

Anastasia Forfotă

a collection of threaded poems

Jerome

Bucharest, 2021

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*To whoever has wings that burn
To whoever burnt his wings
To whoever doesn't need them
To fly where he already is*

Ships of God

The ship of God threatens to take me away
to take me
back to where all spirits came
from, the air or the sea, it is the same
when waves or gushes hit my nape,
when they hit the base of my spine,
coil a finger 'round the marrow
and squeeze
- do they expect it to give?

To give what?

 a dropped glass
a cutting shard
a staining drop
and a fullstop.
 to split my spine
to drink the wine
from broken brass
from reddened grass
 it's such a waste
in such a haste
to reach for hand
and grip the sand

and yet...

My breath through the marrow comes,
narrow from a finger, from a hand
and I turn around and find
- well, I find all that I can.

The ship of God awaits still on the shore.
I might join its voyage then - but nothing more
for sure.

Bird's Eye

This bird is an unknown bird,
trapped inside a cage;
it sings but isn't heard,
blinded by its rage.

I try to quieten
the vowels and the crane,
the melody of it,
the weepingness, the sweet
defilement of ease,
a raw and unkempt seed
- it spits it out;
I want to shout

Go!
And leave me be!

But it doesn't flee its cage
even when it's free;
it merely stays, deranged,
and watches my defeat:
my lips are sewn and cut,
the seed behind my teeth,
— it hits to make them bleed —
do not let it out
for it shall bury me.

Lus

With sky ahead,
rotten teeth taint your name,
they spit it on graves,
on pavements,
expecting just judgement,
a clean act
to come out their bitter mouth,
since they know better than you
who you are,
what you've done,
what you think

With blink blinked in distance
missed
as any other sea,
at last now you wake from non-being,
you clean yourself of tar
from their imaginings
and dress yourself in copper,
in a thought,
in a white light,
like a face of moon unfull
whose you try to guess a shape
and shade.

Cu cerul înainte,
dinți stricați îți spurcă numele,
ți-l scuipă pe morminte,
pe trotuare,
așteptând o judecată justă,
o faptă curată
să iasă din gura lor amară,
căci ei știu mai bine decât tine
cine ești,
ce-ai făcut,
ce gândești

Cu clipa clipită-n zare
ratată
ca orice altă mare,
abia acum te scoli din neființă,
te cureți de pucioasa
închipuirii lor
și te-mbraci în cupru,
într-un gând,
într-o lumină albă,
ca o față de lună neplină
căreia încerci să-i ghicești forma
și umbra.

A Note Came to Shore

My love
wrote me a note
saying

"I have to go."

Nothing more, words, only four,
and he went.
Later he said
through a messenger now dead

"I'm lost;
please send for me."

But I've not yet found myself,
and my lips are sewn,
what other use've I alone?
My feet's trails've been washed away,
the blood shed, swallowed by a wave.
A gunshot loud and clear
buzzes by my ear
telling me to Wake up!
It all has been a dream.
When I open my eyes,
the note lays crumpled in the sea,
the red steals what tides bring
and hides it where you're hidden.

"I'm lost;
please send for me."

Lux Alba

Perhaps I come as well
to see your salted drop on face,
weak nature of lost men.

Perhaps I come to throw myself
after the serpent round your neck,
sweet choke o' freedom
of hollow death, lacking taste.

Why come? To stay
aside, powerless, to run,
to flee a constancy from you, to drink
lies of an expensive life,
to sit on groots, to play them.
Crack the wood, splinter of an elbow,
dagger of a naked moon,
white light you inspire from me, and I
your soul expire.

Perhaps I come as well
to join you.

Poate vin și eu
să-ți văd un strop sărat pe față,
slabă fire de om dus.

Poate vin să mă arunc
după șarpele ce-l porți la gât,
sugrum dulce-al libertății
de moarte seacă, fără gust.

De ce să vii? Să stai
deoparte, neputincios, să fugi,
constant s-alergi în urma ta, să bei
minciuni de viață scumpă,
să te-așezi pe-un ciot, să-l cânti.
Sparge lemnul, așchie de-un cot,
pumnal de lună goală,
lumină albă mi-o inspire, iar eu
expir sufletul tău.

Poate vin și eu
să ți m-alătur.

Mercury

The shade of crown hovers over the oasis
 In which an elder mountain melted, and
 clouds bristle slow in it, devouring.
 A brute stone, translucent, 's waking
 its soul and foam, whispering
 "There is no death..."
 Then, with lips a crater and mind
 volcano, the sky shouts
 "There is no life!"
 And I say, with mouth full
 of fire, of smoke, of cinder that drowns,
 "If I could not live
 and yet
 nor shall I die,
 then love s'an impression
 as well."

