ears
there were falling down the grains of silence ripened in your heart

then

I see myself walking with you on the boundless hill
among the grass blades full of dewdrops
the horizon loaded with the evening moisture
lights up
the very moment in which that bird is trilling
as if they sipped each trill from our heart
the silence stones are hanging from my lips
I see the roundness of your heel
sinking in the sea of grass
the hips escaping from the spell of any words
the slopes of the breasts
as steep as my own doubts

the moon lets itself lifted in the sky
by God's hands
the houses are nestling in the sunset lap
only your eyes are still burning in the twilight
the scintillation of your soul sets me on fire
like an endearment pyre
the valley of the village smells like the kitchen newly whitewashed
with the lime of the happenings with you
that I have already forgotten

The Last Supper

at night the looks
confined by the desires
abandoned by the people
are rattling
over me – the one burdened by the merciless instant
like the silver coins
.my twelve hypostases
are laying the crane bone covers smelling like earth and light
under the cross of every day of no Jesus
humiliated
by the passing of the time
it is digging
throwing over me
sunset after sunset
until I've had a rest in a cry inside of my flowing body
surprised that nobody
is selling me anymore

the frowned evening
like a forsaken solitude
having the windows viewing the lane closed
falls down the mirror
in which I forgot my face
similar to a poem on a woman's lip
the sullen memories grown in my body
lay themselves
with their hair set loose in a heretical way
on the table plates
like some abandoned kids or like some trees they do away with their bark
at the cross of all the roads

.the hours that took refuge in the memories are dying over my shoulders
plugging the seeming abyss between me and the sunset with a bell
the sadness comes up at the gate locked with forsaken verbs
my twelve hypostases are preparing the questions
with which I will be crowned when the city is washing its hands
and the things raise their eyes towards the lips of the sky smiling like dawn

I fall asleep abandoning Judas too

NEKOPIRATI

passions

today there is confusion in the city
a man was nailed up to a wall as if he were a screen
flattened like a canvas
with no eyes
just like a canvas
on which all the passers by can see themselves as they are
inside of them

they could see themselves

strangely
nobody passes by in front of the man

the city can be seen on that canvas-man
as a big void
a void in which from place to place
there are hearts running farther and farther from each other

in the evening the nailed man has got eyes
through which blood tears are flowing
big
one
after the other
all of them have angel faces

some said that God is looking at all of them through his eyes
others that God sent him
others that...

strangely
nobody passes by

at dawn
the wall was empty
just a tear
only one
with the face of the city
was thrown away near a withered flower
maybe a child forgot it on his way to school

strangely,
all the people of the city went to see the place
where that man was nailed up.

NEKOPIRATI

poetry is the key of the world's eyes

when my ego moves angrily
your face is shapeless
the colour of the sky turns into grey
and I take all the colours out of my heart
I offer them to the children
as if they were some apples baked in a sauce of fatherless tales

I am floating in the sky between the love stories that are growing among acacias
I come down upon the city like the rain and I am flowing into the land
I am walking among those who passed away and who are waiting to fade into oblivion
there is a peasant on the street. he can't find his village. he is taking a walk
where there should have been some trees

pretty women
are waiting in seclusion like some chrysalises this second
when death is groaning with helplessness because all of them will stay young
is it possible
that the memories should ever spread along the fields
manuring the soil where our eyes are growing
the burden from the soul of the opposite girl is falling down upon the front wall
in blood waves
the apples like some rain clouds are shedding tears in the palm
where there should be the sword

the last act of forgiveness is the one that untie the fright in the fence
letting it run away- a stag born at the first birth of the moon

a city of light is built on the shoulders of that one who is standing in front
on your eyelashes a garden of rays

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poetry is the key of the world' eyes
any life cultivates death in its secret garden
as for me
I am a page of the Book.

NEKOPIRATI

the portrait of a night

the day's wall separated for a long time
from the souls that populated it
some streets parallel with the night
left without unnecessary and almost unreasonable mobs
are already crawling towards the office
although the dawn is still sleeping with a hangover
an unmerry drunkard comes to his senses
the park passes to rest after last night's madness
the grass got bored with drunkards is ruffling
somewhere a homeless woman is weaving her gray loneliness
saying good bye to life
as she does every night after selling her body
so that she can eat maybe tomorrow she'll get another day
a tramp is laughing
at the light flowing higgledy-piggledy from the blocks without reason
he hangs his breath from the hope that tomorrow it will be better
he banishes a tear dizzy with booze and cold
assassinating the flame of the candle between his eyelids
lying on a newspaper
on whose pages the words stay still

