

A IA A Ă E C

Poems in Romanian and English

DINA-GOSPODINA

Dina nu s-a născut ca noi toți
deși a fost ca noi toți
făcută de mă-sa
făcută într-o zi de duminică
din lapte ouă zahăr și făină
frământată bine amestecată
pusă apoi într-un leagăn mărimea
15 cu 53 bine uns
cu unt și introdusă la cuptor
s-a copt la foc mic și după
aproape o oră a

COOKIE THE COOK

Cookie wasn't born like the rest of us
though just like anybody else she was
baked in her Ma's oven
baked on a Sunday
from flour sugar eggs and milk
mixed thoroughly kneaded well
then put in a 15 x 53 cm. cradle
greased with butter
and set in the oven
she baked at a low temperature and after
almost an hour she cried
waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
this is the way Cookie was born
becoming a good cook over time
sleeping in the oven until she reached twenty-five
then moving to the pantry
every day she was kneaded
by women with large housewifely hands
spoons tattooed on their housewifely breasts
avoiding men
hiding there on the shelf dusted with flour
until
the doughhead fell in love
with the life of the party a gay blade with buck teeth
bottles tattooed on his buttocks oh boy
Cookie decided on the spot
to be his forever and let them
slice her and serve her
beside the cup of wine
on his table

translated by
Adam J. Sorkin with the poet

THE DIARY OF A CLONE

—16 years, 3 months:

I come of age I eat fruit and I do my best
clone clone
to be the other although I am he whenever he says *I*
I think of myself who
is not me
who am I

—you're really enjoying this, lord—
across the lawns of my mind there strolls a mother
who is not my mother although she is my mother a mother
with silent glass walls with a slender transparent silhouette
through her hair I saw the trees outside
I watched the tips

and stuff your bloated beer bellies with bullets I'll make you lose
your looks lickety-split I'll tear out your hearts stack them here in a slimy pile
and you know what else then I'll fling
one or two of them high into the air and
bang bang I'll shoot birdshot at them like at sparrows
or I'll shove bladderfuls
of your blood into the chest cavities
of birds fish animals I'll do you some good
goddam moneyboxes jangling with the small change of ideas
I'll send you all the way back
to your caves your ocean muck the air
once upon a time you were free
fuck-overs clonesmiths
you clowns haven't a clue how good you used to feel
when you didn't ever think

translated by
Adam J. Sorkin and Liviu Bleoca

MIA-MAIA AND TESS-THE-POETESS

she could understand see hear
only what that crazy
soul-sister of hers Mia-Maia translated for her
the fat girl who dwelled heavily
inside her chest and suppressed
oppressed impressed her
so that of everything
Tess did replied thought
nothing at all was logical
seemed normal
made any sense
they said she'd lost her way
poor moonstruck young thing
in fact she was bored
people bored her
with their problems gossip smirks
their love affairs intrigues scandalmongering
she got along only with angels
whenever one of them decided
by chance to descend into that
turbulent perturbed disturbed brain of hers
she'd let him take sensible charge of her
in his care she'd more than willingly open her mouth
her sister Mia in hibernation in her chest like a boulder

bolovanul în piept cu soră-sa Mia adormită
stătea și ea încremenită
și aștepta
ca el să termine și să se ducă-n
durerea lui da
nici el nu zăbovea prea mult
ființa asta îi strica buna dispoziție calmul
celest o iubea scurt o lăsa
grea cu vreun poem vreun tablou
vreo sonată nu
se uita îndărăt să vadă
cu ce s-a mai pricopsit lumea
de pe urma lui
și gata
roiul

*în seara aia chiar era așa
un roi un stol de îngeri veseli
ce-și a andonaseră amanții*