

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.