a community dog that got rid of the dog killer today too
is licking its broken leg and is looking at the moon's face as large as the world
what is the point of barking at it
finally life is a mere scintilla that is running away from
the top of the boot .it is raining with cats all around
the green of the grass caresses its starving bowels

the dead are leaning against the tombs lattice
enlarging with another night and death
the graveyard upon the hill crammed with houses
of pubs enclosed with people giving oblique looks

and women crying as if they were tired and sick to death
eating the core of another night deprived of love
spitting then on tomorrow's cheek
just like this in full spleen

in the bookcase of that one who went crazy because of so much studying
the old volume
1001 nights
is climbing together with its sheherezades
over the Olympian legends
I'm weaving another one thousand legends born by daybreak and died at dawn

the trees are running to welcome the car
that crushed with a grind of lives abandoning the bodies
the driver abandons the sight of his eyes on a leaf
the instant is growing thinner and thinner till it fades away as thin as dried herring

a butterfly is smoking in the pole light
that is flowing unnecessarily on the pavement
on the hospital bed a man once again is learning to live
offering his being to the universe again
a smile crosses his face in a hurry
sliding from his lips

the summer is throwing on the pavement its coins of green leaves
with copper coloured margins reminding of autumn

the night is no longer young
the short
shadows
are dancing with echoes forgotten between the blocks

in a house too far away from me
my mother is thinking of her stuff of my stuff of our stuff

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at midnight a light came into being within my heart
just like in the old good childhood times
the moon took its dress off and covered my lips
with a desire

NEKOPIRATI

the teachings of the foreigner towards his son he had sold

the story lost through the teeth of the evening is laying among us
it is about a child sold for 30 words
about a foreigner brought by the voice of the grass neither dead nor alive
on the lips of a woman abandoned by the desire, on which the lilies are growing

somebody had deprived the world of the men she could have loved
more and more slowly the solitude was waltzing with its nights

the on lookers-actors were philosophers too
working on its presence
they seem to be the very things they acted/ foreign lilies
on the stage full to the brim with illusions and substitutes for reality

when I left
the story remained on the road crucified over the evening solitude

where the dumbness shatters any illusion
only the stranger abandoned by the words is waiting for his son to grow up
at the corner of the day preserved only for this aim

the rule according to which you can forget

with all this
why doesn't anybody say anything
about the likeness the devil bears to God?

. I've burnt once again the Library from Alexandria
when I sprinkled myself with the wonder water turned into stone
the letters that composed me were
desires with heavy teeth
hid in the eye that was looking at Him
all the time
as regards the Augustinian present-present
the eye separates me from the others like some horses galloping towards yesterday
my name is so strange when it hides from me
I always forget that it's *me*

my room twisted like a sheet of paper
on which the letters bloom till they burn like poetry
.in the evening/when the flowers are sipping the hearts at hand
I meet all my words with their stirred lusts
we are looking at each other with curiosity and we start to hate ourselves
on the porch of our flesh
loved forgotten by love- an irrevocable tick
.the day that had to break
left together with the same women I did not have
.the night can not be born anylonger
the time forgot to leave the emaciated bones of the evening
over which my words have sprawled

I raise the glass and the wine
like a baby crying
one drinks it like a forfeit
I am looking at this instant that keeps me suspended inside of me

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as if it were the single gate towards the illusion
that everybody persists in calling it freedom
...if only I remembered

NEKOPIRATI

abandoned village

*to Romania of today,
Where eternity is dying little by little, village after village*

the trees have gone in exile
walking like some puppies tied to the people with the shadow
some of them even died
crawling as far as the border of the cemetery
nameless seasons flowed through the dust of the road
among the footprints of those who passed away

weaving the memories among the childhood abandoned by children
near the banks of the pond from which the frogs' croaking is gone
the days
gray or dizzy because of the light settle down evening by evening
letting themselves stolen by the nights that are drawing a veil over the village
in which there is no one who's dreaming any longer

between the houses
a road is winding in a hurry
only it remembers
that eternity was born in the village a long time ago

