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Nicolae Breban

Cantos

English version by Cristina Tătaru

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Nicolae Breban, a novelist, essayist, poet, playwright and publicist (b. February the 1st 1934 in Baia-Mare), is one of the most important Romanian novelists. The Brebans took refuge in Lugoj, during World War II, where the writer's father worked at the Greek-Catholic Bishop's Office (1940-1941). It is in this town in Banat that Nicolae Breban began his grammar school and college. He was kicked out of school, due to his "unhealthy" social origin, as he was one year before graduating "Coriolan Brediceanu" High school in Lugoj. He graduated the low frequency college at "Oltea Doamna" High school in Oradea (1952), after having taken a job as a clerk in this city. He intended to enlist at the Polytechnic University, at first being compelled to enter, as an apprentice, the former "23 of August" Factories in Bucharest, where he worked as a welder and a turner, qualifying afterwards in the profession of iron turner. He enlisted at the Faculty of Philosophy, "forging his documents", as he confessed in *Violent Confessions*, being, then, kicked out after six months (1953). His readings in Nietzsche and Schopenhauer made him suspicious to the Dean, Athanasie Joja. He becomes a student in German at the Faculty of Letters in Cluj-Napoca, which he abandons after a year. Then, at his father's insistence, he starts reading Law (1955-1956). His literary debut happens in *Students' Life* (nr.5, May 1957) with the short story *The Lady in the Dream*. He is, along with Nichita Stănescu, one of the peak writers of the 1960 generation.

He became a suppliant member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and resigns, while in Paris, in *Le Monde* (1971, *The Theses* in July), as a protest against Ceausescu's personal dictatorship. His novel *The Annunciation* is brutally attacked: "After lengthy postponements and harassments due to communist censorship, *The Annunciation* appeared at "Junimea" Publishers in Iasi, a novel written between 1972-1974. The book had been refused, in turns, by "Cartea Românească" and „Eminescu" Publishers. This „outstanding novel", as it had been promptly characterized by Nicolae Manolescu, „wittily written, sarcastic and grotesque, stylistically inexhaustible and original", is awarded the Writers' Union Award. After its appearing, the novel is vehemently incriminated in the Central Committee's Plenum Sitting on the 28th-29th of July. A fragment of the brutal attack proffered in the Plenum Sitting by Titus Popovici, soon followed by other attacks in the most important cultural reviews of the party targeting Breban's masterpiece, *The Annunciation*, is inserted in the 4th edition of the novel ("Parallel 45" Publishers, 2002). The same novel appears among the first ten novels of the XXth century in an inquest performed by the review *The Cultural Observer* (nr. 45, January the 3rd – 15th, 2001).

He was socially marginalized until 1989, being one of the most attacked writers under the dictatorship.

After 1989 he returns from exile, proposing mega-projects. Thus, he publishes, during almost twenty years the novel trilogy *Amphytrion* (1994), the epic tetralogy *Day and Night*, the memorialistic tetralogy *The Meaning of Life*. Among his published novels, we mention: *Francisca* (1965, awarded the "Ion Creangă" Award of the Romanian Academy), *In the Masters' Absence* (1966), *Sick Animals* (1968, "Novel of the Year" and winner of the Writers' Union's Award), *The Angel of Plaster* (1973), *The Annunciation* (1977), *Don Juan* (1981), *The Path to the Wall* (1984), *Lurking and Seduction* (1992), the trilogy *Amphytrion* (1994), the tetralogy *Day and Night*, *The Only Path* (2011). Volumes of essays: *A Tangible Utopia* (1994), *Violent Confessions* (1994), *The Risk in Culture* (1996), *The Romanian Spirit Facing Dictatorship*, *Friedrich Nietzsche. Commented Maxims*, *Guiltlessly Guilty*, *The Treason of Criticism* (2009), *A Dramatic History of the Present* (2010) etc. Poetry: *Parisian Elegies* (1992, second edition, 2006). Plays: *Theatre* ("Viața românească"). Translations: Rainer Maria Rilke, *Duinese Elegies* (2006), J.W. Goethe, *Roman Elegies* (2009). Memoirs: the tetralogy *The Meaning of Life*.

His novels were translated in Swedish, French, Russian, English, Bulgarian, etc. He published three novels at the famous Flammarion Publishers in Paris: *In the Masters' Absence* (1983), *The Annunciation* (1985), *Don Juan* (1991).

Since January 1991 he has been a full member of the Romanian Academy. He is chief editor of the journal *The Cultural Observer*. He is also a member of the Romanian Writers' Union, the European Writers' Union, the International Union of Pure and Applied Linguistics (IULP), the International Union of Pure and Applied Mathematics (IUPM), the International Union of Pure and Applied Physics (IUPAP), the International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry (IUPAC), the International Union of Pure and Applied Biology (IUPAB), the International Union of Pure and Applied Geology (IUPAG), the International Union of Pure and Applied Meteorology (IUPAM), the International Union of Pure and Applied Botany (IUPAB), the International Union of Pure and Applied Zoology (IUPAZ), the International Union of Pure and Applied Earth and Planetary Sciences (IUPAP), the International Union of Pure and Applied Astronomy (IUPA), the International Union of Pure and Applied Mathematics (IUPM), the International Union of Pure and Applied Physics (IUPAP), the International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry (IUPAC), the International Union of Pure and Applied Biology (IUPAB), the International Union of Pure and Applied Geology (IUPAG), the International Union of Pure and Applied Meteorology (IUPAM), the International Union of Pure and Applied Botany (IUPAB), the International Union of Pure and Applied Zoology (IUPAZ), the International Union of Pure and Applied Earth and Planetary Sciences (IUPAP), the International Union of Pure and Applied Astronomy (IUPA).

For Cristina

Nah ist
Und schwer zu fassen der Gott.
Wo aber Gefahr ist, wächst
Das rettende auch.
Im finstern wohnen
Die Adler und furchtlos gehn

Die Söhne der Alpen über den
Abgrund weg
Auf leicht gebaueten Brücken.
Drum, da gehäuft sind rings
Die Gipfel der Zeiten, und die
Liebsten
Nah wohnen, ermattend auf
Getrenntesten Bergen,
So gib uns unschuldig Wasser,
O Fittige gib uns, treuesten
Sinns,
Hinüberzugehn und
wiederzukehren.

'Tis close-by
And hard to contain, the God.
But where danger appears, there,
Salvage also grows.
Vultures live
In darkness, and fearlessly cross

The sons of the mountains over
The precipice,
Upon lightly-built bridges.
As, roundabout, gather
The peaks of the ages and the
Dearest
Live close-by, exhausting themselves
On the scattered mountains,
In the same way give us pristine water,
Thou our protector! And give us most
faithful
Purposes,
So as to cross beyond and then
Return.

Fr. Hoelderlin, Patmos





I

Should I be able to sing of you, without believing
in You, eerie creatures,
Gods of my belated childhood,
inventions of my need to exist?!
My need, our need –
your need, fugitive man and
benevolently forgetful! For
who wouldn't choke, crushed down
by memory, were he compelled to
re-live *your* life,
which to your own self, its owner,
has often seemed tormentingly
dull? Devoid of meaning like a
doll quickly patched together for the fair!

But how breathtaking
Life is!
the One that sires Gods,
creatures that nobody
needs! For, what do they serve,
these needs? So-called necessities?
Oh, no, not Them! Children
of history!

Creatures of glass and bronze,
lithe, large vessels, made
only for our needs – *the other ones!*
The ones we had never suspected

we took the trouble to be born.
 Like a prince who is hiding
 in the vestments of a day whose aurora
 is late just because the Goddess
 has still not trimmed her reddish
 mane! She still has not buckled,
 even on one foot, her quick
 and apparent sandal. Made in order
 to lie. Giving us that very lie
 without which our breath
 would still be suffering...

