

University of New Mexico

UNM Digital Repository

Faculty and Staff Publications

Mathematics

1993

Laws of Internal Composition. Poems with... Problems!

Florentin Smarandache

University of New Mexico, smarand@unm.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/math_fsp



Part of the [Literature in English, North America, Ethnic and Cultural Minority Commons, and the Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

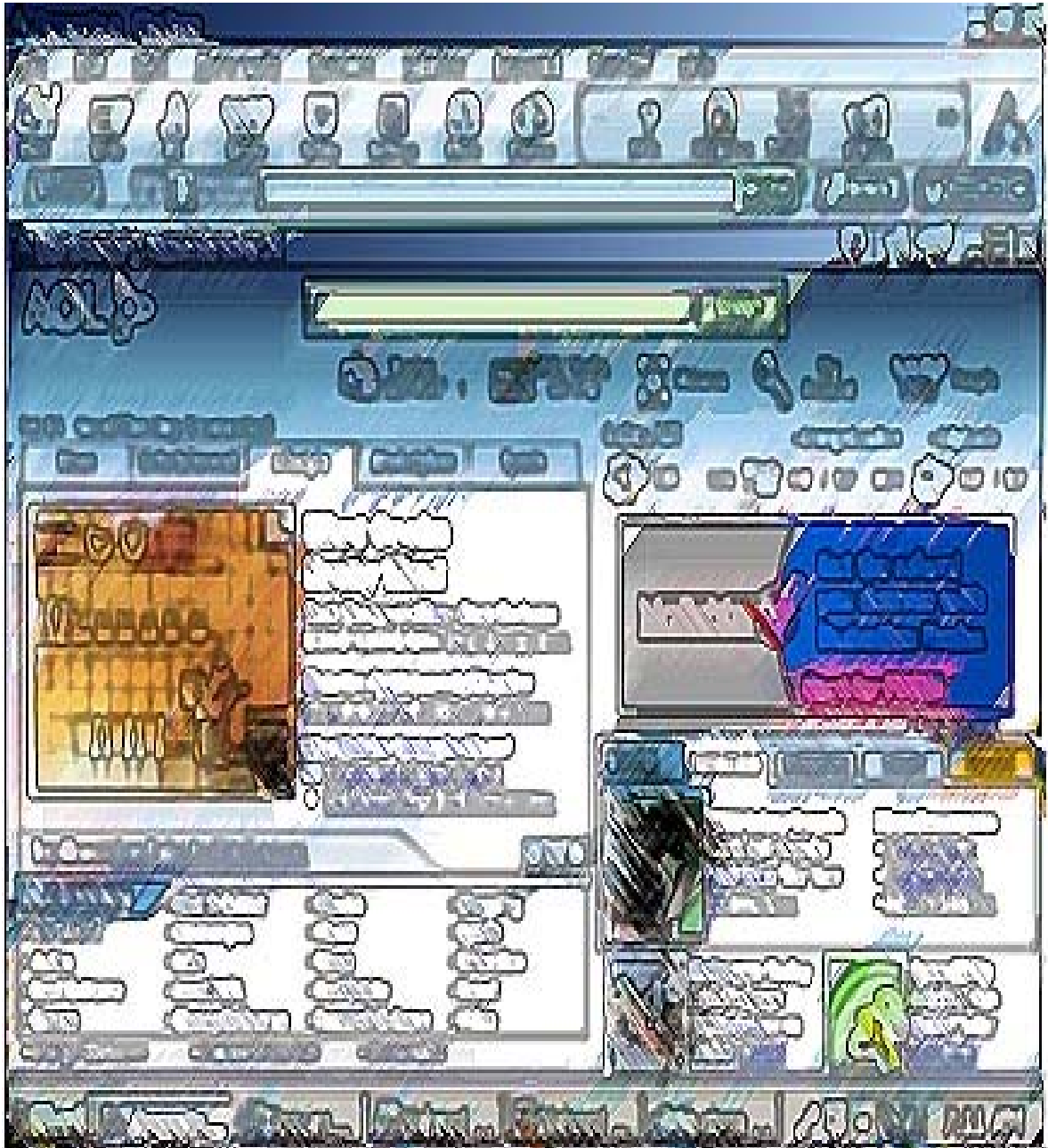
Smarandache, Florentin. "Laws of Internal Composition. Poems with... Problems!." (1993).
https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/math_fsp/59

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Mathematics at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Faculty and Staff Publications by an authorized administrator of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact amywinter@unm.edu.

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

LAWS OF INTERNAL COMPOSITION.

POEMS WITH... PROBLEMS!



1993

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

LAWS OF INTERNAL COMPOSITION. POEMS WITH...PROBLEMS!

Multimedia Larga
1993

This book can be ordered in a paper bound reprint from:

Books on Demand

ProQuest Information & Learning
(University of Microfilm International)
300 N. Zeeb Road
P.O. Box 1346, Ann Arbor
MI 48106-1346, USA
Tel.: 1-800-521-0600 (Customer Service)
<http://wwwlib.umi.com/bod/basic>

Art Images [“Symbolic Diagram” on the front page, and “Quantum Flash” on the back cover] by F. Smarandache

Copyright 1993 by Multimedia Larga

Many books can be downloaded from the following

Digital Library of Arts & Letters

<http://www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/eBooksLiterature.htm>

Peer Reviewers:

Poet Victor Păun, Vâlcea, Romania.

Linguist Ion Cârstoiu, Vâlcea, Romania.

