

**Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**

*Tear of love*



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*(Poems)*

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**Tear of love**

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## **Tear of love**

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*Love is what keeps this earth  
tied to the sky.*

**(Radu Cârneli)**

## **BIOBIBLIOGRAPHY**

**Gheorghe Andrei Neagu** was born in Trifești village, Neamț county (1949). Elementaru studies in his native village, Highschool in Roman, The Faculty of Economics – marketing in Iasi, postgraduate studies in Labor Organization on Bucharest. Professor, designer, inspector, director and founder of the publications *Jurnalul de Vrancea*, *Oglinda Vrânceană*, *Gazeta Vrânceană*, *Oglinda Moldovei* and *Oglinda Literară*, all in Focșani. President of the "Duiiu Zamfirescu" Cultural Association, chief- editor of the journal *Oglinda Literară*, owner of awards for literature and cultural professionalism. Present in various dictionaries and histories of Romanian literature, Member of the Writers' Union of Romania, Order of Merit for Literature in the Grade of Knight, awarded by the Romanian Presidency in 2004, nominated as *Man of the Year 2004* by the American Biographical Institute. Receives a diploma from Pope John Paul II in 2002 and another one from Pope Benedict XVI in 2010.

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Poetic debut in the press in 1970.

Editorial debut in 1986.

**Books written:** *Sistemul informațional în silvicultură* (*Informational system in forestry*) (1974), *Raționalizarea sistemului informațional în silvicultură* (*Rationalization of the information system in forestry*) (2 volumes, 1975), *Zece prozatori* (*Ten writers*) (short story, Albatros, 1986), *Antologia Jurnal 100* (*Journal 100 Anthology*) (Zedax, Focșani, 1995), *Templul iubirii* (*Temple of love*) (philosophical novel, Porto Franco, 1992), *Arme și lopeți* (*Weapons and shovels*) (novel, Zedax, 1995), *Moartea șobolanului* (*The rat's death*) (short story, Zedax, 1997), *Al Evei trup de fum* (*Eve's body of smoke*) (Zedax, 2003), *Jurnal american* (*American journal*) (Zedax 2004), *Crucea lui Andrei* (*Andrew's cross*) (Zedax, 2003), Short story in the „Selected Writings” Collection (La Bellu, Zedax, 2005), *Proza.ro* (Paralela 45, 2005), *Aesopicae* (Valman, 2006), *Purtătorul de cruce* (*The Cross Carrier*) (Valman, 2009), volume awarded by the Writers' Union of Romania, Bacău Branch (2010), *Nunta neagră* (*Black wedding*) (Valman 2010), translated in French, English, Italian, Russian, Albanese and so on.

## **Life as a light melted in twilight**

There are people who have received, among other gifts, that of generosity. Gheorghe Andrei Neagu, as I know him, is a generous person. And by that I now mean the fact that he also shows this trait in the magazine that he runs, “Literary mirror”, a genuine tribune of Romanian and universal spirituality. Author of several volumes of prose and poetry, Gheorghe Andrei Neagu unravels himself in these poems of his (standing beneath the sign of a *motto* by Radu Cârnelci: “The love is that which keeps this Earth tied to the sky”), like a nostalgic whom the flow of time presses with the fingers of memories, the whispers of regrets and, seemingly less frequently, covers him with the thin veil of expectations. Love enlightens everything, however, in one form or another, sometimes stepping on “alleys with white thoughts”, even if the passing of time gives birth to shadows in the “life as light/ melted in twilight”.

“From my flesh/ words have been removed/ that were heated on fire”, writes Gheorghe Andrei Neagu, in this volume where the dominant feelings are nostalgia, love (word which appears over 70 times in

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the book – love, 12 times) wearing the colors of the memory, or, at other times, coats draped in autumn's amber nuances. Actually, either directly, either through the atmosphere created, autumn is perhaps the most often invoked season. Autumn in which “sad the leaves fall” and “rains come/ and heavy wings come”, the autumn which “softly sings” or, more seldom, may be reborn, dear, into hearts. Or: “It's autumn honey and I am/ the tree with its green in half-mast”. Life has pressingly leaned against the thin glass of hope and, as the author writes, “nobody can walk barefoot/ in my soul/ because of the shattered glass remained/ of dead hopes.”

Thus, in short, a volume “built” like a “tear of love”, colored of autumn, of nostalgia, signed by Gheorghe Andrei Neagu. A journey rather into a land in which the inside colors the outside, with a paintbrush dipped in metaphors and verse arguments such as the author finds handy. Also a land of memories, clothed with the growing number of moments slipping through the fingers of time.

*Marius Chelaru*

## *Gloomy light*

*From so much light, the stars die  
overtaken by fear, by spaces.  
From so much sadness dreams hurt  
In eyes that burn constellations.  
Another month passes, another year,  
Another flight passes, another light,  
Hope blossoms on the sprig,  
The wish startles in the garden.  
At the chest highly lit  
By this mysterious blossoming  
It's time, baby, to die deceived,  
By so much gloomy light...*

# Nobody

*Who flies  
To drive your worries away,  
With a wing on his back,  
And the other at the foot?  
Who runs  
To kiss your traces,  
With a lip in heaven  
And the other in hell?  
Who throws himself  
Shattering the handcuffs,  
With a hand comforting  
And the other cutting?  
Nobody.*

## *Sea of words*

*Who does my time flourish with  
when the sad universe dies in me?  
With whom should I dry from rain  
the pain of thought in two?  
From which side will the sea that lies to me  
give birth to word waves?  
Even lonelier than the falcon who dies  
on the rock burned by the solar kiss  
I startle on my flight on the sea  
When I bitterly end myself  
white are the dreams in my soul  
and my temple laughs in lonely cold  
I wait for you at the sea gate  
in my pure dream.*

# *A*utumn prayer

*Please come to see  
how autumn takes her trees to sleep,  
the green fields  
and the lips red as poppies,  
and leave me a leaf to hope for  
the wind floating.  
Metallic branches rise skywards  
a prayer, an hymn, a kiss,  
and not eternal despair.  
It's autumn honey and I am  
the tree with its green in half-mast.*

# Cold

*Such a cold descended in our house –  
- A sea frozen by reproaches –  
Sad and broken sitting in the window vase  
Two leprous roses.  
From time to time, the fire burns  
Retrieved by others in the yard.  
From time to time we like the game  
And forget the hate.  
But the wind blows cold in the room,  
Through cracks arisen every year,  
Lonely moaning among the nooks,  
Sinisterly tricking beneath the window.*

# Crossing

*From our long comeback  
With hasty murmur has overthrown  
A season  
of wasted aspirations.  
And dreams with broken wings  
That fly sad in the empty air  
Are found petrified  
in the cold as at the pole.  
And in the thought cold as a stone  
From your palm hard as a rock,  
And dies what I once found  
On your eyes, with my mouth...  
Oh, cruel time that bears me  
Towards cold shores.*

## *Last day*

*That today is a day for longing  
When the inverted sky inside me  
Goads me to wait for you.  
You know it well  
That you will come with embers eyes  
And the days that run with you  
Will look for me  
In the agony in which I die  
You know it well  
And when killed in vain  
On an unfair altar  
In which flames die  
And in which I always climb  
Then you will know  
That I still long for.*

*V<sub>s</sub>*

*We met again.  
You, starry night,  
I, livid sky...  
And in your girly eyes  
I fell alive.*

# *Tear*

*When the night started to smell like dawn  
I woke up with the shoes in the hand.  
And in their depth I hid a tear,  
a sigh and a serene breath of wind.  
I filled my dreams with flowers at your  
door, then I waited.  
I was light.  
I was a silver tree  
that lost a full tear  
in the shoes.*

# Heat

*A thread of dirt  
drunken of light  
swings in clay.*

*On the sky, suffocated by the light  
clouds die in the wind.*

*Fish die with mud in their ears  
and pairs of leaves.*

*And words on cracked lips  
shatter in dead horizons*

*When the heat breaks pieces from us.*

# *F*lowers

*I still wear in my eyelids  
the rains of the white and cold nights.  
I kiss you,  
I feel you close again,  
I don't want you to live anymore.  
At my window  
flower bouquets remain  
homage to the one who left  
banished by  
daylight.*