Come, give me your hand, you sleepy
 deity and... persuade me,
 not that I existed! There are, see, moments, in which,
 just like you, I don't need to exist!
 But... so as to be with You and Myself!
 That *somebody else*, that, sometimes
 accompanies, curves me and listens
 absent-mindedly, true, but still bends
 his noble forehead, as though I were
 his Friend – ha, a useful invention of ours!
 And, so, have you counted well?
 There'll be three of us. In all case, a reasonable figure,
 that's singing close – closer
 to the fibre of my heart than
 the morose God of One!
Three, believe me, is almost
 A person! The dream
 we both nurture!
 Isn't it that, once, at
 the horizon of matter and being
 the dreamed-of person was taking shape? Soothing
 to our fever that still
 bore no name?! O, what a free world,
 where the Name had no home!

But, it's true: *we Two* do not need
 Liberty either, dreaming of it.
 Craving for it, making

love to it, the third one,
 the Still Unborn! The dreamed-of, with those
 scanty materials we had at hand...
 in our sight! Yes-yes, at their tips –
 of the eyes – as well as handy to our mind with
 its long, profiteering arms, those days,
 its shameless arms. Just like
 the same spacious bellies of
 the eyes! Which, relentless,
 endlessly digest
 the Things!

O, God, be agreeable, be childish
 and.. join us, who want
 to be! O, no, not beings but... *Three*! Creatures
 of dream, staggering together.
 Be with us, even if only for an instant.
 But... be, still, benevolent and
 lend us, at random, a
 moment of Yours. On whose stone forehead,
 etched with notches, broken by time
 one can still see, vague inklings of letters,

such as Te or Re or Ni, can you tell,
 a sort of possible mono-verb. Should it be
 that the much narrated *e-ter-ni-ty* is thus born?
 Everybody's laughing-stock?...
 Should it be so?...



II

What do I care, during some lengthy moments,
whether I am or am not,
when my burden seems to me
hardly bearable!...

But You, metal statues with
arrogant smiles – You, I'm carrying,
like noblemen of lore used to
mockingly carry their hawk
on their shoulder.

the cruel, dreaming, rapacious creature,
their god, at that time, minor and present,
fulfilling to the letter the cruel mission,
and, who knows, perhaps a necessary one!
Re-setting that sleepy equilibrium
of nature – ruthless mother.

When the silent bird falls down with a
single flap and muffled scream
upon the other.

Which shrugs together chilled and, behold,
freed of destiny. Serving, humbly,
almost benevolently,
the craving of fugitive gods. Of gods
on horseback.

Thus do You appear, sometimes, and who
would not recognize You. And only then
we, the human ones, *the ones below*, can sense
the need of a proper environment and

You are. At such moments, when
luck is lurking about.

And the huge, quick bird with
a shrill, strangled shriek,
falls down, as though for confession, and quickly,
upon our humble, fearing shape, although...
Everything, the scene, the cruel theatre and
other things, are nothing but details!
What matters is only *repetition* and *memory*.
Just like when you want to remember
that you are, you fall down like a
bird upon your own Past
and rip to shreds
with your crooked, hard beak,
its entrails kept there, do you still know,
for yourself and, why not, for
You. Oho,
Far larger birds,
trained for prey and for the theatre of
the Live. Between Eros and Fortuna,
those minor gods that never sleep
and it's simple: they do not, for they have no eyelids for
this kind of work.

No, life is not a hunting scene.
It is only an exercise
for another kind of scene or work,
or journey, or death, whose
meaning we still cannot discern very clearly.
Used to, or spoiled as we are by others, but
also by History – ours, Yours! –
to search everywhere for a meaning.
Moles in our corridors, who are
haunting in your footsteps. You lithe and
careless Gods; bearing your breed, like
Arab horses shake their manes,
like beauties' ankles arch

like light breaks, frightened, in
the crystals of lead.

Just like the father's severe
and imbecile glance softens,
contemplating his brood.
Sired, like that, pointlessly, waiting
to see if they strike luck,
if another, larger, invisible bird
might carry them off in its claws over blue seas
and silver deserts, humming with
unseen, industrious creatures.
The pensive, moist gaze of
the mighty Father. Himself
immortal.

Since he was not born free.
Oh, freedom, so, in general,
is made for us, the sterile,
the ones with no future. Those who invoke the Gods,
hoping they exist. That they have always been there and,
had we leant one moment earlier out of
the wide-open window of existence,
we would certainly have seen them, flying,
moving away with a slight, vague
flap. Or, at least,
we would have heard them.
That much. Just the noise of the their silent
fleeing, flying, like footsteps
taken in air.
That would have been all
and we would have been anyway content.
For a long time we still would have fed
on all these. On all these...



III

Oh, yes. I know you, wanton and
bending over the banisters,
over the abrupt, merry railings,
the clouds of your quaint Olympus
have polished.

Watching with poorly masked delight
That couple from live,
smiling nature: the cautious Faun
near his chubby nymph, holding
the infant with care, like a shield!
The child is sharp, already, and
his little shiny hoof is charming
the entire horizon...

Oho, You are recklessly bending, You,
stylish gentlemen, and you'd like for a moment,
how not – to be our contemporaries.

Of that, especially, of that motionless
couple. Closer, closer,
your scented breath cries out.

Faster, more quickly, more...

Once again! And, indeed, your breath
panting and your eyes goggled,
like vicious children, you watch the calm mating,
strong and quickly brought to an end,

as if, in that stirred-up interval
an old bet of the constellations

You're stepping on, with that insolence
of those born precociously

Or some error! But what a formidable
 inexhaustible kind of error! One of that kind.
 - You say it to One-another and give a thick peal
 of laughter, like plump and drunk publicans, yes,
 one of *those* that can
 raise real claims to old-fashioned,
 suspicious eternity...
 An eternity that shuns us
 only because

we are certainly moving too quickly, in a too
 inspired way. Where have we abandoned, at
 some humble road's edge, dissent,
 so fertile and calm?
 Wise, dreamy stupidity,
 immersed in Nature? Like the memory
 of that life we didn't live, but which,
 ambitiously follows us, like prey,
 in some dreams.

And You, creatures of soot and glass,
 arching conceited smiles, like
 Hephaestus arches iron – do You dream?
 Do You?!...
 You're dreaming of us, then... when You
 Imprudently bend, once again,
 like playful and sadistic children over the large
 autoroutes – over the same railings
 of Your possibility - not to be!
 But to reign! To finally govern!
 O, how long we've wanted it, dreamed of the
 forgotten tyranny back in Persepolis
 and Taurida! Dreamed of it we have, like
 maidens are often threaded in
 fluid erotic dreams...

Remember, your tired lordships,
 our honest, plebeian admiration, and

in exchange for your ample, pompous
 boredom! Let us, somehow,
 simply pant with admiration, that our
 one-hundred-percent proletarian, virile saliva
 may drip from our virile chins, worthy ploughmen
 of the unconscious; vassals of
 the tender invisible; utopians worth
 not a penny, because,
 royal, copious, bejewelled imagination
 is not, alas, our legacy in
 the notarial roll of the species!

Orphans doomed to Possibility,
 always prey to the same flat, visible
 probability – dear
 to indifferent relatives, we
 watch You in delight and with that
 emotion of the unknown already
 announced. And alive.

Bend down. We beg you, bend down, softly, slowly,
 your thin, metallic body which
 reflects the light just like
 the dense crystal in the heels of the angels!
 Softly, softly!
 Slowly, slowly!
 Calmly, and, especially don't give starts.
 Stifle, if you can,
 the genetic laughter. Full, vital,
 coarse, encouraging laughter. And if not, out of *it*,
 relieved, we shall build, finally a
 century of utterances and signs.
 Ultimate. Shaking. Real.