Translated from a 1982 Romanian manuscript by F. Smarandache

(ISBN-10): 1-931233-33-0

ISBN-13: 978-1-931233-33-0

Standard Address Number: 297-5092

Printed in the United States of America

Contents

Motto - 6

SHORT (AUTO)BIOGRAPHY - 7

THE MANIFESTO – PROGRAM - 9

=INAPPROPRIATE WORDS MADE APPROPRIATE= - 17

PEOPLE ARE FLYING THROUGH PEOPLE - 18

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PSYCHOLOGY - 19

OLD AGE WITHOUT YOUTH - 20

SCIENCE AND ART - 21

THIS OTHER WORLD - 22

VIVE LA PAIX! - 23

A NEEDED DRUG - 24

WESTERN POETRY - 25

PAZVANTE THE BLIND - 26

PHYSICAL EDUCATION / OF THE NERVES - 27

GEORGE DEVIL - 28

AT WORK: / WOMEN WITHOUT WORK - 29

ANTI-POEM OF LOVE - 30

ON WIMBLEY, IN BĂNIE - 31

COURSE OF GERMAN LANGUAGE - 33

FUSS WITH FISH - 34

PORTRAIT OF A GIRL - 35
SHE AND HE - 36
VIBRATIONS ON A SENSITIVE STRING - 37
A POSITIVE MINUS - 38
FRAGMENT OF FRAGMENT - 39
THE UNREAL IS REALITY - 40
BUREAUCRACY - 41
I LIVED MY LIFE / THE DYING WAY - 42
THE FIGHT OF OPPOSITES - 43
GO AHEAD, PLEASE! - 44
THEATER IN ABSURD - 45
HEARING AT GOD - 46
CITIZEN EDUCATION - 47
SCENE OF SCENERY - 48
DIALOGUE AT LONG DISTANCE - 49
THEATER ACTING - 50
DEMETER HAS DIED - 51
I EXIST AGAINST MYSELF - 52
ALLOW ME TO BE MYSELF - 53
CRIME WITHOUT PUNISHMENT - 54
LESSON OF PHILOSOPHY - 55
FLYING MANUAL - 56
PEACE TO YOU, LOVE - 57
LONG COURSE RUNNERS - 58
THE MATTER IN DELIRIUM - 59
VERTICAL BIRD - 60
HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY - 61

NOBODY CAN HEAL OUR / HOMESICKNESS - 62
WE LIVE A COUNTRY - 63
SMOLDERING FIRE - 64
NOVEL OF LOVE - 65
WORDS PASSED THROUGH THE FIRE - 66
SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE OF TIME - 67
LET US START, AHEAD WITH THE HEAD - 68
DEAD NATURE - 69
COUNTER JOURNAL - 70
STATE OF THINGS - 71
SAD JOYS - 72
PRAYER - 73
A LIFE - 74
FROM THE SUN PLOWS, WE TEAR / ONLY THE SNOW - 75
AN EXTENSION OF ARCHIMEDES PRINCIPLE / OR / FLORENTIN'S PRINCIPLE
- 76
THE TEACHINGS OF FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE TO HIS SON MIHAI - 77
EPILOGUE - 78

Short Comment by Gheorghe Tomozei – back cover

I have written this book in a time of deep torment, when the illness inside was continuously torturing me for years, and my desperate efforts at finding a job - according to my skills and education - were failing.

MOTTO: Any resemblance with Reality isn't a simple occurrence.

SHORT (AUTO)BIOGRAPHY

Because my person is of little importance, I shall keep silent about it and speak of him instead.

Ovidiu Florentin, for the first time, has seen the light of day and dark of night. (It was the second or third day of October, 1980, in Craiova. From my own mind was he born, but he was conceived for a long time before, after lengthy searches in the soul.)

He has no mother and is born out of wedlock...

Ovidiu Florentin's skill is that of a dreamer, and he practices his profession with open eyes. His loves freedom with such intensity that it leads to dissention with others. And every time his dream is dying, he resurrects himself through his poetry.

By nature, he is articulate, speaking all day with newspapers, magazines, books...

On his head he wears a crown weighed down heavily by thought, and always does he walk unshaven - not wishing to grow a beard!

He truly enjoys to write. This is why he writes so little, the poems having been shaped to reflect the image of him and resemble his passion.

In the beginning, he follows the kindergarten of Geo Dumitrescu; after receiving the baptismal of the word, he ends the education, carrying on his search through other magazines. And while these were stripping him page by page, he was apologizing. The poems, however, started bursting from the magazines: "Luceafărul," "Flacăra," "Orizont," etc.

The reunion in the literary circle with his Uncle Marin (Sorescu) became turbulent for him (excuse me - decisive).

Ovidiu Florentin then took as wife the poetry - though she was deceiving him in all things!

Presently, he is a student of languages at W. F. (without faculty).

For him, the shortest distance between two points is the verse.

After the last War of Words, fervor for the fight grew on the barricades of the Grand Social Revolution of Poetry, and he became a Hero of the Spiritual Work.

With the volume "Formula for the Spirit," published in 1981, he has risen among the living as Jesus from the dead.

Ovidiu Florentin is considered a brother of all.

Living in the body, we are all very much alike; together we are a unity of opposites.

He is my sigh!

May 5, 1982 to May 5, 1982

THE MANIFESTO - PROGRAM

"Life in the service of the word - that is death."

Ovidiu Florentin

I will relate now a brief interview, of which the poet has granted, on one of the periodic visits he makes to me.

The Reporter: Ovidiu Florentin, since when were you first obsessed with poetry?

Ovidiu Florentin: From the most ancient of time... because poetry is the translating of my soul. When I write a poem, I can see the poet from somewhere inside myself or above, the rushing verse like the running of white horses.

The Reporter: What do you think of when you read a poem?

Ovidiu Florentin: A generalization of it.

The Reporter: The poet is such a delicate, weak being...

Ovidiu Florentin: ...But in the full power of the word! The poet is keeping his word.

The Reporter: What contribution can the young make for the development of the patriotic lyrics.

Ovidiu Florentin: To toil with words daily, between the anvil and hammer...to be as appropriate as possible with the souls of the country (would have answered Arghezi). But it is hardest to write patriotic poetry, as the genre is already overdone.

The Reporter: Surely all writers are concerned with the standing of time in art. Have you taken any measures to ensure yours?

Ovidiu Florentin: I have taken measures of protection. Before being written, the words are passed through fire to avoid rusting with the passage of time. I create upside-down poetry; while people are looking for figurative senses, Ovidiu goes reciprocally: literally instead of figuratively! My poems have a mixed assurance of life.

The Reporter: Do you have a preference for a certain category of words?

Ovidiu Florentin: Poetry is a clinic for words. There are so many that are banal, worn out, that poetry has to be cleared of them. I prefer raw words, while the verb must be sharp, where it does not exist. Sipping the meanings of words leaves only a dry shell in the end, nothingness. One has to perceive the sound and harden it through blood's ember, and only after you are convinced that it's perfect should you check it again! The critic's duty is to measure the resistance of time to verse.

