

A close-up portrait of a man with dark hair and a light beard, wearing a white button-down shirt. He is holding a red and yellow striped apple in his left hand and a sharp knife in his right hand, peeling the apple. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is dark, and the lighting is dramatic, highlighting his face and the apple.

Mihai IVAȘCU

CONNECTARTS  
NOTE

The young man sings:  
“My play and wisdom is love!”  
(Lucian Blaga – “Three Faces”)

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NOTE

in love you can be  
anything  
dogs on leaota  
sniffing ice to ease hunger  
the eyelid of the afternoon  
the temple leaning against radiance  
the pulse of a field  
farther and farther from the road  
the summer sleep of the grape  
the crazy woman in town sitting on a chair in  
the market  
the raw sand  
and death

I am always another  
at their weddings  
and never the other  
I can always be  
and I am never like that  
as if I were giving birth to my mother  
as if I were blowing candles for a wake.

somebody knocks at the door  
somebody else answers  
somebody jumps out the window  
and rain washes away their mark before it may  
even show  
somebody kisses  
somebody else curls up inside themselves  
until they fall  
and somebody passes by  
like a diabetic  
passing by capșa candy shop  
somebody goes away  
and nobody stays

I listen to your womb  
and I imagine  
fellini's anita  
bathing  
I bite your wild red hair  
to see how being shot in the mouth  
would look on me  
I write snow to hang by your neck

instead of the children I cannot give you  
the beauty of backwards footsteps  
whose soles were lost in the reflux  
I was there I can swear to it I saw  
I was naked and drunk with hemlock  
I was looking for a witness

repeat  
repeat  
repeat  
someday it will be for the last time  
hopefully not the first  
and maybe not tomorrow  
the escort leaves the seine lit  
out of pity  
for customers coming home  
nauseating on a night flight  
your silk garment  
feels like a butterfly on a wound  
like a lip touching water  
like a blind man asleep  
floating on his back

look at me  
I am here  
holding your hand in one hand  
waving at you with the other  
from across the street  
cross it now  
and we shall grow old together  
unhappy and alone  
stay on your way with me  
and we shall never meet



the couple we would all have as guest  
steps out of a passat and enters a mega supermarket  
when their hands touch  
on the upper shelf  
on the most expensive rosé bottle  
rest assured that their gazes meet on a creative level  
a squib  
hand-held three minutes and forty three seconds  
european documentary on nothing  
directed by a cambodian woman  
won an oscar  
the flash of the first date  
his screaming in her ear if she knew where the bathroom in el comandante was  
and tickled her with his freshly barber shop razor trimmed beard  
her in between a depression and a bouvoir phase  
  
she promised herself not to let go of this one despite of his objectifying her  
the poetry of the moment outweighed academic expectations  
so unexpectedly lacking a thesis  
it rejuvenated the very tissue of their liver unlocked their wedding vows  
and gifted them polyamory instead of adultery  
  
the couple we would all have as guest  
would leave their child home



with her italian bound  
modern slave grandmother  
who came up with the reasonably acclaimed idea  
of calling the little one by the unique name sara clara alexia  
and signing her up for multiple summer school options  
such as theatre hebrew english creative writing  
for personal development  
empathy  
and emotional intelligence stimulation  
and for ultimately inheriting  
more than her mother's genes  
before her flyer advertised career as a TV hostess  
  
the couple we would all have as guest  
share their efforts to work on their relationship  
in a non violent environment  
where the elderly reach one hundred years of age and girls give birth after college and erasmus  
grants when they are twenty seven  
not raped in a grove  
people go twice a week for kangoo-jumps on madonna remixes  
and hypertensively enjoy the benefits of flexible work schedules  
team spirit young coworkers meal vouchers growth possibilities  
words that ask nobody anything as there is nothing left to give

commercials for life insurances valedictorian the final bell  
we live for the moment actively listen practice diafragmatic laughter  
you show your gums we have frozen our eggs  
you are lost among mortgages