IV

Let's run together, shall
we? Pure gods. Let us
race, come, just as
Achilles and his friend
Patrocles did, in their shiny-wheeled chariots.
Hector and Paris, or, if you wish, again
Achilles, the swift-footed and that
turtle have raced! A bet, a race?
A purpose? But
who needs a purpose... only
for a mere race? A false competition.
A mere strain of the being, once and for
All. As though we were running
Towards the end of the world. Yes,
we, today's people, we, *the ones below*,
yes, we, these people, have this at the back of our
trimmed pates – what we haughtily
call – the end of the World!
And, for You, we think, this makes no
sense at all, since... the world, the world
we are talking about, hasn't even started yet,
or, simply is not, just like
a thought cannot be, as it buds,
quickly, insolently, in the mind of someone swirling
at another end of the sea.
Or of the mountain.
Or of the beach.
Or in the mind of the vulture with glaring feathers
And certainly shiny claws, virile, with lucid eyes.

Oh, and how lucid! Eyes that dig into the depths of the air, like they'll dig into the entrails of future preys. That continuously draw the rocking inventory of the relief through which we make our way with so much trouble. A column of sheer convicts, prisoners of an almost lost war.

Moving our boots, long or short, through the gluey, dominant mud of an absolute autumn.

Yes, let us run, if you wish,
let us race You, Gods,
who knows, maybe, in our panting effort,
like in the unchanging crystal of your movements,
some reward will come by - certain, dreamed-of!
And, maybe, the Purpose will show, as well!
That purpose You certainly do not need!
Like you, mocking Ones, we, too, have got
Hours when we can live apart from some
so-called purpose. Craving for the *gratuitous*, yes, we,
suddenly grown so gluttonous.
For, mind You, once more, the un-practical,
the *gratuitous* are, simply our noble
Prey!
And we, too, are running fairly, maybe like You, and, still,
not very fairly: for we're still hoping, deep,
in the folds of our childish memory,
that we find, at the very end of the race - there,
where to You there cannot exist any sort
of dimension, no kind of so-called end -
a Prey!
The prey, the promised game! Still - the purpose!
See, slaves as we are - we're owned by it, by the Purpose!
But... where, after all, has flown, has molten, has
fled like a coward that... do you remember, aesthetic,
dreamed-of, craved-for by all - *the gratuitous*?!

The un-necessary

the non-smelling; the non-palpable; the non-chubby; the ever non-smiling;
of the non-fearing!

Where has it flown, where has it fled
our Prey?

Yes, it's certain we're running in vain, and You,
vigorous and immaterial Creatures, smiling,
nimble moving your joints and
lithe, oblong muscles,
You, behold, have been running for an eternity.
Within yourselves.

Like inside a circle still so
big to our goggling eyes,
that it will certainly move blue billows and
flights of birds, millions, garrulous, as well as
other Gods, on completely other continents.
That only You can dream of.
Yes, oh, dream is, certainly, the only disease, Yours,
that we contaminated You with.
The dream of the possible of that which *cannot be*,
and not because *it is not*, but
because it still *could be* - somewhere!
In an obscure corner of what is not, true, but,
let us say it is in the interior, in the courtyard
of the famous race!
In its celestial circumference!

And, once more - come, let us run! Really!
Let us start. Let us laughingly shake the dust
off the miraculous coveted sandals of
the possible.
Our non-born brother.



V

What if, ha, ha, we died,
 together with you, august Gods?!
 You who possess, isn't it, this
 strange, exotic skill?
 Let's call it... habit... shall we?
 You often die, and, still, *are*,
 So that the rumour has been invented that
 you are, as they say - immortal!
 And we, yes, we, too, often repeat
 this many-syllabled word,
 although, like retarded children,
 do not even know what it serves *for*,
 or what it means.

Anyway, to us, *the ones below*,
 this would be a very suitable sort of
 training.

Remember, "we'd learn how to die"¹
 as the Poet teaches.
 We'd exercise, not Death, it,
 as we well know, does not exist,
 it is not. Just for others, the others,
 we utter its name, but... that, too, is false;
 for, where are these others... *the others*? However much
 I should point my view, I can't see them.
 True, I sometimes bump into *them*,
 as they say, but... could this be,

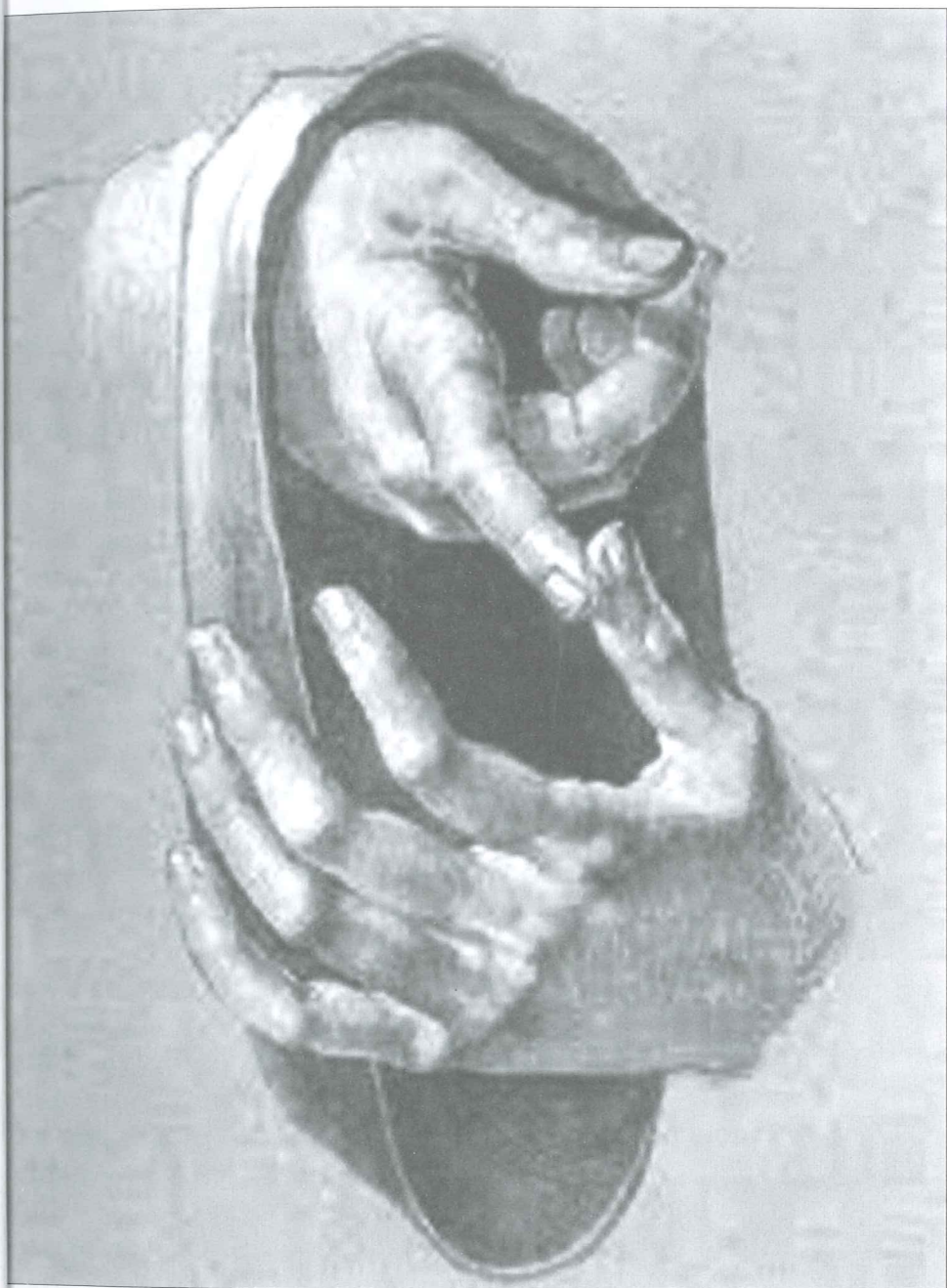
alone, some piece of evidence? For,
my flesh-wrought being bumps into
so many and many "objects":
gusts of wind, of sand,
birds that fall, real sunrises
at the shore of the sea. And, still,
they, the objects, don't live, don't sur-vive
in my poor conscience,
but for a moment, two moments.
Then, they die, as they say. So, they
have not been. Because only You
fiery Gods, do exist.
Being, even after you are no more.
More, oh, much more, and deeper,
vaster and sharper and more
strange than some... object in this
World. Oh, and not as an object, however... present it might be
however alive, however full of itself – no,
You are a need, so... You are!
A need, a deep craving, a... necessity,
as they say, which... cannot die!

