

CLELIA IFRIM

MY MOTHER'S BOOTS

Poems

eLiteratura

of Excellence.” Nomination for Writers’ Union awards, Dramaturgy Section, for the book “Children of the Royal House,” 2013.

“Vasile Voiculescu” national prize for the book “Poetry with Chickens,” 2015.

Three of her poetry books have been translated into Japanese by Mariko Sumikura and published by JUNPA Books, Japan.

Two of her poems have been selected by JAXA—the Japanese Space Agency—and stored on the KIBO Space Station on the International Space Station.

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BLIND HORSES OF THE SALT MINE

The last coming workers in the vineyard
 will be paid the same
 like the first ones.
 The blue sky takes me with it
 in a travel of the clouds
 and of the mountain waters.
 I am all the time thinking
 about the trip in the salt mine.
 Its description is an image
 on a sheet of paper
 with orange and red flowers.
 I wore a threadbare sweater
 of red-yellowish colour.
 It was raining and the mud

from the visitors' footwear,
a mud carpet become
at the entrance of the salt mine.
The children were feeding
the blind horses from the salt mine
that they led in a flower field,
on the bank of a river,
to get a breath of fresh air.
—Choose a colour, the last child said me,
while he stopped a moment by me,
while he was continuing his way,
alongside with the blind horse
to the flower field.

THE TRAVEL

The light enters the dream.
The solar coins
are melting in the sky water.
Aki—azami means
mountain thistle in autumn.
The autumn is a solar coin
and it is true
that I have received a new one.

THE WHITE SHELTER

Birds are thinning
and the sun is sieving
through their wings—
a cloth of white flag.

Yesterday, at the parochial school
I told to the two pupils,
to draw each of them a bird.
The city had approached by us,
to look at the white shadow
of the afternoon—
like a white flag,
a white church cloth was fluttering
above the Socio-Cultural Centre.
I had entered as volunteer

for a white arithmetic,
thinking that I know to number
and that a bird is a bird.
It was not so.

I told to the two pupils
to draw each of them, a bird.
It was a leisure time,
when the white flag was resting,
when the wind did not sharpen
the edge of the brick walls.
The birds were more and more thinning
and the sun was sieving
through their wings.

The city had come closer by us
and it stayed at the window.
It had made shutters
from the green willow branches
and the white light
of the white church cloth of flag,
from white to white, reached us.