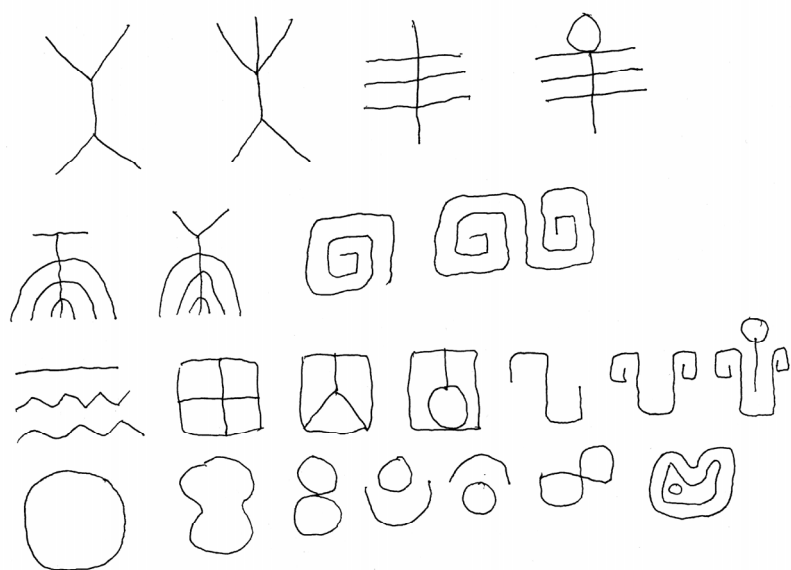


**THE
WORD
AS
A
WORD**



Severe
Lucian Stochi

POETRY WRITING AS SELF REFLEXION

Lucian Strochi is the poet of the primordial Verb, of the active and plenary beginning, threatened by no trace of corrupting thought or blind rhetoric, just by self-wondering, elevating and becoming (*the word = pain's haematoma*), in the transparency of a Barbian * second uttering (*the uttered word means refusing to utter another*) as well as in the thrilled naturalness of the fervour: *the word is not nature's resistance/ it is but its hesitation*.

Lucian Strochi's *Ars Poetica* in *the Word Trilogy* is that of the Logos, after the Fall of Man, in the piece (or the remains) still carrying the aura of the absolute, a fractal which, no matter how menaced with the poetic simulacrum, increases ever more with the innermost secret or with respecting deafening silence.

The cry not cried out, the skeleton of a river, the self splitting, the thought's wing are all but signs of a dynamic poetics, the poetics of a glance, as long as the lightning, and the poetics of expiatory confession, as pale as eternity's biting.

For Lucian Strochi poetry writing is but the accomplishment of the uttering, by agonizing determination (*drowning thirst*) and by the absolute of an ego who reflects its image into any body: *I shall look at you until I have turned into a look*. We can find no trace of estrangement here, it is but purifying memory until it reaches the fractal transparency foreshadowed in the wide range of feelings.

The unforgiving and overwhelming contingency makes the human being subdued not to a ridiculous absolute, but to a saving fatality: silence means fruit bearing (word bearing), looking means harvesting and the instant/presence means summoning a multiple which is not to be flagrantly found in any of us.

May our pun be forgiven but Lucian Strochi's poetry is floating in the magma of the poetic (burning, unyielding),

the same way, for the ancient Greeks, the idea was becoming the surprising poetic. Thus, everything which is captured into a fixed form is doomed to die: the air scar, look's wound, palimpsest of writing.

Lucian Strochi creates a radiating, poetic universe out of dense, consistent verbal energy; the universe is rendering everything absolute by the instantaneous, unhesitating confession: *over the mask I am drawing my face/the same way you are drawing a mask over your face or I am a confession closer to you*

It is here, perhaps, where *Monera* and his CV originated and here we are to get to know a Lucian Strochi who reveals his Self, without pangs of conscience, failures or cheap and bitter tricks. And without overrating, I can truly say that until Lucian Strochi, I have never known a poet gifted with such readiness to write in many poetic registers or to surpass superficial mimicry or to censor any excess to the surprising annihilation of the self corrupted by a name. *Come sleep and become light/come light and become wound/come wound and become word.* There is hardly any breathing space between writing and reading. Fierce concomitance is part of Lucian Strochi's ars poetica, it is quick capturing, as much as the soul allows to be captured: *and my Self- oriented soul is a preface /only my verse is an angel's wing.* The prolonged, soothing infinitive ** is constrained to take escape into the abbreviated form of astonishment, amazing when uttered but merciless when confessed; the making implies sacrifice: *word, our father and son and writing is some sort of striped fear.*

On facing pure, eternal death, the poet, by his demiurgic act, has no other chance but to become Word: *about death/ only my life can say something.* But whatever we may pronounce (be it in our thoughts only), due to our lack of imagination, stays virtual and our soul risks vanishing, stifled by precarious reality: *the wound detaching as/painful as/word detaching.*

Lucian Strochi writes to save his soul and confesses it as a prayer: *I am the only one who can write about my soul.* The Making implies the Maker, the human being is nothing

else but the king of the mirrors and the world is the princess of their reflexions.