The Reporter: How does today's critic seem to you?

Ovidiu Florentin: Critics are men of order, men of the letter, but not all of them; some are the mice of words. It is true that the new critics have appeared solely for the reaping of words.

The Reporter: Which of them do you appreciate most?

Ovidiu Florentin: The most famous of critics is Time. Only it can select and classify the value of words. Some are a bit rushing with labels, but a personality truly lives only after death.

The Reporter: There are some who are the center of talk, having pictures taken...

Ovidiu Florentin: ...There are some around whose trumpets are played. They publish today what they will write tomorrow!

The Reporter: And there are others who have written, but no one pays them any mind...

Ovidiu Florentin: ...And for those who haven't written, apologetic chronicles are being made for what they are intending to write!

The Reporter: How will you fight those of the latter?

Ovidiu Florentin: I have provoked them to a duel. The battle shall be carried by words.

The Reporter: How, then, would you explain their success?

Ovidiu Florentin: Well, they are nice people, diplomats, functioning with central heating, but we want poetry to exist through itself, not through the author. I think it would be rather interesting to publish unsigned poems as well.

The Reporter: In Mathematics? The situation is...

Ovidiu Florentin: ...The same! Such as my sending ten problems to the Gazette in order to get one published, and the Editor in Chief makes one to publish two! I don't want to go through the problems from magazine and mathematics, just as people were going through Sorescu's verses.

The Reporter: Recently, I've 'learned' your *Formulas for the Spirit*. Master, the book has stolen me away from myself!

Ovidiu Florentin: For your own good, no doubt! I drew these formulae from my mind, and I haven't allowed them to get out. They've flown by themselves through my pen. My masterpiece is in the pains of delivery.

The Reporter: Recite something for me.

Ovidiu Florentin: I shall recite a poem that will tear your ears apart.

The Reporter: Let's hear it!

Ovidiu Florentin: (Shouts as loud as possible) Aaa soooo!...

The Reporter: (Looks questioningly) Let's go to another question...

Ovidiu Florentin: A moment, please, to pull myself back together from among the verses.

The Reporter: To whom are you indebted for your lyric experience?

Ovidiu Florentin: I gives thanks to the ones from Craiova and Râmnicu Vâlcea for the help given in not helping me. In that way, I pulled through the asperities on my own.

The Reporter: A few critics have accused you of terribleness. What do you say to that?

Ovidiu Florentin: There is some logic to the poetry and some poetry to the logic - even a logic to the absurd. A masterpiece without rubbish cannot be perfected. Reading a book opens a window to the world through which one looks and looks for himself. Writing a book opens your own window inside, towards the soul, and people looking in are seeking themselves. I picked up the habit of turning the radio loud from my father, when he was getting drunk. When I hear good music, I set it very loud, at maximum, until the sound wraps around me, rising up through me and penetrating deep. [Yelling] I do the same with my poetry! [Quietly] In the literary creation, I look for the strong effects: the poem with five stars!

The Reporter: Your verses are rather short in this first volume. Are you pleading for such a style?

Ovidiu Florentin: No, I don't look for the lapidary verse but for the verse without the word's logarithm. A poem must be as a perfect object: Nothing taken out, nothing added. Therefore, nothing free in the poem! Poetry is a sickness of the century, a sickness that is cured through itself. It is an essence of spirit. The poetry's device must function to the maximum of its parameters.

The Reporter: I have recited your poems before, but after each one, I need time to meditate on them.

Ovidiu Florentin: That's because the poem does not begin until after the last verse is read. The book should be read twice to understand it once. My poems are more like essays; I take great care with metaphors. A poem without metaphor is for a child, though even children's poetry has metaphors. The poem should be as a glittering diamond.

The Reporter: Are the verses the fruit of cerebral activity?

Ovidiu Florentin: My verses are nodding their heads...

The Reporter: (Looks confused)...

Ovidiu Florentin: I've grown fed up with being obedient. From now on, I am setting free my imagination.

The Reporter: There is certain logic to these poems...

Ovidiu Florentin: Certainly. The next volume I publish will be with the Scientific Publishing House!

The Reporter: I've noticed you like to travel, on round trips. Do you prefer a long round trip?

Ovidiu Florentin: I prefer a short round trip.

The Reporter: Will the public drift away from poetry?

Ovidiu Florentin: No. The public, no. The public won't drift away from poetry, but neither should we take the public away from it.

The Reporter: But people complain about not understanding...

Ovidiu Florentin: They don't understand because they want to understand. The poem must be felt, not understood.

The Reporter: What influences have you noticed among the creations of the young?

Ovidiu Florentin: Oh, God, one man can't cry anymore. That, immediately, is imitating Bacovia, and the same man cannot laugh, because Sorescu laughed ahead of him. It is widely known, however, that crying and laughing are inborn.

The Reporter: Do you consider your recent volume as unitary?

Ovidiu Florentin: It is as unitary as a choir but with more voices - the main character of the book being the audience.

The Reporter: Which of the poems do you love most?

Ovidiu Florentin: The one I have not yet written.

The Reporter: How do you see modern literature?

Ovidiu Florentin: With poetic eyes...such as a mathematician sees his geometric figures. I see poetry in space, with n dimensions, or I try to project it there. I love the beautiful poetry, pure, sensitive, feminine and crystalline. The symbols, metaphors and syntagmes all have a willingly subjective nature from which the exegesis becomes even more difficult and undetermined. With the increasingly ciphered 'modernism,' at times having a rebus, the character grows mathematic. The hints and philosophical senses may one day lead every writer to make a glossary, a dictionary at the end of each book, comprising the meaning of symbols and metaphors for that book. In the end, the symbols and metaphors will be no more than a lecture, the book no more than the reading of a map. The literature, however, tries to keep the pace with modernization, the abstract in science and not to drift away from these phenomena or isolate itself. And it is doing this quite interestingly. It is visibly getting nearer to science, even correlating to it. It isn't known, but it could very well be that images, phenomena imagined by an artist - illogic at first sight and absurd at the latter - contribute in a way to a new...theory logic in its way! Let's be optimistic in the modern destiny of the Arts.

The Reporter: Aside from artistic creation, you have also elaborated on scientific papers. You have achieved such a correlation even in our modern eyes.

