



GELLU NAUM:
**THE INCENDIARY
WANDERER**



ROMANIAN
CULTURAL
INSTITUTE

Gellu Naum

The Incendiary Wanderer

Excerpts from Gellu Naum, *Athanor and Other Poems*, translated by MARGENTO and Martin Woodside, New York: Calypso Editions, 2013 and *Vasco da Gama și alte poeme. Vasco da Gama and Other Poems*, translated with an introduction by Alistair Ian Blyth, Bucharest: Humanitas, 2007. The selection is completed by Gellu Naum's "The Voyage with Stelică", translated by Claudiu Komartin and Stephen Watts, *Modern Poetry in Translation*, 'Between Clay and Star', No. 2, 2013.

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Athanor

From an ancient gesture burnt
four thousand years ago

The flutter of ashes extinguished memories of fire
over limestone tattoos
among the shoals shirts of clear water
vegetal worms squirming around pebbles
the whooshing of buckets dropped into wells

But all this happens in the shade of a green tomato
and one good day he came out to see

We sat above by the tomato cages
our twisting locks creeping out

The lime pit fallen into disuse
menacing birds of sleep rambled in the fog
as we tried to fend them off
and he held us up with his eyes

Along the River Bank (Acolo lângă mal)

Along the river bank beneath the monastery
a girl kept kicking a guy in a grey hat
I stopped Having no idea why
(maybe it was my unfortunate need to rejoin lost
causalities)
she sensed me and turned around She had a
luxurious purse
Hey ragged-ass what are you staring at Don't you see
we're making love here

I lay down in the grass I glistened within
the guy whimpered Get rid of him please

I could have answered rudely even drowned their
motorbike
perhaps I glistened so powerfully
their eyes started to shed tears
and the girl took off like a butterfly She hovered
towards me
coming closer like a blind bride like some sort of cherry tree

it was all the same anyhow I was hovering myself
the sky lifted higher and higher
that guy still whimpering Get rid of him please

The Horse (Calul)

The horse had grown up in my garden
It was harder in winter
I had to keep him safe from the mulberry roots
from the frozen touch of the sun
and it was so cold among the withered brambles
at night the gate pipes would crack
and his mane rustled like withered reeds

In spring our streams would come muddled
breasts wobbling beneath the blouse
he was pure and blushed like a saint in an icon
You know—he said—as I stand motionless
as I grow up motionless in your garden
there are so many traces left around me
so many bridges over these muddled waters
You should lend me your rifle for one night

He spoke about his inner galloping
About his frozen galloping

I never told him about the things happening to me and the
night stork
circling the place calling for me to sleep in her egg

In a certain way we could feel the waters' complicity
the sands' fertile protection
and when we walked barefoot on clay
we could feel how close the wet brothers dwelt
The well wheel creaked kids going home from school
stopped by to ask us for some stale water
uttering words feminine masculine and neutral
unquiet about the sex of abstract words
and they watched the horse
though with a world-old understanding in their eyes
yet smiling in a friendly way as they wiped their mouths with
the palms of their hands

Then the dahlias grew large and heavy
like brass mirrors
and once in a while a tired tree would lie down in the grass

(n)AUM in the Rain ((n)AUM în ploaie)

The window has opened towards the dark
the dead are alive in shrouds made of cloth and bones
are conducive to eternity
holding a snake in the grass at the shadows' confrontation

for their commemoration in a den
for their ultimate white confession
for the technical employment of contemplation
(as we will all turn into dust and mold)
they would deserve titles of nobility in times of hardship
and obscurity
at the turning back to the twilight
and lead us silently into infinity
when the eagle starts his retreat towards the stars in the
memorable second when the sun and the moon
rise in conjunction in liquid form and continue
their subtle trip towards a land of heresy within the spiral
the unparalleled lunar streaming and its pleasant
terrestrialization

only the hands can pass over the rainbow as the roots grow
on our tongues
fire is their food, and water
and let them lead us silently into infinity

The Poet's Arrival at the Great Airport (Sosirea poetului pe marele aeroport)

He descended a careless stairway. The light, the air flooded his veins insinuating its way into his cypress geometry. Then a door opens. The metal starts to scream. Still he goes in. Huge corridors of mosaic and glass lie in wait, smelling him out. With her torso leaning over the grid the Warner passed in whispers. That's when the customs officers ambushed him, tore his clothes off, made his face bleed, dug through his immaculate suitcases. Brand new departures and spectacular arrivals were in store. And then, the PA went out. Just beneath the ceiling, among the sciences, something roared like an ocean of milk, the memory of a breast. He sat down for a moment to draw his breath, careful not to tilt his skull full of hand grenades.