In-mortal, then, in its being!
Who knows for sure, its only
attribute. But, wow, say no more!
And we, dying at least once, in Your
manly companionship,
comradeship,
will we, perchance, go down with
it – Your in-mortality?!
Since – even children know it! –
There are ailments which do us well, which
wait for us, cheer us, rest us,
revive us from every day's last.
And if, let us set things straight,
if your royal disease is not catching,
contagious, damaging, what not,
to our body – well, the spirit, oh, it,
vainglorious, as we know it, will fall down.

d, once more, gazing at ourselves in the mirror
it, of the spirit, its amazement, its joy
such an incredible kind of disease will
insmit to us – we'll "mirror" it, that is,
our turn. Finally, we have found out,
how and why mirrors were discovered:
the beach of God knows which ocean
lake. In the memory of
me cyclope or merry sailor, drowned
the vast continents of algae, or, who knows, maybe,
the memory of some lover we chased,
distractedly scoffed...

h, the mirrors, be cautious, even You,
ods, who cannot be reflected!
our very thought, the fugitive one,
the careless one, the one indifferently running like
short breeze of wind, hardly moving a leaf, or
haking, God knows, a weenie bird
n its thin twig. Yes,
ven this one thought, living
or one moment or two, can mirror you!...
Even mortal, pathetic as we are,
do we not often, thirstily, bend
down on the Thought?!
The one that should, alone, hold onto
our existence, our passing, our transient fruit
n so many years ripened. Onto so many days,
so many dear phantoms, and on
the hosts of smiles that met us,
once, at the end of a
day that never ended.

On a torture named *day*,
Time or *destiny*.
Or... *kiss!*...



VI

Oh, answer me You, oh,
clever Gods, how should I finally
get rid of myself. For an hour, a long day, for
a season – whichever! That I might somehow resemble You...
No, not for anything in the world do I want
to start anymore, like that, at the slightest pain; I don't
want to answer the first craving; I don't,
no I don't want to feel the delighting pleasure of
any flower's smell; or, say, of the silky
skin of my one and only love!
No, decidedly, I want to get out of the inferno
of those uplifting hours, certainly, of
harmonic colours and sounds,
I shall throw down, see, to the ground,
my beloved, much worshipped record with Schubert's
Impromptus! With all that binds me to

the other one, the one You say,
protects me, warns me, leads me "towards
what's right" – that monster who was born the
self-same second with me! The second
that should have belonged to me. Entirely to me alone!
Selfish, yes, I am, let us say, but... in your way!
Well... the one who wants to help me on a strange
path to happiness; as if,
yes-yes, as if I weren't happy, entire, since
the moment when, with a strange sensing organ, I saw you,
or... felt you? You birds, or miraculous creatures, stones

with thousands of veins and colours, vast stormy seas that are moving in the swinging heaven of all possibilities!

No, definitely, the old, so-called complicity with myself is straightforward boring me – of death, of life! Oh, how I'd like to unbind myself from it, from that old, tired, useless *myself*, as the soul lightly rises from the bodies stiffened with the amazement we call Death. Since, yes, there are amazements we cannot resist any longer... And... should this really be that *place* in the inferno so much spoken about?... The place of hesitation, terror of not being any more, when, You know it, *not to have been* is Your Sign! He, "my brother", You say, is helping me, but, meanwhile is hindering me. A terrible fact. He's helping me, maiming me, he

is feeding me, killing me, with the same hand. And... my vengeance, nurtured for many hours, is, yes, the trembling aspiration, maybe, to be a saint! Since unable to be a God. To be a saint, simply as a form of my final failure. Of my giving up that defiant vainglory that suits You as well as a shining armour! The renunciation, oh, no, not to the woman – Her I'm carrying in myself, caressing her, persuasively, with a thousand suave thoughts! No, simply renunciation to the pompousness of the person, inasmuch as this would help me understand what I am not allowed to: why, damn it, am I compelled, even doomed to tie any, but any cause at all, tiny as it might be, to an equivalent effect? To oppose, mind you, the good to the evil, and why this latter itself, has become... immortal? To wait, by all means, for the dark the night, after every day, and why should I often tremble at the

that, maybe, some day, this orb, our only star, might jump, you know, over the large, round eyelash of the horizon?

"Murder yourself, ha, ha!", you will tell me.

"Crush your unique body and... you'll be free from yourself! Ha, ha,

of *both of you*, as you say – of him who binds you, protects you, of him who humiliates you. To be a saint, mind you, my friend, is only

half of the way. Of the path.

Go, then, up to the end."

"But," will I answer still haughtily, "I don't want to go up to the end! Not in any case. All I

want is to stay on. Your way. Spitting upon my own pain which is not mine. Laughing at the countless, humming, sonorous temptations around, stirred up for *another one*! Indifferent to the fittest praises, craved-for in long, lonely hours. So, then, sterile to any vanity."

"What a pity", You'll say, champing Your lips with satisfaction – "you have come where you wanted! Midway – neither a man, like everybody else, nor a saint! Neither Spirit – nor God! Neither stone, nor path. Half a man, true, but half... a weird animal; ha, like the old Cerberi with steel fangs or the old, wise Centaurs. The Fauns and their nymphs – they, too, woe, half-girls, half-birds! They, too, related, perhaps, to deities of the fields, of waters, of the air and of the sea. Serfs and companions of the divine Neptune, from whom they come forth and into whom they all drown, our elder brother, Lord of the shell and the Wave, of the blinding quiver of waters and air which become brethren, the way an impetuous brother does with his sister, in a moment of drunkenness! Unbearable!"

"you are, yes, midway on your
Path. And here you'll remain, as if dead. And all
we can present you with is a... retreat! That of
our magnanimous commiseration with which, oh, you know,
we harbour those who think they are happy! Along with
their faith, their character, their gilded damnation. And,
as to you, we shall deify you as we did
with Lot's wife, the one who fled from the borough
where he had been alive: we shall turn you into stone! For you
to finally cast off, once and for all – no, not doubt,
but the envy of those who gaze upwards or
downwards, whichever! Or, ha, ha, into themselves... You shall be
decidedly be buried into yourself, finally widowed of
the other one who protected you, tempted you, warned you in time
and
tortured you with so many pleasures of the flesh and the
Spirit!
Alone, round with yourself, unaware of what you are! Freed
once more, by our pity, the only nobility that
we grant to humans. Those who are always dissatisfied
with that genuine aristocracy that stuck to their soles
at their unique birth.

A stone you shall be, over which every rise
of that unique aster will calmly polish
its first shiny sword. Vibrating.
Glory to Him!

February the 12th, 09



VII

(The First Crystal)

People, yes, have rather forgotten You,
noble princes, haughty Gods.
But, never mind, I, here,
in my corner, I, to say so,
hold Your "icon on my knees", like a
Russian Orthodox. Since You, yes,
You are the Founders!
The first crystal to which, then,
others added, stuck, welded,
co-crescent, adorned – hundreds and
hundreds! Worthy of You, or
not! That is, how should I put it – treacherous or
not!
It seems to me, though, at least,
how to say – somewhat odd! That you
should forget your parents. Or slander them.

Anyway, slander is preferable by far,
to speak as a merchant of the heart. Defamation of anyone,
is preferable to oblivion. Really! That you might forget, Sir, where
you come from, to stifle that live,
crystalline spring that murmurs in your
ancient, clean, historic brain,
alone. But, you idiot, I say,
where from, from what source will you drink,
thirsty and nauseous of all

the masquerade around, of the fair that
 pathetically imitates history, which, in its turn, imitates
 history again, and the latter imitates another! That is,
 blunter and blunter mirrors, more
 and more oxidized, hazy, more... modern!
 Mirrors that simply put out their tongue,
 that dance around you and then,
 as if drunk, around a dummy. Rigid,
 clumsy, not worth a penny, a dummy that laughs falsely, then
 cries, careful not to ruin its only, cheap mascara...

