

The wind blows
In an Asian region
The soul is a wheel speeding on clouds

My will
Is to become blind
 to become sun and apple
 and not to become like them
to become woman's breast, sun, apple, sheet of paper, pen, ink,
 and dream!
To become weird music. And that's all.

Tonight, you
In a sports car
A star shooting at you from the front
Can you tattoo it on your face? You!

Mad in the Morning

I shout the first line of my poem
I write the first line
A carving knife stands up madly in the morning
These are my rights!

The glow of morning or a woman's breasts are not always beautiful
Beauty is not always first
All music is a lie!
Ah! First of all, let's close all the petals and fall down to the earth!

This morning, September 24, 1966
I wrote a letter to my dearest friend
About original sin
About the perfect crime and the method of destroying intelligence

Ah!
What a drop of water rolling on my pale pink palm!

The woman's breasts are reflected in a coffee saucer!
Oh! I can't fall down!
Though I ran rapidly over the edge of the sword, the world has not
disappeared!

Translated by Yoshida Hirioishi and John Batki

ANA BLANDIANA / ROMANIA

Do You Remember the Beach?

Do you remember the beach
Covered with bitter shards
On which
We could not walk barefoot,
The way in which
You looked at the sea
And said you were listening to me?
Do you recall
The hysterical gulls
Spinning like the toll
Of bells from an unseen church
With a congregation of fish,
The way in which
You ran away from me
Toward the sea
And shouted that you need
Distance
For looking at me?
The snow vanished
Mixed with birds
In the water,
With an almost joyful desperation
We watched
Your footprints by the sea
And the sea