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### Emigrant to Infinity (poetry)

Florentin Smarandache

*University of New Mexico*, smarand@unm.edu

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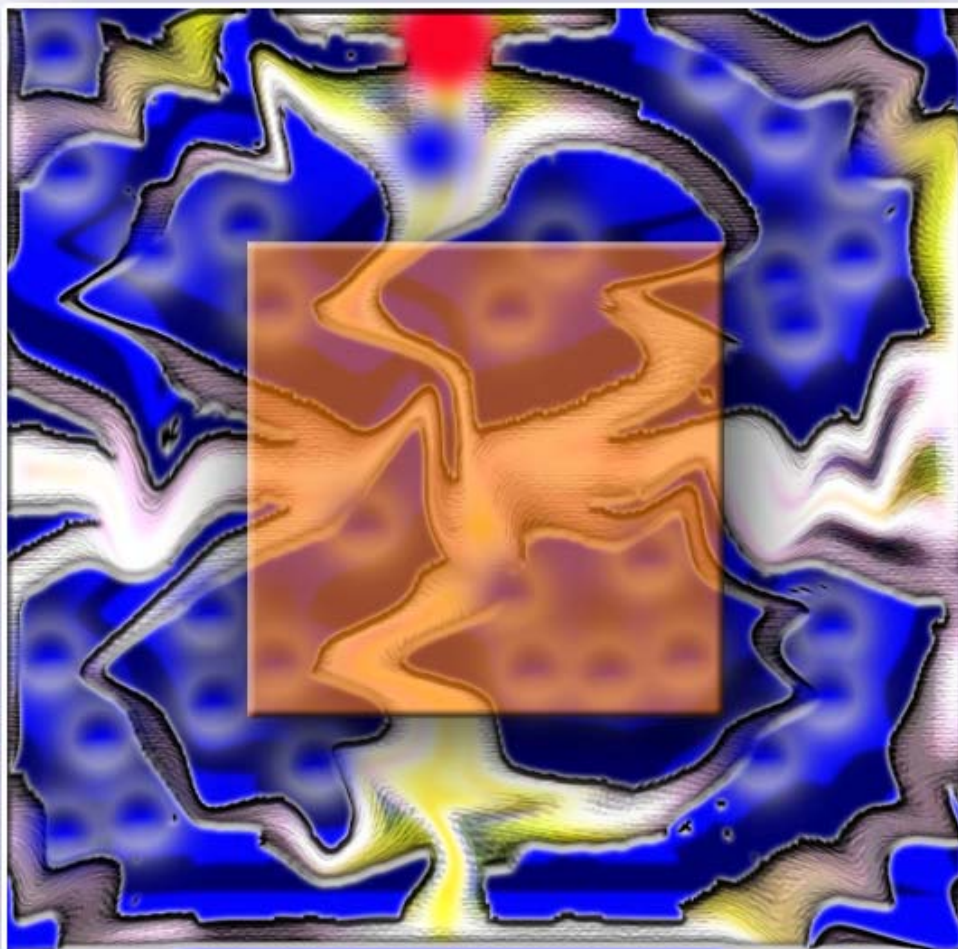
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*FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE*

**EMIGRANT TO INFINITY**  
poetry



2007

*FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE*

**EMIGRANT TO INFINITY**  
**poetry**

**Automaton**  
**2007**

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Linguist Ion Cârstoiu, Vâlcea, Romania.

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*Editor's Note: Florentin Smarandache's Universe, by Mihail I. Vlad: 80*

**Meeting of minds:**

**FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE**

I have known him for more decades and I have known his books either in manuscript, or published and I think this new book “**Emigrant to Infinity**”, American verses, puts on a solid basis a work and a destiny. Growing in a literature, which, besides Eminescu and Blaga, gave to the WORLD also Urmuz, Tristan Tzara, Isidore Isou or Eugen Ionescu, Florentin Smarandache demands himself a modern tradition that he keeps on and improves it in accordance with his talent.

His steps are not peculiar; a prodigious **ars combinatoria** will bring him a unanimous recognition that he deserves.

I consider that the present volume, penetrated by a tragic wave, represents truer Florentin Smarandache that I, personally, I wish he were closer of Eugen Ionescu and his metaphysical disquiet, and more sideways of Marin Sorescu and his Balkan anecdotes...

Solitary, in Morocco or in America, Florentin Smarandache confesses also in this book living, his country, Romanian language, such as firstly Fernando Pessoa said, for his country, Portugal language...

August, 1995

Cezar Ivănescu

**IN THE VICINITY OF VICINITY**



## **PIT OF WORDS**

I've mustered up courage, yelling  
- lions, I'll not give you anything!  
I gave up the tinfoil verb pitfall  
and the cruel deeds, it's enough!  
daily life is measured in any minute  
by flesh from top to toe.

## **FATE IRONY**

before may I have been "me"  
the fate was done  
from geometric signs  
Lobachevsky's ones  
after my face but not looking like me  
in dropping of time

## **DEFEATED TREE**

defeated tree by the sun beam  
I let my soul in your palm  
for our uninterrupted ways  
into myself  
through darkness of my inner heart  
overcoming the shower of leaves  
being melted into feeling.

## **THE YELLOW ROSE**

in the halo move of hips  
the passing away of the hours splits my plaits  
hair by hair  
the night sleep provokes me  
to smile the yellow rose  
from the lips of the non-uttered words  
into pronunciation of countless years

## **WHEN I LOOK AT YOU**

when I look at you I can't see  
my eyes are falling on the slit of dress  
and I covet the hidden treasures

## **BROKEN MIRROR**

through the broken mirror  
may I view the white dark  
and into the edge of the shivers  
may I imagine a man's portrait  
an old maid  
imagine not to be imagined!