No, definitely, I remember you, slender silhouettes,
 fathers of our memory. The Founders!
 And the only visible parents of so many
 others, parents and forefathers who
 lost their faces, complexions, in the dust of history,
 of histories! You still are and
 I confess in my hours of
 fear, loneliness and drunkenness, I

yes, can see you and... I don't know how to say it,
 yes, I celebrate You! I sing to your praise, see, although,
 behold, my lyre rattles strange, and
 all sorts of individuals have danced
 on my eardrums. Un-recommendable, see!
 It's just that I'm ailing, like a madman, with
 A strange disease: that of *the first*
crystal! The one above which, let us
 say, there's nothing but the clouds, unseen and
 suspended seas, the stone colossi of
 memories, just like the forests of beacons
 of all the shipwrecked of time!
 Yes, *that far* do I dare sore, with
 my mind, my miserly time, with
 my borrowed haughtiness. That far up,
 up, far away, deep-deep and... long,
 long as the howl of a wolf astray in
 the corridors of his genealogy! You

I am calling, with my first rudimentary sounds, for you
 to understand me, to hear me! With
 my groans, violent hiccups and with
 straightforward repeated spasms; with real
 hysteria and trampling, with all sorts of
 grotesque dances, momentary
 wry faces and absolutely barbaric, unconvinced howls.
 Who will, none-the-less, mind me?
 A German I know said the other day that
 "dance is the utmost form of the Spirit". Well,
 then all I've got left is for me to
 dance for You, almighty,

omniscient and omnipresent Gods, since...
 Yes, I know: You'll be safe even after we –
 somehow regretfully, slowly cursing
 behind clenched teeth, like an incurable patient,
 thrown out of all institutions – after
 we are no more! After,
 ha, ha, this strange
 masquerade of the living has finally ceased! Not
 eluding fables and bawdy little stories,
 honourless women and sceptical philosophers, enrolled
 at who knows which canteen – in the neighbourhood, clearly...
 Yes, I shall dance for You, over my well-
 rarefied mane, I shall quickly set
 a wreath of myrtle, laurels, juniper or
 honeysuckle, of crow silk or simply
 of naïve willow leaves, the saver of so many
 drowned people and... I shall lift one leg! Then,
 the other. I'll jump, as they say, even
 if guffaws are heard around me:
 "Behold, here's another one! One of these... how
 do you call them, madmen, fruitcakes, nutcases, lunatics, as
 they say. A... raving one, truly!"

Yes, I accept, I am raving, but only on the path
 that leads to You, live, rigid, comprehensive silhouettes. To

NICOLAE BREBAN

You leads the road of return, with You
is the only memory, more alive even than
a funerary slab where there lie, side by side,
the man and the woman at their feasting table!

With You is the source, the unique spring, the first
crystal of the existence of that half of
mystery that I carry and which swaggers in
my poor body, like some ointment belonging to another...
borrowed or stolen, but dear,
since it holds me upright. It supports me
and onto it I bend my ear to understand
its murmur; without which, indeed,
I, the humble one could not live.

One day, one hour, a long, painful minute,
a night without You, my tutelary God,
always invented and vigorous, silky as a lyre and
rich as a vineyard in autumn, over which
a flock of sparrows are flying confused.
Those of our only life. Alive and
Unique.

February the 13th, 09



VIII

I might as well be a coward, since
I praise You and evoke You, and,
other, wiser people, only deny You,
Princes of the world, beneficent Gods.
But... what if I, in my erring, which is
somewhat ridiculous or bigoted, still hold my part
of... let's not call it truth, but
righteousness? A righteousness that's only mine –
the righteousness of the lonely man straying in another century
and
who stands against no one. Against those who somehow seem
arrogant, but, oho! I, too, hold my share of
arrogance! And how! Not necessarily the insolence
of having illustrious forefathers, oh, no,
that would be too little. But that of wanting, let's say, to
simply rebuild the world, from the outset, each time, when,
as it happens now, once more the great cracking of the
floors can be heard! Fierce blows in the "studs" and crosses
of the roof!

That is, if I somehow were a god in the vein
of Atlas or some other giant of the sort.
For... what will we do with all
this bejewelled desert called present, if
our perspective has for ever been stolen?
The scope of the being. The being, organic and sickly, so very
weak and stunted and, still, by a miracle, behold, it
becomes a pillar! Force of the wisdom. Light, purely and

sweeps the haughty Invisible, a bird that puts out its large wings over the grey, dizzying peaks, a silhouette more impressive than all the antique figures! A unique breath, which, nevertheless, makes terrible billows rise. And there, in that space, You, figures of metal are there, too, protecting, oh, no, not the World, but me... the individual! Awake, sleepy with genius, and looking down, once again; leaning, like before, on the banister of primeval myths, on the first start of the Spirit, always the purest, the most clairvoyant and virile, I, only I, beg of you, invoke you, shake you once more from the sleep in which history has laid you down, like in a luxurious coffin. I simply cannot understand the world, the visible and the picturesque, oh, the inflamed in-visible, so dominant, apparent, without Your help! The world of my phantasms leans on You, like the poor scraps of scribbled paper, lean

on an old House, on its caves and authority iron-wrought, gold-wrought. On your unique metal concreteness do we lean; like the Idea, it cannot rot. Just as Florentine Madonnas don't tire to hold the child and the finished, inert body. That Pieta, where the matrix is contemplating its Work that has offered itself and won. In time, but not only in that time, the time of the Kings, but also in space, that of the firm Invisible; that of the prodigious fogs of memory where simple values line up, just like those few figures that still speak to our time-flattened hearing. Perhaps in that virtual space of an ever reborn possibility, infused with our limpid blood, perfectly useless elsewhere! For otherwise where would we search

pride and the vast spaces where enormous masses of gas, stone and iron are moving and steaming? Where, without Them?

And, in no case should we dare to say: but what if They are not, but: "What if, without Them, We are not?"

Yes, we keep moving, at least so it seems to us, because our lives and their adventures do not have, anyway, a unique, set point, like the life and the fretting of a creature watched through a magnifying glass – it only exists as long as the flash of light blinds it. And sculpts it. But that poor set point and support is only our eye and it pulsates and moves as long as we forget death and the falling and saints that have

grown tired, sterile Madonnas or wars that have ceased before demonstrating their power and vainglory. Becoming slaughters.

Yes, I certainly am a coward, one of the most notorious ones. I'm scared every time that I lean on my own convictions and ligaments, although... not very heavily! Advice, like the tempting, deafening arguments of the wise, seem to me, I don't know, some sort of... meeting with an old friend that betrayed. O, no, it was not you he stole from or betrayed, nor is it himself, but that unique *time*, of an extraordinary coincidence of destinies, of a magnificent race together. Lacking purpose, entirely, out of that sheer pleasure only music can fill in for, to enter with *another*, who isn't you, the place, the space that only Gods can put out to you, a carpet stolen from Arabian tales. Maybe. And, so, behold, immortal Gods, the coward puts out his hand to you as well as his lean neck. Be, once again, only for me, as You were in Your days of triumph: childish and rough, cynical as children and sparrows blinded with light are, polished and