What makes us turn into nothingness is the slight hesitation when each and every thing can become word and every word is but Logos reflected into scattered reasoning. *They are birds/ and sing only when/they feel their death/ then they sing and die choked with/ their singing.*

Poetic uttering is like Ascension. It is ruined only by the precarious signs, dead letters which, by permutation, animate shallowness only (*you are in the Yellow Pages, therefore you exist*), and, by hesitation, nature (actually human) cannot but fail: *the word is a thought's chitin/ dark light condensing.*

The available Self's trauma would make life appear impossible for us if it were not for the word and the word would not be a wound, (and the man a scar) and the wound would not mark us with mortifying lemmas; monera being both obstacle and refuge, as long as eternity, that is an instant: as long as it takes one to pass away: *searching to find an aim or answer for light/ I have burnt off on the pyre crying out my truth.*

Conjuring the Word in Lucian Strochi's poetry is like crucifying (splitting) against the heaven of the Romanian language, an interrupted flight (angels have four wings), a captured lightning, subversive ego, a soul alive; it is as if I could remember what I would never have thought myself to be: *a clock with its toll, its minute hands taken off/ a stranger's face is reflected in the mirror.*

You can barely sense the secret of a writer like Lucian Strochi: never in excess, his power of discernment would make the common sense blush, always prompt and spontaneous, neither conceited or vain, ready anytime to share his thought, for him the cultural topos is just the privilege of making.

Lucian Strochi does not put forward ideas or opinions, he does not meddle into everything, that is to say he commits errors; actually he has succeeded in realizing what we name concept and few of us can.

His voice is equally impressive. It is a rhythmic, soft, gentle and soothing voice, almost oracular, not one of royal rhetoric with resplendent sonority.

Once I had the opportunity of listening to him- without any shadow of cheap courtesy on my behalf- in a library at Agapia, on poetry saving us from getting mortified. I was then amazed at his beautiful articulation and rhythmical nature, the coherence of his argument and the naturalness of his lesson on poetry. Later on I happened to watch him on TV navigating all knowingly, in an amazingly free and easy manner throughout the Romanian poetry from its beginnings to the present.

An accomplished speaker, I cannot imagine Lucian Strochi anywhere but in the intimacy of absence, that is to say in the proximity of the Creator, aware of the sublime and not making a bow to the subversive present.

At cultural meetings, his presence inspires peace and calms down the uproar of arguing. And what can be more elevating than being aware that what you utter is much more important than what you write, that what you write is like a wound of the living, the same manner in which his prose is a fictional narrative treatment of what appears only *in nuce* in his poetry (I am thinking of Paulo Coelho).

I might be accused, as I have often been, of dithyrambic style, but, as far as Lucian Strochi is concerned, I think that nobody would be willing to contradict him, as Lucian Strochi seems to me our very common, coherent and creative foreshadowing.

GHEORGHE SIMON

Notes

*Ion Barbu - hermetic poet

** The Romanian substantivized infinitive is rendered by other grammar categories in English

MARKING

**the word as a word comes and tells me
"take off your air shield
thrust your sword into the ground
and something may spring up
a rose or a whisper
put your noble steed to flight
tread on under the horseshoe
and then come to me to get you marked
for your known fault for the unknown one
for the never committed one"
"come to mark you with a vein
with a rose or more fiercely
let me measure you with a red-hot letter
the word as a word comes and tells me"
"scatter away your air appearance
look deep into the mirror and
something may come out a rose a whisper
wear off your body pass beneath a collar bone
the only twisted bone
and return to me so as to mark you
to scatter you
come and become my fault
come and become my dissipated
fault"**

WRITING

here I am writing and the
bones of my hand are getting
longer
thinner and are getting
empty of their marrow and
are filling up with air

here is my hand growing into
a wing
here is the wax of my words
coagulating my fingers
here is my poem the imprint
of my hand's flight

here are my lines the mark of my
hand after being a **claw**

if the page means but the counterpart
of the night
how white the words are
growing

**”life is but a waste of words”
the sage told me and hastily
became silent**

OVER

over the word the word's cloud is bewailing

over the night the insomnia of

the blank paper is coiling up

over the deed the mystery is wandering

over the seed the tree is humming

over life death is softly whispering

over death the poet's eye

over the poet the word cleaving

CHIMERA

The thirsty for realness will say: chimera is
the projection of a huge quartz prism
lying in the middle of the menagerie
the thirsty for recollections will think: a chimera is
the eye's idleness or on the contrary its flowing
too fast
a zooball of thread rolling down the sloping diagonal
line (of the fourth dimension)
those craving for love will believe: chimera is
our guard
or on the contrary a lonely and frightening wedding of
all chopped off words
the thirsty for words will smile: chimera is the only possible
fountain
those craving for chimeras will say: chimera is
the only possible reality
some kind of hedgehog like the poet's eye
the only animal extending into his own desires

LEMMA

if the seed is the tree's falling into its own **self**

if the eye is the light's falling into its own **self**

if the flight is the bird's falling into its own **self**

then the **word** is my falling into my own **self**

STATUES

listen to my silence

**the stone is suavely carving its orators
uttering words means refusing**

to utter at all

ART OF POETRY

I write my poems onto parchment
straight onto my skin
I tattoo my poetry for this reason
my poems are ever shorter
ever more afflicting
soon I shall have to write them straight onto my
lungs
liver or heart
I shall have to be my own palimpsest
all engraved in trembling hand by
mother
father
other poems
essential lines
wrinkles appear
and although I know it pointless
I continue tattooing
my poems
straight onto my skin

THE PERIPHERAL WORD

**the doctor of words wants to heal me
he consults me and declares “ what you feel
what you know say and think
does not mean the word as a word it is only the
peripheral word
unfeeling any anaesthesia the peripheral word
vanishes only when the tongue keeps silent
therefore there is nothing to be done keep
feeling knowing saying thinking
we can heal you of any word but we do not ask
for impossible things – the word is not nature’s
resistance
it is solely her wavering**

