

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

Publisher online and owner, Sabahudin Hadžialić, MSc

E-mail: [contact\\_editor@diogenpro.com](mailto:contact_editor@diogenpro.com) / WWW: <http://www.diogenpro.com/>



## 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



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

Publisher online and owner, Sabahudin Hadžialić, MSc

E-mail: [contact\\_editor@diogenpro.com](mailto:contact_editor@diogenpro.com) / WWW: <http://www.diogenpro.com/>

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

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

Publisher online and owner, Sabahudin Hadžialić, MSc

E-mail: [contact\\_editor@diogenpro.com](mailto:contact_editor@diogenpro.com) / WWW: <http://www.diogenpro.com/>

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

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

Publisher online and owner, Sabahudin Hadžialić, MSc

E-mail: [contact\\_editor@diogenpro.com](mailto:contact_editor@diogenpro.com) / WWW: <http://www.diogenpro.com/>

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

PR

DIOGEN pro kultura

<http://www.diogenpro.com>