Ovidiu Florentin: Before our modern era...

The Reporter: Still, how do they fuse the two opposite passions?

Ovidiu Florentin: They fuse because we have to do art to the great science...and science to the great art.

The Reporter: (Waits for Ovidiu to continue)

Ovidiu Florentin: For me, poetry is a mathematic recreation, and mathematics is hermetic poetry. At times, after reading a poem, I get the urge to solve a problem. At time, after reading a problem, I get the urge to solve a poem. I also get bored with the limited logic of the sciences; I want to make a logic of my own in literature. Working simultaneously with literature and mathematics, I feel like a man who knows two languages, the Romanian language and mathematic language.

The Reporter: Tell me about the connection between the two.

Ovidiu Florentin: All metaphors have a time and a space in which it is being constituted as assertion; likewise in mathematics - especially in mathematic analysis, geometry and algebra - there are so many abstract spaces imagined by the scientist that soon became useful, applicable in practice: Boole's algebra, which appeared to be far from reality, reached the well-deserved place in the software of electronic computers hundreds of years later. It might not be out of the question to attain a rigorously demonstrated rationale from the irrational knowledge of poetry.

The Reporter: In other words, the development of science is conditioning the development of the arts?

Ovidiu Florentin: Certainly. And this science is developing so much that, in the end, we shall write poems without words! I even have... written... a few.

The Reporter: There are many scientists who have also written literature.

Ovidiu Florentin: The emerging in the literary life of some non-philologists brings along with it a new air of literature. When Americans, in their research work, cannot come to a solution, they attempt to solve the problem with non-specialists!

The Reporter: How is that?!

Ovidiu Florentin: Because the specialists are reasoning in some canyons from which they cannot get out. A non-specialist, unchained by laws - because he does not know them - is more likely to fantasize. Though skilled in other areas, an inter-dependency is insured, the basis of some interdisciplinary doctrines being laid.

The Reporter: Why didn't you continue with mathematics only?

Ovidiu Florentin: It cannot be so, such as the existence of matter implied the existence of anti-matter. Poetry, for me, is anti-mathematics, just as the mathematics is anti-poetry. It is this difference which unifies them even more. When I grow bored with one, I start the other. Composing poems means finding new relationships between objects and phenomena. In other words, it's like making a scientific research. To create math means to have inspiration and fantasy - poetry! Any quality cultivated to an extreme grows yet another extreme. Dealing with too much mathematics led me to... poetry.

The Reporter: Coming back to literature, what inspires you to compose poems?

Ovidiu Florentin: After the last issue of Fashion magazine...Living at the end of the twentieth century... Let's make then poems for the twenty-first century: poems which heal the cancerous heart. Poetry is a big adventure of the spirit, because the poet is destroying all around him that is not poetry. Many times have I written just for the wish of feeling well.

The Reporter: In your last volume, particularly, you were using phrases or texts with weird senses...

Ovidiu Florentin: ...Anti-phrases. Paraphrases. Poetry of the absurd. Asserting against poetry, I am only reaffirming it.

The Reporter: And yet your verses are not ciphered...

Ovidiu Florentin: My poems are not as eremitic as those from other mathematicians or engineers, because I don't want to show the world that I am a mathematician writing poems.

The Reporter: But you aren't known as a literate.

Ovidiu Florentin: Those who know I am creating literature will only be the ones who have to know.

The Reporter: Do you consider the activity in cenacles useful?

Ovidiu Florentin: Yes. For example, I lead the 'Florentin' Cenacle from Bălcești-Vâlcea, which is formed from myself and from the books of my own library.

The Reporter: Therefore, you returned to the bank.

Ovidiu Florentin: My parents waited a long time for the return of their prodigal son of words.

The Reporter: What is the motto under which you write?

Ovidiu Florentin: "For me is poetry, for poetry is me." I am pleading for a Total Poetry: art for art, but...with tendency. A poetry of the poetry. I must also learn how to write like a fanatic!

The Reporter: Ovidiu Florentin, what projects do you have in mind?

Ovidiu Florentin: To become as Vasile Voiculescu: a doctor in poetry!

The Reporter: If tomorrow would be the end of the world, what would you do?

Ovidiu Florentin: I would die.

The Reporter: And in the end, a key question: How do you think the posterity will write about Ovidiu Florentin?

Ovidiu Florentin: Once upon a time, as never before and, maybe, will be again.

Florentin Smarandache

Please read further from the poet's creation a group of poems on long weaves, medium weaves, short weaves and... ultra-short!

Good Luck!

INAPPROPRIATE WORDS MADE APPROPRIATE

(Progress springs from contradiction.)

Sequences:

"Will you come again or not? Maybe not!"

"Yes, no!"

"And shall I beat you? No or yes?"

"No, yes!"

(Remote dialogue)

PEOPLE ARE FLYING THROUGH PEOPLE

Everyone climbs from his own close
to the closest,
thoughts rising from the mind
like hot steam.

In every young, there is
a bird and a crowing creature.

I am a shout
uncalled by none.

I am no more, I am you,
and the word is my blood brother,
all my wealth:

25 years,

I am not.

That one is.

That one IS because
others are he.

(Read at the Cenacle "Apoziția," München, W. Germany, by drama actor Ștefan Pisoschi on May 26, 1989. Chairman of the Cenacle: George Ciorănescu.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PSYCHOLOGY

The room in which I sleep has the shape of dreams.

Even Northrop Frye cannot bring order

from my goods.

I know only the inside of life.

What immense philosophy is this psychology?

When I read Sigmund Freud, I feel

a throwing out. The man turns your soul

upside down,

Gets into you and never gets out again.

O, man, do not stay alone in Ireland!

O, men, do not stay alone on your island.

From the hotel, opening to the sea,

I see little:

caves of myself, corpses of me

caves of myself, corpses of me

I am working in a mine of myself.

OLD AGE WITHOUT YOUTH

Finally, his time is here:

slush and snow!

Sinful weather, like a whore.

Aye, where has the life been?

Until ten years of age, life was a childish thing.

Then the clock ran at random -

running where it could.

Today's day is repeating itself in absurdity.

Today was yesterday,

today was the day before,

today will be tomorrow and after as well.

The planet turns round in emptiness.