Eutychia (Eftihia)

Only when beginning at the end are we able to understand
the nostalgic mechanics of daily events the fury of layers preceding and
following us

this is when the usually called "there" wears on its body the tree's bark
carries with it
the arrogant scale with isolated limbs balanced there sleeping the statue
of the Dog a confusing calculus born persistently
in the grass's fear the land's green silence
while all mothers may wake up each with a different moan

this is how many perished while we returned
it was a farewell with no parting an unrest in the mist's magnet
in the deep dark and its answers
we were mere black leaves swept outside and fluttering in the soft wind
we were the small feet of a child forsaken and left all alone sleeping
we were in love with the rustle of the greenery underground bearing
witness to a desperate question
with the piety indecency and plenitude of our aggressive candor

and beyond millions of dark-years through the vainglorious black holes
in the human psyche
there with live and dead seeds ants and justificatory novas sequoia
trees ablaze sleepo-pitheciners caterpillars and rocks gold
granite copper kangaroos butterflies knives rains nightingales
the genus chair boot and the clouds
electronics swallowing the logic of intuition
and each of those with its poets forming a language using signs
long forgotten by our sick species
I emotionally and respectfully salute the insects' poet his
psychedelic colors I watch with my panicking blood
while listening to the signs of his insurgency

so the psychedelic colored insect
waits for me
with its shape reminiscent of triangular bombardments
the insect-poet looking at me with its deep blue-green eye
struck dumb on an unripe raspberry
the sole survivor of a long extinct species
the newly arrived insect-poet set to witness crazy
death by tragic multiplication
as I am certain it recognizes me
as far back

the times got tangled
I sit on a rock and look forward
through tangled times
as a psychedelic age arrives while the rest is merely
a golden blue-green ethereal triangular insect
trying to communicate words

but I can feel the winged heel of tangled times
I feel my leaf sliding across boundless deserts
sitting on a bank on a blue rock where I stopped long ago
like any other pilgrim ready to leave
I left and here I am crammed up in the night
within everybody

and there is a bridge boiling lava flowing under it
the olive trees along the riverbank bear bitter fruit
birds in gold-colored furs and foxes in feathers of all colors pass by
those beautiful fox-witches
and we press our knees into each other our eyes blurred after all the days
we left silent together
in the humans' blue crypt under the night's obscure seal
and we make those modernistically likable gestures at all crossroads
with snail shells and wing-cases breaking under our steps

one minute less after all those tangled times
gazes that save of life and death of fighting roosters under a cobalt sky
ignored and indestructible understanding inertia inquietude
breasts of warm fog the steam of walking shortly spotted through the bus window
the black panthers leaping grateful ferocious
why should I look forward or back where the stray dogs greet me
full of expectations and avalanches of snails
millions of ants in swarm after swarm whirring along while
a four or five hundred year old tree rots piercing the sky

but I say words that contain millions
I read the things within them my hair is ablaze I see it burn inside the words
my hair hovers and burns as if in a mirror the color of the wood I dwell in
well hidden a perpetual solitude a sort of sonorant mist irresistible
and imbued with written sounds
I see with my ear with my eyes I hear sounds that are creatures and things
and fire and lime pits
I believe in the acoustic vision of the magnificent black panthers
giving them strongly colored shapes
beyond that vision everything is black
I am almost alone amidst the bizarre shapes within the great magic of
solitude
I complement the atrocious game of the peace-giving shapes they collapse

the nocturnal sun the moon hovering higher and higher
a dog leashed to the wind I would say almost cuffed by the gusts stuck
to the withered windows I am looking through listening to his
ashy howls written over with lunar powders
the great expectations of those lying on the cliffs or drowned in the ocean
reef dwellers clad in silver armors
explorers of that drowned city they prefer to call EUTYCHIA I don't know
why
with those deceased whales floating above

knock with a butterfly on my window
bring your breasts near my face I am in agony keeping silent with a death
tongue