## LEFT FLOWER AND GREEN

you, my left flower and green  
pollinated by hell butterflies  
with seed of black  
you tipsy me with breathings  
and the bluest longing

## GOOD MORNING

the waterside daybreak says  
and the old ages went  
with the head straight up  
guessing epigrams and squares  
the light is spreading tongues  
into trenchworks much cut  
from the cheek of the earth



## **NIGHT SPIRIT**

night spirit from Universe  
day and night are blending  
into deep of revelations  
death takes a nap  
at the spring curing of sins

## **SOUL WITHOUT SOUL**

and I suddenly see myself so.  
without body, without ribs -  
all by myself without knowing why  
my soul choked my flesh

**TOO LONG ROUTE AMONG THE FOREIGNERS**  
(and I cannot turn back my sight anymore)

## PASSING THOUGHTS

You, power greedy men, starved and robbers  
Perched on our shoulders as some guards

I'm the knight who fights  
Starting the battle with a flower in hands  
Like, too hung adornment  
Will be a sward at belt

I further write a letter  
as a punishment  
or  
as a curse

## **THE DEAF AND THE DUMB**

Being silent you say wise words  
Speaking you hide the truth  
But we are deaf and dumb  
Instantaneously we applaud to steps

Being silent, speaking, you fulfil your missions  
Applauding, we closed our obligations  
And looking for each other in the world, brothers  
We leave for home or somewhere

## HEALING

No, not any wound is healed  
In my heart clearance  
there is a place  
where the fire sun  
heat, forgetfulness,  
love and beggary  
Couldn't yet plough  
for appearing flowers  
Here is the place in which exploded  
atomic bombs  
being all calcimined.

PASCAL:  
If I judge myself in absolute, I suffer,  
If I judge myself by comparison, I'm content.

### **THE MIRROR**

After I paced the square  
on all its sides  
And the circle round the round  
standing even in the middle  
as the first astronomer on the moon  
Since a peculiar thing  
that I can do again  
from time to time  
pleasantly  
is to be face to face  
towards a friend  
when he wants/ is asking for  
to look at me  
like / as in a mirror

## A YOKE

Sanding upright  
as a yoke  
and thinking of myself  
what I should have done  
I see silent  
I haven't done anything  
of all I've done  
and it had to be done

Amazingly I look at  
the eyes of my fellow man  
who sustains with strong argument  
that I did all it was possible  
everything had to be done  
And my deeds are placed  
from a side of yoke to other  
so that you ask yourself  
where indeed the bucket is hung  
who appeases his thirsty and what with?



## WHAT DO WE WANT?

What we hate at the others  
maybe we are ourselves  
and we cannot possibly recognise ourselves  
Or we don't want to be  
or we shame or we are afraid to be  
So how those whom we hate are

What we like at others  
it's possible to be us, ourselves  
we want to be  
or even we are  
And we meet our disciples

What we want from the others  
we ourselves cannot give  
and we ask for from the others

What we love, ask for or hate  
it's always very clear and very  
very justified for us  
who hate, ask for or love

What we give the others it always is  
a blending of the good and bad  
In different proportions  
we give for nothing  
and asking for us  
also pleasantly or reluctantly

All depends on everything, depends  
on the position in which you are  
when you let free the way of the feelings  
opening the cage doors of the Noah's ark  
And it depends more something  
of the position of sun  
against  
H hour

## **THE GREAT ARMY**

Here a Great, an invincible Army,  
Bound itself with money and hatred  
With great and trifling lie  
With might fear  
Millions tragic destinies together  
Here is a Great, an invincible Army.

## TEST AT GEOGRAPHY

The war has begun for long  
now it is finishing  
in a crucial point in fact.  
I conquered half of the world  
remaining only other half  
that has just achieved to ride  
the other half of mind  
Maybe the halves are not even  
to each other remaining to count  
when census can be done  
the new and old two halves  
of mine  
very soon being conquered  
under just any feet slipping  
on to right the other left  
between them dirty river set  
which runs in a clear sea  
Far away I see my foe  
riding upset up to toe  
with the two halves split  
one to right to other left  
making too way a dirty river  
runs to sea fast, clearer

Lad, get-up let the questions  
on the earth, what battles, oceans  
all of them are and will be  
You'll get test at geography

## MYSELF LIKE A CONTRADICTION

At anvil being beaten  
the sore me curved  
in this way to be to world  
correct scold.

Of death I was forgiven in a part of the world  
But not entirely of its awful pains  
Here I was condemned to death  
From friendly hands, steady  
living late, worldly, contradictory to rich happiness

I'm alive  
but dead for others  
and I'm number, name and surname and nothing  
the travelling tomb of the world  
severe sadness, remonstrance cold  
for better thought unfulfilled  
some time that seems not to elapse  
calling my life and  
Calling my death in vain to come  
and I keep waiting as a light  
intermittently myself I light off and on

Midday I am the cold light of the moon  
Midnight I am the sun forgotten by the all when they sleep  
The stars, the forefathers and the grandsons mention me  
in the book where we'll find again all of us  
both the good of mankind and the bad  
Ideas that have come in mind.  
gave to birth prisons, chains yoke  
We've believed in people and in plough  
We've wanted to plough, to saw well  
No being earth again cold ashes, funeral pile

The sadness of the world added in deeds  
The remonstrance of the world gathered inside of us  
There were the ploughmen for well  
We wanted the earth entirely with flowers  
Terrible in one, nobody in the other

The fight martyrs in a just world  
How will you pay sacrificed lives?  
And death that woke so many dreams,  
Inside of mine is draught of love  
They didn't sow and water love.