The planet turns round in vain.

The planet will not turn anymore

for the man

who suffocated, torn open its neck,

its life's blood.

(Read at the Cenacle "Apoziția," München, W. Germany, by drama actor Ștefan Pisoschi on May 26, 1989. Chairman of the Cenacle: George Ciorănescu.)

SCIENCE AND ART

We are composed from mind only.
The brain grows without stopping,
on the surface of the whole -
We eat with our thoughts,
with the mind we drink... we drink... we drink
but never have time to love!
And I don my mourning clothes, after the plough,
after the ox's cart.
I perceive the world with verse,
the verse my subjectivity,
the sole objective.
I run, no more, to run.
I live backwards, as my ancestors.

[“Romanian Convergences”, London, 1984 (?)]

THIS OTHER WORLD

What wasn't born is dying today.

A modern necropolis is built,

nuclear vaults,

with protons, with neutrons.

It is the perishing time.

Life is not compulsory.

Yesterday, I cried 'til my

soul ached -

I BECAME an old man of the heart -

(the illness is that I haven't REACHED

myself)

The ravens on the fence surround my life.

I have the impression that I don't live.

But maybe this world

is the after-life.

VIVE LA PAIX!

Man is representing the perfect, even
the super-prefect
and gets bored as a poem.

O, life is mortal!

We want PEACE, words uttered
too much.

We write *peace, paix, pax*
frieden, beka, mir.

We write in calligraphy, with bent characters
slanting towards real -
b u t w e a r e r e a d i n g
d i f f e r e n t l y .

O, life is mortal!

A NEEDED DRUG

What is new? The Old -

retro-fashions being practiced.

A Finnish girl doing Swedish gymnastics.

Two Swiss girls with Mexican hats.

Three French boys wearing Italian jeans.

In Romania, I wanted to discover America.

Due to fatigue, hot blood was bursting

from my nose,

but I treated a cold blood.

Listening to the leaves hanging

on the branch

and their struggle for independence.

Literature is a needed drug.

Literature makes one more sensitive. But

how much is needed?

WESTERN POETRY

Near BLAZING embers, extinguished men:

the Spanish girl has Indian skin

and the blood as a tam-tam. She comes

from Madrid but has an Athenian coiffure.

The Portuguese woman is an alive one

but pulled by a dead line

on the prairie.

The Spanish girl speaks English.

The Portuguese girl speaks English.

The men do not speak it; they

sleep.

From white skies, black rains prepare.

On green stems can still be seen yellow flowers.

It's warm and cold - a cold heat.

A few monkeys climb down from their trees,

entering the people's world.

Near the extinguished embers, men LIT by fever.

PAZVANTE THE BLIND

The man finds himself trapped
between the Black Sea and Mediterranean -
he is selling, on the black market, a white coat.
"You ox, don't be a donkey!" I told him.
He lives as thin as the dead,
having a healthy illness.
He has even lost an eye - leaving only
rightist views -
But goes ahead with his back.
His legs give him headaches.
"Where are you going, guy?" I've asked him.
"I am going, I am going," he told me.
"I have more timber to split, corn porridge
to stir and a wife to beat."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

OF THE NERVES

Marcel had a haircut. Marcel looks like Gigel.

However, an adult, as a poet he's minor -

He composes small poems, not in 'meter'

but in ancient centimeter,

or in square kilometer.

His spirit is extinguishing like a cigarette...

Today he asked for light from Prometheus.

He succeeded in LANGUAGE final exam, falling,
failing the subject.

Generally, he learns in private.

HE IS STUDYING FROM TWO BOOKS

BUT HE KNOWS FROM NONE!

GEORGE DEVIL

All came with their wives, him being the only single man.

Some were tall, like skyscrapers. Others like cheese-scrapers.

Uncles Vasile Gheorghe was a straight forward man and the brother from another half.

He always had a couple of words to say:

"I don't know!"

though he is clever when acting stupid.

But what does Gheorghe think?

That he is Gheorghe Devil?

AT WORK:

WOMEN WITHOUT WORK

They stay for a while, then they take
another break.

They stay for another while, then take
a break again.

"You two Lady Highnesses,
on the tip of your heels,"
intervenes the director.

"Throw your eyes to the paper basket
and notice the disorder."

(Due to the emotion, some fall to the floor;
others fell thinking.)

"Furniture should be dusted!"
whistled the director,

(He knew he wouldn't finish easily with one or two,
but with three or four ladies...)

They stayed for a while -
and again went on a break.

ANTI-POEM OF LOVE

First name: Ileana, last name: Cosânzeana,
the teenager nodding from the tail of her eyes.

Going ahead to shoot, looking,

I notice, in the front, her back.

The young girl is practicing magic among
travelers.

She is wearing a miniskirt - I think under
her clothes aspect, she leaves much to be desired!

B u t s h e i s n o t y e t t o b e l o v e d

She takes my eyes and lays

them between her knees.

You should not love me, little girl,

you have made a mistake!

ON WIMBLEY, IN BĂNIE

An aimless kick, and the ball goes out!

At the matches, goals are aimed
at us.

The players are thinking
with their boots

Come Oooooooooon!

Crișan was injured:

He stepped left with the right.

Dinu faulted Balaci
to the head

(from the tribune, whistles are thrown -
and other sounds!)

Come Oooooooooon!

He is discovered,
a penalty...

Cămătaru shoots... and...
the balloon rolls over timidly.

The spectators push the ball
to the net with their eyes -
(a clear goal has been marked.)

Come Oooooooooon!

The applause
break into fine chips:

The gallery incites the hearts of supporters -

The grounds scream as a dragon.

Come on, come on!

COURSE OF GERMAN LANGUAGE

The Romanian teacher speaks German,
but the students listen to him in Turkish!

(He has a diction in contradiction
with others)

His blue eyes are black
from sorrow.

He is very clever, having studied much...
so stupidly!

He has put period
to prepositions, without period.

The timid student (she) took his mind away
and laid them down to paper.

The professor is chairman at O. I. C.
(Organization for Inventing Chimeras!)

FUSS WITH FISH

Widely displayed, a narrow channel,

The sand is sunbathing.

Down, the waves grow in height.

I feel seasickness,

a small one

and pull out my inside.

He eats. He Eats.