Poem

words

are

still throbbing

nizingago

in my poem

like the legs

of a giant mosquito

which I have just

squashed against the wall

CONJURATIONS

the horse speaking to me about grass
knowing each other at horseshoe level
the frog singing about water
knowing each other by knife blade
the bird longing for flying
after a pillow- long love
a man crying yelling for another
hoping we shall recognize each other
some day

ACCORDING DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

my words started falling ill
having high temperature
or fainting
I stand by them night after night
I make hot tea for them
I apply compresses or cupping glass
despite all these words often die into poems
suffering from agreement stroke at syntax level
(for value added tax)
the word *air* suffers from pleurisy
the word *light* has cataract
the word *yellow* suffers from jaundice
my words started falling ill
few of them recover
and I am getting near them forgetting
that they might be catching

ZEBRA

**leave all roads
free**

for an instant

and then the cobblestones

suffering from corns

will ring themselves

like the keys of

a mechanic piano

THE WORD (WITH BORGES)

**black skeleton of letters (a remainder)
wrapped up in transparent garment
some kind of celestial worm
or something more alive**

**almost an arm almost
a hand with numberless fingers
some kind of shadow amidst waters
which will freeze you in sleep**

**some kind of perfect dice a ball
untroubled equilibrium
a temple of an eyeball
a steaming spot on a tiger**

**a number a module a certain date
naked dagger or only its sheath
a divine bone or inert flesh
choking thirst**

**wound of time sob for space
sacred love perverse love
some kind of spaceless mouth
slowly falling into verse pace**

**a rope dancer dancing on his rope
candour of a bullet popping out the barrel
a greenish wave castrated by a helm
and a sand book concavely agonizing**

ANTIPALIMPSEST

**everything has been written even this very line
the same words the same word order
the same meaning**

**I am writing heavily so as the former lines
could show up**

**I am writing smoothly as if wiping off
a butterfly's wing**

**(the skeleton of a letter is the beam
of the bizarre celestial architecture)
my words are digging out the same words
even my blood is the handiest ink
it awakens common blood**

**I am writing smoothly as if brushing colours
with an angel's eyelid
my writing is strangely whirling
in spinning circles
as if I were writing
onto the age rings of the same tree
I am writing heavily and uselessly onto a magic mirror**

ON WRITING

**the written word is some sort of ballast
which I am scattering in a desert and over the sea
I am catching the scent of a celestial hurricane
steadily climbing in diving**

**only my shadow is left for you as a remainder
the catch shared out after hunting
the revolt belongs to the agrestic sand
and its writing is but gentle splitting**

★★★

alone the inside blind is spinning my nerves
the nail's trail onto iron filing
the sugar illusion of the rose
too early in bloom
outside the mime of the slain dog
the wall is licking its sun-burnt stones
window mauve soul shiny shovel
steaming manure for greenhouse
how **white** the **words** grow inside

THE POET

the poet is a half-aquatic
being (o my! do not think of
mermaids)

everything the poet utters is split into a
never-ending meaning

with dim eyes only he can sort out
the mud of any thing (so suave so hot
the mud)

only he can hear the ebb
and flow of our common blood

WISHBONE

the writing
the memory of the bird I
used to be
(one-can-write-best-with-wild-goose-quill)
the writing
the stalker's hesitation
into which I shall turn
(the pen end following with a stalker's eye
the bird unknowingly flying
above me)

THE WING

**I am writing an all but round word
the same way the bird lays its egg
almost round**

ON THE POEM'S COMING INTO A BIRD

"are you writing?"

"no, I am making bird nets ready"

"are you writing?"

"no, I am making bird's cages ready"

"are you writing?"

"no, I am fondling the **bird"**

SPIDER OF LIGHT

"the word is
another white
web

and its thin shadow is
the poem"

THE GREAT BLIND MAN

**so manly my look
that even the air could burst into buds
if I were to keep my eyes open for a twinkling**

MYTH

a strange bird took me for an apple

then twice did it pick me

I have been able to see ever since

WHITE

**any word is the equal of any other word
only their hesitation is different
when lit**

THE NET

and there cannot possibly be a nightmare like this
the beast bounded to me with its claws does it tear
off its fur
and skins itself and to my feet does it throw its coat
a net alive with blood thickening in its ends
a net alive of twisted nerves and the fur becoming
invisible
o my! how dreadfully those blood-emptied wounds
were snarling
o my! how awfully gaping voids in the nerves were
grinning
and out of each void - fear's nest- eyes sprang up
the net was now a sea of eyes in tidal waves
the long-awaited monster had hidden under its fur
it kept moving its one thousand eyes each staring at
me
each eye engulfed me eyeless
my body was dripping off its blood flesh was
becoming transparent
I was but a nerve net dripping
into the beach sand
my flesh was the deserted beach
invaded by jellyfish and each jellyfish was an eye
an empty eye

POSSIBLE SERENADE IN THE MOONLIGHT

**or maybe humbly sobbing
the stone's biting the air is equally
humble
my dream's peace is
scenting
absences**

**my look goes hoarse
serenading to the
light**

I am holding a horseshoe in my hand (half of it
an eyelid)
were I to blow upon it
I would plough up the magnetic field
with iron scales
it can be anything: a bending sword
the prosthesis of a road
a word
this is exactly a word out of which
some square letters
leaked
” let’s hammer nails instead of letters
let’s crucify the hoof
let’s make the horse kneel
sharper to the eye than the moon’s sickle”
I am holding the horseshoe in my hand (the only
perfect
tuning fork)
in me fear is rummaging about
also symphonic themes and accords
the neck of galloping horses
I am cupping the word in my hand (half eyelid
half horseshoe)
my thirsty eye
is dripping down my fingers