# Spring

*The perfume of your mouth has blossomed  
under the rays of my eyes.  
Through the body, with thrill of petals  
your eyes walk around.  
Nothing seems mute around.  
Rocks are talking and the grizzle hill.  
From time to time, on the fragrant mouth  
as a bee I come to steal  
a dewy kiss.  
You laugh, and around  
the field flourished throughout.*

# Guilt

*From bushes, large cups of elder  
Gaze at us vegetally.  
And it snows with fire grains  
And it snows trivially  
In danewort the entire light  
still lies serenely.  
We give ourselves seconds of guilt  
and it snows with elder irises.  
From the sky a perished moon  
Watches us furtively,  
Then hides hurried...  
Dying in the bush.*

## Gypsy tent

*Jingling the tracks and obese  
Gypsies pass forever awake.  
Under the stars tilt they have  
Urchins powdered with evil  
And gypsy women with mute necklaces  
And insidious cowrie shells.  
From the nights and the hoofs  
And the day they sing whispered  
The fate of nomad.  
Under flowered silks  
Polished bare thighs  
Steal lost thoughts  
Powder they gathered in their breast  
The Gypsies buy the wind  
Heavy gold paying the incantation  
And the curse and the grave  
Of the nomadic life.*

# *The sky*

*I place apple flowers  
on your nightly body.  
I alter in sky  
The forgotten seconds.  
Under the hot tear  
The snow in the sight  
Covers words.  
Life is as sad as the light  
Melted in twilight.  
I look for your eyes  
That looked at me opened  
Are they tired?  
Look at the sky!  
Gives us the light  
Of the same end.*

# *The day*

*It rushed on the street, during the day  
and stopped at my gate,  
to weep again over its light  
that died in behind you.  
Came without any feeling,  
at my table with smoke flowers  
came like other days  
gathered on the road  
to ask again about you.  
And each news  
that came broken, ash  
gathered sadness  
and smoke hallucinations.  
The day is empty, wet, cold  
and trembles at my gate.  
And spends the rough absence  
in a heavy silence ...*

# *S*o many times

*Again a flight died.  
A kneading in a clear day.  
when dreams go and die  
in the horizon full of light.  
You moved away thousands of times  
to come back silent  
wearing in you warm rains  
and a quiet desperation.  
With wind steps over words  
with dead dreams in morning's hand  
you find me again quietly  
in the spring of life,  
as so many times  
at dawn.*

# *S*eparation

*You leave, my love, in the sun,  
In your chest, the smooth flashing  
Cut again stellar paths  
But no one is to blame.*

*And you wear at the temples the cold drops  
In the eyes, the bitter pains.  
And you easily leave. Deep rains  
Collapse under the sun.*

*And your way, flashed,  
Stopped again, temptation.  
Forgive me when, sorrowful,  
I drove you away for a moment.*

# Guilt

*The cherry trees, guilty  
that they forgot to die  
laid on the streets  
in white, cold graves  
rustling petals  
on which you don't pass anymore  
on your lost flight.  
You stopped in an orchard  
and melted with lit eyes  
snow petals.  
And in the horizons from the mind  
body wincing of dreams  
you relapsed quietly.*

# *The park*

*The park cries. In strains  
Waving its garment  
Expects you to ease  
The tear, when the wind runs.  
Lonely as a single poplar  
Shaking its leaves  
I still wait, I pray, I hope,  
The thought bring you by  
And the belief you exist.*

*When we are so sad  
The park its weeping postpones.*

# *Seeds*

*You tell me you're playing  
With your clean hand in cold snow  
The second becomes light when you pass  
You pour drinks again, liquor  
Of dry departures.  
And you run in the storm  
And your eyes are mean  
And cry with dry seeds  
And you do not feel  
That I do not want you  
To go.*

# Game

*Jump here with me  
Stamp your leg  
My thought of thee  
Turns into longing.*

*The wind scolds the poplars  
With a man's tone  
And kisses your eyes,  
Smooth, silken.*

*Fingers out of the rain  
Creep in, laughing  
In your chamber  
Your sleep, rocking.*

*Then, you, with your mouth  
Happily, smiling  
Clear away the pain  
Of common passing.*

## *B*roken stalk

*I look at your body,  
With eyes tired from the sun,  
Like a sullen and evil Cyclops  
Blinded by flashes.  
And I tremble of how much I see  
In your divided body.  
Between being, what I give you,  
And loving what I desired.  
We repeat ourselves loving,  
We often get lost and it hurts,  
That we loved hating.  
And your body - a broken stalk,  
In my wandering hand, mute,  
Got wasted silently in the wind.*

## *Love's dew*

*If anyone lives in the plains  
Under my footsteps, under yours,  
It's time for them to throb, to arise  
To cover them from the rains.  
From hail of the love between us.  
Startle alien drops of the weald,  
On leaves that want to return from the  
dead;  
And embrace us two.  
But the eyes of the first steps,  
Of those bewildered by the dew.  
With drops of sun in the eyes.  
Under these foreheads so tired,  
They are wanted, they need to be sealed  
Of ardors locked...  
The breakaways are unuttered.  
Under our footsteps, call out in the plain  
The drops of dew that convene  
For the love to quicken.*

## *D*isparity

*You want me a statue in the mist of the  
light,  
in the sense of the bread so defined  
through which the law divides  
to everyone equal sides.  
You want me to be the same honest being  
in existence and in saying.  
And for all this, you put in a volume  
a sign that brings disunion  
just as for spouses a certificate.  
You want me an endless traveler,  
to return when you feel languor.  
You want me gone and to be free?  
You want me a lie, a truth to be?  
You want me the lover of one side,  
to strip me forever of the other  
forgotten in you hereinafter.*

## *S*tory of snow

*Still cries in the garden  
A trace of what I planted  
In the autumn that softly sings  
The funeral march, with a hoarse voice.*

*The light from the once opened window  
Is dead like the moon in the sky  
With clouds in its ears, like a wool,  
Reigns the cold silence.*

*The street solitude absolute master  
Enters my heart.  
It's night, my love, and I wanted  
The whole story of snow.*

# *The lake*

*Look, I am a season.  
The leaves music plays  
Over time.  
Large birds crush in their flight,  
The hot air  
Here is the place where die  
Hundreds of words.  
And from the letter that never forgives  
A reckless flight,  
Started again to burn  
Tears that dried me up.*

*Troubled, on the shore of life  
I try to hide again.  
I have on the verge of the morning  
A gentle eye.  
The soft grass wraps me in  
A vegetable, clean shroud.  
You know I'm filled with pear,  
Burning lake.*

# *The night*

*Night-woman with black eyes  
Glaze mute through my window;  
I am waiting for you and you do not scare  
me ...*

*The night is in your hair.*

*On your head, crowns of  
frozen stars my mind has put;  
You laugh with tense lips  
and the laughter turns into crying.*

*Towards morning, broken  
into shining dew drops,  
I will relive my strange drunkenness  
with the palms falling asleep in leaves.*

*Oh, lady night, cruel and treacherous,  
On your eye flashed by stars  
Falls the kiss that defies  
so many heavy meanings.*

## *M*y nights

*From what storms have you descended,  
woman?  
What part of the stolen sky  
was killed in you  
when you have sworn  
to be my master, God and life?  
From which nights have you embodied...?  
I no longer sleep nights  
for the sake of you being dear to me again.  
And I don't have with me the light  
that was flashing the word.  
Clear and sad,  
I still stir the embers of the words  
from which my mind drinks  
and my nights are difficult...*

# Coat

*Today, I came to you  
Wearing a new coat.  
Your eyes looked through me  
Loaded with dew.  
Smoothed after the storm  
And washed with cold water,  
I looked in my good coat  
Uncomfortable, with dry eyes.  
I wanted to be a path  
Kissed in full sun  
And I wanted a temptation  
To get to your feet.  
I left lord and king  
And I gave my soul coat...*