After the small fish,

Orders:

other fish course.

PORTRAIT OF A GIRL

*(Gathered from people,
processed and related.)*

She wore her hair spun

But not on her head -

On her leg.

And her eye, which was an eye -

Too bad the other was missing.

And her breasts, which two were they,

And her mouth, which was one,

And her nose, which nose it was -

My CRAZY love!

SHE AND HE

She: Alone, alone,

little dame bird, the bird

He: Alone, alone, little one,

little sir bird, and bird

She often sang, he was enchanted.

She was adolescent, he was convalescent.

She: Alone, alone,

little dame bird, the bird

He: Alone, alone, little one,

little sir bird, and bird.

VIBRATIONS ON A SENSITIVE STRING

"Virgin, be good."

"Otherwise, Kunte Kinte will..."

In the beginning, she was a violin,

And she went to him.

In the beginning, she was a violin,

And she remained viola.

To make her love publicly,

She a hymn published

In a public garden.

"Little virgin, be good."

"Mister Kunte Kinte is leaving."

A POSITIVE MINUS

He bathes in the blurry waters of memory.

He might have been what has been,

but now he is not what he is.

O Good, our God, heal them,

of sun and sea,

of nose, throat, and ears.

How precious are the ones

which aren't!

This one is so absent

because he's not all absent.

God heal them of their health.

FRAGMENT OF FRAGMENT

He turned out to be a tried man
through many courts,
and on a good day, I visited him
in nasty weather.

I knew by heart that
old-fashioned building (inside I hadn't seen).

The rain in the yard left everything
as a marsh.

Great confusion: one was designed to bring
the dusty hand
and a she-servant was pushed to the rubbish
to sweep.

Over the fence, he yelled to the dog,
shouting:

"March! Military march... one, two, three!"
(but the dog did nothing)

THE UNREAL IS REALITY

The candle's forehead is flickering, pale -
keep your mouth shut, flame! Keep silent
for once!

The fire lifts by a snake its crested tongue
to throw out its venom -
warm viper stop! Cease yourself!

I am the center of my unreal world.

I am running after myself yet cannot reach
me.

I am behind my own,
sentiments grow numb,
my thoughts blank.

And the illusion creates what cannot be.

The illusion implies a future of pain:
it shows the impotency of man's power.

BUREAUCRACY

There are a few good men
working hard!

But there are many good men
working little!

Very busy men, they don't see their heads,
because they don't have one.

They have a general culture,
even too general -

deliberately taking over
non-scientific ideas.

So they reached very far,
they reached in this way, even further
and further on.

They write, they lay on clean, their misery!

I LIVED MY LIFE

THE DYING WAY

The bulbs are switched off to save life.

I leave my mind

in the library.

My forehead is boiling,

my temples are baking.

Older thoughts

strangle my throat - 'til I resurrect.

I walk through my brain

on bare feet.

Outside, the moon is passing like a black cat.

The Lucerne's wings move towards the sky.

I throw myself over the window from

the orbits of my eyes.

The night is flowing through my eyelashes.

("Mele," XXV, 79, p.7, May 1989, Honolulu, Hawaii, USA)

THE FIGHT OF OPPOSITES

Do not be bad, good men!

By my law - that isn't law.

It's true, that was falsely alleged,

this law, it's lawlessness.

I don't know how it is done, but in the end

it isn't done -

save only by the people.

Out of need, by need, program of permission

will be given.

We will carry fights on the waters, on land,

in life and death.

But I believe that will trick us

Al. Clenciu

on paper.

GO AHEAD, PLEASE!

Let's show them from the beginning that

THE BEGINNING IS NOT GOOD!

Let's tell them openly:

The road is bent!

Even if we aren't today, we are tomorrow.

We don't believe they are the devil,

for God's sake!

It's no longer time to stay - you've got to go.

All is in the imagination, even what is not.

Therefore, eyes of ours, go ahead, please!

THEATER IN ABSURD

Dar, cup of theater:

The bell strikes.

A playwright arises discussions

on the stage

between the characters:

In the foreground appears THE CHEVALIER OF SPADES

by a white-black horse

and Cosânzeana Ileana with a bulldog

(the dog at the master house is a good badness).

- How good is it that it isn't well,

she is saying.

- Ham, ham!

the dog is saying.

- How bad it is that it isn't bad,

the chevalier is saying.

- How good it is that it isn't well,

the dog is saying.

- Ham!

she is saying.

- Ham, ham,

he is saying.

HEARING AT GOD

...I enter.

- Get out, says.

(Our God knew my faithful
unfaithfulness)

I ask him a hand,

He gives me a foot.

(This pig is only making donkeries.

He is a complicated and impure individual,
purely and simply.

He is using a style "without style")

I enter.

- Get out, says.

- But give me two...

- I don't have.

- Still, I would like...

- I don't have!

- Not even...

- Neither!

(This donkey will become a horse
for beating - for sarcasms)

CITIZEN EDUCATION

- They have rejected good manners, rules
from gossipers

- And don't you criticize them?

- Oh, yes. They are under my criticism!

- And what are they saying?

- They say, "Aaah..."

- They saw you soft and took you
hard.

- ...!

- I wonder if they're conscientious, too.

- They are under-conscientious...

- Good Lord, what sinners!

SCENE OF SCENERY

Radu : Honest wonderer...

The Girl : He isn't a wonderer; he is a thief.

Radu : Honest thief..

The Girl : He is Mircea Glabrous; he has
let his beard grow.

Do not speak to him.

Radu : Glabrous, I do not speak to you.

Glabrous : Do not intrude, you ugly girl!

Radu : Ugly is beautiful...

Glabrous : ...And so what!

Radu : She wants to
stay, stay.

(While Radu, the Girl, and Glabrous are
playing theater, I leave the scene.)

DIALOGUE AT LONG DISTANCE

Ladies, I have shouted passionately, ladies!
but the ladies haven't answered.

(A lady in her middle age
and the young one
between to men)

- You have multiplied yourself, woman (I said
to the one between), and you went. Will you
come back or not? Maybe not!

- Yes, no!

- And shall I beat you? ...No or yes?

- No, Da!

- Why did you leave me, why did you leave me
without a shirt and leave with other men? What
gender of man do you like?

- Masculine.

