

Radu Vancu

Master of children's small fingers
& of the indestructible hair of girls
& of the transparent shields of the gendarmes -

today I saw videos of children with broken heads
& fingers broken, I saw girls dragged by their shiny
& indestructible hair by gendarmes with shields transparent

as your indestructible light, I saw
indestructible teeth broken, indestructible bodies
shattered, I saw the blood made by you

splattering in the world made by you
& there was still so much beauty in it
& it is exactly this that mashes me.

Any amount of beauty mashes me.
An indestructible beauty in a world blown into pieces -
your cynicism is divine, indeed.

I saw a dog licking the bleeding face
of his mistress, collapsed under the boots of the gendarmes,
careless to their blows which also crushed his ribs.

He wagged so happily his tail
when she raised her grazed hand & patted him,
there was so much indestructible light around him,

for him the evil only passed accidentally through the world.
A cop with a high visor, a blond & pure child,
came running & hit her again.

Master, I sometimes tell myself you only passed accidentally
through the history of the world you made, just as we pass
only accidentally through the poems we write.

And that it is of your indestructible & luminous beauty
that the hardest transparent shields are made.
And that the happiest of us are wagging our tails,

licking the bleeding faces of our loved ones. Mashed
under the boots of the seraphim rapid intervention units.
Terrorized by the anti-terrorist units of the angels.

Who to endure so much beauty
- and until when
- and why.

You unbelievably gentle master, if I wouldn't feel sometimes
your harsh tongue licking my bleeding brain,
if I wouldn't see your furry tail sometimes

wagging happily - everything would be easier
& more unbearable. Don't worry, we're talking here
between indestructibles.

Canto I

There will be people and they will push the world further.
Today it is evening, we are building a Lego police station
and we are watching Cars.
Today the world does not deserve to be pushed further than that.

Today we have not seen the sun struggling tetanized
in the sky. It seemed it never existed.
Today God was not the concept with which
we measure our pain, as John sings.
Maybe it measured the convulsions and torture of the sun,
what do I know. For us there existed
only the slow growth of the police station
and no sun to ruin any plans
above it.

We need a Lego sun shining without alternative
above a Lego abyss. Young Lego peasants
from a Lego Galilee
taking upon them all the Lego sins and dejections.
We need Lego children singing:
"in the shadow of the Lego cross we sat down and wept."
A Lego John Lennon singing about
Lego gods and concepts and pains.
Only then will the sun struggle happily
in convulsions. Only then will the world deserve
to be pushed on.

Today it is evening, we are building a Lego police station
and we are watching Cars. The milk
gets warm in the white tin cup.
Nothing, and this is no big talk – nothing
can push us further.

Canto XIV

Someday this day will also be as blinding
as a madhouse
and I am broken by all this living.

I was 17 and I was a porter
at a wholesale on Siretului street
and unloaded ten tons of sugar
all alone in two hours
and I was not half as
broken as I am now, five minutes
after I left Sebastian at the
kindergarten. I was 19 and daddy had
hanged himself for nearly a month and I was
all Kierkegaard and vodka
and I was not a quarter so
broken as now. I was hell
knows how old and I kept deviating
from poetry and I was all
broken and blinding as after
ten tons of sugar.

As after ten days of
Kierkegaard and vodka.

We were three porters on Siretului,
me the youngest and the only one hired
under the table. We carried tons daily
and the wood crates were full of
nails and our bloodied shoulders
were sweet as sugar. As Søren.
As vodka. One of those perverse
worlds which give you the
illusion that poetry really
exists and matters. In which the neck
knows it is hangable and sings
with happiness. In which the mind
is filled with sugar and evil
and knows that someday
this blinding day
will be real and will be
the same madhouse.

You hangable neck, you heart
of vodka and sugar – I know, you carry
tons daily and keep deviating
from poetry. Calm down, however,
I swear on the hanger on which

I put every morning the small clothes of
Sebastian at the kindergarten:
one day, vodka and Kierkegaard
will no longer exist. We will be
old caterpillars. I will no longer suffer.