STATUE

**I shall keep l00king at
y0u until
I have turned int0 a l00k**

WRITING

just the **fear**
of
not
blinding
the **word**

WRITING

word – the time's gap

the gap in between words

eternity's white biting

THE GREAT MIRROR

cursed shall be he who broke the word

look! / here have I gathered all the

splinters

try as I may still I cannot rebuild

the primordial

image

my poetry is but the

fissures

of the great misty

mirror

FOG

in the morning the night's passers-by's breathing almost real
unknown prolonged and too gentle and probably
inexistent
he who wildly bites the sun's red nipple
absent
purer milk is given to all
choking you
autumn's liquefied subtle bars
debunk objects
the wax **memory** is dripping into the beheaded skull
wandering
in the universe and rippling
its **dream**
for a moment

**the sight is the matter's fifth state as ranked
after the diamond's arrogant reflection
after the water's humble insidious reflection
after the death's breath shining mirrors
after the flame splitting stars**

**or maybe it is but the dynamic recollection of
the other states the same way the horse is the
horseshoe's memory
the water in the glass is the glass'
recollection**

**the cigarette smoke is the night's memory
the flame is the very recollection of the star
or maybe it is the memory's memory
of the other states the very same way the horse is
the water's recollection**

**water is the cigarette smoke's memory and the cigarette
smoke is the very memory of the flame
the sight is the first state of the matter**

before the flame shining mirrors

before the death's breath splitting stars

before the water's proud reflection

**before the diamond's humble insidious reflection
the sight is the matter's dynamic memory
remembering its self**

SPOKEN PORTRAIT

**hokusai utamaru a single
uninterrupted line
gliding down slopes climbing
mountains
a single uninterrupted line
lingering about the oval
of a woman
of whom I knew nothing
a single uninterrupted line
thrusting into the word
a single uninterrupted word
the fan of our moods
(almost steps) which the model is
climbing**

THE BLIND

of all the blind can see full well

they can see with their ears tips of their fingers
nostrils

the end of their walking stick

of all only the blind know

the parable of the blind

of all only the blind do not know that

when in grief, happiness, love or thought

we keep our eyes shut tight

of all only the born blind

could see

the primordial fire

THE LESSON ON BLINDNESS

**he who says that blindness is some
sort of**

**mist lying on the eye
has never gone blind**

**blindness means hesitating when looked
at by things**

**not caressing the long-desired
shapes**

the dream's sleep

**and especially an hopeless attempt
to tame the world**

* * *

you should fear the shadowless they come
from virgin waters and are
of high birth
are numberless and ever
change their friendly mask
their feet are clean
as though no colour has ever touched
or anointed them
and no eye's colour has ever
burnt them
fear the shadowless for you shall not
understand them
they have stone's face or the dying fire's one

they come to upright or fell down
our slanting beings

DANCE

self-murdering longing for symmetry
as much desired as child's fun
and yet life
outlining the broken border
between chaos and rhythm

the dance: wait's wild dream
the look is getting empty of memory
and the victorious sign in midst is emerging
we do not chase it with sweat's luring
with deed's honey dripping
all is but returning to the initial point and
and avowing

self-murdering longing for symmetry
as a suave fear of death
the dance

the look getting empty of memory
walks away

I, ICARUS

*I am coming anear the living
as you are coming anear the dying
so as to catch their last words
lighter than whisper
or breathing
over the mask am I drawing my face
the same way you are drawing a mask over your face
despite these we keep talking, smiling and hugging
we love the same women we beget the same children
we die the same death
your hopelessness attached wax wings to me
burnt my look, got my mind astray
stoned my flesh
and even if you deprive me of light, still I do have
the shadow the shadow of my body
imagining a bird the shadow of my hand is a blue light
my blood trickling down
is curdling into a word
pain's haematoma*

ON FISHING

this river is but the skeleton of an enormous fish
wandered along by milliards of smaller fish
until its flesh turns transparent
this bridge pillar is the vertebra of
the enormous fish
this angling rod is my absolute nerve
the unerring bait of lesser fish
"bite
bite out of me until I turn myself
transparent"
this man is but the skeleton of a river

I am writing onto the scale of an enormous
fish and the word is slipping away

I am writing just a single word but it splits
into

other words because of the striations of the
enormous scale

I am writing and under me the earth is
meaning and quaking

I am notching a word onto the scale of an
enormous fish and

the earth is quaking and the word is breaking
into other words

I am writing only one word with which I am
trying to split

the side line of an enormous fish I am writing
a single
word

ASHORE

the **fish** is swimming unknowingly

lying ashore I do know I am swimming

the **bird** is flying unknowingly

lying ashore I do know I am flying

the **reed** is dreaming unknowingly

lying on the shore I do know I am

dreaming

*when the river stones are to get eyes
otherwise why should they carve their eye
sockets
they will undoubtedly speak in disdain
of us
more aquatic beings*

FISHERMAN'S VILLAGE

**so thin the air net thrown over
us such a largely- meshed net
that you might think it light rays
which**

**you can swim through
tenderly moved for an instant
the fisherman's
eye is weeping: enough for
us to be groping in mist**