NICOLAE BREBAN

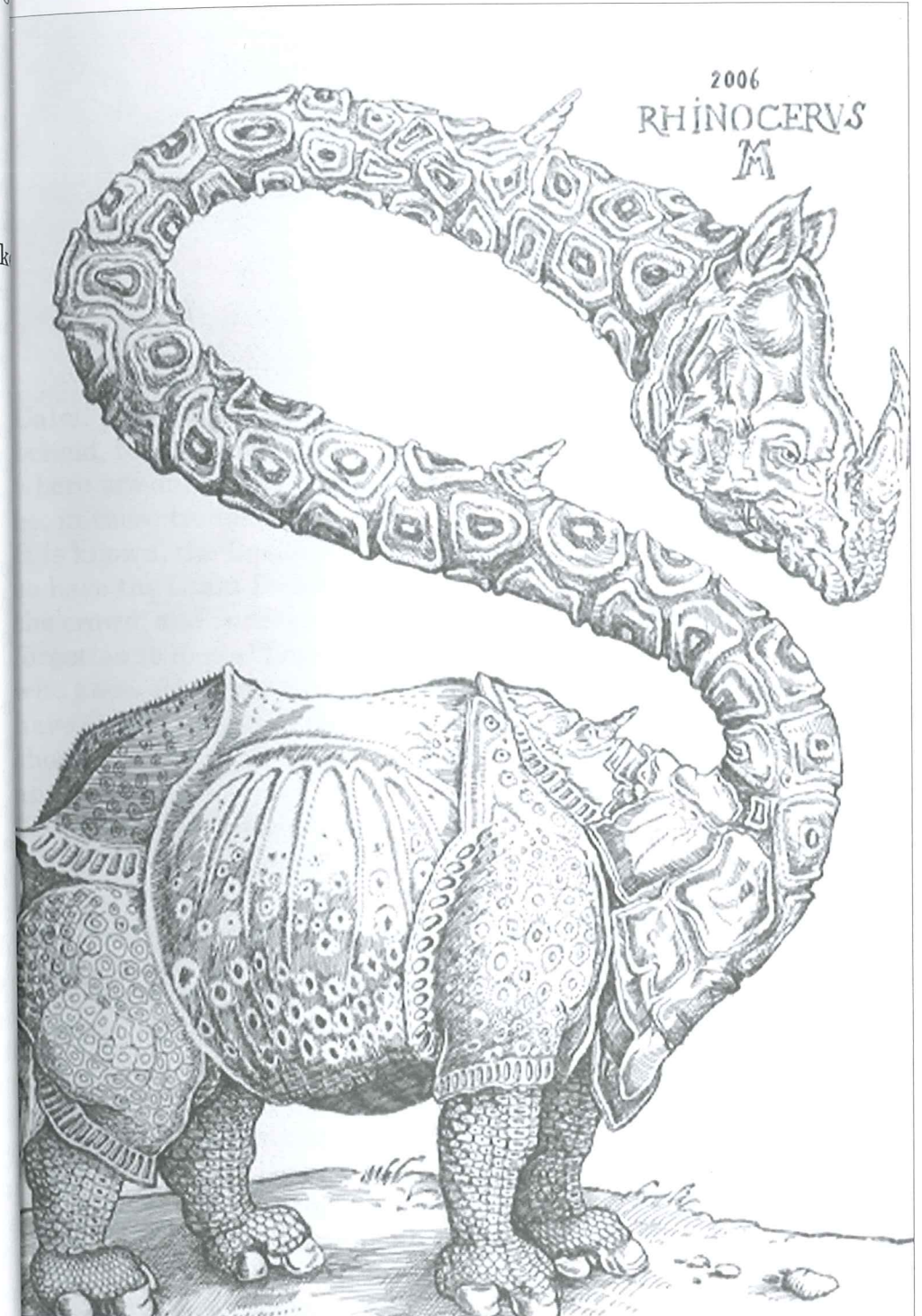
like the nimble spirit of prophets, swiftly moving through the fog of centuries, without the lead in our bones. Daring with no wrath, decided with no prejudice and lonely, yes, lonely and lacking the bitterness which pulverizes our days! Noble, certainly, when you draw Your bodies in, close to us, to us, who are not Your creation, but the consequence of a way of being. Lik

one often ignores which of the poor offspring, come forth from a long lineage of flesh, will fulfil the Dream, that dream hardly whispered, mumbled, once, for fear of Gods, of course...

I invoke You and, lo, pull You unto me, unto the crown of my head and, meanwhile, pull over all nature a rigid net, through which stars, only stars can take up really epical shapes: those of the Bear or the Virgo, the Chariot spinning around its axis, or the great Orion, flying over the oceans!

I will once more have the courage, awaiting under Your shield, to look up to, or, who knows, aside from the hand that is writing and through which there pours the over-brimming, steaming oil that was spent at my happy birth. A presence hardly believable without Your known acknowledgement, presence, You, scales of the World, without whom it might have been a birth like any other. Lacking and definitely orphaned of the gliding flight of Orion! Lacking, as well, the vital Ghost of the Father, who vigorously scolds us in sleep, discovering, Himself, in the false territory of Death, the summoning!

That of God of what's living. Of beginning of celestial sign and Destiny. Of rough frontier of the brimless. Loneliness, oh, finally!



IX

Calm, wise Gods, I call You,
behold, to judgement. But, I ask You,
where are our judges? Who should they
be, in these troubled times?
It is known, the Basilees have died,
so have the Great Priests, the Prophets are lost in
the crowd; and children – precocious children – have
forgotten to dance! Logicians, those
who know the connections and principles,
have simply forgotten their science, its germs that
should, as always, be nothing else but Poetry! When it states, firm
and serene:

*"The bough is shaking, my love, in front
Of the moon – so I love you!"*

No, the cause is not another one and the effect is sure,
the magnificent consequence! And the tie between
them – unknown. So much the more durable!
And here, You, gods, certainly are in
guilt. Accept it. Take it upon Yourselves. Be like
in the glorious days, when, eyes down to the
ground, we hardly recognized You. At that time
blinded, since this is our way of swaying
from one side to the other...
and, installed in the *curul*-chair of the justice
of peace, let us confidently wait for
them, the Judges, as well. And we will be able to do this

Sacerdotes or... Haroun-al-Rashid, the caliph,
 hiding in the crowd, allowing the Fool
 to take one-day decisions. Who is to
 judge our passions, as well as the errors that we
 protect more fiercely than we protect our woman and
 children. Because, we shout, sins are
 ours and cannot go wrong – like any
 possession or property. For we no longer
 believe in *blood*, but in that fortune
 that quickly slips through our white,
 stiff fingers, stuck to the wood of the coffin. We no longer
 believe in *earth*, but in gold, although,
 it is known, gold wanders more quickly
 than the youngest and flightiest courtesan...

Behold, we are all here again. Staying in
 a circle and waiting for the real
 Judges. And their task will be difficult,
 deprived, as they'll be, for sure, of those divine and
 clairvoyant prophets who dive
 their hands into the entrails and moving liver of
 the still throbbing victim; or lift
 their eyes to the vulture that circles under the height of the dome
 seeming to write in its blue – signs! Like
 other signs, they mean a thing and its opposite,
 their enemy. For, once more, we are
 doomed to ambiguity, and if the Gods
 are our friends, they will stifle
 their laughter with difficulty. A Homeric one, they say! They say
 they say...

Then, let us wait, They will certainly come.
 And this certitude, the belief they are coming,
 unites us once more. Childish, haughty Gods.
 We'll be, like once, on the peaks. Together,
 In the Myth that has made us, o, not possible, but,
 yes-yes, recognizable.

So that, from however far we should arrive,

our folks, should still be able
 to recognize us. Love, whichever love, the
 fastest, the most clear-sighted love, isn't, I wonder,
 after all, recognition? The love
 for the friend, for the Father and its august Pair, of
 the lover, of course – of the ex-, of the future or of the one
 always destined to the stranger or our brother. Maybe

dead already, since her youth, since the time when she was
 fingering,
 in her turn, with thoughtful and thin
 fingers – the pearls of her incredible years. Frightened
 of her own, pulsating candour...