lying on bed-sheets
I look above and see our whispers though it could be something else
so let the explorers come the archeologists of kisses the divers
those who listen to every wave's cry of terror those who see the dirty blood the memory
of fish the lilac chiaroscuro of tired frigates lost in the deep under the
stinky salt
sky of starfish the somnambulist propeller the sails made of Paradise Bird
feathers

the sand garlands' seductive rosette

my knees have blossomed my comb lamp the bowl I eat from
my secret force is the rain the iron
the giraffe stretching its neck towards the moon the cold in you
in vain you cover yourself with four blankets in vain you light up the fire
along with that feeling of no longer being
comes the dried zebra hide on the workshop floor
and all of a sudden the planets stop revolving everybody's lions startled
and intently watching flocks of flames rise from the de-scribed
deep

which is the sound of refining

and there is also the flower EUTYCHIA a sort of carnation
that does not exist yet it is only a name

but it will be
before worlds collapse and our ashes drain into chaos
afterwards after this after the early apparition of the beautiful burnt flower
called

EUTYCHIA once and for all
I have become petrified I mean as time went by my blood has assumed
an enigmatic stone-like shape
a pyramid sarcophagus or sphinx that is
in any case impressed upon wood in capital letters
and as time goes by the wind my life and death enemy gnaws at my cheeks
and sometimes I happen to fly or keep silent which is one and the same

a beautiful levitation a nostalgic burial up among the spheres
in the rough roar in the everlasting cold
and someone sleeps there on the grand astral catafalque
but that doesn't matter anymore
someone like a pyramid a sarcophagus or mostly like a sphinx sleeps there
his eye lines desperately inscribing convulsive signs obscure hieroglyphs
and lo comes EUTYCHIA descending the black marble stairway
covered in ruby velvet
and the rush of herds is heard under my window

bring your breasts near my face I am in agony I tell her
keep silent with a death tongue

All the above poems (from 'Athamor' to 'Eutychia') were selected from Gellu Naum, *Athamor and Other Poems*, translated by MARGENTO and Martin Woodside, New York: Calypso Editions, 2013.

The Persistence of the Flames (Persistența flăcărilor)

The devouring images of future things
the bright star of a conflagration
what I loved what I hoped
what remains to be known

The costumes of the acrobats preserve their sprightliness
the somnambular walk recommences
along the wire between dream and waters
between death and waking
between memory and asphyxia
In this room attractive for its colour of coffins
your scream opens like a window

It is time for us to know the sleeping woman
she expects nothing but this
she regards with a single languorous eye
the bats that nest in our palms

In the Silent Mornings (Tăcutele dimineții)

In the silent mornings or in the silent nights
there is a haunch there is a thigh there is a panther
I try to catch your shoulders using a violin
as butterfly net
but if your hair chimes it's because it's dreaming
if your eyelid blossoms it's because of the wind
if your hand howls it's because it's night
if your ears sleep it's because they're famished
if your shoes laugh it's because they're thinking
and if your shoulders take flight it's because it's very late

If your hand falls silent it's because it's a seashell
if your veins race it's because of the mandrake
if the thigh listens it's because there are still leaves
if the blood foams it's the fault of the umbrellas

If your frock screams it's because it's dying
if your shadow flickers it's because it's burning
if your fingernail sits on the curtains it's because they're violet
if your foot whinnies it's because of the clouds
if the lungs fall asleep it's because it's dark
and if your shoulders choke
it is assuredly because of the trees

Heraclitus (Heraclit)

On old roots, I was sleeping a nodular sleep. On the branches, my brothers were airing their long tresses. The wind had ceased. Then, all at once, a huge abandonment began.

1

A wooden bird crossed from the tree to the tin roof of the houses
the tree was awaiting a tin bird
to me they were all perfectly conjugated
but I was the wooden and tin bird that was sitting on a
chair and looking out of the window

(Embrace me, my wet sun. The eyes' wand has gone astray. The sleeping one lends the fruit trees the whitewash of our innocence In the stove, the words gently crackle.)

2

I was dreaming acoustic landscapes
sonic hills musical pyramids newly leafed pianos
I was dreaming the diurnal rhythm of the earth
energetic guitars drums
and everything and you press a key with a precise effect and the eye dances
you pluck a well-known string and the leg laughs and rejoices

(Passing through sap, O my ruthless sister. With immobile flowers. Until my mountains budged. Outside, the sun conserved my treasures of dung.)