HAKU

writing

another way of watching a stone

over which the stream is flowing

all the waters have their faces reversed
mimicking our eternity
the coldness of any equilibrium makes
mirrors tremble
under your hot breathing
the dim spirit of parting enlivens them
slanting rain bending according to
impossible laws
trickling down to the world's true faces
the deep wounds in which time is gurgling

FIVE POEMS ON ABSENCE

I

**the saints' aura more genuine than the flowers offered
to the beloved woman and light defeated by her protesting
weaving misty circles
only your fingers soothingly groping for
the air scar**

II

**there is something more transparent than this transparency
an air bubble into quartz crystal
or the ligaments between two crystals
or the music of the crystal vase touched
by your fingers soothingly groping for
the air scar**

III

**ambiguous as any wound the absent
light: only the word and the light
self-sufficient
purer than hesitation than the search for hesitation
the star can stain too my lips say burnt
by your fingers soothingly groping for
the air scar**

IV

a rain suavely secretly flooding
the sockets of our words according to the principle
of the communicating vessels: knots and venters
unfaltering like knife blade tearing off the air
fear's flowers growing in which soil
picked up with which intuition
by your fingers soothingly groping for
the air scar

V

air-made statues strangling silences
and the self-devouring time cutting out
saints' auras thrusting into the transparency
of the crystal enclosing the air bubble
injected into the heart
ambiguous as any perfect wound the grip
of the fear picked
by your fingers soothingly groping for
the air scar

THE BALANCE

By what way can the rootless spring

By what way can one cut a comma out of a light

By what way can the translucent one bleed

By what way can the translucent be the living

By what way can the word be a word

ROMANTIC JEWELLER

sometimes I dream of me as a subtle
diamond

I could cut air indeed
and people would look up
enviously

straight into my **triangular**
eye

RING

diamonds want platinum mounting
gold is not good enough for them

things need death mounting
their life my life is not good enough for them
the magic ring embraces my finger
luring me into mystery

and I am
becoming
cigarette smoke
the ring is set next to the egg

into the bowl with virginal water

I shall wash all leaves
off my face
I shall wash all words
off my retina
time's wound
the ring with death mounting

MIRRORS

soon the absence tree will grow up
in your home: silvery
and nearby the fountain (overgrown
with
briars of long-forgotten ages)
the self- murdering
virginal- breasted maidens
suavely do they plunge into the peacock's
eye multiplied
by sleep
Medusa's glass eye inwardly turned
melting stone armours off
and a wing
grown in the day's
indefinite smile (mermaid's split tail
whipping your face)

BELL

light's claw my weak shield

my heart all awake scratching coat for me

blood murmuring

embracing the metal's

cold walls

smoothly gilding them

bell I have torn you out heavily falling down

into overgrown weeds

my hand is becoming dry slowly

turning

into rope

for whom

are you

tolling

you my restless soul

my mouth gasping for air

clear chlorophorm is my air

all bells are sound asleep

deeply buried into bells

each verse is the salt mark
of that who I am
like the tear which sublimates me
I am a confession closer to you
thus we can feel more warm-
heartedly

so as to share something tonight
in between two dying cigarettes

SIGN

Saving it**S** **S**tratagem- **S**hield
Sapping **S**icillie**S** underneath
Stanchion**S**
Suavely with**S**tanding ancestor'
S day**S** the **S**tar **S**ign **S**atanically
Stand**S** like a **S**keleton

ADVICE ON WORD UTTERING

**how and when we speak
that is really a good question
by no means with your face and eyes sun-
oriented
by no means when sleeping by no means when
your soul and body still hurt
or soaked with tears, sweat and illness
by no means when behind the sheepfold
when dogs bark themselves strangled in chain
or at wool carding and spinning
when bread kneading or baking
when we speak we need to be careful
lest some shell splinter should fall from
heavens
or something else, God forbid
when speaking one is not to scale a fish
or milk a cow
pour out the trough
profane the vesper bell
sharpen the scythe
overturn a table
when it rains
when a hen lays eggs
when a woman gives birth to her first child
when a child cries out when his father shouts
when speaking you should never think about
yourself
and you should spread your fingers wide
before your eyes**

**as if greatly ashamed
that is the way things can be true, proper and it
is right
that you should not bear white frost in your
eyelashes
or flour in your eyebrows
tar in your soul
one should not speak at dawn or year end
one should not speak of song, disenchantment
or
womb
one should not have a hat cap or beret on
as your tongue might turn parched
when one speaks if one speaks
he is to think of the word as an arcane
when we speak we should think of the mouth
not as if slag or wild rose
but wound**

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***** all the waters have their faces reversed 396**
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LA CHIMERA

*gli assetati di reale diranno: la chimera è
la proiezione di un prisma di quarzo enorme
messo in mezzo alla casa
gli assetati di ricordi penseranno: la chimera è
una pigrizia dell'occhio o anzi un suo troppo
rapido
scorrere
uno zoogroviglio che si srotola sulla china
della diagonale (quella della quarta dimensione)
gli assetati d'amore crederanno: la chimera è
il nostro animale di guardia
oppure una festa di nozze spaventata e isolata
da tutte le parole recise
gli assetati di parole sorrideranno: la chimera è
la sola fontana possibile
gli assetati di chimere diranno: la chimera è
la sola realtà possibile
un certo tipo di riccio come l'occhio del poeta
il solo animale cresciuto nel prolungamento
dei suoi desideri*

(STEFAN DAMIAN)