Let them come, then, the true Judges;
 we are waiting for them, and even in this hard
 expectation, we recognize our right
 to be judged and scolded, but only by
 them, the true ones! Tired as we are of
 so many "messengers", false prophets or...
 judges! Of so many false roads,
 purposes, ideals and slaughters. As it
 seems, what binds us together is no longer blood or the beautiful,
 the royal superstition of the Family, but
 the Gold, that changeling, the tragic one,
 since it is faithful to no one. Its secret
 Being is the glimmer above – nothing more real, nothing
 more slippery, colder, or more fugitive. Precisely we, who
 believed in all that opposes
 time and the wrath of days!
 Come, Judges, we and our Gods, those still
 faithful to us, are awaiting
 and, behold, offering ourselves. A sacrifice like any other, but
 mind you – on that altar where entrails are shown,
 tokens themselves, we, too, are staying, ghosts of faith!
 Firm ghosts of a way of being! And, I assure you,
 you won't get rid of us, even if, once more,
 history inspires in you that fear that is only

NICOLAE BREBAN

in their Court, surrounded by monsters, is only
a form of prudence. Maybe, of memory! As well as
of that *what if!* of the eternal possible. There,
where the puniest of them, whimsical
Fortuna or insolent Eros are, anyway,
denied access. Or, if they may enter, they'll quickly
be banished with laughs and loud hooting.
Of the colloquial kind.

We are here, and, awaiting you, seem
once more to be, or, who knows, we finally are heroes! Of
a faith, but not in You, gods and Judges, but
in Time! And not only in that time of ours, destined
to us, apt to soak the bones of our nature and
the interstices of all our errors – committed with deed,
knowledge or lack of knowledge, saving ourselves
once more.

Time - nobody's child, prone to play. Wasting itself
infinitely in the narrow space of existence.
mouth of the destiny, hungry for sacrifice. Seal
of our apparent death...
Brother, of course, of the eternal Living.

February the 16th, 09



X

Oh, Gods, I confess, I am
diseased – no, not by some lover, or
the century, or the parents who
forgot me, yes, forgot me – by dying! No, not even by
the Muses, by Gold, by the pleasures which
the latter, like Proteus, grants us
under so many masks!... No, I simply am diseased
by your *non-existence*, as a Fool
would put it! For, I tell you, a cretin as I became, at
the end of a life paved
with hidden groans and victories, one more fatal than
the other, and I know, I definitely know You are not the Myth,
however
resplendent, royal, it might be! I, in my rigid
and strict sparseness of destiny, simply
extract you from *there*, as a famous
surgeon or obstetrician knows how to
remove, separate, break loose from ligaments and fibres

what hardly is meant *to be*! For,
no, not the universe and my round
existence – in fact, a cage where a
sagacious squirrel continuously creates the impression
that spares movement! – no, all this would not
be what they seem to be without You! My hardly
studied, barely observable disease is,
in fact, the terror of poverty, of the warm misery,
as of the firm absurdity of the Self, of what
seems to surround us with so many laws and

tumultuous phenomena, without You! Is there really nobody, no one at all to have noticed You were missing?!... Explaining, thus, oh, not a few errors! – no, but fake lives, fake ideals, wars and false friendships, swift races, as many fake and splendid sunrises, fake, oh, fake lovers and a host of fake memories. Signed in blood!

In my infinite youth, I admit, I nurtured one single and repeated envy – for those madmen, quickly isolated, but vigorous, capable of fanaticism! I'd need, not and *here*, this *tool* only to convince you that I *am*! Only then, having the right and the natural insolence to invoke you, to call you out loud, to summon you, to ask you near, to listen to you and... why not, to provoke you! In our jubilation, oh, Gods, sensible, protecting.

Yes, why not, I admit I am diseased by the most hideous and redeeming disease – *the disease of gods*! I had a relapse, with all my weapons and shields, with my sciences and swords made shiny in not a few bloody disputes, in that dreamy state of a shy and always kind, smiling cretin. Of a downright and lonely *fool*, one who, stripping himself, does it for his fun and to nobody's good! Maybe... only to be alone. Oh, no, not out of craving for so-called loneliness, or out of the respectable craving for truth, but... out of the never-confessable craving for my own self! For him who could have been, if he had had – or if he simply had! – the courage to finally call You! To feel You, to *know* You! To claim You, out, loud and to relentlessly invoke You, to always feel You over

its cage. Living through strange dawns, in which it is not the sun, the blinding star, that moves and rises, but terra, the earth, like a huge platter, that bends, breaks, falls crushes and sinks with us all, inhabitants of the visible.

But, You tell me, whom should I complain to, after All? What doctor should I run to, so as to allegedly heal, when only now, oh, no, not because of going down with disease and dying, bit by bit, *I myself* seeing that with my eyes – with your eyes, with those of the people around! – no, only now, because of healing from a disease that resembles nothing, staggering, do I recognize, did I discern, on my unique bough, between disease and a vigorous, putrid health; between science and the comfortable, light, re-gained state of a smiling cretin, in his way harmless! Glad only to be able to continue, awake, among you, his count-less coloured dreams! You, simple mortals, apparently, like myself...

No, the Gods, our friends and tutors, shields of the existence, fixed stars, offering us so many dawns over a world that becomes then barely supportable! Almost dignified. Re-set into its hinges, door-frames, meaning. Rustling loudly enough, with which we can again begin to be, to feed as we should and, who knows, to maybe start believing. An existence worth singing, narrating. By another Homer, by another tragic and comic poet, by another live witness, who will charge himself with the hard-to-digest burden of Genius. Of that giant we're waiting for, to lift us lightly and firmly, from this huge platter, from

NICOLAE BREBAN

that has strangely, grown familiar!...
Among fauns and sleepy nymphs,
sheltered by as many transparent brooks,
rubbing ourselves lazily against the bark of who knows which
cedar or
sycamore, sycamore maple or hazel-nut tree, naïve and fertile,
contemplating
endlessly lithe rainbows and the flight
of some black swallow, that intersects
all possible circles. Pressing, nevertheless, the knuckle
of a being who leans over our soul, only then
discovered, un-buried, invented.

Re-found and in-chanted, himself a fanatic of
charm and careless laughter, a relative, our soul,
of the kings in Arabian fairy-tales; there, far-away,
nearby, where the lofty step, the quick
flight and scholarly lie are the only,
always miraculous drugs, ha, ha!,
for a sonorous, seething life, whose merit –
its only one! - is not to be!

February the 17th, 09



XI

If I was born in a cursed
century of riots – then, mind you,
I, too, have the right to a
Riot of my own – which is that of
the Gods! Yes, I affirm, Gods exist, this
is my pure and simple denial of
the senses, of the so-called
Reality. No, definitely, this and
these are not made for Me. They
are not enough, they don't fit me.
Another tailor, it seems, has taken, I
do not know when, my measures!

And if my hesitant and labyrinthical
youth has not done it, behold,
the senescence where I drown, as another
gift of Theirs, of the Omnipotent,
whispers to me and gives me the force to
call their names. They exist, they logically are,
although they do so according to a logic of my fantasies.
A rigorous and necessary one! Fit for
one single person and, finally, behold,
my loneliness becomes an ample throne, a
throne of real possibility. And,
suddenly, the empty, grey sky, dried with
so many disjunctions and scholarly paradoxes, grows
populated, becoming real. Within, of course,

my painful and lengthy perplexity of being in a world of the visible, which is so narrow and flattened between deplorable causes and effects. Huge and tyrannical, stifling us, insistently, the Poetic and the Live. The Live only allotted to the one who refuses to die before his time, *the Live* of him who was born to meet Them.

I ignore whose Live, maybe those of the blissful Francis, who chattered away with the birds in that little village, Bevania, near Assisi... Maybe *the Live* of Origenes or Tertullianus, the one who blindly trusted his own logic, ha, ha, certainly absurd to us, for it is in clear contradiction with our own absurd!