## FIRST CLASS PLANE TICKET

I ignore you  
rascal  
that in time  
when my downy beard's growing  
together with the Jilava's must  
(among others  
in order to be you worm and well, too  
in this world)  
you marched enthusiastically  
at voluntary work  
you kept your mouth  
closed carefully  
(but not clenched  
in order to be able to whisper  
something  
somewhere)  
may you not be in time to count your teeth  
even in the hollow of your hand  
like me  
You went steady and recent hair cut  
to the festival party of CYU<sup>1</sup> meeting  
to school  
Learn. Learn. Learn.  
Do you remember the articles from the wall gazette?  
I learn to dance, too  
with chain at my feet  
when my shadow  
came out under Jilava  
from Reduit  
I've already found  
Chief  
being on probation on site  
- Are you a good hand in your work?  
Are you?  
Are we making the plan  
Are we?  
Do we receive bonus on the right

---

<sup>1</sup> Communist Youth Union

or on the left  
You mock at us rascal  
You took your salary, bonus and tip  
And kept your mouth  
You gather money for car  
Rascal

I saw you increasing  
under the angel wing  
Also Chief but greater  
when your belly was bigger and  
your baldness created respect  
You had everything  
but something you hadn't  
I heard on the radio  
you chose also  
freedom  
how much you suffered  
how you were persecuted  
that they didn't give you Mercedes  
but a wheel barrow, Moskvici  
with an unwell-bred driver included  
that is not enough the bonus  
for Kent cigarettes  
how good chiefs like you  
new-technocrats  
aren't let also to make dust  
the powder  
You succeeded to fall into, too  
among large long line  
of political asylum  
After this  
nothing  
nothing I heard about you anymore  
I came also in the West  
dying of my Country's longing  
of People  
(The stupid man dies of care for other  
you said to me  
too encourage me  
philosophically)  
I came  
with my broken bones again

fresh  
just before my leaving  
Leave, I was said  
not to make troubles more  
to our authorities...  
They wanted, too, the poor  
to rest  
after a long life  
passed with the club in hand  
in people's service and of revolution and development, too  
so many-sided and coupons  
how many clubs they broke  
learning ABC  
being a burden to us  
what effort  
to be colonel today with studies in Right  
before being an illiterate sub-lieutenant

I found you  
here  
with new citizenship mumbling distinctly  
Romanian  
car  
good job  
half house paid  
(knowledge is a treasure)  
you had arranged things here, too  
cunning  
rascal

I took from the beginning  
All  
From the illiterate licence  
to washing up and washing cars  
Precisely:  
From the fiddle masters  
In the land of Cockaigne  
in the world with all of things  
I provoked to loose my weight  
because the pearl barley fat remained  
and made my body heavy  
not being



enough slim, slender  
I slept also on the floor  
with hand under my head  
as if I had been at Jilava  
I haven't find trousers yet  
and shirt for my size  
all are too large  
or too short  
And do you rascal spit, my cheek?

You don't deserve my answer  
neither even  
to spit you  
my spitting  
among  
my toothless as a battle ragged flag  
That I give it to worth man  
but you  
you haven't the honour  
to measure  
my strength  
I ignore you  
rascal

You said to my child  
the dearest and the most innocent  
that I'm a dim of dozen  
But how many bucks are you, rascal?

The slops that the life  
and the two  
worlds  
they threw  
in my mess tin  
or in my face  
they preserved my soul fresh  
in change all perfumes of this world  
they couldn't remove the stink  
of my soul  
The apple  
before letting itself  
(it cannot escape)  
to be eaten by you

vomited you  
and a folk blouse washed  
with chemicals of your inside  
soul unfriendly  
shows  
as if it was come out of the sewer  
of a city  
rascal  
I ignore you  
being the unique thing  
which provokes you pain  
You want to be Great  
Greater of all  
you are great like a litter  
Rascal with Chief licence  
Your lowliness doesn't touch me

## **NOBODY**

Nobody can polish  
The guilty gesture  
Nobody can save  
of curse  
what is cursed  
Nobody can forgive  
the name that lets a stain  
on the lips that uttered once  
I'll hate what I hated  
I'll love what I loved  
Till the last breathing  
in the world keeps on changing  
subdued me to order which  
ancestral asks me for salting it  
in everything needs

## HUNTING

A pace, another pace  
a leap, further a pace  
a pace in front  
a pace, further two  
a pace behind

I let hunted  
by you pleasantly  
I'd like be eaten  
Any pain I shouldn't beaten

Your paces I seemed them to be my hunting  
the paces of the starved wolf.  
but I found  
terrified  
that the lion hasn't me eaten  
Little  
Mouse  
will be eaten even it

## HOSPITALITY

Dear Lady  
You pay a visit  
Friends, lover, sweetheart,  
It doesn't matter.  
You pay a visit  
You can receive and refuse  
ask for or to give anything  
you don't worry, is it?  
You pay a visit  
Romanian is hospitable  
Ah, further still!  
At leaving, don't forget in a corner  
something sharp as hanger-on  
in which by mistake  
a wound in heart I make  
But you can take all's possible  
even myself  
...by soul  
Romanian is hospitable.