# Women

*Beloved woman...*

*Bring me one more handful of earth  
to clean my face of mud.*

*Flow your long hair in the cornfield  
in the wheat sprinkled  
with ruby poppies,  
just as your lips;*

*Can't you see in my eyelids the rain running  
to cool down your hot kisses?*

*Beloved woman...*

*Glean in yourself the harvest brought by  
the storm.*

*When the poppies of your kisses  
will lose their petals  
who will use the wasted ears?*

*Woman,*

*Run through my hair,  
kiss my snowed temples.*

*Bring me one more handful of earth  
to bear  
in boundless horizons...*

*F*rom me

*From my flesh  
words have been removed  
that were heated on fire;  
graves were reopened.*

*From my eyes  
leaked ideas  
of dead rays.*

*From my hand  
sprang statues.*

*With my teeth I chopped wishes  
not confessed yet.*

*And my mouth  
was a rock,*

*From my thought I conceived offspring  
to run for you.*

*And my body  
smelled of bread.*

# Winter

*Trees have fallen asleep  
Under the cold incense.  
Snow, clouds descend  
On the silver rivers.  
Trees sleep  
in ermine robes...  
A silent deer  
with velvety muzzle,  
lighting the icicle  
of the dried spring.  
There's no black rifle  
to scatter sparks.  
wolves come with hungry mouths  
and heavy eyes.*

*From white crosses  
paths are interwoven,  
fragile paths, sparrows  
that run  
through the misunderstood fluff.*

## Tear of love

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*Foxes jump out of their burrow  
sick of waiting  
under the feeble cloak  
in which it slowly dies.  
A metallic scraping  
of pitchy branches  
crush the vegetal memory.*

## Old tree

*I am a tree with dried arms.  
With each leaf I lost  
a thought.  
And the green eyes  
fill again with wind,  
Around me, a sea of green  
savage, climbs up to heaven.  
My children hide in shells  
and keep away from frost.  
There's no flowers, no sun thread  
hidden in my old ram.  
There is not even a leaf to hide  
the same crazy thought  
and no bird could bring  
light from sun.  
I am a tree that barely rises  
little sap in the root.*

## *B*luebottles

*I cried with frozen tears  
over bluebottles.*

*I gathered them in tiaras  
to keep them at night  
for you.*

*The sky, richer  
descended from the stars.*

*From frozen tears,  
deep, blue fragilities.*

*I accompany your way  
towards me.*

# *F*ugue

*I know that you cry in silence  
in your chest the pain  
in the deep fears  
wasted your love.*

*It's a black night...*

*- Run!*

*Seek for your light;  
From the stars call for me,  
uttering the guilt  
that i made you cry.*

# Unravel

*As a willow that breaks  
the shade of the branches in the lake  
my shadow still cries  
in a forgotten window.*

*In the light that climbs  
on the frozen sidewalk,  
my felt body dries  
the shattered time.*

*A gypsy with cowrie shell  
stops me; she guessed me.*

*I give her my soul as payment  
to kill it and I leave.*

*I have no goal I have no hour  
for which to breathe.*

*Banished from the dance now  
I go and unravel myself.*

# *You can*

*You can sleep on my chest,  
shuddered by longing and my heart  
the small breasts as eyes burgeoning in sleep  
to be the result of your waiting.*

*You can caress the body, tingled  
by a sigh that comes, budding.*

*You can hold the hand of the child with big  
eyes.*

*You can hold in your arms, the ember hopes.*

*Do not hate the destiny, or the eyes that come  
to wear the light in your body.*

*Fragrant thoughts.*

*your grass can grow in full, in moments of  
clear.*

*and bring the sky in your thin palms,*

*the heat of a day from which you can still  
breath,*

*a new harmony and a smile*

*in the night when you shivered and cried.*

*You can ...*

## *C*hristmas Tree

*From green branches lights startle  
giving birth to shadows in the corners,  
and each of them is a sigh  
covered by the silent waves.  
Whispered silences struggle  
with broken wing by the wake,  
in gray, sleepy dreams.  
There is no light in any flight.  
Through the green stings of dew  
shook like a tinsel  
the fir tree leans its forehead  
in the ink night.  
And when I approach the light  
I touch the thorns,  
and tear starts running  
on a foreign face.  
The green branches I put to sleep the pain  
that burns, sad blaze,  
like the coat brought by the night  
in my room.*

# *F*ulfillment

*From each flow when they come deeper,  
more deeply to you,  
from each moan,  
from rivers of sighs  
from each cherry blossom  
from moments that run and often  
on the way to you  
from trees that get eyes drunk  
and from the light on the lips,  
from the gates in which I knock  
with apple and apricot flowers,  
from the mouth in which fit  
dreamy utterances...  
from millions of seconds  
I become a river  
that divides and separates ...  
Undying light.*

# *F*alls

*Soft leaves fall in your hair  
and immerse in the locks,  
and my dream, in your dream  
gets drunk slowly.*

*Black trees fall in the forest  
for when you will not be;  
With eyes of fire, I gather pain –  
You left again. Will you come by?*

*Wet leaves fall in your hair  
with tears flowing stream  
and my dream melts  
in black, sad and naked eyes...*

# Shadow

*Under the sky, the stars cry  
with silver flakes,  
evening stars with lustful eyes  
throw specters.*

*His suns fly to the edge of time  
and I dream myself an eagle in the wind  
and the thought dresses with the clouds  
that I enchant.*

*With the shadow full of flowers  
I cover a thought.  
I dream that I am  
a shred of song.*

# Crop

*All the trees blushed  
of the blossoming crop.  
With barks on fire  
the old oaks  
hide in dried fruit  
thousands of sins.  
Honey apricot trees burn  
and sleepy plum trees  
flavors share in pots.  
Love me, orchard of my reveries.*

# Night

*Night comes naked  
in the bed of the heart.  
Sweet, fragrant night,  
comprises us secretly in its arms  
throwing us in the abyss.  
Cupid, frisky child  
did you sneak again in a dream?  
Slowly disheveling  
the black inky hair,  
Night comes in front of us,  
a plush contour  
enchanted night.*

# *C*rumbs

*To fall asleep mouth next to mouth  
and eyes near eyes,  
to forget how time runs away,  
the beginning to scream,  
so that you cannot fall asleep anymore  
and collect in your soul  
the wind silences.  
To dress up with shreds of song  
Is this the true garment?*

# Swan

*A killed swan you seem  
in the overthrown bronze;  
Even light no longer flows  
from your cast flight...  
Under the wings, drops of blood  
from the body have frozen.  
As you sit, metalized  
The custodians want you at the museum.  
But everything you have been  
Only I will know.*

# *F*lowers

*Chained by tears  
The face is lonely;  
The kisses, the passion  
Are gone! it got cloudy...  
In the park all roses  
squander their color.  
In the evening's sleep  
oblivion has sneaked.  
Embraced by thoughts  
trembling in letters,  
covers in the depths  
a longing, a flower in thought...*

# *V*eil

*The veil from the sight  
that dies in the fortress  
as an evening star gives birth  
in hearts to dear autumns,  
soft as the mouth  
of carried hopes  
that fill in the dream the cup  
of late pleasures.*

*Veils, today, by the thought  
of which I wear  
my pain, the spring  
of silence poppies,  
cover my eyes,  
which have lost the rhythm  
on your porch.*

## *F*lorist

*And she wanted very much  
to fill her arms with flowers,  
I entered my soul  
and brought her love.*

*Then,  
when the arms have been occupied  
with the flames of my longings,  
I approached my lips  
and I refreshed with their sacrifice  
her butterfly wings.*

