

## Four Poems · *Marin Sorescu*

### VILLAGE MUSEUM

More parts are missing  
From the life of these people,  
And others, for example  
Material welfare, happiness and luck  
With history  
Are poorly represented.

You won't find any coins here,  
For, without gold and silver,  
Each year the peasants carved their faces  
On grains of millet, wheat and corn  
That haven't lasted till now.

Stuffed birds  
True, they could have had plenty of  
But they felt sorry, couldn't kill  
The nightingale, the lark, the blackbird and cuckoo  
Which sang for them their whole life for free  
And their whole death.

Primitive,  
Antique, medieval eras  
Appear as one,  
For, not knowing how to read and write, the peasants  
Didn't grasp that among these epochs  
There exist fundamental  
Differences.

Here the most numerous exhibits  
Are the earthen huts.  
After tilling the soil  
The peasants went straight into the ground  
To rest.

From place to place, among the huts,  
Uprisings may be inserted: by rulers like  
Doja, Horia, Closca and  
Crisan, Tudor too,  
Built on the surface, this time,  
With an amazing sense  
Of architectonic  
Symmetry.

Visitors,  
Don't touch the poverty and sadness  
Exposed in the museum.  
They are original exhibits  
Coming out of the hand, the soul and the core of this people's being  
In a moment of strain and spontaneity  
Which has lasted  
2000 years.

### THE SACRED FIRE

Throw some more brushwood  
On the sun.  
I've heard it'll put itself out  
In a few billion  
Years.

And if there's no more brushwood,  
Throw the plains on the sun,  
They could have well  
Been woods,  
The mountains, moon and sky.  
We're not even sure, they might  
Be woods.