## DESIRE

You've obliged me to wash  
The flag of your capitulation Lady  
Its sparkling, like the dazzling snow  
As before it seems to me a veil  
Of hemp, of flax  
Or of a delicate silk  
With my longing of sorrow  
Contemplatively demands:  
Will she ever reappear?

## WITHOUT CEREMONIES

Extensive specially for you, without ceremonies, on the white bed,  
like a peasant table in the field during summer, under the sun  
Under the heating of my infernal sun  
I am going to lay you  
Fertile earth over the lunar soil

I didn't plant either flowers or thorns  
Whether they were I forgot  
I seem to pull out all in the same time  
I haven't put the perfume, because it mustn't  
you smell as life itself and this is enough

On the white bed without brims  
like a peasant in the field summer  
human-like  
I want to be of mine and I'll belong to you.

With trembling hands and  
encumbering each other  
with many and different hands  
entirely my body turned into hands  
being in feverish status  
I want to know, to caress, to incite  
to separate, to unite  
all mountains, all vales, all parts of your body

To feel how mountains raise higher and higher  
and vales run deeper  
to feel everything inside of you becomes longer  
projects itself-, infinite, defines  
May you close, may you open  
and throwing the last your petals  
remaining unique, may you yell, may you whisper  
to sky and to world in any case indifferent  
that you...that I...that we...

Then we gather  
from all the corners of bed, room,  
from the four lines of the world

and share found petals  
that as if they hadn't torn of us  
during this storm  
and we do again our beings:  
one to you, one to me...



## YES AND NO

Yes and no and no and yes  
Yes yes. YES NO. YES.  
I answer your questions  
and YES when I utter  
it means I agree  
And not I utter it means I agree  
Because I can so many  
To be in agreement with my own feelings  
And sound like a bell  
marking, waiting  
days and new events  
And all is like as when  
I, audience, I should applaud  
Me, the actor  
at open stage  
even on the sharp brim  
of essential retort

## STRIP-TEASE

If what I wrote about you here  
I should write a book  
I seem to me that every turned page,  
Understood non-understood by reader  
would be like a stranger  
with cold hands, impersonal ones,  
I should take out your dress in public  
slowly, very slowly or in a hurry  
attentively or tearing from the sewing  
all objects of your dressing  
and you would be naked, ashamed , humiliated  
as in a strip tease.  
And you don't want to strip,  
do you?  
In front of anyone, for anyone and whenever  
You are not courageous to do this because  
you are impure in your purity  
that you preserve like a treasure  
so saint and too personal  
for a moment and special individuals  
May I know? Maybe though  
You should like and should boast  
that you were stripped in public  
in comparison with the other ladies  
who live wrapped themselves up  
trembling of warm all their life  
without somebody thinks  
to fill their shady-side

## OH, YES

I take out of me  
all what was able to take out  
I squeezed, I seized  
I tore frenetic and insanity  
as if I'd have saved  
the ship to drown  
And do you still say that you haven't received enough?  
Haven't you received anything?  
O... Great you are Love  
Great how the Sea is  
Deep and greedy Sea  
Indifferent and very arrogant  
I've been due to  
that I've given enough  
and me emptied of feelings  
emptied of myself  
with a borrowed word  
I yell you  
Noooooooo  
Ready...  
Enough...  
I am cold  
Warm me you that emptied me

## **COURAGE**

When you see you might have courage  
You are afraid  
And you wouldn't want to give anything  
Too much prudence you put in your luggage

When you see you might receive  
Everything you wished till yesterday  
You pretend that you don't feel  
not to see what you received

When in front of you route is open largely  
The will of yours to decide  
there is entirely in incapacity  
You stutter clear: non-reciprocity

You haven't ever see a high way  
Your eyes are not used to see

When you see you might have courage  
You are afraid entirely  
And you wouldn't want to give anything  
Too much prudence you put in luggage.

## RECIPROCITY

From your soul  
nothing overflows  
nothing drops  
to my soul  
Your soul  
isn't flood

I feel, too  
as though I throw myself  
by my will  
in a fountain  
deep and left there  
As though  
I am at my wit's end  
of my own accord.

## PRAYER

God  
do a true human being of her  
again

God  
You who are above of the Good  
and above of the Bad

You who exists  
in non-existence, too

You who did everything  
from nothing  
and nothing from anything  
only you know how

You who are good  
gentle, lenient and endless of great  
all the time smiling indulgently  
to our nothingness and defiant  
infamy

You who gave us to know  
the goodness as a light  
and the badness as an absence of its  
May we know we are with you  
and when we were lost

You who give to us the soul  
and heart  
and thought and word  
colour and music  
taste and love  
forgiveness of fellow man  
everything  
to have  
a beautiful life  
even here on the earth  
and we haven't known yet...

