



Flavia Cosma – Five Poems

Fleshless Words

Wasted, fleshless words
Penetrate now and then
Through the room's walls;
Phantom-words, empty words
Wander through spaces,
Coming and going
Through famished dreams of the night.

Let's us say good-bye now, my angel;
The time for leaving has caught us
And now outruns us.
It will hang in our next encounters,
In our first hand-shakes,
In our first exchanges of glances.

In rough, high strung and vacillating sentences
We place the end before the beginning,
While love, foreboding its fate,
Bitterly writhes.

You, Keeper of Mysteries...

You, keeper of mysteries,
How do you fill your hours, your thoughts?
Which paths do you wander now, my beloved?

Come on; recount everything to me in a whisper,
Tell me the truth, but only half—
Better not. Reveal
Just a fourth,
Or better still, so not to hurt,
Gently lie to me.

Spin a parable only for my use.
Tell me of a time that will never be
But never was, either,
Spin a deceptive, bed-time fairy tale
Where you picked me from amid the stars
From arms of angels with slithery,
Quicksilver bodies.

Presents

I never looked at you
With the absent eye of occasional friendship.
I didn't study you
As a dead spider
In a terrarium.
I didn't have time to pause
At your eyes reddened by insomnia,
Or at your lips tumescent
With hidden vices.

I embraced you blindly in my arms,
I melted you in fires
Unknown to me,
I changed you,
And resurrected you in pains,
I transformed you to an angel
With a silvery mantle,
I presented you all the sky, stars, and moon,
I gave you absolutely
Everything you didn't need or want.

The Bronze of Statues

Kissed on the lips, statues' bronze
Transforms to gold;
The inert matter opens wide its eyes,
The soul breathes noisily,
A smoky trap, sweet breeze,
The air lustily seizes us.

Caressed on its bosom, statues' bronze
Transforms to water,
Green water, blissful,
Covers the beloved's alabaster hands,
Floods his boundless heart
That beats and beats,
Stirs up oceans,
Runs with clouds,
Draws near.

Melancholy

The snow spreads, chaste,
Over the melancholy of yesterday.
It snows immaculately over your ardent words,
Heated red-hot to exasperation,
In the furnaces of your Southern continent,
Where cold means hot,
And sweet means bitter,
Or vice-versa.

Unloved lovers crowd at mad-house gates,
A crumpled love squats blackened on a fence;
Big, watery flakes cover its eyes,
And the tears that fancied themselves
All alone in the world,
Fall in waves of slanting snow
From the sky
Together with angels.

Divine Silence

On the green surface of the deep river,
Leaves float
in ordered rows.
Now and then a cat
Mumbles in sleep;
Unachieved desires are wasted in our thoughts.
Words in packs— round hieroglyphs—
Entirely at ease with their fate,
Slacken their pace solemnly
As they pass beneath bridges.

If it weren't for the cars' rumble,
Wounding the peace of twilight,
If it weren't for the startled bird
Darting full speed over waters,
Or for rain's tardy drops
Beating drums on the damp planks,
We would think that the Divine Harmony
Descended to earth
With the night.

Flavia Cosma is an award-winning Romanian-born Canadian poet, author and translator. Flavia has published twenty-five books of poetry, a novel, a travel memoir and five children's books. She is the Director of the International Writers' and Artists' Residency, Val David, Quebec, Canada and of International Biannual Poetry and Arts Festivals of Val-David. http://www.flaviacosma.com/Val_David.html