

Six Poems · *Ana Blandiana*

MAGIC SPELL OF RAIN

I love the rain, I passionately love the rain,
the mad rains and the gentle rains,
the chaste rains and the rains like unbridled women,
refreshing rains and endless, boring rains.
I love the rain, I passionately love the rain.
I like to wallow in its tall white grass,
I like to break its threads and walk with them in my teeth
so that men watching me grow dizzy.
I know it isn't nice to say, *I am the most beautiful woman on earth*,
it isn't nice and maybe it isn't even true,
but allow me, when it rains,
only when it rains,
to say the magic words, *I am the most beautiful woman on earth*,
the most beautiful, because it is raining,
and the fringes of rain in my hair become me.
I am the most beautiful woman because the wind blows
and my dress desperately struggles to hide my knees.
I am the most beautiful woman because you
are far away, and I am waiting for you,
and you know I am waiting.
I am the most beautiful woman because I know how to wait,
and still I wait.
There's an intense scent of love in the air.
People passing by sniff the rain to catch its traces.
In such a rain, one can fall in love in an instant.
All those who pass by are in love
and I am waiting for you.
Only you know
I love the rain,
I passionately love the rain,
the mad rains and the gentle rains,
the chaste rain and the rains like unbridled women.