And... the *live* of that swarthy, shy, violent face, that enthroned the figure 33 on the pedestal of a way of being, helping an empire discharge itself of its huge grandeur! Becoming the hero of another Possibility, always talking to us of love, but not that of the flesh or the blood, but of him whom a blind accident has seated near You. For aye, thus, becoming the concrete, the thing that must be defeated. Or, protected. And, as since for two millennia or so we have kept trying to understand, to follow this Joshua, son of the carpenter, and still do not manage to do so, not by a fourth, or we do as cruel and boisterous children do, use a new tool for old, alien purposes, thus we remain proud to be faithful to the small, old gods. Always sententiously invoking another One, the last one always muted and betrayed. Or, to dive even deeper, searching for

by chance, Apollo, the one who amiably chattered away with the childish, productive and, of course, ingenious Muses. Or, rather, Dionysus, that god of future modernity, the prophet of clairvoyant drunkenness, of debauchery, of frantic dancing and music. The new barbarian under whose pressure, no, not us, but our entire round surroundings, dry, grey and dead as they are, come to life: buds bursting in colours; overwhelming green, running in the fields, waters, birds and air starting to move, amazed, seeming to come, to arrive from far-away exotic countries, to re-start the absurd and vigorous, terribly fertile dance of Creation. Whose sons we have become ourselves, strong and balanced, as long as we don't understand! Knowing, foreseeing that a certain, new, *non-understanding* is perhaps our unique chance or source of any future vitality. Which we will leave behind, like a last thesaurus, to those who come, in processions. The non-understanding of what is nothing but the wisdom and despair of those who have reached the end of their knowledge and, who, we can see it, are re-gaining their courage! Not of another kind or, who knows, still, maybe of another kind than the courage that once helped them understand... as they say! The ones who will not back up in front of a new loneliness gaping, in front of the ridiculous and in front of the bleeding wound of vanity. So as to wreck, ourselves, happily, in a real that adorns itself not as much with existence, but rather with the poetic vibration of the instinct...

We shall, certainly, be a small, new host, an army of non-believers, of pagans of the live and dense air, of the columns that sustain a warm air, our accomplice, an un-seen world, terribly near, creating infinite spaces. For those desperate of what they see, feel, hear and remember. Absolutely poor and astray in a structure...

our lucky birth. And endlessly jealous, out of mysterious reasons...

And then we are calling to You, o, Gods and not for You to make us understand. We only want to *be*, not to know at all costs. We treasure the live, and Dionysus, the barbarian, the benefactor of a far too familiar world, far too tired, far too discouraged, falsely aged. And he is certain to re-invigorate us again, arriving with his noisy train of careless people, drunk with the frenzy of another Nature, that which

has, behold, penetrated into the interstices of our blood, when once we had the courage or the recklessness of a gratuitous act. Of an idea totally unfit for the prime necessity, of a fact that our dreamy instinct has embraced. That deep drive that makes, dares pour into verse, dances on the table of the dry reasonable and starts up, as though an unknown comet had appeared, when the sun rises, on its invisible bearings, above the sea, where, we feel it, billions of coloured, strident creatures and virtualities are hiding.

Of the mother-sea, that calmly throbs at our feet. Limit of the boundless. Place of the false land, hospitable country of the trust in their, the Gods' present, the present of them who resemble us. Let us

simply take them by the hand, seat them on the throne of a sacred habit – that of the undeniable joy to have been born.

Under the shield of Their invincible naivety. And which will surely help us once more.

Once more!

XII

Come, oh, accomplice and invincible Gods, come to the triumph of Me! The only runner in a lifetime's race. And this one self, gentlemanly as I'd like to be, in some fugacious mirrors – I'm presenting You with! It is Your triumph, come, o, no, not too late, but exactly in time: then, when You're needed, although no one has foreseen this... Dictators, o, numerous, lately, and some of them lacking a notable vocation, have simply brought our senses to atrophy. The occult senses, and, true, the ones only seldom necessary – when we are, effectively, in danger. Like the presage of what has always been one of those rare odours or twisted thoughts, upside-down memories or, simply, reflexes of a decided self-destruction. Noble,

always, when we were on the peaks; yes-yes, on *the peaks below*, abysses, as well as on the ones *above*, as attractive and un-bearable. There where You Yourself have Your shelter. Whence, finally, I invite You to descend, to celebrate the invisible feast of the mute and ineffable grandiose that rises like a continent, from the boiling waters of the ocean. A reality that

human adaptability, so glorified by almost all the historians of the present. Oh, of course a totally different present than the one inscribed on you resplendent shields. Eternal itself in its effigy and more blinding than the Medusa's eyes. A present which, diligently, we belittle with a good instinct of our glum sur-vival...

Come, yes, oh, Gods, descend together with Your Present, giving us, left and right, warm hand-waves, with fluid, electric mantles and smiles, dispelling bewilderments that always seem acted with great, real gentlemen, but which acutely warm our hearts. Gentle bewilderments, smiles and promises, with no words, but, resembling those signs of certain recognition among those who had thought they were lost, forever forgotten in the most profound layers of memory, of the being.

"Behold, I shall now rise and return to my father!", says the son lost among swine, remembering not his Father, but himself! Thus will You rise from the fogs of history, from the grey mediocrity of time, from the long a-vitality of the species, in order *to descend* – and not *to rise* (to You, nimble Gods, our verbs don't mean much!) – to your Father. Who, if I'm not wrong, is another chronos – certainly our present. Pressed by what seems to us the past, perpetually threatened by a sort of uncertain future, like some people don't manage to break up, although they said all that was theirs to say... and threatened by another continuous present, incapable, in its turn, like a childwife who underwent abortion, to make a doubtless promise!... Even if it were erroneous! We have come to be afraid not only of the old Truth but of error as well! See, I told you so

animated, sustained but also exhausted beings of clear crystal, like Tiresias, Cassandra, Socrates and Jesus, the live one, Savonarola, the dark one, or Ignatius of Loyola, the one who Dared weigh the Sin! As if he, Sin, *had* really *been!* And centuries haunt us, so bitter is any pre-sentiment of some Prophet. Like it or not...

Come, let us celebrate, rejoice, if we still have the genius and insolence of a Dionysus, your witty companion, who has raised, once more, they say, the temple of Apollo. Oh, no, not the one in Delphos, but another one, perhaps the one in our ear, Orpheus' ear! Or the strong and immaculate temple of the utopia to be together with You, amidst all the billows of so many shiny necessities, which, like dolphins, strike the waters of the present and quickly, maliciously disappear.

Dionysus, the wandering candidate who helps us find You again, because all he did was to search for a homeland, not lost, but sent out, simply, pushed *forwards* in time! In the time and the place where he was hoping to arrive himself, alive and armed and, indeed, time, by nature fugacious and the place that always changed heard him and breathlessly seem to have arrived to the strange, firm meeting. Like gorgeous hounds which not seldom make up for the rush and clumsiness of the hunter!... Can you still say that time doesn't obey our chainless fantasy? Or that space is cheating, like a petty trader, frightened in one of the bazaars of our present world?

Come, I hurriedly invoke You, invite You to dance together over the corpses of our old ideas, the ones that, as the enlightened blind man

Come, blend Your silhouettes with our hasty
 shadows, not lesser by far, but, lo, we
 have learned to even laugh at the dangers
 of our own nature, like at the precocity of our
 offspring, shielding them from the unique fright of
 that splitting of sexes that bears the grave,
 the first piece of amazement! Let us have the courage to be
 immortal in all the infinitude of the existence that
 swiftly unfolds in its vertiginous fall towards
 being – like a woman who knows her power and
 largely offers, without hurting.

Come once more, we'll be with You and shall
 proudly rejoice in our triumph! History
 itself, like in Odysseus' time, will reach,
 breathlessly, the meeting point – the one
 that You Yourself have thrown forward, like
 the nimble shepherd David did with his quick sling.
 He, himself, Time, would... stagger, simply, if
 he didn't reach, weren't *there* – where You command him, where
 You

send him "along a hunting cry", as
 a friend said. He himself, time, finally friendly, and
 we, being *there*. And we'll rejoice; so much power, so much
 genius do we still have of the past centuries...

We shall dance and watch You and, in this simple
 contemplation, You will rise on tiptoes, self-
 admiring. With that serenity of
 any adolescent who knows that through
 his pure body, his daring gaze,
 he makes an invaluable present to the world.
 So thirsty of the beautiful!
 So tired of itself...

Summary

I/	11
II/	17
III/	23
IV/	29
V/	35
VI/	41
VII (The First Crystal)/	47
VIII /	53
IX/	59
X/	65
XI/	71
XII/	75

