

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.

In any case,
Throw something on it,
Some brushwood,
Some lives.

Because look, it's starting to flare out
On our faces,
Making them beautiful and ugly,
Making them night and day,
Making them seasons and years.

THE MOUNTAINS

My thoughts grew luminous
Until the mountains began
To see themselves
In them.

Here they are, with their gold and uranium
And all the other minerals
More evolved,
With precious furs and antlers
Hooves or wings
And are happy
Under the shape of life.

Here they're cold, threatening
Full of ravines,
The sun's wheel over them
Squeaking all day long,
Drawing fresh time up for us to drink,
Straight from the bottom of the earth.