the couple we would all have as guest  
feeds on risotto cheesecake viscri style slow-food  
at night they read together in their twin beds  
women's magazines  
targeted at both women  
and men  
and wish each other good night shrouded in lavender scent  
after profitably wasting themselves online  
after putting on a drop of roche-posay like connoisseurs  
of course she doesn't need to but it's wiser  
to prevent than to treat  
this is why they have separate bathrooms  
and share a lover

the couple we would all have as guest  
asks if they should take their shoes off and if you say no  
they take their shoes off and put on slippers brought from home  
they only want to tell you  
about what they have been doing



what they like on netflix  
what urban festival they attended  
what cool pitch they have on Sunday  
what an innovative blog they are writing  
how their folks are ok-ish  
how many years since they last made up they celebrate  
on a sky bar where people order in a theatrical fashion  
drinks one would normally refrain from naming in front of strangers  
and from where the world is to be admired like a window shop  
despite the wish for a pogo  
one only gets a glimpse at the world  
limited by the neck-shoulder curve  
moths galloping dramatically towards the red hot light bulb  
that will bring no satisfaction  
post synch immune half chances  
serialized haute-couture systems  
nine buttons one coin the first jukebox down the hall  
your dreams  
choose  
the couple we would all want as guest  
drinks to our health  
from an empty glass  
bottoms up



I work on myself on a daily basis  
because nobody fancies a *loser*  
enlarged liver life hanging  
like a cora hypermarket bag from a fence featuring a political poster  
next to dog shit  
and an almond tree rising innocently in search of forgiveness towards the sky

today I am working on the chapter about guilt  
in this one I must have been 4  
jeans bought from the almighty mall  
semolina spots on a khaki flannel shirt and a both ends bow widened zipper  
small duckfaced cap with a beak brim white socks not reaching the ankle from underneath my  
velcro shoe  
I had just returned from the wake of an aunt who had died at home  
ripped apart by her dogs alina and rex  
I was at the mall with mommy and daddy and we had gone into diverta shop but everything  
was expensive  
from steven segal staying at Inter to shoot a razzie  
to the cleaning lady who kept to herself the juiciest leftovers on her way to the toilet  
the moussed up high school kids the belly button girls the hordes of reporters  
evenimentul zilei cotidianul jurnalul național adevărul libertatea românia liberă  
we all ate spicy chicken wings and brainlessly smiled at each other

at a certain point my folks let me play in the tubes  
with all the nets and red yellow and blue balls where not surprisingly  
there was screaming like in a concentration camp  
it was there that I met love out of guilt  
hypersensitive and malicious  
an ad for funeral services  
*come a little closer*  
on the walls of the tube breached tunnel  
I overcame some sort of capitalism  
It was as if I had been crawling  
my hands covering my ears  
I wanted to get to the cage where the balls were  
I would have plunged inside  
I would have stuck my fingers in plastic to bruise my cuticles  
and sucked on my finger bursting with bacteria  
mother would have said *hey what's that in your mouth come let me wipe you clean*  
but no  
I would have done all that is to be done in the ball cage  
not to frighten the children  
I would have gone too far with my poker face  
one could have sworn I was there  
crying out of being spoiled or too deeply

tied to  
the hunched back of the moment  
but no  
inside myself I was rowing on a lake  
inside myself I was meeting twins  
inside myself I was chewing a flower and watching my own red eyes dancing on their water film  
as if around the campfire  
on the outside I had an eyelash inside my eye  
inside myself God had emerged from the water unable to talk, just groaning  
outside my father was taking pictures of me with his nokia – I was never to see them  
I dreamt having hit a little girl from behind  
with my foot  
I turned  
*hey what are you doing can't you see she's hurt*  
the little girl from behind lifted her thick glasses on the root of her nose  
with her index  
a white tampon undone on one corner  
aired a hole of sewed skin  
and no right eye  
*cyclop cyclop* they screamed  
on purpose from their lair of red yellow blue balls  
I would have crushed their heads and plucked out their eyes