In the countryside

the bells are floundering between time and no time
I am sipping the former seasons as if in state of inebriation
I am caressing them like some thighs
I am taking them in my palms like some breasts
overloaded with all my fruit bearing loves

a forest passes by idly near my eyesights
my smell is green
then flight becomes my garment
when the cranes are sliding through my eye dressed in autumn

my village is still breathing me
in my wonder
the palms of the earth caress me when I come back to live it
a day
then the sadness of the trees becomes my neighbor when
the city divides me in two souls
through which I can separately cry for my worlds

the morning

that trees are still weeping with bitter leaves
in my palms
the dogs of my childhood are howling like void
a few lives are setting down in the world of the fairy tales
the day is like a vault of wishes buried improperly
bitter
the tango is walking through my blood
your burnt up gazes abandoned me at the gates of another woman

in the morning
the trees strip the night's love bare
they meet the loneliness consumed till the last thule
disheveled women banish themselves star after star
towards our last wish

my love
I've told you that in the morning
cats drop down their color
stories have dusty clothes
the day is patching up with the same old things
the light is limping biting from the absence which
is already aging in your heart

The prisoner of oblivion

to my Grandma

for one night I traveled myself to childhood again
where time
pouring me out glass after glass
was waiting for my youth to rise beyond my mother's smile

from a tree the buds were waiting to spring towards the sun
a stone was waiting for the moment when I shall tread on it
the first kiss was waiting on your lips
everything
was similar to an unrun running
waiting for the first cry
of a never coming instant

The Sky had come down on my shoulders with the palms of an angel
nobody had any room left for memories anywhere inside of me
time
pouring me out glass after glass
was gnawing me as if I were a spring tired of so much green

I traveled myself back to childhood as far as an illusion
when nobody inside of me had died
it was the rain drops only that were always
fading away
under my soles
cracked by the too tired coming future
after a „sacrifice” youth ground by the barren illusions
of a country hidden from itself in the proverbs about humiliation

it is time only that keeps laughing when I wake up
turned upside down by the worn-out memories
in the night upside down like an abandoned clown costume
the memories are running away from me .beyond the pyre of thoughts
where my former unformer love stories are burning for me
I remain
the prisoner of oblivion

NEKOPIRATI

it was spring

on the wall it is raining with parents' blood
every first month of the road
older than the steps of an old man
trapped in no-time/ tired of so much silence

where did the wind roam around through my eyes?

It was spring
and so much evening
that only the buds burst with joy
in the sandglass of the twilight

the evening felt down as an absolution of our sins
relieved us from the smoke of the thought immured as a handcuff

on the wall it is raining with parents' blood
on each first step of the road
into the darkness which is gently spreading over the shadows
prostrated like a wailing/ hung
from the tears which don't want to dry anylonger

the spring sips me again
there is so much evening
that only the buds burst with joy
in the sandals of the twilight

the town from my head

my head
is like a city
with streets on which the thoughts are running just like the people who go to work
from time to time a woman scent dream passes by

once
it passed by me

I was watching the town from my head
a snowdrop with tv-screan-petals
picked by and angel with a radio antenna instead of wings

then it was too much
I went to one of its peripheral districts
still unsystematized
I entered a ale-house which smelt like true wine and wheat bread
a fiddler was playing there
it seemed to be a hall as long
as my present life
at the table
there were sitting all my days
dressed up in smiles
they were singing
it was snowing with the first snow I remembered
between the tables
as if it was snowing on the street
there were walking the stories I red
they were clasping my first book
near my table Teofil
passed by
my gypsy friend
from Negrești city

he was somehow a kind of child

he was also the Tatar who was crying „pistachio, cocoa, vanilla”

I was like in a time with no continuation

In the ale-house from the district of the town from my head

it was too much

I went out of my childhood

Directly in the piazza of the worn out memories

I found a chair there

I didn't remember from what memory it was

I sat down like a squire

I closed my eyes

Fondling its arms which stuck to my fingers like some kittens

across the road

between two hills which looked as I saw them for the first time

an ear

was listening to the flowing of the time

a deep eye like a spring night

was watching the moments fading like some leafs that grew old too soon

falling down among the memories from the piazza of the worn out memories

my head

is like a city

with streets on which the thoughts are running just like the people who go to work

from time to time a woman scent dream passes by

once

it passed by me

who I wasn't the same person

I was watching the city from my head

a thought smelling like the first day when I felt that the world has got

some color

at home

once
at home
in my grandma's village
there was a place where nobody used to die
and the grass was green as the paradise eyes
time didn't mean anything
people measured it by the first breath of the snowdrops
and the taste of May cherry

in the old good times
there was night time when one was dreaming
and there was day time when the scent of the ripe grapes was sneaking
among the fingers of the sun
right up to you

in the old good times
the paradise was a home-like place
only that the angels had the faces of those around you
once

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