*Then, my love,  
the florist in me  
smiled to me happily.*

# *I*ndecent

*The moon plays indecent  
with clouds and stars harmonies,  
in me grows decadent  
the amazement that asks.  
From time to time it climbs batty  
over the brightness of leaves.  
An aimless wind passed  
At the house gate, shadows.  
And the solitary and heavy night  
bathe in the light.  
with her too feminine purr.  
Misses moon floats.  
Timeless, a spark  
shines piecing the night;  
The shining deserted cigarette  
loses its smoke in the wind.  
Oh, young, fertile night,  
how many times have you crucified me?  
and how many white lyrics in the temple  
in revenge have you transplanted?*

## *B*reaths

*Did the sky ever breath in your arms?  
Did the moon ever kiss you on the temples?  
We step on feelings  
And they taste funny.  
Terrorized by cold words,  
On the altar of a reason,  
We think we are infinite and good,  
We deceive our holy calling  
With oaths and pain.  
We wander in the cruel winter  
Forgetting so many springs.  
And then, with the silent sky in our arms  
We wander, cold and lonely,  
Dripping stars on the face  
We are the little big people.*

# *When*

*When will you really find  
Next to you day by day  
My eyes to stop you,  
My hand to comfort you,  
My body to bid you?  
And when will you really forget  
My mouth on your mouth?  
Who will reassure you  
When you will love another man?*

## *P*yles

*How many stars melt  
In the love that dies  
Under a sun kiss  
Not seen, not noticed  
And none of them hurts.  
And when your icy eyes  
Kill my word, my world  
My eyes sigh in the mist.  
The truth and the lie  
Gathered in large pyres  
Still cover in the night  
Our solitary steps.*

## *D*efinition

*Who is he and where is he going  
With what right does he desire, command  
And how much courage?  
Who is he fighting and why?  
Who hears the word?  
Who is it? Who gives him the strength?  
Where does this power of life come  
And why so much desire?  
Watch him!  
He is the man  
On his forehead the sun shines  
His words are storm  
And silence  
And the eyes, true light.  
In his arms, the woman wears  
Windows to life.  
In his mind sparks ignite  
pyres to heaven.  
Lips are burned with passions  
And in the flesh  
comprise the earth with all its structure  
Defining the universe.*

# *A*fter the wedding

*In the cruel and white light  
Twined and sweating  
Tired, as after a wedding,  
And with the socks offcast.*

*And on chairs, chimerically  
Trousers with a stripe  
I lie with the eyes in obscurity  
After your so long skirt*

*Besieging the carpet so fluffy,  
Reclining, the shoes so depressed,  
Stare at me like a calla lily,  
Bare, as if you don't exist.*

*No shadow comes along from now on  
The sun, fed up by the rain,  
Burst here in upon,  
Where's the night from herein?*

# *F*arewell

*– Are you leaving?*

*– Yes...*

*– Don't you want to tell me something?*

*Silence dies in the room.*

*– I will write to you ...*

*And his mouth*

*As grass after the rain*

*Fell severed.*

*„Will we ever see each other?*

*– Don't you want to tell me something?*

*The silence, isolated between windows,*

*As a banished bee,*

*Was dying watching you shiver.*

*You were leaving quietly.*

*- I would like to tell you ...*

*But your steps*

*Sneaked on the road*

*„Have a good trip” ...*

# *The rain*

*The rain runs barefoot  
On the thirsty field...  
Occasionally, a gust of wind  
opens its locks  
in which it hides crying  
Such scared eyes has the rain.  
What regrets  
How they look towards the sky.  
Where the clouds close  
The returning gate.  
They look just like your eyes, baby,  
When we fight.  
When you think I close your love gates  
But just as the sky  
I wait  
For the love to lift you to me.*

# *A*nniversary

*A handshake  
As a kiss of despair  
For your birthday.  
That is all I gave you...  
And we smiled to each other.  
Two statues, scattered  
On the lane of waiting...  
And I left.  
There's no trace of light  
On the corridors of silence  
A week passed,  
We have weakened  
And we will be forgotten.  
We will grow dried branches  
On our cast and pure body.  
Only the wind will come stealthily  
To kiss us, wet ...*

# *E*yes

*For me  
your eyes are like two children  
which I wish in the evening  
to kiss my tired forehead,  
when all the pain  
pours into deep folds,  
seeking its comfort  
under long eyebrows.  
Oh, your eyes like two babies ...*

# Loving

*Beautiful hands  
The tears  
Descended on your eyes  
and the flowers  
As the lips  
Breathed on the hand  
You shut up,  
Pretend that you hold still  
Let me believe  
That you still give me  
The flowers of your lips ...*

# *The rain*

*The rain had painted my eyes  
Running with thin ankles  
On the sleepy body.  
And the wind, violent  
Twisted it of the handle like crazy  
And pushed it out the gate...  
From the dreams  
I disheveled locks  
And joys out of water,  
From wet flies,  
I gathered at your window.*

*From how many birds  
Is a shower of shining words  
Made to fly?*

# *F*lowers

*Plum blossoms fall  
And I don't tell you anymore  
How many eyes on the road  
Turn into ashes  
The heat of the silent steps  
Walnut flowers fall  
Following the steps that lead to  
Oblivion.  
I'm totally alone  
lime flowers weep  
Under the flaming feet  
From your steps;*

*Plum blossoms fall  
And I don't tell you anymore  
Under an acacia  
Forgotten on the road  
That I still watch over  
The night of the smoky eyes...*

## *P*astoral

*From a field with long sighs  
When bells come down from heaven  
I found myself running away with you  
Wind brawled through us  
When with your pear mouth  
We play together again  
And from the field with sighs  
The blooming red poppy  
You were with me again  
You were my joy.*

## *V*egetable love

*For many years I leavened you, my love,  
In each search  
And I found you  
Crying in every flower  
I look at your slim body  
I sigh in the vegetal world  
rimed petal by petal  
And my tear bitterly drops  
On your blushing face  
Why do you still come since you left ...*

*F*lower waste

*Don't you see that my eyes are flowers  
Between the affliction dew  
That came down at dawn  
From the dark night of waiting?  
And aren't you afraid that the flower dies  
From so much night and oblivion?*

# Cold love

*Harsh, frozen stars fall out  
Over the children of the world, to get them  
drunk  
And snows over clean meals  
With dreams of light over spots  
And slakes shake their hair locks  
Unfulfilled treasures.  
It snows  
And the entire field dies  
And moans in the fluffy palms  
The love that dies.*

# *I got you*

*From so much search  
You became a dream.  
I do not want to wake up  
Maybe you will run away,  
Break apart,  
And I do not want that.  
From so much journey, in your way  
I became  
Dust and stone.  
I want to stay  
But the wind does not expect.  
From each road  
I forged you  
Ineffectually you kill  
The living of my search  
I flourished you from a secret dream  
And I closed you  
In heavy hands.*

# *The dreams flight*

*From eye, on cheek  
Oozes the sky  
And I see, surge after surge  
On your temple, as cold  
Bleaches your hair...  
Great distances, silent words  
Float to my clenched mouth  
From each flower  
Big petals of killed dream  
Float to the unlit sky  
To give rest to my dreams  
To your mouth.*

## *D*esert heart

*My grieving kiss  
From the pure soul  
Flourished on your May mouth...  
What do you give me  
To remain untroubled?  
Enfolded by the depths, the thrill  
By the fear, the regret and the longing  
From all that I had better  
I wasted in smoke  
A desert heart remained  
From all that was to be.*

## *Last day*

*That today is a day for longing  
When the inverted sky inside me  
Goads me to wait for you.  
You know it well  
That you will come with embers eyes  
And the days that run with you  
Will look for me  
In the agony in which I die  
You know it well  
And when killed in vain  
On an unfair altar  
In which flames die  
And in which I always climb  
Then you will know  
That I still long for.*

# *B*urning

*Hey, you, up there  
stop the feast!  
Look!  
I brought you a sacrifice.  
Me ...  
Take me as I am!  
I haven't been a saint,  
take what remained  
and burned...*

# *Killed*

*When I came in paradise  
On your breasts like two apples  
My kisses fell.  
On your eyes as blackberries  
It has stopped,  
Once again,  
The mouth.  
Then I gave you  
My heart, killed.  
From my  
Immortal eyes  
Hope fulfilled in dream.*