IO, ICARO

*mi avvicinino agli uomini vivi
come voi vi avvicinate ai moribondi
per captare le ultime parole
più leggere del bisbiglio
del vapore del respiro
tiro una maschera sul mio volto
così come tutti voi vi tirate sul volto una maschera
e con tutto questo ci parliamo ci sorridiamo ci
abbracciamo
amiamo le stesse donne facciamo gli stessi figli
moriamo della stessa morte
la vostra impotenza mi ha messo ali di cera
mi ha bruciato gli sguardi mi ha fatto perdere la
mente
mi ha schiantato il corpo sulle pietre
e anche se mi prenderete la luce mi rimarrà
l'ombra l'ombra del mio corpo a raffigurare un
uccello
l'ombra della mia mano una luce azzurra
scorre nel mio sangue
e si raggruma in parola
ematoma del dolore*

(ŞTEFAN DAMIAN)

GEORGES SIMON



Le fils aîné de ses parents Natalia et Ioan, Georges Simon est né, le 27 mars 1950, au Monastère d'AGAPIA, Dép. NEAMT, ROUMANIE
Les classes primaires et secondaires, finies en 1965, dans le village Agapia.

Le collège, (« Etienne le Grand ») à Tg.Neamt, baccalauréat, en 1969.
En même année, s'est passé le début littéraire, dans le journal *CEAHLAUL*, où il a publié ses premiers poèmes.

Participation à un concours littéraire, organisé par RADIO ROMANIA, gagné, après avoir apprendre par cœur 300 poésies.

Ensuite, il va suivre les études à la Faculté de Lettres à Iasi, licence ès lettres, en 1975, et, dès le début jusqu'à présent, il est professeur de français dans son village natal.

Œuvres publiées : *Des éclaires captifs*, (poèmes), 1985 ; *La vie selon Jésus*, (poèmes), 1996 ; *Dimanche des instants perdus*, (poèmes), 2004 ; *L'Épiphanie du Verbe*, (poèmes), 2009.

Membre et délégué pour la Roumanie de l'Association Européenne « François Mauriac », il a publié plusieurs essais en français.

Membre de l'Union des Écrivains de Roumanie, il a reçu quelques prix littéraires.

Născut la 27 martie 1950 la Mănăstirea Agapia, județul Neamț. Părinții: Ioan și Natalia. Clasele primare și gimnaziale le-a făcut în comuna Agapia. Cursurile liceale - la Tg. Neamț, Liceul Ștefan cel Mare, terminate în anul 1969 după care a urmat Facultatea de Litere a Universității „Alexandru Ioan Cuza” din Iași, absolvent în 1975;

Membru fondator și redactor Șef-adjunct al revistei „*Opinia studentescă*”.

Debut poetic absolut în 1969 în ziarul *Ceahlăul*. **Debut editorial** : „*Fulgere captive*” (poeme), Editura Junimea, 1984; „*Viața după Iisus*” (poeme), Editura Panteon, 1996; „*Duminica absențelor*” (poeme), Editura Priceps Edit, 2004, „*Ardere de tot*”, Editura Princeps Edit, 2009.

Publică mai multe eseuri de specialitate: *La quête sans conquête*, Franța 1994; *James Joyce, une lecture roumaine*, Franța 1996. Semnează în revistele literare poeme și eseuri pentru care a primit mai multe premii: premiul revistei „*Luceafărul*” (pentru eseu), premiul revistei „*Ateneu*” (pentru eseu), premiul revistei „*Tribuna*” (pentru eseu).

Este membru al Asociației Europene „François Mauriac” și membru al Uniunii Scriitorilor din România.

Participări la colocviile AEFM (Asociația Europeană „François Mauriac”). La colocviul dedicat poetului François Cheng, membru al Academiei franceze prezentarea comunicării: „*François Cheng entre le souffle initial et le dernier appel*”, Strasbourg, Franța, 2009.



IULIANA CUTE-PETRIC

BREVE CURRICULUM VITAE

- **IULIANA CUTE-PETRIC** undetricesimo die mensis Iulii, MCMLI a. D., Petrodavae nata est et hic pueritiam egit.
- Curriculum studiorum sic consecuta est:
MCMLXX - in Lyceo “ Carolus I ”, Craiovae, studia perfecit (quod, ea adulescente, parentes, negotii causa, Craiovam migraverant).
MCMLXXIV - in Universitate Bucurescensi cursum litterarum classicarum perfecit, dissertatione, cui inscribitur “De allegoria in Latinis Litteris”, habita.
MCMLXXXVII - in Universitate “Al. I Cuza” cursum litterarum Daco-Romanarum Anglicarumque perfecit (dissertatione de femineis personnis in Alexandri Ivasiuc libris habita).
- MCMLXXIV - Petrodavam rediit et anno post in matrimonium a V. Cute-Petric ducta est. Iis carissimus filius unus est.
- MCMLXXIV – MMX - magistra in pluribus scholis Petrodavae operam dedit ut iuvenes linguam Latinam et linguam Anglicam doceret. Per plures quam viginti annos in Lyceo “Petro Rares” et item in Lyceo “C. Hogas” discipulos linguam Latinam docuit.
- Plurimum itinera et litteras amat, praecipue opus Vergilii, de quo dissertationem scripsit, cui “De genere personnarum in Vergilii Aeneide”, inscribitur.