3

I was standing behind myself and dreaming of rejoicing like my leg
I was seeking hexagonal words
at the wire ending of tranquillity
I was seeking long colours I was hungry for long colours
I was dreaming gloves and boots of violet sounds
and the houses resounded and the clouds were rustling
and in thought I was oxygenating countless flocks of sheep and doing their makeup
for the great spring transhumation
then after this exhausting labour
I was walking in front of myself and wiping the sweat from my brow

4

At night the cockerels had screech crests
the world's exhalation steamed up my window
and I wiped it with a clean towel
somebody go and see to the dog
then a very beautiful woman gave me milk
perhaps I had many lanterns I no longer know
I would speak softly so as not to tear her blouse
she gave me milk and bread and set off barefoot down the road

eastwards westwards deafwards deathwards

5

Then the frenetic river
and my friends swimming asleep

(We loved each other like fruit trees, in the shade of bushy eyebrows. Like passers-by, in the smoke. Our lanterns were full of fruit. I plucked myself from you. You reposed on the bench of my silences.)

6

At evening when I went back into my cube
I would want to rejoice
and the things smoked in uncertain outlines
the neighbour's stag would stomp around the kitchen
but with an egg to their ears the two old men
would listen to the intact silence of the yolk
and blink rhythmically to the tick-tock of the clock

7

(In the distance, I could see your scream burning. Here and there, where the sand outlined the figure of a slain dampness, you would remain visible. Ferryman of these crossings, night would bind the road-heads.)

Then the immense hatching
and among so many other exceptionally bad things
butterflies would alight on my ears of stone

The Double (Dublul)

In the name of fertility
she spirals her smile
and hides it in a snail of sleep

What a crust has enriched itself
on the vehemence of its folds

Adept of the great mute connections (a few have chosen the air)
for its capacities of blue flax and crucible)
I seek in stones the reserves of an as yet unchangeable realm
and the grasses are propitious to me

while with brow in the water
my axe lies in wait for the iron wedding of the fish

Eagles on Holiday (Vulturi în vacanță)

In august when the sky fills with bulls
an eagle alights in the neighbourhood
and from the first telephone lets me know he's coming to see me

Admirable pyromaniac haunted by blazes
with a black serenity over his feathers
he comes troubled by the forecast of sure flames
cartesian eagle schooled in the classes of harsh colleges
he has difficulty reconciling himself to my silences
but he knows that we bear the same sign beneath our eyelids
and feels the same gold on his knees

We man and bird in two armchairs
sit talking for a long time
while my love with tranquil gestures she revives
the comforting archetype of night

Naturally I could tell him that I have driven a stake into the mist
that last night the otter called out to me once more

I could show him the fourth sign of the mole and the lucid answer of the nettles
but my places perhaps seem to him an unknown island
that's why he slowly moves a bright wing
and takes refuge in the strict geometry of quietude

Both of us in two armchairs we sit talking for a long time
outside night rusts my dogs

Whenever (De c ate ori)

The soul of the wood sighed
a bird lay down in another bird

After it has sullied itself with man flesh the saw
cuts the locust tree of the sky
On the pond between moorhens and wires
the carpenter hammers nails into the water

o my love with boomerang eyes
whenever the train whistles
we await the subterranean snows

Beginning and End (Început și sfârșit)

I accepted that the things loved us

Fragile and hard on their plains
we rejoiced when the vegetables bloomed
that we might keep the waters intact

The tools obeyed us until evening
about which eyes do you speak

The fishermen dozed among the fish-centaurs
from the shores they viewed them with wholly different eyes
and Plato my obscure horse
fanaticised grammar

The Domesticated Triangle (Triunghiul domesticit)

A few scrunched up words in the right eye
a teardrop in the mouth a sound on the shoulder

Naturally it is a simple journey
from good to bad from cold to hot
in this boat full of nails

Perhaps everything is happening inside a cow

Vegetal Phoenix (Fenix vegetal)

Far off in your pupil
immobile and supple I grow
in the circles of a harsh geometry

There I grow looking underneath the bark
at the wicker chair whereon I sleep
the chunk of plaster that falls noiselessly on the grass
our hempen busts
naked beneath the lustre of the armour
far off in your pupil