# *M*y eyes

*Do you know how many times you have  
murmured,  
With eyes of dying man in agony,  
With hot voice of poet,  
That you loved me?  
Do you know how many times was dying  
On your lip fired by sighs  
So many whispers  
From as many dreams?  
When you told me:  
- I don't come anymore?!  
Do you know how many times you came  
fugitive  
in my bed to blemish it?  
When I watched you with pear eyes  
And wicked thought?  
When will you see  
lost in tears  
my eyes?*

# *Sleighs*

*You were passing through my closed  
window*

*Touched by the winter that opened*

*A sky crushed by the night*

*In which the moon was dying on the  
incomprehensible asphalt,*

*When you always asked me*

*To come down in your dream.*

*No second in the light*

*I couldn't find you in the late morning*

*And I wanted you to come ...*

# *The poppies*

*A kiss murmured in me  
Near your locks in the field,  
Yellow and so full,  
Of the diaphane kiss.  
The eyes flashed wildly  
Red poppies in the rye,  
Your body slowly fell,  
Through my pear sky.  
And from so much flashing  
I lay you the red poppies.  
Look, I am ocean and sea  
And with kisses I will cover you.*

# Sleep

*Blooded by the whips,  
Cardboard horses,  
Run through clouds of blood  
In my heart.*

*Swarms of bees  
Tremble in mind  
And I feel peaceful  
Only in your line  
A poem of dreams  
Passes fluttering.  
Steps hurt by words  
Hide in the wind  
Between stone mountains  
And fall asleep crying.*

# Slabs

*White flowers fall over my eyes,  
On the body rigid like a mountain,  
You are scared to burry with me  
Your mute loves.  
It will be spring  
On the slabs on which we walked.  
Enameled by the salty kiss?  
From the deep mists of silence  
Vegetal flow  
On stone steps, in pain.  
With the hot mouth  
And I bawl when children do not bawl  
Reminders.*

# Child

*I was a child and a child am still  
And when, astonished as a rocky hill  
I still drip, beside you, fatuously  
Where I should have been usefully*

*In the large world you'll be gone  
Harsh, sober, bore down by the sun  
I will remain an undecided kid  
Of that whom I was so beloved*

*With the heart of a leaf fallen down from a  
tree  
In the black abyss that lies in thee  
I was a child and a child am still  
Your love, hard as a rocky hill  
Crumbled me in thousands of loves  
And my soul, blunt by thousands of feelings  
Where are the footsteps in a hurry, as a  
whisper  
That I have waited to return, in a linger?*

## Tear of love

---

*Where is the arm, liana so sober  
When tenderly climbs me over*

*With fingers, of tears and rain, so heavy  
Of our naked bodies, of geni...  
I was a child and a child am still  
Our love will remain a rocky hill.*

# Renunciation

*Cohorts of stellar tears lie  
In the hidden dew from the lake.  
Millennia of deep silence  
Pass above us, an opinion  
And the sun, stone girded by gods,  
Comes down and dies in your eyes.  
I have not found you, you were hidden  
At the end of the world you have cried  
When the time snowed millennia  
At your temples.*

# *Tear of love*

*I woke up with her naked  
Sprawling under the eyelid.  
She was so hot  
And so present on my lips  
That they felt sweet  
Saltine fallen traces  
On the corner of my mouth.*

*With lips loaded with morning dew  
Ready to wave in my ears  
Forgotten echoes  
With arms full of hot rays,  
Ready to melt the surprise in my soul,  
With the wind blowing the hair from the  
eyes  
And cold quiet glances  
I try to smell her,  
To convince her that we are  
Sometimes demons, sometimes saints.*

## *D*ream

*It was like that in the middle of the night  
Rummaging with the red iron  
Someone from heaven walks  
To paint our sleep  
Like it had forgotten that last night  
Someone scribbled  
Our blue vault  
With a million dreams  
And with ink hands  
Had kidnapped our sun  
Hanging tinsel on the vaults  
In her stellar brightness  
Summer dream, pear dream,  
Immersed in the lake of poppies  
Where were you the night before last  
Say it, or better shut up!*

# Alone

*When the sun kisses its sea  
Good-bye,  
Before nestling in the evening bed,  
Bents its forehead,  
Red of fear and anger  
That the next day  
I will be alone again.  
And when the pale moon  
Shows its face interweaved of thoughts  
Among the old mountains,  
I, my love  
Watch again as you rush  
To other worlds  
Oh, I will never see  
The see happy  
With the sun and the moon alongside  
And that's why I will wear for you only  
The sun's face ablushed of love.*

## *P*seudo realities

*The Earth is an U.F.O.  
The rose is a dandelion,  
The duck began to bark,  
And a dwarf  
Took Ceahlăul mountain in his arms  
And flattened it.  
A ballerina crushed a whale in her fist,  
A fly used perfume,  
You never lied,  
You never loved, you were a girl  
And you're so beautiful  
As a stolen princess  
We are rich  
Troubles do not fondle  
Our bright foreheads  
And you're always with me  
And everything is so natural  
Do I dream or love?*

# *The tree*

*When the father saw he was a vigorous  
tree,  
Wanted to gather his offspring  
Under his lap rich of accomplishments  
Poor fellow...  
He forgot that under the shadow, no weed  
Can bear.  
And then he mutilated all his branches  
Amputating them  
Only then the trees grew  
Resembling them  
As a punishment of time.*

# *M*emories

*When my father took me by the hand  
In the orchard of his parents,  
He was so scantily dressed  
And so shabby looking  
That the wind whistled at his knees  
And lowered, wasting  
The trace of the bare foot in dust.  
But he never complained  
And he had for me  
A smile as beautiful as the a moon.  
He was contented with the happiness  
Of his innocent child  
That kiss his knees when he played  
Taking on trembling lips  
The scent of dust.*

## *Cats conjugation*

*You were always I  
And I was you.  
One of us has not known anymore  
The mystery of this conjugation  
And we were wondering  
What has happened  
That I am no longer you  
And you're not I.  
And the answer  
I found in love  
Asleep  
As a lazy cat  
In our souls.*

# Judah

*With your hand you tied the white corner  
Of the white extent  
On which laid scattered like scared  
Birds  
All my dead  
Dreams.*

*Then you put on the frail shoulders  
The wallet full of shards  
with the painstaking that as only you  
are able of.*

*You bought from your own heart  
With pure silver coins of love  
The bit of life for my birds  
And today I'm afraid  
That you will find more silver coins to sell me  
Waste me  
and untie the knot that  
suffocates Judas  
and therefore I still try  
to keep with me  
the bag with silver coins.*

## *F*or your anniversary

*For your anniversary, I put a flower  
At the temple over which it will still snow  
Let the sun shine today  
For the one that cries  
In this transient life  
Your extinguishing love.*

*For your anniversary, I kissed you crazy  
As if I have stolen your kiss  
And your mouth was perfume  
For the silent and the ugly  
Of my love as a smoke  
That was wasted by another*

*For your anniversary, I rested a thought  
On your amber breasts  
And I hid behind a row  
And I hid in a glass  
And I also wanted to sell myself  
For you to buy me once again.*

## **Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**

---

*For your anniversary, a sea of light  
Descended from the clear sky  
For your anniversary, I found you a queen  
In the soul so full  
Of the happiness that will come  
Fully at our anniversary.*

# *P*ayer

*I vexed you...  
Please forgive me!  
What witnesses do you want  
To still believe  
That I desired you?  
Therefore now I come  
And once more I ask you to  
Forgive me!*

# *I*nnocence

*At night,  
A father carries his child by hand  
The moon follows them, going with them.  
The child receives calmly  
The last breath of the day  
That quietly falls  
At the horizon's feet.  
Like a darkened veil on the shoulders of a  
young woman  
Outlining even more its search.  
The father lights a cigarette  
Watching the wreath  
Freed towards the sky's bands.  
And the child  
Slipping his eyes on the same wreath  
Sees with horror that they turn into clouds  
Pile up to cover his moon.  
- Oh, father! What do you have with this  
moon so clean  
told him the child crying.*

