

***TAINAN - THE CITY OF THE RISING PHOENIX!***

**By Anca Mihaela Bruma**

Between the Sun  
and the eye of an eagle,  
where the eternal Beauty  
returns by the flow of time,  
there is Tainan,  
the city of the rising Phoenix!  
With its kaleidoscopic tableaux  
and reflections of our Existence!

Bamboo leaves have been still whispering  
the history of its transparent names,  
with Lunyu sayings chiseled  
in alabaster temples  
about the crossing of the infinities  
and the nothingness in the endless...

Between Confucian dreams  
and butterfly purple orchids,  
with every pastel sentiment  
and sands of Time,  
temporal echoes  
and wise silences,  
a story has been narrated  
about the city of Tainan,  
the Ascending Phoenix  
with its infinite tails

and boundless fantasies.

Tainan...

It shines in parallaxes!

Where the rhythm of the soul  
rises in feathered images,  
with kaleidoscopic tableaux  
and reflections of our Existence!

### ***YOUR EMPIRICAL DOMINION***

Through the glaciers of Time,  
within extensive number of flashes and junctures,  
in this steady and enduring intoxication  
with its delirium surges and effluxes,  
in the valleys where Knowledge does not need its knowing  
and where the calculus towards the Infinitude  
conceives the perfect curves and spherical realms,  
unbounded, unconstrained with unbroken views,  
where the Unseen is expanded by exponential dimensions  
there... where illusions and desires have no more matter  
no edge for yesterdays and tomorrows and past to be retold  
as memory flames dance in verdant lush synchronicities,  
I have unmistakably found you...  
In the complexity of the simplicity!

And the Eternity...

I sealed it with a kiss!

***YOUR SHADOW AROSE FROM ME... IT CRUSHED ME!...***

Your shadow arose from me... it crushed me!...

Even the butterfly took its flight back...

All the withdrawals hit me on the ground,

And there is no more reason

For what... or to whom...

Your shadow arose from me... it crushed me!...

Inside an unopened dream I extinguished myself

Time!... stroke me abruptly!

For another one hour I could have hold you...

And the whole world to cease within that hour!...

Summers... matter no more

So far the heart is filled with bleached winters...

Your shadow arose from me!... It crushed me!...

Even though your fingers still flow through my blood

and endless nights grow inside an insane eye,

your songs wonder my reverie no more,

the hunger for the morning's dews stopped,

just... your silences scream spacelessly...

True! Your words do not know

The verb of my flight...

Your steps forgot the crane's chants

and my heart does not sketch your contour...

Just for you to know:

My world's edge is beyond your cognition!...

My heartbeats leaked from your hands,  
as you forgot the path to yourself!...  
Through my Heart!...

**Bio**

Educator, lecturer, performance poet, eclectic thinker, mentor with staunch multi-cultural mindset and entrepreneurial attitude, Anca Mihaela Bruma considers herself a global citizen, having lived in four continents. Her eclecticism can be seen in her intertwined studies, she pursued: a Bachelor of Arts (Romania) and a Master of Business Administration (Australia).

The author labels her own writings as being “mystically sensual”, a tool and path for women to claim their own inner feminine powers. She uses poetics as a form of literary education, self-discovery and social engagement.