DANA ANCA STROCHI

Poet, traducător

Născută în Războieni-Neamț

Absolventă a Facultății de limba și literatura română

Universitatea din București

Secția română-franceză (1974)

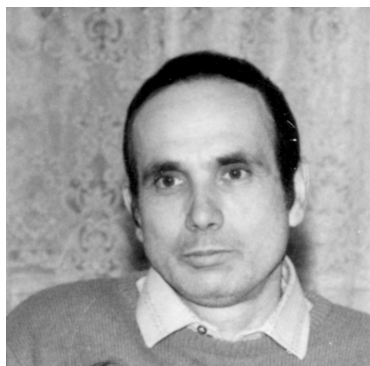
Traduceri: *Județul Neamț* (monografie)

Elena Florescu/Adolph Chevalier. *Valea Bistriței-tradiții populare*

A tradus din: Alexandru Vlahuță, Dimitrie Cantemir, Ion Creangă, Mihai Pop, Șt. O. Iosif, Vasile Alecsandri, Mihai Eminescu, Lucian Strochi, poezie populară (colinde, Miorița)

A publicat în: *Asachi, Antiteze*

Bursă din partea Guvernului francez - Reims (1991)



MIHAI BOTEZ

Doctor în literatură franceză, fost cadru didactic universitar.

Titular al unei diplome de înalte studii în litere și civilizație franceză, obținută la o universitate din Franța. Intelectual cu largă deschidere culturală, pasionat de idei filozofice și de literaturi, pe care le frecventează în cinci limbi străine.

Scriitor bilingv (română și franceză), pseudonim literar: Mihai Stîncaru, cu trei volume de proză publicate, ultimul fiind *Myozotis Prostologhikon Casa imemorială*, ed. „Junimea”, Iași, 2007. Eseist, continuator al *Dicționarului umoristic al limbii române* inițiat de Tudor Mușatescu; (v. volumul său FRAGILIA, ed. „Timpul”, Iași, 2003).

Cercetător literar și în științele educației, cu zeci de studii și câteva lucrări de specialitate în volum.

Traducător în franceză din poezii români: N. Stănescu, L. Blaga, G. Coșbuc, G. Topîrceanu, A. Păunescu, L. Strochi etc. Critic literar cu numeroase articole publicate în presa culturală.

„Indexat” la litera B în *Dicționarul personalităților nemțene*, de C. Prangati.

DELIA-CARMEN TOMȘA-HOLIN



S-a născut la Piatra-Neamț (România), în ziua de 16 noiembrie 1968, fiind al doilea copil în familia lui Constantin Tomșa (profesor) și a Cătălinei Tomșa (învățătoare). După absolvirea claselor primare și gimnaziale la Școlile Generale Nr. 3 și Nr. 26 (în prezent Nr. 6), din orașul natal, a frecventat și a absolvit (1987) cursurile Liceului Industrial de Chimie (profilul electrotehnic) din aceeași localitate (în prezent, Colegiul Tehnic „Gheorghe Cartianu”). A urmat cursuri în cadrul Institutului Politehnic „Gheorghe Asachi” din Iași (Facultatea de Informatică și

Telecomunicații). În 1993, s-a stabilit în Nordrhein-Westfalia (Germania), unde a urmat cursurile private ale ganzheitlich orientierte Physiotherapieschule Bergkamen GmbH (între 1994-1997), calificându-se ca fizioterapeut, domeniul în care lucrează și în prezent. A tradus, din limba germană în limba română, fragmente din cartea „Um nichts in der Welt- Eine Liebe von Cioran” de Friedgard Thoma, care au fost publicate în Revista „Antiteze” din Piatra-Neamț.

In Piatra-Neamt (Rumänien), am 16 November 1968 geboren, ist das zweite Kind der Familie von Constantin Tomsa (Professor) und Catalina Tomsa (Grundschullehrerin). Nach den ersten vier Grundschuljahren in der Grundschulen Nr. 3 und Nr. 26 (aktuell Nr. 6) in der Heimatstadt, besuchte und absolvierte sie 1987 die Oberschule für Industrie (elektrotechnische Fachrichtung) im gleichen Ort (heute das Technisches Kolegium „Gheorghe Cartianu“). Dannach folgte das Universitätsstudium an der Politechnischen Fakultät „Gheorghe Asachi“ in Iasi (Fachrichtung Informatik und Telekomunikation). Seit 1993 wohnt sie in Nordrhein-Westfalen (Bundesrepublik Deutschland). Zwischen 1994-1997 besuchte sie die private ganzheitlich orientierte Physiotherapieschule Bergkamen GmbH und erlangte nach dem Staatsexamen im September 1997 die Berufsbezeichnung „staatlich anerkannte Physiotherapeutin“. Sie übt diesen Beruf bis zum heutigen Tage aus.

Fragmenten aus den Roman von Friedgard Thoma „Um nichts in der Welt- Eine Liebe von Cioran“, die publiziert worden sind in der Zeitschrift „Antiteze“ in Piatra-Neamt, wurden von ihr aus der deutschen Sprache ins Rumänische übersetzt.



VIOREL BURUIANĂ

PSEUDONIMUL LITERAR: VLADIMIR TESCANU

Născut la 2 aprilie 1952 în TESCANI, județul Bacău.

Liceul "Petru Rareș" din Piatra Neamț.

În 1970, autor al unui film artistic de cineclub, 50 min., *Mlaștina* (titlu cenzurat, schimbat ulterior - *Prietenii* - la Festivalul de film Poneasca, unde a obținut Premiul de popularitate).

Absolvent al Facultății de Litere, Universitatea București, 1975.

Teza de licență: *Film și epică. Influențe cinematografice în romanul contemporan (Proust, Dos Passos, Joyce, Faulkner, Camus, Mailer, Moravia; Ivăsiuc, Breban, Buzura).*

A frecventat *Cercul de critică literară* (condus de Eugen Simion), *Cenaclul "Junimea"* (îndrumat de Ovid S. Crohmălniceanu), *Cenaclul scriitorilor din Piatra Neamț*.