# *Tears*

*Tears fall like dew  
Drilling the sand leveled by the waves  
Only the storm, that stealthily came at  
night  
From high seas  
Still smooths later  
The sand gathered in the grains  
Bleached by the sun.  
In the beans of my sadness  
Why do you furtively come so wicked,  
Good and dear beloved storm*

*For that the night hides unworthy  
A thousand mysteries, roads,  
And I, for you I fear  
That once, sometime,  
You'll get tired of tears  
And you will laugh with your mouth full  
Of the sand drowned by light.*

# Oblivion

*My yesterday star wept  
And got lost, forgotten sin  
Do not cry, baby, it 's useless  
You wear the pain in the bitter soul  
And I secretly burry you, you are alright,  
I will not come at night to dig out  
What you built in me, the starry sky.  
Did you cry then? Do you still cry now,  
When you wear your soft steps on the road  
From door to door more ashes.  
When you are waiting from me for  
A sign, a caress, a word  
A gesture from the heart of wind.*

# Regrets

*Empty tomb  
Cold  
Lonely  
Bathed in the indifference  
Of our descendants  
The rain floes in the ground  
Over our graves,  
In our crown,  
In our bones,  
And gathers beneath us  
In a puddle.  
Our bones hurt  
And nobody comes  
To break an allseed  
From the grave  
wild beasts, unknown,  
unidentified  
Nestle in our orbits.  
No one weeps...*

# *E*xistence

*We are together every night  
You with a smile,  
I, with a pear kiss  
In which I wept  
Again and again.  
And we still wait for a while  
In the death of the bright sun  
In our night to appear  
Uncontainable deceiver...*

# *The egg*

*From the nest of my words  
A thought fell again,  
And I saw it crying.  
It's not the first time when  
My thoughts' shells  
Fall over the cold roof  
Ending under the feet of rushing  
bystanders  
But it's the first time  
When I hear the painful cry  
Of the core of my words  
Round, fragile and heavy.*

# *Kisses*

*When my mouth kissed your breasts,  
Message of love on the edge of light,  
The wind scattered itself in the soft  
nipples,  
The day flourished in your eyes,  
When my eyes like the wind  
Kissed your thought.*

# *F*all

*A flower had fallen on my path.  
Confused for a moment,  
I still had perfume in my eyes  
And in my glance temptation.  
You watch your pink suit,  
Like it was made from petals,  
Your cypress lips  
That stood in my way  
And I fell like the flower on the path  
Distracted by the perfume.*

# Cruelty

*Please watch my breath  
That dies frozen under the blade  
Of the knife, cold and full of departures'  
silver thaw.  
Listen to my quietly pulsing heart  
As a constant struggle of love  
That crushes its body  
In the cage of your hands.  
And I take as witnesses your eyes, crystals  
Frozen of the cold  
Of your words, so raw  
Once, the rain will fall over  
My glances will melt  
In the salty see of so much oblivion.*

## Baking

*I have my fingers full of ears  
When you ask me to pick up  
The yeast for the bread.  
From my forehead fall  
Bright drops of toil  
And your mouth kissed me cruelly.  
On my full hand  
Earth scents stick,  
From so much relentless call  
As a wave of eyelids  
The body takes the form  
Of bread, which I barely  
Wait to put it humbly.  
In the furnace of my soul.  
Bless your baking!*

# Wings

*Over the frozen snow  
As a princess, the day  
Slides on a sledge  
Overlighting dens full of  
Cold and shadow.*

*Straining  
Its jingles among the icicles,  
Ran taking a ray of light  
To your soul  
Filled with fear and guilt.*

*Over this snow  
Float with the wind moaning  
Under my arms outstretched  
As wings that will cover you.*

## *Dilemma*

*The day cried like a slain man.  
Then left the blood to flow  
On the evening stones.  
A woman with lips caught  
In the trap of other lips  
Surprised she sacrifices her love  
At the chest of the tree man.  
Through this sealing, she  
Imagines that she rises her body  
Towards the bloody heights of the evening.  
The body of the tree is filled with light  
The lights in the eyes of the women,  
While living quietly  
The entire transformation of their body  
In a fertile home.  
Will we ever be, so feminin,  
I the tree overflowing with light?*

# *The rain*

*The water fell defeated from the flight  
Towards high. It rains...  
Not a single second can  
Fly to the heights of your sky.  
And the rain, like a liquid hyena,  
Gathers under its mania  
The litter from our obscure streets.  
On the souls' bar, people  
Leave their gates, doors open,  
As an invitation for liquid sweeper  
To clean their sweat  
When toil not to sin.  
And then I wonder:  
- Why don't you let the liquid hyena  
In your soul, too?*

## *Lime tree flowers*

*At the edge of the road, with lime trees,  
Giving birth to huge shadows  
Coffles of women.  
Barefoot, disheveled,  
The mottled flowers in divine wears  
They wore the oblivion in their smooth  
walk,  
They left in their skirts waves  
And we, with lonely feet,  
With hair dripping from passions  
As two white mute birds  
We immerse in tears.  
At the edge of the road, women  
Carried with them lime tree flowers  
And the ocean of vegetable spices  
Collapsed in us lethally.*

# *The clouds*

*Over our full day  
Sometimes a cloud awaits  
Descending its wing  
That gathers light in the nest  
Like a wrinkle on the world's face  
Like a by passer's sign  
Over the storm's lips.  
And when your clouds disappear  
From your matte white face  
Uncovering a drunk moon  
The bird with soft wings  
Dotted with lights  
Rises in flight  
The sunny mornings  
Our forehead, lost  
Over eyes full of longing  
Gets a rare fragrance  
From the travelling perfume.  
Good morning in the evening!*

# *The waste*

*It's ten p.m.,  
A siege of darkness  
On the empty streets  
Urges us strongly  
To go to bed, children.  
To do everything for  
The deserved rest over the day.  
Careless we watch the Russian  
Better or worse programs  
And we comment fallen on thoughts  
With rebel hair in eyes  
What is left and what will be  
From everything surrounding us.  
Then we try to know  
Something from the outside sky  
And I hide no word  
From everything that happens  
Poor companions, I mourn  
That you waste a deep night.*

# *Temptations*

*I would not want to die  
Surrounded by so many wasted moments.  
I want to live  
And love  
To gather  
And give,  
To build in you  
My desired temptations.*

# *T*ogether

*In difficult times, plants gather,  
Without words or calling or God.  
My pain has veneered with the moon,  
And my body, with your body  
Are together.*

# *F*ear

*Our eternal living land  
In your eyes is the bluish sky,  
My engagement with the star that  
Accompanied me in the heavy night.  
And our steps, older  
Carrying with them the years,  
Bring in the fire that we know  
The eternity.  
Trails of tears, my eyes,  
Carry their heavy steps again  
Following the bitter thought  
That you will forget me again.*

## *The word's death*

*It is still asleep after all,  
From memories arises wind,  
From afar arises night,  
And a word dies in me.  
On lips in the poisonous night  
Arose a crooked smile  
In the eyes love regrets  
Conceived a thought  
That your cry was real  
Or just for leaving, a shelter.*

# Cold

*In all is a lie, I dread  
For all in me is bad  
We live in the world that conjures  
The self-abandonment with fears  
There is no use in a boundary  
As all instructions are roundly  
There are high walls, a fortress  
Is this heart that pulses  
Under the forehead a storm is fighting  
To keep its master pinching  
We live a century of frost  
In our souls, the feelings are lost  
We love concisely and mentally  
Making a vow interiorly  
With the wind, the water and rain  
That floods our domain  
The happiness from books, uncalled  
Circles us, baffled  
There is no trace of me in the sky  
And all the stars are to die  
No kiss is near  
Not one. Even farther  
are all your kisses gone*