The Blue Shore (Malul albastru)

In a room among newspapers from far-off climes
like a tame animal like a marvellous man you love yourself and sit on the edge
of the bed with your hands on your knees
or absolved of birth and death you stroke your pumice cheek
until the sun crosses to the other side
next to the photograph of the happy child who is piddling on a blue shore
Then every thing returns regroups
as though in a boiling fog wherein things are mended
among the obscure plantations of chance And alongside
a woman carefully hangs out the clothes of the drowned lover and speaks to them
the one who still seeks you in the black bones of the butterflies
And while you wander lost through the mists of a powerful manhood
past the spades left on the fresh molehill
or gaze at the swaying of the two stakes planted in the shore
or lie down on the ground and the wind covers your face with
thistles brought who knows whence
a great sadness brings back the lunar landscape of her tired shoulders
and there are no more words but her whispers are things which settle
everywhere filling the ripped silence of the train's screech
her whispers are the water gathered over the prints of her soles after the last rain
but a mere turn of the key is enough for you to be able to hear
the slow flowing of time past your moistened socks
or the heavy breathing of the roots
and again you dream the blue shore at the end of the river
on which we ruminate our enchanted abandonment

The Prenatal Brother (Fratele prenatal)

From egg to coffin on an accursed gravel
in a land of brambles and midges
the prenatal brother still sends us
the sun that set in the roof of his mouth
and it is time that we open for him
the pods wherein we dwell

with bandaged eyes he mends
the propitious errors the flouted landmarks
the axle stabbed into the depths of the wheels
and the drone of imaginable convoys
before the moods become words

The Suitcase (Valiza)

I'd moved into a nest up a tree
I sat there on some straw
the mother-bird saw to her bird affairs
the male didn't say anything ignored me
once though he dealt me two or three pecks to my nape
it was raining at the time I was soaked through I was trembling and had taken shelter
beneath the huge maternal wing next to the little ones
(they were barmy I could hear them laughing in their eggs)

Otherwise what a life of ease I would read Mr Nietzsche
and often contemplate the planet
I had food in a suitcase
next to some notes about the technique of non-action
I used the notes as napkins
now and then a young lady passed beneath the tree
trampling these herbs with her white boots
I loved her I would stand on tiptoes to recite
I showed off my poet's profile
the mother-bird raised her beak to heaven and chattered
in the end the young lady made an indefinite gesture
then went home over those herbs
Once a strange hunter came in her stead
he was nodding and looking at the nest
the mother-bird hid me beneath her wing
in the eggs the little ones
fell silent in terror

Belvedere

My friend the dead painter
calls me (it's not important)
ready drawn letters come from his mouth
he is a normal chap all silver and buckles
anyway all kinds of stuff and embroideries and other things
he stands in a square in front of a building with a frontispiece
in the frontispiece is written what is written on my bell

one might say that I'm being duped but it's not certain
I've hailed him sixteen times and he keeps nodding towards me
he has a tic he doesn't even see me
he is holding under his arm the terrible book written in the language
which we speak in thought

The Change in Things (Schimbarea lucrurilor)

Autumn came waves of leaves migrated
certain things changed their names
I stood on a shore tranquil I contemplated
my love sighed closed her eyes "what sawest thou"
she replied "an old man cometh up
and he is covered with a mantle"
here ended she the quotation (Samuel XXVIII 8-14)
she opened her eyes pulled on the rod
fished a wooden fish

The String-Spirit (Spiritul-sfoară)

Damned poplars were rustling in the dark
it was cold I was wet I had diseases of the soul
when I pressed up against them they nibbled my shirt
down below someone was digging his nape had turned white
he cadged tobacco from the passers-by some
softly replied "take heed"
hastily he dug he cried out to me "take heed
look it's raining and why do you roam the night alone
clothed in your purple overcoat
better go inside lie down on the floor
maybe the String-Spirit is coming and he'll teach you
to peddle your legs aloft"

On the Woman in a Trance (Despre femeia leșinată)

It would suit me nicely with my clay hat
On the shore of the Euphrates in masculine waters
next to the Woman in a Trance
With my temple on a plank I would relate to her
how she might write to me for example
letters of adoration
“think a little” I would tell her “on our daily adventure
now that you abandon yourself to the deepest repose
now that you a poor little dove
try in thought to fly while I
stock-still and alone rest with my temple on a plank”