Good  
do a true human being of her  
again

May she be more courageous  
More obstinate  
may she trust herself  
May she choose her utmost  
and have it  
as an encouraging  
for next step  
May she behave as a man  
defeating  
God  
do a true human being of her  
again

May she be more delicate  
May she smile and laugh  
more  
May she be dreaming  
because she is older now  
and years passed plentifully  
need more dreams  
than nightmares  
Lighten her nights  
with stars of dreams  
and days  
with sun warm  
of her soul  
pure

God  
do a true human being of her  
again

May she give sooner, firmer  
kindly her warm hand  
to those who struggle  
hardly they stand up their  
feeble legs of their life

God  
do a true human being of her  
again

May she be surrounded  
only by true people  
may she be nearer the truth  
may she be comprising  
more lenient  
living  
and helping the other, too, to live  
plentifully

God  
do a true human being of her  
again

May she be an old woman  
truly beautiful  
wearing in her hair, on forehead  
years  
as a halo  
in her eyes the light of joy  
and in body of joy  
and her lessened body  
the saint seal  
of quietness  
and the reconciliation with people  
life  
and its aim  
as it is

God  
do a true human being of her  
again

Pull her ears or hair  
carefully, like a parent  
with all your love  
put on her knees, too  
to recall  
not to forget  
that the other need her not less



than  
she needs others  
and others are alone without her  
not only she without them

God  
do a true human being of her  
again

Give to her the bread  
for whole life  
not thin slices and dry, too  
Forgive her wrongs  
without will  
in the same measure she forgives to others  
and forbid  
her temptation for foolish marriage  
Give to her somebody  
to love  
the least I love her  
Give to her hope  
of better  
today  
that without  
the time of joy cannot be tasted  
in plenty  
tomorrow

God  
do a true human being of her  
again

## CONTENTMENT

You lover unexpectedly appeared  
Prince Charming on horse of sheet of paper  
It was enough a yell of pain in order to be  
And wholly bathed me in your life-giving water  
My ashes you should light to shake me hot

I thank you for taking with you  
In eagle flight to high skies, serenity of silver  
So much tired you are  
You gave power for time was going to come  
In change it would have wasted

You gathered in my feeble hand the sceptre of my proud and  
dignity

I was exhausted you give me hope  
On my forehead up in hair you brighten the life for me  
With you I saw the alive light, pure of eternity

I thank you for bending deeply and gentle towards me  
As Phoenix, of my own ashes, of world I promise me to come

“To grin and bear it”  
(Romanian saying)

Wipe your weeping tear  
You can burst out laughing  
And you meet a trouble  
People say to make sport of it

## **WISH**

(to an inexplicable upset lady)

I wish  
You laughed  
You smiled  
secretly and kindly  
as you remember of an inner joy  
known only by you

May you laugh  
with very large-mouthed  
with tears falling down  
with peal of laughter  
in trills, sprightly, childishly,  
with shouts  
with shakings and pains of belly,  
splitting with laughter  
healed with a glass of water  
till hiccup begins  
and you hit my head with fist  
in spite  
and you try to put the pillow on my mouth  
screaming:  
beeee silent, silent once crazy

May you laugh when you fall ill  
with laughter  
as bewitched by curse  
May you see the doctor giving  
a pill for sadness

and injection for sweep  
a syrup for seediness  
beam of worry  
something there to heal you pain of laugh  
anything  
May you worry  
that implacable you will die  
with laughter as cancer  
that this life is impossible  
to live decently  
because of laughter

And the doctor recommends nothing  
else  
than me as psychotherapist  
a little making sport  
to heal of laugh

May you smile secretly and kindly  
As you remember of an inner joy  
known only by you

## ALONE IN THE CHRISTMAS NIGHT

I write a letter further  
to discuss again  
about Christmas  
what we've done, we've made  
and especially about  
what we've broken  
May we see what kind of fir trees we've had  
and we've found on them  
poor us  
poor them

As a prelude in Christmas night  
that for me began at two o'clock in the morning  
local hour  
on twenty-fifth  
I kept in my arms  
the last case  
a young girl  
beautiful Spanish  
of sixteen old  
somewhere  
a singer is yelping  
as a bitch  
bound at vineyard in summer  
on dog days  
forgotten there, too  
without water  
a sentimental  
song  
drunk  
the victim of a car accident  
a hand, a leg, three ribs  
broken  
on the right part  
on the left part  
that the heart is  
unhurt  
She'll be healed till summer  
The other escaped safe

Look it isn't seemed curious  
that in this life  
the others always escape safe  
when we all the others  
are always left with  
broken bones, bumps and bruise in head  
I bet  
That the Christmas  
I'll see again  
At emergency  
Asking herself feverishly  
Frightened joy and dismayed  
If they will be two  
girl  
or boy how He wants

How I've said  
the fir tree was  
one Oregon hoary  
from the American Rocky Mountains  
that keeps me warm  
temporary  
instead the Carpathians from Arges

I had hung to up top, a top knot  
some hops  
weak ones  
but pretty nice  
wasted till in the morning  
what a pity  
that they didn't last  
to the Christmas day  
for celebrating with us and Bach

I had more  
hung  
under the hopes  
a favourite  
but being an exaggeration  
too heavy  
I took it down  
I don't like exaggerations  
I let the things such they are

being enough  
Further I had  
a hot hug running in bare feet  
but only one  
Fire  
Too much  
It was fire my fir  
I put it down, too  
and I put it near me  
in my armchair to sit sensible playful  
to keep me warm  
because it had gotten cold  
alone  
at daybreak

I had more  
some “good thoughts”  
too little explicitly  
It was take down these, too  
but I told myself  
to let more them  
it is to able to catch

frame  
color  
maybe I make from them  
later flower on a folk blouse  
maybe an Ardeal apple  
maybe  
so I let them  
maybe  
wary  
thoughtful  
maybe  
who knows

Two telegrams  
picture postcards with night

Four weeks of entirely silence

Many doubts

Odd gestures  
for a Christmas fir-tree  
Isn't it?

