

You pull apart the green until the last Eucharist and a few minutes

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[You pull apart the green until the last Eucharist and a few minutes]

began to collapse all trees older than a birthday
be heard open windows and people by freeing them
people and doors running the fear of hearing
of a deluxe Miss and a dog with barks halting
and in the end of confession
barely it was heard this poem and your name
self-undressing
in it

[it was morning in my body]

and the cold could be heard far away
sometimes
when no one jail reading me
when no one red touch me
I heard myself in Word
even name
only one word less
for fear

[Let step in empty the skin of the city]

to run us in brains these mental
hospitals

and burials from a young hand
where rising has swollen veins
and you snatch from my
shoulder the taste
unrestrained streams butterfly
until finally
line of walls
my hands are blind in your
kneading
forced prison to beg
mercy to the living
and young lady strolling
through bites
blocks
asks from corner to corner

In what clear season we could
Rummage
the future?