Until the Tornado Passes (Până trece tornada)

Shabby as a wet butterfly
I watch the poplar rising to the sky
it metes out justice it has golden leaves
o poplar I say nicely you rustle
in the obscure embrace of our branches
(if they part us we wither and die)

but until the tornado passes
we better hide in our clothes full of bells
while something glints like a hot tile
and the sun dilutes amid the matted clouds

On the Hills of the World (Pe colinele lumii)

I had fallen like a giant with ears of stone
onto the hills of the world in the dampness of encouraging gestures
within—only night and water
and the deaf infant was furiously playing the harpsichord

Melancholia

In Grand Place a few innocents
caught a dead bird in flight ate it
and also in Grand Place one of us
had made a discovery something petrified
on it appeared as though in a picture book
how some of us rot on beaches
how the others bleat in the mountains

now he stood to one side at a grave
he had earth on his eyes He was saying
that it would be lunchtime and what he eats
“stay there quietly” I told him
and she will bring you potatoes”

“perhaps she is coming”

he was looking at a grave and listening gloomily
to our words coming from his mouth

All the above poems (from 'The Persistence of the Flames' to 'Melancholia') were selected from Gellu Naum, *Vasco da Gama și alte poheme. Vasco da Gama and Other Pohems*, translated with an introduction by Alistair Ian Blyth, Bucharest: Humanitas, 2007.

The Voyage with Stelică (Călătoria cu Stelică)

The lips of the lamb were bleeding in the evening chill
when I saw the sun glowing above the sun
I was stepping gingerly on the fur by the foot of the bed
I had a buddy Stelică with an aura of beauty
all around him lizards slithered
dressed in lucent gold

this was called friendship and in it adolescence was rotting away
strands of wire glowed on our fingers and wire words whimpered in our mouths

we were talking calmly as crickets
when wrapped in his own space Stelică died

I was stunned as I thought of his unavoidable voyage
toward the delta where the great river piles up human ruins
it was raining beneath our supper table
the sun was hiding all alone and Stelică's brothers were approaching pushed on
by a surge of love
through the thick fog of the end
shrouded in untanned skins they were singing into their fists
they came to free Stelică from the zinc ship and to wash his bones
but he was whole unrotten gone to metal
they kissed his breastbone at dew time
but he had the pallor of death white horses were coming and covered him with leaves
better had they pulled a small curtain over his eyelids
sufficient his death for his mother's tears and from his cradle he'd been reading
a book of prayer
an old man washed plums and gave them to him and he stopped reading
he said to his mother, 'suckle me for the last time
since I was a child I loved to be suckled'

now we were both walking in the birth lands and ravens were circling
pitiful adolescents we were wandering about
and all around us souls were bemoaning 'who are you
from your childhood who are you
if you don't even have the words to tell us who you are
who from your childhood are you'

I taught him to say
'ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce myself, Stelică'

we were two wretched adolescents he dead from childhood on
we were living in the backwoods trees were growing on us
their branches gave us shade

we were walking together through the fog of a prenatal swamp
we were asking after a certain Bacuta but no one knew of him
Stelică was lain out well in a church on a table he was nearon floating in his zinc ship
edifying our aggressive brotherliness
at dawn some 2000 roosters were singing out their psalm
each of us took his lover by the hand we were celebrating our golden weddings
we felt a delicate anxiety a fecund deafness
and here we were carrying our brides on our backs to the altar
they sensed a slight shudder they sensed their wombs wetting
they sensed the moon crumbling into a thousand threads and hiding in the grass
we were chewing dirt together with them the amazon brides architects of our shadows
invented by the wind
with necklaces of lead
the gaze of each of them substantiated each of us
star reconciled with silence
through signs of darkness

the ends of the nights was slowly coming
the passing wind wrote on the waves and pushed us ashore
we slithered the best we could toward the fires that had been lit in the courtyards
many years have passed since then I had evidence of bitter agony

and I stayed there shattered
my hat fallen in the dus

o how long it has been since I saw the sun glowing above the sun

Gellu Naum, "The Voyage with Stelică", translated by Claudiu Komartin and Stephen Watts, *Modern Poetry in Translation*, 'Between Clay and Star', No. 2, 2013.