Two short nice kisses  
but only two  
I haven't more  
what a pity  
that you didn't see  
these two  
were indeed  
very pretty  
quite delightful  
to see  
At them

I had further  
a silk thread  
found by microscope  
aid

.....  
trifles  
but how much they enjoy somebody  
alone with his fir

I had further  
a painting  
painted with modern means  
on polish paper  
with apples and Romanian  
folk blouse-old model  
still life  
but  
what emphasising  
what reverberation  
what odd trembling  
you can try  
you yourself  
looking  
still life painting  
in Christmas night

Aa... shouldn't I forget



under the fir tree  
further it was a poodle too  
non-electronic  
well, is possible without it?  
that yelping  
annoying  
it wants “ to America”  
because in this way it says when it wants out  
for not urinating on the carpet  
it is learned  
what more  
with all pomades  
and I kicked it  
somewhere  
what I need  
of pearl cap  
Who has sent it me?  
Excuse-me I forgot

Further there were in fir tree, too a gambol-boy making gambolling  
scatter-brained, brawler, giddy, dizzy, frisky, crash, smash...

he’s taking his tongue to me  
and pull a long nose at me  
but I know, there isn’t doubt  
this is my sun  
he had fixed there, alone hanging down with his head  
to congratulate me not properly  
and with Happy Christmas  
to enjoy more  
in original kind  
because it is his mode  
finally

I began to doze  
overwhelmed of confusion  
as a joy  
I heard Bach  
the bells of a cathedral from the Danube  
solemn  
somebody was whispering  
Merry Christmas was  
At null  
I answered and I do

overwhelmed of confusion  
Then somebody sceptic came  
even so he introduced: I am the Sceptic  
who seemed he ha appeared  
I don't know from where

Saying to me that I'm drunk  
And I hear the dogs in Giurgiu

I went to bed  
when the people say  
that you are drunk  
It's obliged...

Then I dreamt  
that  
my face was caressing  
by somebody  
with copper-coloured hair  
It seems!  
So?

I forgot to say you  
that my fir-tree  
was fairy lit  
with only big light  
lightened by me  
and with a halo  
by you

Your fir tree  
how was?

The men, too  
needs  
of  
encouragement!

And all started  
from a marriage offer  
at newspaper  
of boredom

## THE MATCHMAKERS

The matchmakers wrote yours truly,  
a thousand and one letters  
as a correspondence  
of import export  
of hight, of weight  
of colour of the hair and eyes  
But not of colour of the soul

Dropping as by mistake few coins on the floor  
from where with a sovereign scorn  
they didn't rise again  
you see  
how generous they are  
and  
it's duty of the servant to clean  
from down  
they didn't complicate with trifles  
and they turn over their pockets  
for seeing you how much money they have  
But not how is their true value  
They sent to you coloured photos  
with their houses and cars  
Of carton

They sent you photos  
each of all more handsome  
Even one more impudent sent you his picture when he has his shirt  
a little open showing his chest  
apologising saying he prefers a sportsman carriage  
in order to see his male hairy chest  
Not, too the bracelet of his soul

They asked you for photos

seeing how beautiful you are  
whether you have rich hair  
voluptuous bosom and slim hips and  
slender legs they ought to see, to touch  
to convince themselves, to be sure  
for what they give money and car, too  
to whom they hand the market bag, pen and cleaner  
in Romanian language  
and who they pay the plane ticket of first class  
to see  
if your silhouette is matched  
with aerodynamic silhouette of cleaner  
of the last type  
if  
the colour of your eyes  
corresponds with the drawing  
with the back of the plate  
of china  
from China  
if your walking could be enough  
undulated  
if he  
can in this way join harmoniously  
the lines delicate curved of furniture  
style  
bought from the store  
at cut price  
from the corner

One  
sitting cross-legged  
at microscope  
is studying your photo  
hear you confound it!  
look dear what are men!  
what they can do  
with your photo  
which you send it  
not forgetting your eyes  
he says that he find  
a silk thread  
grown in skin  
under the nylon stalking

well-stretched on  
the leg he liked too much  
Another  
Another what?  
says that he found the same thing  
but looking only with own eyes  
piercing eye  
he took out thread penetrating with pincers of eye  
that  
he likes  
legs of singer  
that bald-headed

Somebody wanted to know precisely  
what size you have at shoes  
blouses, skirts, dresses, coats and pants  
all figure fingers  
for making you to think  
that he prepares for you entirely wardrobe  
and further jewel small box  
as surprise  
meanwhile he careful  
was thinking if the shoes  
dress, and the other things  
left of his ex wife  
of whom he had remained alone owing to divorce  
should match to you  
with few alterations  
as today ages are difficult  
we live in plenty economic crisis  
good things are made with difficulty  
what is inside of them is important  
not what is seen outside  
he  
is at age when he likes  
more to look  
how a woman takes out her clothes  
not how she take on the clothes  
further he doesn't trust in nice coloured advertisements  
being natural neo-realistic  
surely he was waiting too-thousands of kisses and hugs  
hot grateful  
for

