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THE IORDANIA BOOK

—lyrical journal—

English Version: **Olimpia IACOB**
&
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LBRRIS

We know
books

**THE BOOK OF ADAM
OR
THE GARDEN OF EDEN**

LBRIS

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Detail on the seashore of the Dead Sea



I

A MULTIPLE I , AS AT THE WEDDING,
envelops me in silks, in laces.

It is a passage I awaited there
where only the wounds sang
and I among them:

*From the start you should say, Paulina,
about the fear that seized you
when you wandered over Iordania,
as if you had wandered over the sky.
You should say all that you have done
ever since you were born,
how you stood the political harpoon,
the sharks, the vitriol of love, frost.*

*You should sing, Paulina,
as you have sung but once
in your living flesh
your babies, too, sang and they were alive.
You were in love!
Sing as you have never sung before
or maybe as when, alive,
you cast fresh blood into your poems.*

*Go to receive the Eucharist in the Garden of Heaven,
Under the apple tree in the middle,
Do not lift your eyes up to the forbidden fruit,
The words between synapses increase, grow wings,
Your body throbbed amazed.*

*Climb down from your childhood
keeping the marks of the prayer on your face
with basil on your fragile, quiet forehead,
carry along your dead people
following God's footprints
as you carried a vessel of bones.*

*You should say how you pressed
your forehead against the cliff,
counting aloud
all that you took along with you.
You heard the chains,
but the poem flew as never before.
You began painting your feet,
the lights came out in Eden.*

*God, with fear I wandered over Iordania,
with venom
I washed my feet,
my wings and the poem in Your waters, God,
Amen!*

II

AMEN

I cried out when I heard a voice.
It called us to wash our wings
before our flight
over the Garden of Eden.

I knew that travelling through those places
was more than looking out through a window
full of slag and dust.

I knew that travelling through those places,
ignoring The Erotic Bird
that made circles around us,
was more
than riding a white horse
to a parade.

I knew all,
but the streets passed through our flesh
forwards and backwards,
which means that I had not dreamt enough in my
childhood
and I was not powdered with enough pollen
when I lay down
under the locust tree of my childhood.

Its thorns bloomed in my flesh.

I knew all that was in the garden of Eden
and, when I came up to a stone,
I felt its strike against my eyes,
as I deserved after all.

If I had had enough time, God,
I would have said so much
and I would have cried for joy
in the *Garden of Eden*.

III

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

there grow flowers as you have never seen before.

Our hours of ecstasy
are covered with their pollen,
as was my poem
when I was alive.
It seemed to me that time was no longer time
but a virile man whom I could master.
We, both, talked about ceremonies,
my joys and my fellow creatures'.

My eyes and his eyes were shining like the sun.
Nothing was grey,
Neither the Desert of Moab
nor the sand or the stone.

All was as it was fated to be
around him.

He looked at me with his eyes of time—
He mastered me,
I mastered him. . .

I gave myself to him,
he gave himself to me
and we were masters of the garden.

The rest was only light and we loved each other,
just as a mother loves her newborn baby.

IV

**JUST AS A MOTHER LOVES HER NEWBORN
BABY,**
so I loved Time.

I made no comments,
I made no wonders,
I set no stars on the holy sky.

It was Time that had done all that.

It made the space,
It simultaneously made the Angels and the Daemons,
the depth of tears and ecstasy.

Time, which stayed near my feet,
preferred the liquid to a poem.

I took time along with me
to the Roman amphitheater in Amman.
They could hear Infernal cries.

I saw Time cover
its eyes and ears
with its hands.

My light grew dark
and I left the amphitheater
finding out a world with few bones open to view
and many others sleeping near the pedestals.

Then I asked:
‘Don’t you think that my little necklace of poems
is worth more than these bones
that sleep near the pedestals?’

Some other bones come out of the poem,
and I begin painting them
as I would paint stones
from Valea Vălanilor