

SVETLANA CÂRSTEAN

Karin says to me: I am afraid because, when it hurts, I lose my politeness. I respond: I loathe politeness, it is hypocrisy. Karin says: I don't want to lose my politeness, it protects me. But with you, is different, with you I am not frightened to lose it.

With you is different.

Something else.

Something something something

will be

what will be.

Forget the caressing

forget everything you used to like

or what you might have liked

retain the pain

like a brooch

rooted direct into your flesh.

Brooch with a white cornea

in the middle

As an adornment,

because with you is something else,

with you always used to be something else.

You remember, Mama, that Sunday

when we eat pigeons

with cream
on that road coming back from the church?

We were awake from 5 in the morning
nothing hurt none of us
and the meat of the pigeons
was melting like butter in our mouths.

With you is different.
Is something else,
is the opposite,
is hard
is insufficient
with you these plates with pigeons
might fly
if they would get wings.

No other day can be compared with the one
when we ate pigeons together.
If I'd be selling somewhere all the days of my life
That one would be the most expensive.

Something something something
that is going to be
afterwards
after this meal

what is going to be after would never be equal
with what it was.

I like this brooch unable to see around
I'll always keep it this way,
rotted direct into my flesh.

Life was always more interesting to me, more than the death and
earth than the sky

Nothing like you.

I've done many things
especially since I've left
and I've always come back.

but I was never able to be like you
dying a few times every week
just laying slowly on my back and
closing the eyes.

When your body stops moving, Mama,
the air stalls
and if there is a day, is going to be a day forever,
and if is a night,
a night will be forever,
and Dad on the porch
will keep his hands in the air,
forever unraveling
the corn,

grain by grain.

You paralyze the world, mama,
no science is better than you
when you die.

Can't we come to that very day with the pigeons
and hide there
for ever happy together?

With me is different
with me you can stay
a long good time.

With me is the opposite
Don't touch my brooch
It hurts if you pull it out.

(Gravity)

Some of them are dead and they are not anymore
Some others are not dead and they are not anymore
Others are already sleeping
I am a strong girl who
Doesn't stop jumping
Gravity is the easiest
Thing to demonstrate, no matter how high
You would jump
You came back where you've left.

(Gravity)

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Report / Report

In the summer of 1989, Lit. girls took their oath and lady captains adorned their shotguns with carnations.

In the summer of 1989, I shot a shotgun for the first time, but it was the blowback I feared most.

In the summer of 1989, I got sunburnt on the battlefield, between the hem of my kaki pants and the edge of my boot I had a permanent sun-kissed tattoo.

In the winter of 1989, I was away on holiday, between December 16 and 28 December, I read *Și ieri va fi o zi* by Mircea Nedelciu and *Visul* by Mircea Cărtărescu.

In the winter of 1990, on February 18th, I celebrated my 21st anniversary in Victoria Square, I was working on my first report for *Cațavencu*. The report was never published.

From February 18th, 1990 to November 2nd, 2015, I protested more than 20 times in Victoria Square.

From May 20th, 1990 to November 16th, 2014, I voted more than 10 times.

In the spring of 2012, I saw you for the first time. It was very cold.

In the spring of 2012

I saw him

for the last time.

He was among flowers

on a colored carpet in Bukovina.

(Trado)

I'm in danger
of not loving anyone else
and this without hating someone else in exchange

of always watching my body in the mirror
and of not seeing hands legs breasts thighs nostrils of seeing
only an object of your desire

of not thinking that language is a cloak
from whose inside I can shoot without feeling the backlash
and without hurting the holding shoulder of the gun.

I'm in danger
of believing
that if Ceaușescu hadn't lived I wouldn't have existed
as you think
that if Hitler hadn't lived you wouldn't have existed.

I'm in danger
of learning a language
which might not ever help me buy anything
of learning an alphabet
like a detective who's never going to be asked to discover
the crime motive.

I'm in danger
of not being able to pronounce sun like I once did
and even if I pronounce that it will suddenly become a woman
and not a man
and I'm not enjoying the first sunny day
because she remains a day without shemesh
and what's lighted in a language in other it's not.

I'm in danger
of becoming a machine in my own production mechanism
of dumping the child along with the water
in which he was bathed before birth.

I'm in danger of transforming my mind
In a battleground of a war which hasn't even started yet.

I'm in danger of not being able to accept the effects of our recent actions.

The danger is effect itself.

I'm in danger
of loving the story more for its words
than for the people moving in it

of seeing the end of the story as a narrative technique
and thus the end rapidly approaching.

It's always been like that.

I still am in danger.

I'm in danger of
building a new nest
right now when nests' season has passed

I'm in danger
of not recognizing
Meir a random old man from Tel Aviv
eating his soup in Nechama
when it's raining outside
and the danger seems further as ever
just like the war that's dancing three hundred kilometers away from here.

I'm in danger of widely opening the door for the invader in this country
in which the invader permanently has a reason for war.

He says without war I do not exist. You can't ask me not to exist.

I love this morning when I'm sick and I also loved yesterday when I was sick.
And whoever cuts my bridges with the mornings he's not welcomed, he shall
leave.

In the morning he left he told me
I am the fish you pulled out of the water
and you're now letting him breathe on land.
You are the water.
I am the fish that you, the water, threw out.

Whoever cuts the bridges between me and land shall leave.
Whoever cuts the bridges between me and land shall leave.

The definition of abortion.
There is a child of whom I have never thought.
There is a child of whom I have always forgot to think.
That's you.

In the morning you left the fish kissed me more than a thousand times.
My saliva was life saving.
In the morning you left it was the only way of survival.

In the morning of the leaving, dad kissed me on the mouth.
I thought it was an impression. He kissed me a second time as well. I couldn't
be an impression anymore.

In the morning of the leaving, after the kiss, I went outside, I crossed the
Primăverii Boulevard, I went inside the first small shop, I chose some clothes, I

hid myself in the improvised fitting room and I tried on many times the same burgundy pullover which I also bought and which I have never worn.

In the morning Leo left I was in Miniprix, Didier called me and told me what he had to say, I was trying on clothes, I was feeling like being in the train station between two wagons, I don't like trying on clothes, I wish I could fit in without trying them on.

I'm not leaving now so I don't have to come back, he said.

He says without war I cannot exist. You can't ask me not to exist.

He says without war the enemy doesn't exist. You can't ask me for him not to exist.

How is the enemy born?

Out of your metallic crest which you never take off even at night when you sleep.

Out of the successive fears overlaid like ten layers of skirts
to not feel the cold getting to you from your feet.

The enemy is born in the morning when you open your eyes and the other one is not facing you and the light is so bright that you cannot turn your eyes away from his back.

The enemy looks at you unexpectedly through the window.

The enemy is born in the center of the biggest love, like an angry lamb on pile of straws in the middle of the field.

The enemy is effect.

And we, the children, we're also an effect of the past years.

I am in danger of not recognizing my enemy.

(unpublished)