his generosity  
unprecedented  
about you  
will hear the same thing  
later  
from a lady neighbours  
The same, he  
raised sentimental and character problems  
in the same time  
speaking very nice about his ex-wife  
of that he has just divorced  
in accordance with the principle  
that it isn't nice to speak badly about ex-wife  
for making the next  
to think  
that also about her  
you will do  
the same  
to the next  
and making intricate in words  
notions and philosophical high considerations  
the sinful mouth says the truth  
he wrote that his ex-wife  
was a true woman  
till divorce  
she was devoted Lady  
in the kitchen  
the finest coquette  
in society  
with the perfect behaviour in world  
and in bed  
an authentic cook  
saying this so at random  
in order to provoke you to know  
that he wants  
as you, too,  
to be at the same height  
may he be happy once  
in his life  
as you are good housekeeper  
so cultivated  
well-mannered  
careful

lovely  
so his wife was  
what  
somebody  
raised even problems  
of your studies for seeing  
if  
you are enough educated to dusty  
from the piano near the stove  
properly recently bought  
also from the kobsa and cembalo  
old, the dearest family memories, too  
father and grandfather ex-kin,  
which have been lying  
by much time non-dusted  
in heap of wood pell-mell  
in front of the family fireplace  
under the tent well-smoked  
by gypsy boys  
run at the nose  
the dearest and the loveliest  
may they be eaten by crowns  
with their shalwars as blue jeans  
and entirely

But  
any of them didn't ask for your photo with your high forehead  
that is full of thoughts and worries  
what do they make with it?  
but only one who says  
that sanctifies the square altar of your life with kisses  
Only one said to you  
that he would kiss you hands  
on both faces  
and lips  
and soles  
with the same piety  
equal joy  
and immense passion  
Only one is who'd put them at corner  
in knees  
on uneven letters forgotten unwritten  
and he'd pull your ears

or hair  
of love

Only one  
evening he'd put you sole on his hot forehead  
burning at thought that  
you belong to him, as a sultan  
Turkish one

Only one cares for  
Also of your breathing when you sleep  
And he'd wash his face with your plaits  
In the morning  
Only one would want to make laugh  
Till you fall  
Ill of laugh as a doctor  
Who gives you something against the laugh  
Only one would give you what he has  
And he ask you for  
To lend with twenty lei monthly  
For his cigarettes

Only one would look  
in your eyes like in a clear mirror

And he'd drink only life water  
drop by drop from the tops of you  
wet by the dew of petals  
of red roses  
To be, too even one time  
drunk  
of you

Only one is so daft  
so it difficult for you to say  
that you met in your life  
even by correspondence  
one defer than him

Only one would die  
only your pains  
and would smiles only  
so modest



for your happiness  
Only one would give you  
the pure diamond of love  
without impurities  
without conditions  
and not forced by anyone  
and he wouldn't put on your finger a thin and tight ring  
as sign that you belong to him  
as if you don't lose your way  
to the other(man)

Only one would feel melt  
till, too  
the next silver snows  
that will fall  
in the silk of your copper hair

Only one would want  
that he is permitted  
to go to bad and good bank  
to change  
all troubles and unhappiness  
with which the life gave to him  
not being thrifty  
with caresses and joys  
gentle  
for you entirely  
to be happy  
a bit

Only one wants to be  
the dry club -  
knotty, black, polished  
thin, fine  
and firm  
of your oldness

Only one today  
cries deafening singing  
as mountain cock  
in dawns  
and doesn't hear,  
too, deafening silence

of surrounding eternity  
Only one would grumble in his beard  
All life discontent forever in face to himself  
that he didn't give you enough  
that you deserve more  
that he didn't deserve you at all

Only one lies you today  
with lie of beautiful words  
in delirious  
and  
that tomorrow  
he  
himself  
and only  
he  
single of all  
he can turn the lie into truth  
and not the truth into lie

And only one can he that  
to who the life to say  
One unites Florentin's bondwoman  
Veronica  
With Veronica's bondman  
Florentin  
May they make love  
May they own all life  
And joy  
May they sing,  
Laugh  
Together  
Amen

## THE END

It's come  
the end of the mad days  
the end of demented days  
in which the sun doesn't set off  
so that the night doesn't appear  
and day hasn't give the lie

There aren't envelopes in box  
Nothing we have to say each other  
All what would have been was gone  
We are enough just ourselves

Raise your beard upper man  
The beard you stop not more to tremble  
Wipe your heavy tear from your eyes  
And from your sight the hot radiance

What would have been was gone  
Nothing we have to pay each other  
There aren't envelopes in box  
We are enough ourselves

## ADIEU

Mary, Great Lady, my sweetheart  
Thrifty, shy correspondent  
so silent and so busy  
Receive these last lines  
from me  
your American submissive correspondent  
so much respectful

You don't try the answer  
Pitiful  
to do something what's so difficult for you  
an exceeding norm

I excuse you  
I accuse you  
I don't understand you  
I forget

Being up  
in the tower of the old  
cathedral with its big clock  
imperturbable  
marking the time and space  
the segment of time  
The end –the beginning  
you feel as if you were at a ship helm  
Distrustful  
You look awry, from where the wind blows  
Lightening  
You further cut off by cold order  
At weak light at a gas burner a deck  
Like signature on a check

To contemporary mankind the isn't well  
Dismayed in new crisis he letter is throwing  
Not leaving  
It falls in Atlantic that drowned it

Nothing can flow

on the water of the flabby mankind  
Imperturbable I keep on  
Imperturbable the march to nothing  
In deafened sound of the drum  
More one is heard, too by a small cricket

I don't press my waist in corset  
Neither my hips I hide in a crinoline  
May we fill the non-existent glass with nothing  
May we clink from here to the moon

I want to have the pace of snail  
In order to arrive at eternity in an instant

You lied yourself  
And I don't trust you again.