A debutat publicistic în revista *Ateneu*, cu o proză (*Secția*), în 1985. Debut editorial: *Palimpsest*, roman, Editura *Cartea Românească*, 1988.

După absolvire, profesor de franceză la Piatra Neamț.

Membru al Asociației Scriitorilor Profesioniști din România (ASPRO – București) și al Societății Scriitorilor Români - Neamț.

Colaborări în revistele: *Ateneu*, *SLAST*, *Fotografia*, *Euphorion*, *Asachi*, *Antiteze* etc. – proză, eseuri, articole, traduceri (eseuri de Aldous Huxley; proză de Norman Mailer, William Styron, Carl Spitteler, F. Scott Fitzgerald ș.a.).

VOLUME PUBLICATE:

Palimpsest, roman, Editura *Cartea Românească*, 1988

Negru și roz, roman, Editura *Noema*, 1997; ediție revăzută, 2008.

TRADUCERI:

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Dincoace de Paradis / This Side of Paradise*, Editura *Noema*, 1995.

Laurențiu Dimișcă, *Singular art / Arta singulară*, Editura C. M. Imago, 2009.



DANA- RUXANDRA IORGULESCU
(n. 1951)

- **Licența în filologie, specialitatea limba și literatura engleză, în Universitatea “*Alexandru Ioan Cuza*” din Iași în 1974**
- **profesor de engleză în diferite colegii din Piatra- Neamț**
- **colaborează la *Marele Dicționar de Scriitori Nord- Americani*, un proiect al universității ieșene**



LUCIAN STROCHI

Poet, prozator, dramaturg, eseist, critic de artă publicist.

Născut la: 23.07.1950 în Petroșani

Facultatea de Limbă și literatură română din București (1974)

Doctor în Filologie al Universității Al. I.Cuza din Iași (2003)

Debut: Amfiteatru, februarie, 1968

Debut în volum: *Penultima partidă de zaruri*, Cartea Românească, 1985

Volume publicate: *Gambit*, roman, 1990; *Cuvîntul cuvînt*, versuri, 1994; *Județul Neamț*, monografie, în colaborare, 1995; *Purtătorul de cuvînt*, versuri, 1996; *Cicatricea*, roman, 1996-Premiul Asociației Iași a Uniunii Scriitorilor; *Sonete*, 1998; *Memoria fulgerului*, povestiri, 1999; *Monere*, versuri, 2000; *Emisferele de Brandenburg*, roman, 2001; *Versuri*, 2002; *CV*, versuri, 2002; *Introducere în fantastic. Dimensiuni ale fantasticului în proza lui Mircea Eliade*, eseu, 2003; *Paradoxala Olandă*, eseu, 2004; *Fantasticul în proza românească*, eseu, 2004; *Antologia muntelui. Poezie cultă românească*, 2005; *Ceasornicul lui Eliade*, povestiri, 2006; *Teatru*, 2008; *Ore suplimentare*, povestiri, 2008; ****Lascăr Vorel. Jurnal anul 1916. Studiu introductiv și notă asupra ediției*, 2009; *Memoria orașului în acuarele* **Iulia Hălăuceanu*, eseu, 2009; *Funia de nisip*, roman, 2010; *Alfabetul animalelor, primul alfabet*, versuri, 2010; *Alfabetul animalelor, al doilea alfabet*, versuri, 2011.

Membru al Uniunii Scriitorilor din România (1996) și al Uniunii Artiștilor Plastici din România –Secția critică (2000)

Ordinul Meritul Cultural în grad de cavaler (2004)

Colofon

Acest volum cuprinde 58 de poeme în limba română
și câte tot atâtea pentru fiecare din
versiunile în limbile
latină, franceză, spaniolă, germană și engleză.
Acele echivalențe au fost realizate
în anii 2010-2011,
cu câteva excepții:
traducerea în limba spaniolă datând
din 2004
precum și unele poeme
în franceză și italiană,
având aceeași vechime.

Cartea a beneficiat de talentul unor

Traducători excepționali

aceștia adăugând talentului lor și o osândie neobișnuită,
benedictină,

trecând adesea peste limitele normalului:

IULIANA CUTE-PETRIC

(latină)

DANA ANCA STROCHI

MIHAI BOTEZ

VLADIMIR TESCOANU

(franceză)

LILIANA MATASE DE RIVAS

CARMEN MARCOS

(spaniolă)

DELIA-CARMEN TOMȘA-HOLIN

(germană)

DANA IORGULESCU

(engleză).

Drept Prefață a fost ales
un eseu

al poetului, eseistului și traducătorului

GHEORGHE SIMON

întrucât oferea o viziune panoramică integratoare
asupra poeziei mele.

Autorul
Le mulțumește din suflet și îi asigură
de toată dragostea și prietenia sa.
De asemenea se cuvin
cele mai alese gânduri și pentru
Ioan Careja
Anca Cristiana Catană
Cristian Diaconu
Maria Huminiuc
Elena Ionescu
Lia Köszeghi
Tincuța Neagoie
Emil Neagoie
Tasica Postole
Bogdan Spatariu
Constantin Turcu
Adrian Vais
pentru sprijinul direct
acordat apariției acestei
cărți.

Au fost reproduse într-o inedită anexă și două texte
în limba italiană semnate de
profesorul universitar doctor Ștefan Damian (Cluj-Napoca).