Only I exist and dissolve in me.

Mercur

Umbra coroanei atârnă peste oaza
 în care un vechi munte s-a topit, iar
 norii se scutură încet în ea, marcând-o.
 O piatră brută, translucidă, -i
 trezește sufletul și spuma, șoptind
 "Nu există moarte..."
 Apoi, cu buzele un crater și mintea
 un vulcan, cerul zbiară
 "Nu există viață!"
 Iar eu spun, cu gura plină
 de foc, de fum, de cenușă care-neacă,
 "Dacă nu am putut trăi
 și totuși
 nici nu voi muri,
 atunci iubirea-i o impresie
 și ea."

Doar eu exist și mă dizolv în mine

No Mind, No Fear, No Care

Look at my face: it's a blank page.
I have written on it once,
but the ink has smudged
since then.
Rip the paper, you might find
the soul.
But no, another sheet of white
stands there, alone,
another
martyr of a known
tyrant-
the sentiment, the dire
resentment
washed away by lack of thought,
mad, I'm mad! I'm free at last,
I can no longer smile
or fast,
I can no longer whiff the dust,
I can rest, yes, dull rest
in peace long after my own death.

To fear death is a choice.
I fear nothing.
Not even life.

Aloneness, Not

In times of aloneness, I am not truly alone.
For I have long lived your life that life's old livings
are no more than a ficlet, or a dream.
I have long not lived, and I am tired of dying.
In my aloneness I prefer to stand alone,
and to breathe from my own breath,
to burn by my restless bets
of recklessness inquires,
than to have my skin shed from me
for a thing I didn't do.
Oh, my shadow, leave me then
alone
as I am tired, so tired,
of dying with you.

The Last Revolt and Repent

I am placed
in a here of no existence,
spaceless place and timeless hour,
to float in non-body for as long as
my soul allows it,
to float throughout the warped
sheet of the world, unmoved.
And the shelter's grey
- or is it deathless peril? -
white mist coveting the eyes,
I have no eyes,
blank fog censoring my words,
I have no lips,
bleached black silencing the silence,
but where are my ears.
There is little here that I find
real, there is so much
more that I imagine.
I wish for creeping thoughts of
resolution, resolved in redolence,
I wish for remembrance of me, I wish
I once more was.
I might be imagining myself.
I wish I could cry
when you touch my head,
I wish I could die
again, again,
forever, I wish I could kiss you
once more so I can remember
what it is I miss,
I wish I could grab at your hand
- how did you make yourself in here
if I am not
and here is not
how can you be the sole
constant in ruin without end -
I wish I could yell
Forgive me
Forgive me
Forgive me
God!...

Your hand is still atop my head.
I close my eyes.

The Filter

It is so easy to tell when people lie.
But when they tell the truth
which words survive?
It is not unlike the tale of the snake in the river.
The serpent slithers
and spits its venom,
whoever drinks the water dies,
and yet you never know
whether it's the poison or the medicine inside,
as the snake is subtle and duplicit,
and whether the deaths were of murder
or of dread
- it never is explicit.

The Truth Is True Only If Understood (Otherwise It Is a Lie)

Hereth comes forth the lion,
In a petticoat dressed as iron.
It can kill with shards that wretch the mouth
From mouth of a mouth
It can become that which once was
It can mortify and it can relieve
It can believe
In senselessness of sense
Beautiful pretence,
A hand for a hand
Shaken by a strand
of truth
For whatever he says is true
if understood
and if it's not, then is it lie,
Is it an apple
instead of a head
A suit instead of a body
Instead of a corpse
Empty, empty, emptied
Of all force
Of nothingness
Of non-senselessness,
Multiplied.
I am the tiger,
aren't I?
Which brings the cloth over a moth
That hath eaten it,
Has bathed in it,
Which brings a claw over a mouth,
Mouth of a mouth
From a mouth that kisses,
Kisses the eye,
Hereth 'tis I, eye for an eye,
The truth, composed
self and overused,
the truth of solitude
the truth of a lie
a lie from a lie for you to lie on at night
For you to sleep and dream
I speak the truth and they die
Unknowingly
Their only goal is to survive,
Their only truth, a lie,
My once contorted face, a sigh,

Finally
The tiger with its pantomime
Cleanses hollow hearts, eats them,
For the tiger is sublime
Takes the night's black stripes
Upon its face, its eyes,
It dies to destroy lies
It lives
To paint its mouth
Mouth from a mouth upon a mouth
A smile
The tiger dies
And with it goes the truth
Behind are only lies.

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