Oh Lord, I shouted passionately, God,
send my angel to the devil!

THEATER ACTING

(Decor: nonsense, Lights: nonsense, Characters:
real; He and his sister Maria, Ion - the slave
to His Excellency.)

He - I gave you 100 lei.

Ion - This hundred lei isn't worth two pennies!

He - Give your word of honor.

Ion - "Honor," look.

Maria - You are bad, you are soft...

He - ...even very bad...

Maria - ...and very soft.

He - You would need a woman helper in the house.

Ion - I have to lose my head

to get married, you must understand.

Women like the riders

without heads.

He - How can she cope with so much waiting?

Ion - She's getting dark.

(Break. The curtain forgets to drop.)

DEMETER HAS DIED

A - How much is Demeter's mind leading him?

B - A few centimeters.

C - Let him come later, to the last
judgment!

B - But he fell from the skies to become dust.

A - Has anything remained of him?

B - His soul!

A - (Singing through his nose) Lord have mercy,
Lord have mercy.

C - How is his son doing?

B - He's snowing...

A - (Singing through his nose) Lord have mercy,
Lord have mercy!

I EXIST AGAINST MYSELF

Today is Sunday, but tomorrow
is not known what will be.

Death grows in everything -
at the amphitheater, the statues are
devoid of soul

I am leaving the house with
the windows towards winter.

The blizzard is growling in the snow
like wolves.

It's difficult for me to be an ordinary man.

I exist against myself.

My heart became a part of my mind,
the forehead a diameter as big
as the sky.

It's difficult for me to be an ordinary man.

Let's not be common.

Let's love.

ALLOW ME TO BE MYSELF

I watch NIAGARA as if at the beginning of the world.

The time deposits people.

Towards us, night comes daily.

Death gives a sense of existence.

Incessantly, we fill our eyes with one
another.

The sun is passing, leaving behind
traces of darkness.

The sun is consuming itself.

The sky is full of holes,
like an assassinated swamp.

I am my own dog,
and I walk among words.

Allow me to be myself,

Allow me to be myself,

or even allow the dog in me

to be myself!

CRIME WITHOUT PUNISHMENT

To light this light means creation
and a sense of always dying.

The words grow wild, like the
ferns of loneliness.

But who is taking our steps

(journey from a petal

to a smile!

journey like an army of butterflies)

All roads go through bread.

The ideas leave traces, if they are highlighted.

We take the soul of hyacinths from nostril

to nostril.

The words pass,

and the lips try to catch them.

I will end by flying away, my thoughts

left on the paper.

LESSON OF PHILOSOPHY

It is raining, and the Saints
grow rotten in church
at windows - the thought
clapping its wings.

Let's deal, therefore, with philosophical
meditations -

close your eyes and let's start:

- Anyone's smaller than himself.
- To be, is it projection on infinity?
- We are of negligible sizes, but each one
of us wants to be a bigger small.
- The vacuum is the most empty.
- I have an "I don't have" of mine.

The rain falls rhythmically as blood.

The waters flow to the future.

FLYING MANUAL

The world is subjected to the force of
attraction to the sky.

The skull is like an egg
in which a bird is growing.

It sees his own eyes, it hears
his own ears.

Man holds weight but in the temple.

Each one has more than one life.

They hurry themselves with thoughts,
even the heart beats in the brain!

- Up to where do you run, braves?

- To death.

- And until when do you rest?

- 'Till Gods.

PEACE TO YOU, LOVE

The clock strikes the hour - in nails.

The tranquility between us can be heard,
silence at base two.

I burn with impenitence
'til I get over myself.

You maintain my burning,
from one eye to the other.

Birds fly by with dreams in their mouths,
our looks - paved streets.

I am dirtied by you,
from head to heels -

Two women are singing on the strings
of my nerves.

Balcik, Bulgaria, 1978

LONG COURSE RUNNERS

Oh, happiness, fruit of anguish!

I live in this name as on a narrow trail!

It's me, the one without TOMORROW.

The deserting of oneself left me
without myself.

The time went after a Mozart, a Wagner
and two Tchaikovskys.

The look has leaned on season.

Oh, happiness, fruit of anguish!

Only the mind has grown -
running from one another
the words.

You were very,

Very.

In your place was 12 o'clock - here was 21 hrs.

Our hours had not been equal.

Oh, happiness, fruit of anguish!

THE MATTER IN DELIRIUM

Scissors of cranes cut the azure
such that Autumn may be seen.
Long lines of grass have their nerves
to the ground.
From the gutter, the first drops of darkness
are flowing.
The universe has the shape
of a heart.
I long more and more for mown hay.
In that stranger house, I live far away from Terra.
I review the memories
with the eye from the nape of the cerebral.
They come as the trains running
in opposite sense;
they come and take my head of child.

("Ramuri," No. 11, 1987, Craiova)

VERTICAL BIRD

The scholar drives from behind the century.

He has no time for no one,

not even for himself.

HE LIVES FOR TOMORROW.

He tore out his tongue,

together with brain,

on sheets of writing paper.

The algebra gives fists to thought.

Before the personality

of figures were supplicants.

In thinking, being,

higher than theme

People consider him out of mind.

(There are some who don't believe

in the Forces of Light.)

And the man from the Sun Floor

carries on speaking

to the people.

From the heights of voracity,

he speaks without being heard.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY

At edges, the night soldiers
are guarding the light.

The past is living
(exists in everything)

Look today at the green branch of History.

Each history has its own.

This is the now:

Mountain people with picks on the chick,

carpenters with names carved

on the wood of a star,

and writers -

the gold-searchers

of the soul.

The children are dreaming

in loud voices.

This is the now.

- Ahead, poetry -

**NOBODY CAN HEAL OUR
HOMESICKNESS**

On the east side,
there is our country,
with its ancient civilization
of flowers,
with tall mountains, as the fairies
hitting each other's head,
and birds sitting in nests,
shaking off songs.

In front of us, towards the south,
is the country
where we shall live,
as much as our eyes can see!

In a feast like
people rising in flowers
of hearts
and voices' warmth up to the sun.

WE LIVE A COUNTRY

How to put life in a flower?

How to live as if a tree?

This land is growing into us,

poems of clay and blood!

Oh, country, I long festively for you

and hang verse on the branch.

