

Veronica Stănei Macoveanu

ACROBATICS OVER
THE WORLD'S TEAR

Poems

eLiteratura

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AT THE TEMPLE OF THE
DAY, LIGHT BLESSES THE
UNKNOWN

You all, don't teach me to forget
now at sunset
when serenity and sadness fall over
Oblivion—gentle pain reversal
If it's said that death isn't
violent entry into the chaos
of the unconscious mind
Death—another enigma, another threshold belonging to
existence
often another torment of life, of getting detached from it
and ironically—it seems—not the last torment
I'm waiting for scattering into beauty
of any being on Earth

Under the crown of the stars you have
the fierce freedom to die
Apparently, I don't have that either
I carry your wound, fire arrow
invoking salvation
And now I enter your sphere
under a sign of redemption
I'm afraid of time
Now, beside you, I'm even more afraid
of time than ever
But you see me with the beautiful eyes
of love.

Three foolish pieces of harem in the mosaic
and hangman rope in the curse
On my ankle you forgot
defendant kiss
and ravaged innocence.
Sinful, you used to falsify rigor
I'm always waiting with the first train
eternity
to caress my open wounds.

I'm keeping remains of fatigue
belonging to a heavy galaxy
How powerfully I am glad, fascinating and
sad
There is lightning from the horror
of the unpredictable
It's the underlying noise of suffering
of harassment inside beings
And yet, how powerfully glad I am
fascinating and sad.

I'm afraid I'm at a point
in which I lose criteria
Look at the shame of this public marketplace
with our naked bodies
on balance scales.
Precious buyers come
to judge in violet criteria
the dew of the ineffable
There come just life's passers-by
to feel the slaughter in shyness
There come wolves that devour words
to sniff blowsy
imperfections