

Eva COSAC

CONNECTARTS
NOTE

The child laughs:
“My wisdom and love is play!”
(Lucian Blaga – “Three Faces”)

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you drink and eat and drink and eat oops you fall
you come back oops you get up you sit down and I sleep
you sing cry what stays between us
you want me to do it why why why
I shall not be able to part my arms from my sides
this warm goo will grow cold
if I my legs are being pulled I am allowed to scream
if you don't hold me inside you I shall scream for the entire journey
what do you mean
where do I start and where is the end
my head is out I am starting to scream
the voice I have the voice I have
hold me why do you let go
the two of us girls eat and drink and oops we fall
oh the way we fall asleep
I am nothing
you are a wonder
It looks like a little frog
wow why the wow

rug of silkworms my knees sweetly smushed
foamy bitter lint
my soft box climb in with me
there is a corner that will suck us up into the blue soft darkness
put on the top cover it smells so good my home smells like this
the doorknob has mashed brown filth inside I shall pluck it out
my dresses for my wedding with the doctor
this rabbit you're pressing on until it cries will turn to face you,
so shall the man in the picture walking towards the mountain
I only press from time to time to remind myself how scary it is
I shall bathe in this golden nail polish and I shall be allowed
to cut off these glittering bracelets of water in my room after our moving

what can I do, how should I act such that she may never suffer? is that even possible?

they touched me by mistake with the scalpel on the left or right side of my head
a room with curtains through which light came in very softly

I sleep in the middle of the bed, my mother holding a mirror in front of my face
the mirror steams up, mother goes to sleep

father lifts me up in a cardboard box in front of the mirror

when he falls asleep I cover his entire body in marker drawings and put
big flower hair clips in his hair

he has stuff to do later

from the cable care I see white

we go back to the hotel where I can take my pill

we shall come back and I shall play with my shovels in the snow

father yells and my pill lands on the floor

I wish I could watch my hands and have fun

it feels so good running down the hallway with a pink toothbrush and a barbie towel yelling
help me turn the light on

tell me something nice

pink rose covered in glitter

you still find it pretty you still love me

but no

it isn't possible

why would anyone want to watch my hand
to carress my face
to protect me and turn around when I take my shirt off
why wouldn't they want to find me on the ground dirty covered in mud
if only I could be a very wounded small animal
soundless
only babies deserve to be held
and kissed all over their faces

I wish I had eaten cheese and tomatoes more than once while you were calling for me
You used to say it is nice to lift your pencil at all from the sheet when handwriting
I was so scared when I heard you weeping that night
I only found out in the end and wanted to puke

my family together for christmas
things started to come together as the ornaments were torn apart
the huge shattered globes santa in a gruesome voice
my show in the living room
for new year's eve I set the last table
a very thin layer of sugar on top of the puss
a very wounded small animal
soundless

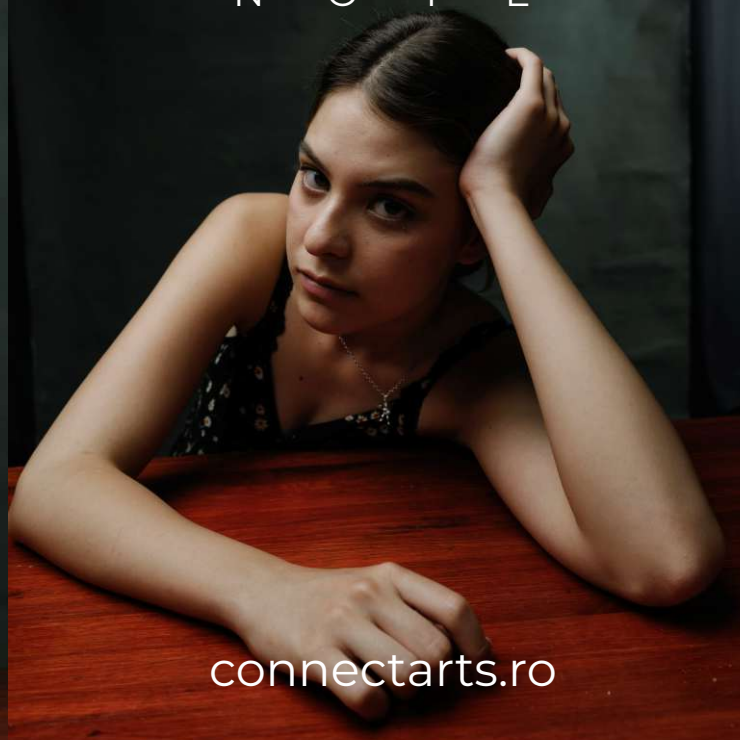
a car that shattered me a violent water a bad man
and everything moving as it used to
you are the only one who will cry and this is enough for me
why can't I struggle when we say goodbye
that spring I was abandoned just the same
how are we going to fall asleep mother
if I cannot stay
three hundred flashy sunbeams
the house is silent
the grass under the swimming pool in the garden will rot
while we scream in the water covered under the shade
and I shall sink in laughter



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