**POEMS FROM MY SOUL'S EXILE**

## THE SHADOW OF AUROCHS

: No, aurochs didn't die!  
Pace on our traces  
how we pace on theirs  
Aurochs are in shadow of uproar,  
they are in each of us  
No, aurochs shall not die

## EMIGRANT TO INFINITY

to Francisco Bellot Rosado

The solitude terrorises me in the refugee political campus  
with every minute dived in the immediate time  
in **I-WAS**. Because **I-WILL-BE** doesn't occur in the future  
now when I'm writing - I'm bewildered,  
not of poetry, but purely and simply of alcohol  
Do you condemn the weakness of a brutalized deserter?  
I drink; I drink from La Fontaine<sup>2</sup> the sacred water  
of fables. Yes,  
lucky the poets who are unhappy  
because they have the lyric status to create...

---

<sup>2</sup> Jean de La Fontaine (1621-1695) was a famous French writer, author of "Tales/Stories" and especially "Fables". In French language, "La Fontaine" also means "water fountain".



## THE COUNTRY AND ME

The county is a river  
with waters so clear  
and Me a cold spring  
in its bed.

The country is a mountain  
climbing to sky ahead  
and me a bald rock  
in its top

The county is a bird  
with white wings  
and Me an eagle grown  
in its nest

The county is a verse tome  
of peace and liberty  
and Me an heroic poetry  
in its spring.

## **THE SAP OF THE LIFE**

I am stuck into this earth  
and I extract my sap from my forefathers' bones  
and I give sap my twigs  
any storm cannot pull out my roots  
too deep caught in the sky of my parents  
and nobody can destroy my buds

## THORNY ROSE OF LOVE

His song had frozen in the throat  
tyrannised over the gentleness of woman  
the people had put fire  
during the night of sentiments  
and sounds lay on  
the dew

The man became a resonator  
and his thoughts trembled the house

## YOU ARE SO SINGLE ON THE EARTH...

You, Bacovia<sup>3</sup>, with your muse in ecstasy  
Are often followed by a thought  
To live keeping on your life putrefy

In autumn weather and disease  
When the night falls in own dirty and tipsy  
Late in the café almost empty

You nicely create lines of pile  
Entirely dancing in sorrow as embers  
Unhappy poet sings about lead and rains.

---

<sup>3</sup> George Bacovia was a twentieth century Romanian melancholic classic poet.

## **SYMPHONY IN WALNUT WOOD**

Jungle is broken by wet  
like a Sahara  
Bitter frost seized with heat  
The chill runs  
And I caress the naked knees  
of the giddy bird  
like Nietzsche, that bewildered

**DON'T SET YOUR FOOT ON THE VERSES!**

Kneed for kissing the clay soles  
The rock covered me with tears  
Running in torrents shaking souls body by body  
Snowflakes become a kind of  
rainy snow.

The time doesn't exist but only we are  
If the planet would inversely spin  
the time would pace behind.

## **IT'S AUTUMN IN MY SOUL**

It's autumn in my soul  
And leafy chestnut-trees have tears  
My heart is a large waste  
Of bitter stains in smile

On ashes evening way  
The destiny sadness floods  
The greatest dreams are broken  
It rains over me in houses the dead(s) are.

## **ON THE OTHER SIDE OF COUNTRY**

A great dark is so that you don't see  
the soul near poetry  
And the farther you are into night  
the nearer you arrive  
at the tomb of the world  
the forgiveness called.



## ARIZONA, JULY 1990

Being escaped of the dull past  
charged by nebulous future  
this exile keeps on-  
Oh, America, country of contradictions  
mother of stateless persons, deserters and non-adapted ones?  
emigrants for ever in their inside  
what does it matter for you  
a further life, a lost one in this destiny of a refugee?  
Nothing, than a grain of sand  
lying on the ocean bottom-

## Editor's Note:

### **Florentin Smarandache's Universe**

I have said also with another circumstance that at a correct study of Romanian writing we cannot neglect the substantial contribution of the writers from outside of the country borders.

A special case is Mr. Florentin Smarandache, established in Arizona (USA).

Two years ago he published at Macarie Publishing House the volume of verses "I exist against myself!" whose cover and the illustrations of the volume were realized by our dear-departed the artiste Mira-Dumitra Iordache.

Then he published haiku.

Now he publishes the volume of poetry "*Emigrant to Infinity*".

Florentin Smarandache is a mathematician well known owing to lots of notions in the **Theory of Numbers** that have his name: Smarandache-type functions, sequences, and algorithms.

Our friend is remarkable in another fields, too, for example the class of Smarandache semantic paradox, and as a practical application and, funny, I quote the device of his paradoxical move is: ALL IS POSSIBLE, THE IMPOSSIBLE TOO!

He published novels, diaries, and his plays gather many people in cramped halls of the theatres entirely world...

He translates himself his books in English and French.

Florentin Smarandache defines himself as: an emigrant at endless!

October, 1996

MIHAIL I. VLAD

**I consider that the present volume, penetrated by a tragic wave, represents truer Florentin Smarandache than I, personally, I wish he were closer of Eugen Ionescu and his metaphysical disquiet, and more sideways of Marin Sorescu and his Balkan anecdotes...**

**Solitary, in Morocco or in America, Florentin Smarandache confesses also in this book living, his country, Romanian language, such as firstly Fernando Pessoa said, for his country, Portugal language...**

**Cezar Ivănescu**



*Author's Self-Portrait as Spiritual Peregrine Forever*