Oh, country, I long festively for you!

We all live in the same love.

SMOLDERING FIRE

They went to ring my
extinguishing. Life still hangs
on the body, as immune rugs.

I live under a obsolete cap.

They went to ring my
extinguishing. Three years they kept me by force
to go through my probation period.

This past is present
in their minds.

Three years they kept me by force
to go through my probation period.

From now on, they should leave me
left in peace!

NOVEL OF LOVE

In front of the mirror, she is braiding her innocence,
her dreams. And is waiting,
waiting to put kisses to her lips.

- You are more winter than snow,
and your hair is more night,
the man told her,
and with a hand, took her from out the mirror.

She came out in love with only herself;
she came to put kisses to her lips.

Breasts like a saw cut through the air,
cut his looks
and everything in their way.

- You are snow like winter,
and you are night as hair,
he shouted to her,
and with other hand
pushed her back
into the mirror.

WORDS PASSED THROUGH THE FIRE

The poet lights a candle
in his mind,
and it burns, burning there
with a flame.

Through his eyes, two sparrows
free their beaks.

He writes, and from his mouth,
letters flow on the body.

His mind grows pale,
of blue,
such that inside can be seen the hills,
the valleys and fields;
inside can be seen the thoughts,
swarming like ants.

Still, the poet writes, but before writing,
passes the words through fire.

SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE OF TIME

I have healed my things of eyes

of heart

of hands

and of legs,

and I wanted to go somewhere,

outside of time -

to recreate myself.

- The most free of all is the falling,

they told me. No one stops you;

you can fall as much as you want -

and where you want to.

- And the most known of all is the pain,

I told them. No one smiles at you;

they all hurt you - I further told them -

and got out somewhere,

outside of time -

to dream.

("Romanian Convergences", London, 1984-5 (?))

LET US START, AHEAD WITH THE HEAD

The apple tree in the yard
is hanging on the ground
like a dead bird
and stuffed.

The apple tree in the yard
is hanging on the ground
like a dead bird
and stuffed.

In the morning, the watering can
is passed,
watering us with dreams.

People wake and wash their
souls
to the waist.

It can be heard, time coming in a rush,
like a steam engine.

People wash their souls.

Therefore, let us start ahead
with the head,
before being late.

Let's walk, our foreheads
fixed to the clock -
according to the stars.

DEAD NATURE

Now the clouds are sky tears,
dry sky tears.

The torn branches hang
like kids with their throats taken out.

The bats are coming.

The bats are coming.

And the time (Oh, the time, this time!)
is flowing unto us,
overflowing.

- Come in the house, my chickens,

I shout to the eyes, to the ears,
to the road cable and bricks.

I shout to the lost thoughts
among mud.

- Come in the house, my chickens.

COUNTER-JOURNAL

I was born in a single name,

to write W R I T I N G.

And before the word

- with my forehead in hand -

I make a round through the soul.

I have so many,

I am *ion, marin, alexandru, george,*

tudor, valentin,

dan, laurențiu, ovidiu, florentin.

I am a thousand of one's,

and I wonder on Country roads.

My biography will be completed by the grass,

which grows over my tomb.

STATE OF THINGS

The roses shake off the thoughts -

Autumn is a lung from which we sigh.

We sit at the table with dreams.

The things begin and end within us,
with a question mark.

The snails put locks at the door -

the clock purring like a cat -

the adverts keep words hung

on the strangling rope...

This is the state of things: each one
as it can make it.

My songs bump into critics

and get covered with blood.

I put my head to the night

to hear the wet music of the drizzle.

SAD JOYS

October. The trees take off their shoes
in the grass.

In the grapes, it starts getting dark.

October. The trees take off their shoes
in the grass.

The sky is flowing through birds away...

People stand and hit the stars
with their fists.

Their ages are measured in ideas.

November. The trees have uttered their
last words.

The actor grows numb backstage.

November. The trees have uttered their
last words.

The town is sleeping, sleeping under
the dreams.

The poets are playing at the control panel
of the stars.

They are playing, divinely, like children.

PRAYER

I, Son of God

Gheorghe Smarandache,

I kindly ask you, allow me to enter, too,

in the history of literature

or

in the history of mathematics.

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A POET IN MATHEMATICS.

A LIFE

I have lived the chair, the table,
the room in which I have lived.
I have anguished the cabinet and
the bed-side lamp
when they knew me.
And I have written up to my eyes,
up to my forehead
and beyond me.

**FROM THE SUN PLOWS, WE TEAR
ONLY THE SNOW**

It is warm, and the rivers are melting
like honey.

The waters take our looks to the valley,
to the valley -
close to far away.

The trees are growing full of milk.

On the sun's head grow leaves,
as to a Roman emperor.

And from the snowplows, we tear only the snow,
and we wash our hands,
yes, we wash our heads, with light.

AN EXTENSION OF ARCHIMEDES LAW

OR

FLORENTIN'S PRINCIPLE

Give me a point of leaning in poetry,
and I will highlight the darkness.

(only at night do I feel myself -
the one of everyday).

Sometimes, I feel the content of my
discontent -

I conform to the non-conformism.

I am an I, and then I am not.

Come on.

In all, what will we do, to make poetry

**THE TEACHINGS OF FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE
TO HIS SON MIHAI**

Be on your measure:

a big wolf of the sea.

The river Danube's level continues to grow,
with us drowned.

You remain on your measure:

a big wolf of the sea.

Prepare yourself physically for the psychiatric test.

The grass is raw, the dew is raw.

You be raw as well!

The good begins with bad.

The way to Eden passes through Hades.

(This poem, by the end, remains just begun)

October 1981

EPILOGUE

I leave you with my poems. Feel through me!

I have achieved this volume in three years,

but read it in T E N!

It is a hut from the outside,

and maybe a castle inside.

(this volume holds connections

with the earth!)

The book has me between its covers -

but now it is in its agony:

T

H

E

E

N

D



For me, Florentin Smarandache's appearance in the Romanian literature – I tell this from the beginning and with all my conviction –, is worth a real event. [...] Not his character's exoticism is interesting, nor his fabulous and dangerous "diligence," but the excellent value of his unusual struggle-in-unknown that is becoming an Oeuvre.

Gheorghe Tomozei



9 781931 233330