## Tear of love

---

*And I am so lonely in the way...  
I'd want to kill, to steal and to go astray  
As pilgrim at your feet  
But will the road take me down deep?  
From time to time, with tears that are dried  
We walk around among data, stupefied  
Under the ghost steps, piles of leaves  
I sigh like the kiss squashed between lips.  
I do not exist, nor do you  
We are two dead people, stories of two  
We live, we breathe and we love  
The today's silence that we involve  
Without wanting the final stillness  
Filled with covers of gloss.  
There is no silent, no darkened flower,  
No corolla that could lure.  
There is no soul with me in the sky  
And there are feelings that freeze and die.  
Noiseless, the interior pain bends me in  
Does it want to be understood, loved?  
desired, just for a second.  
But it remains extended in color  
With ultramarine eyes, singular,  
Crucified on a sheet. And I call out  
- Come on, love, I am cold!*

# *The way I am*

*How the wind grinds  
Through the forest's locks  
And how the thought groans  
Bitter, in the upper corner of its mouth  
And how the rain cries  
When clumps in the windows,  
When we let our pain  
Catch us in tongs,  
In the wind claws  
And throw us in fears  
In flights of words.  
Gather my dear, the clouds  
With your hot lips  
And spread your dawn again  
In your behaving eyes  
Take me in your arms  
And take me in a word  
Kidnap me from the pain  
And love me the way I am.*

# *F*all

*Look at me good, baby,  
How the stars of my eyes fall  
Over your fragrant breasts.  
The morning descends hurried  
With the steps of a bride  
Over our mouths.  
In front of the red eye  
Of the still sleeping sun,  
Drip in light  
Clothes, the day  
We say goodbye  
From the friend night  
That watched vigil  
Burning its wings  
Until the last breath.*

# *W*anderings

*I am waiting for you to come from far  
away, elsewhere,  
Love with hemlock steps,  
Chasing away into nothingness, chasing  
away into desert  
The pain  
To fill with your mouth, your eyes, your  
hand,  
All the distances  
And bring, to pick all week  
Our wanderings.*

## Rustic

*I look at you, lady moon,  
How you walk like a cow  
With the udders overflowing  
From which fools drink  
And I wonder  
Have you ever hold tight in your arms the  
body  
Of a lunatic poet?  
Or have you ever felt the bed  
Of herbs that I felt  
Trembled under my body,  
When I loved myself thievishly  
And you were exposing me  
With bitter resentment?  
Too bad for you, lady!*

## Gypsy woman

*A moon, the night's navel  
On a gypsy belly  
Take my glance a bit  
Rising from the lamp  
Out of me dart streams  
Of liquid and heavy lusts  
Bend your neck, bend yourself  
In front of my spurs  
And leave my love a bit  
To reach the eyes of lamp  
The round and the cold navel  
And the black belly, gypsy woman!*

# *D*inking

*Got drunk from so much light  
Drunk one day  
Three stars from the sky  
And staggering have fallen  
On your face, wearing the drunkenness  
Over the day, in your eyes,  
on your mouth and your body,  
so that I get drunk too.*

# *F*loating

*My love fell  
As a horse hit by rain  
The red eye is looking  
Right to the sidereal chasm  
The dead horse, dead girlfriend  
Flowers floating ashore  
Farewell for the light  
With trembling petals  
Flowers rise in my mind.*

## *D*epartures

*We were calling out in fists void of leaves  
Avalanches of alcohol and images  
From the distiller, it poured on the lips  
A sea of flashes  
Sighing of delight in cores  
Were large plumes trampled in a cluster  
With thoughts hurtled towards walls  
I was asking you, be superior!  
But the shout, crushed by the heavens  
Collapsed of its crippled flight  
And grew rancid among grapes, in silence  
In the muddy and cruel sight  
You were but kiss in the sun  
The earth itself cracked open  
The fountains cried out from the foam  
The whole world slipped over  
Towards other seas, with water filled  
With open mouths, cold whispering  
Quietly, in the night so near  
I can see you leaving...*

# Alone

*It's raining. I am alone ...  
And your eyes' rain  
stop on the hands  
on the coat's lapels,  
on days and weeks  
It's autumn.  
And sad leaves fall  
Revealing you naked.  
It's autumn. Rains come  
And heavy winds come  
Your cup is full  
With autumn in autumn  
And seems that flowers do not come  
Towards my eyes  
As rains falls in autumn  
And your eyes rain  
Takes me alone on alleys.*

# Waiting

*When the wind howling at the stars  
Harassing the clouds ceiling  
Mangling it with wolf teeth  
Where should I fly to hide  
From the sight of your rays...  
When the rain galls my pride  
As a vulture with soft claws  
And jumps in my eyes  
And takes my joy  
You stop wondering  
that your hands gather  
to collect in purple nights  
pieces crushed by the moon  
and waits for your to come.*

# *Eaves*

*I try to open another window  
Towards the village street smelling of  
manure  
Of cow's bellowing and bell  
With the udder full of round life  
I try to bring in cold hands  
Pieces of harsh and wet ground  
With scraps of wheat roots  
Of bones of fathers from the river.  
I try in verse, with traces of sulfur  
In eaves of thatched houses  
To fill a void, a citadel  
From leaves, tears and smoke  
From the dust of the road  
Forgive me foreign village  
When the verse wears a hoarfrost  
Of lost lath  
Of twisted bubulac  
In this ancient language*

## *P*oet's stay

*The poet stays with the paper full of signs,  
bankers do not read him,  
and do not honor  
with half of a glass of beer.*

*The poet stays with his tore coat in hand,  
one eye struggles unfavorable  
sign that empty of virtues  
he will fall prey  
to his fellow's mouth  
hungrier for his flesh  
than his poems.*

*The poet sits dressed in awards,  
from which he could might make fire,  
to become as he dreamed,  
a torch  
in whose light  
bankers count his money.*

*The poet sits perched on a pedestal  
with the rope around his neck  
and he is waiting for The One  
more rigorous and*

*stronger,  
more willing  
to come on his side,  
to push him  
or cut with the knife  
the noose.  
The poet sits  
in an eternal waiting  
bleeding of hypothetical glory.*

## *Literary club members*

*We collect the wounded  
in lumps of paper  
when no verb  
doesn't want to comfort  
our white loneliness  
of going towards the clay.  
We chink glasses, drink coffees  
And chatter about green horses  
tailor friends  
or laugh mutely.  
In our eyes wander the seconds  
squeezed between books  
and utter distraughtly on a rope  
imaginary escapades  
imaginary preys, victories,  
and, when tired of losses,  
when the time crushed us all,  
we spread in the time customs  
wrapped in mantles  
of lonelinesses,*

## **Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**

---

*believing that in the paper gate  
oceans of words deviate  
to make us drunk,*

*Under the blanket in which the time  
splashes in seconds,  
chills start to appear  
We come,  
we come to meet  
tomorrow,  
even if the wallet is empty.*

# Nothingness

*So sad is the black sheet of paper under the snow!*

*It has shrivelled of emptiness under cold dust.  
And it is so desolate in the house and courtyard  
because you leave and the sheet of paper is empty.*

*It waits for you to return,  
to transform her into a garden,  
to lay petals into letters  
big rounds of light,  
paths of white thoughts  
of divine marble.*

*From thoughts sprinkle towards the skies  
tremendous silver branches,  
when you hand them on the leaves,  
murmuring vibrations.*

*Long poems painted  
with gold and ink  
amass in me fear  
from the white, sad sheet of paper.*

## **Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**

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### The writer's loneliness

Transpersonal. Overly sad. Exhausted. By waiting? By fulfillment? By unfulfillment? By pure beauty? Unattainable in the terrestrial plane? Necessary. Strange!

“Who does my time flourish with/ when the sad universe dies in me?/ With whom should I dry from rain/ the pain of though in two?/ From which side will the sea that lies to me/ give birth to word waves?/ Even lonelier than the falcon who dies/ on the rock burned by the solar kiss/ I startle on my flight on the sea/ When I bitterly end myself/ white are the dreams in my soul/ and my temple laughs in lonely cold/ I wait for you at the sea gate/ in my pure dream.”, “Sea of words”, from the volume Tear of love, Gheorghe Andrei Neagu, Rawexcoms, 2010, București.

