



## **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](http://www.flaviacosma.com/Val_David.html)