Surprising. Like any poem that attempts to transmit a dimension imperceptible to most.

“Coat “ (p. 34), a “play” like a song, “So many times” (p. 20), the steadiness of love authenticity, “Gypsy tent” (p. 17), an exotic speck of color.

## **Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**

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“(…)Life is as sad as the light/  
Melted in twilight.(…)”, “The sky” (p. 18),  
or: “Look, I am a season./ The leaves music  
plays/ Over time./ Large birds crush in their  
flight./ The hot air/ Here is the place where  
die/ Hundreds of words./ (...) / You know  
I'm filled with pear,/ Burning lake.”, “The  
lake” (p. 30), or: “From my thought I  
conceived offspring/ to run for you./ And  
my body/ smelled of bread.”, “From me” (p.  
36) are verses with dramatic accents.

“Christmas tree” (p. 43), “You can”  
(p. 42), the joy of a ravishingly innocent and  
vital soul.

“Fulfillment” (p. 44), “Falls” (p. 45),  
“Shadow” (p. 46) only serve to announce so  
many verses that intertwine unexpectedly.  
Poetic quips, wisdom (see “Breaths”, p. 52),  
“pictorial” poem (see “Florist”, p. 50).

“Anniversary” (p. 59), “Rain” (p.  
58), “Eyes”, “Loving” (p.60). The novelty  
of love.

“Flowers” (p. 62), “Pastoral” (p. 63),  
“Vegetable love” (p. 63), I would dare to  
say there are little lyrical gems!

There is a playful spirit in many of  
the poems; “I got you” (p. 65), “Desert  
heart” (p. 66), but also a staggering lucidity.

Why tear of love?

## **Tear of love**

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Because the tear is purity, victimization, assumed sacrifice, surprise, separation. Loneliness. Like a sine qua non condition of creation: “(...) and, when tired of losses,/ when the time crushed us all,/ we spread in the time customs/ wrapped in mantles/ of lonelinesses / (...)”, “Literary club members”, p. 126.

I believe that I am not mistaken if I state that, after reading these “tears” of love, with polyvalent notes, visual and musical, a burst of love, classical verse, but also free verse with rhythm and rhyme, which indicates prosodic art, spiritual richness, the fact that poetry is, like love, that which cannot be told. But only individually experienced. A gift. A “secret” bond. Ours, and especially the writer’s, with the Universe! Sanctified by Word!

Indeed, the poet Gheorghe Andrei Neagu prefaces his volume with an eloquent quote by Radu Cârneli: “The love is that which keeps this Earth tied to the sky”.

Always, a beneficial and delightful candor.

***Virginia Bogdan***

## **Soul mate revelation**

“**Tear of love**”, by poet **Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**, dripped into my soul, warming my sensitivity, reminding me of my own dreams, silent hurts and restlessness’s, with verses full of an overwhelming desire of own self rejuvenation, by reliving of love forever seeping smells, temptations and concoctions, which still inebriates us and feeds the green sprout – even with autumn’s amber leaves – still putting out buds within us. The poems are loaded with painfully natural lyricism and tenderness, when the poet states his enslavement by the loved woman, with an overwhelming honesty, which would turn any Eve into a blessed Goddess, perceiving him:

Or, with the amount of passion that he impels: *“Beloved woman.../ Bring me one more handful of earth/ to clean my face of mud./ Flow your long hair in the cornfield/ in the wheat sprinkled/ with ruby poppies,/ just as your lips;/ Can’t you see in my eyelids the rain running/ to cool down your hot kisses?/ Beloved woman.../ Glean in yourself the harvest brought by the*

## Tear of love

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*storm./ When the poppies of your kisses/ will  
lose their petals/ who will use the wasted  
ears?/ Woman,/ Run through my hair,/ kiss  
my snowed temples./ Bring me one more  
handful of earth/ to bear/ in boundless  
horizons...” Women... Superb metaphors!  
Entanglement of sensitivity and sensuality,  
brimming like waves of kisses – poppy  
petals, gathering ears with the soul, so they  
do not waste, as it would be sinful for them  
not to fructify in the “*handful of earth and  
boundless horizons*”...*

But life does not have only pleasures  
and sweet dreams, loss and unfulfillment  
nostalgia makes the thought bitter and  
burdens it with hurtful meanings, becoming  
aware of the uselessness of so many  
energies drained in forgetfulness and  
regrets: “*Who does my time flourish with/  
when the sad universe dies in me?/ With  
whom should I dry from rain/ the pain of  
though in two?/ From which side will the  
sea that lies to me/ give birth to word  
waves?/ Even lonelier than the falcon who  
dies/ on the rock burned by the solar kiss/ I  
startle on my flight on the sea/ When I  
bitterly end myself/ white are the dreams in  
my soul/ and my temple laughs in lonely  
cold.*”

When hopes run away and freeze

## **Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**

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under the frost of desilusion, the poet feels  
*„So sad is the black sheet of paper under  
the snow!/ It has shrivelled of emptiness  
under cold dust.../ Long poems painted/ with  
gold and ink/ amass in me fear/ from the  
white, sad sheet of paper.” Nothingness.*

Irresistible impulse, which can ignite  
the flame of the forgotten love in *Autumn  
prayer*: *“Please come to see/ how autumn  
takes her trees to sleep,/ the green fields/  
and the lips red as poppies,/ and leave me a  
leaf to hope for/ the wind floating.”* Such  
images loaded with deep meanings can only  
be crafted by an authentic talent and a  
polishing of a master jeweler such as the  
poet **Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**! And how –  
as a lover – resist running to embrace the  
branches of *“the tree with its green in half-  
mast”*?

And when the poet ensures his lover:  
*“I place apple flowers/ on your nightly  
body./ I alter in sky/ The forgotten seconds./  
Under the hot tear/ The snow in the sight/  
Covers words./ Life is as sad as the light/  
Melted in twilight./ I look for your eyes/  
That looked at me opened/ Are they tired?/  
Look at the sky!”* – surely the apple tree  
flowers will give the hope of romantic  
reunions, because eternal love bears the coat  
of candor.

## Tear of love

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Even when autumn turns our leaves to amber, the live boil of love embroids springing snow drops within us, phenomenon painted by poet **Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**'s magic paintbrush in the poem *Spring*: *"The perfume of your mouth has blossomed/ under the rays of my eyes./ Through the body, with thrill of petals/ your eyes walk around.../ From time to time, on the fragrant mouth/ as a bee I come to steal/ a dewy kiss./ You laugh, and around/ the field flourished throughout."*

Nostalgic, an eternal dreamer, the poet becomes aware of his loneliness through which he "unravels" his experiences, his life – *"As a willow that breaks/ the shade of the branches in the lake/ my shadow still cries/ in a forgotten window./ In the light that climbs/ on the frozen sidewalk,/ my felt body dries/ the shattered time.../ I have no goal I have no hour/ for which to breathe./ Banished from the dance now/ I go and unravel myself."* *Unravel.*

In *Breaths*, the poet asks his lover: *"Did the sky ever breathe in your arms?/ Did the moon ever kiss you on the temples? We step on feelings.../ Forgetting so many springs./ And then, with the silent sky in our arms/ We wander, cold and lonely,/*

## **Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**

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*Dripping stars on the face/ We are the little big people.”*

*The poems from “Tear of love” chill us like a side spectrum through the grandeur of the experiences and their brilliant rendering, because they come from an inexhaustible spring of distinguished spirituality, with the name of a ballad – **Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**. And because: “All the trees blushed/ of the blossoming crop.../ Love me, orchard of my reveries.” – *Crop*. I wish for his desire to come true! That he is loved and blessed. The reading of verses is a soul mate revelation for me, that for which I thank him with sincere congratulations and bend forward towards myself – magic eye of light, open book, nest of bright horizons...*

*Ana Hâncu*