and let her choose a new eye the finest the one she likes best  
I would have mumbled something look at me here I am forget me  
but I walked on  
to the cage because it was my right to do so mommy daddy steven segal cleaning lady  
highschool kids belly button girls reporters  
evenimentul zilei cotidianul jurnalul național adevărul libertatea românia liberă  
we all walked on  
I would have given her my eyes just to stop her from watching  
but no  
if I could save  
a few megabytes of what I've lived  
the little girl fom behind would  
forever forgive me in times square





thin is my flesh  
heavy the earth poured  
out of trash bags in between my ribs  
my mind doesn't hold the memory  
of ever being in your possession  
your cute little clay  
somebody's factory of tow  
minutely designed for a couple's confinement on the downpoured terrace  
all I can find here around  
is an illusion a lipstick case  
a somewhat hairless face  
riding black horses on the seafront  
the chiffon of milk soothed skin  
is not to be found within the mind  
and yet I loved your pulling the zipper  
so that I would faithfully climb in the pulpit  
from one cellular division to the next  
my metabolism would take on  
the twitches of circus performers  
the legs will climb alone on the table of bankrupt factories  
holding on to the sealed memory of blonde girls to meet in a lifetime  
my left lung will grow stronger and I will sing

my tree to be planted or at least my freedom  
on my spongy fingernails  
old women will spell out  
their last wishes and their stilettos  
I went to look for you at the border of nature  
there were so many of us scratching on a revolving door  
with some ticket and it was as if  
we couldn't read our own  
and we asked each other  
to tell who we were looking for  
despair was purring obediently glass swans would circle around  
I had grabbed the neck of a weaker one  
that had promised I could laugh in your dream  
and you would suddenly wake up  
and ramble like a crazy woman around bucharest  
and the streetlights would be off and the living witnesses mute  
and the eyelid of the sky shut down  
and we would secretly love each other  
under the currently warm wing of sand  
and the sea would soothe the fever like a longed for blanket  
and some other time there would be an eclipse  
nowhere in my mind

can I hear it and yet I would so love how we sound  
like an apple crushed by soldiers  
like a round dance in the train lost in the field  
all I can find here is of no use  
I want your heart and a knife  
I want your soul stretched out on a feather  
I want your laughter  
on a satellite engulfed by a black hole to shout out everywhere forever  
I grab your collar get down the ladder or take me with you pull me out won't you  
I jump off the cliff no falling  
thin is my flesh  
heavy the earth poured  
out of trash bags in between my ribs



in love one can be  
anything  
pick up your stuff and move out  
go throw up at the world's backdoor  
call your neighbours by the names of their mistresses  
crave for yellow strawberries sullied by blood  
let me count the money for bread  
as one counts the steps to the gallows  
and do not turn your wrinkled face  
to the way in which dawn nibbles on blocks  
on our warm and little  
fears

I move  
and at times I dream of  
all the streets of my life  
roustabouts wearing tiny hats on a field covered by crosses  
who would look at each other during their lifetime like the country child  
who leans to look for her destiny in the shady well water  
and here on the contrary they do not know each other and they wonder  
when might god come and kiss them on the mouth



if you can find a vise  
to my forehead  
and I can find scissors to your eyes  
if you dig out  
a hollow in my torso to hide snow during summer  
and you put your breasts on a string  
while plum dumplings bake  
then we are to put to rest  
the only body in the room  
and it might be cold

numb is your heart  
plastic bag moving its hips  
sits straight  
closes her eyes and sees herself –  
the most beautiful girl in the world  
is blind and smells like linden flowers  
I am her lover  
who burried her

but today is far away  
and it is yesterday still when each of us noisily launders their straightjacket

inside her life sways us unlovers in its pissed off ways  
her face is pale and she works at the post office  
if only today came goddamnit  
so we can find each other in moulded lounges and in the nunless yard  
where rosehips sing  
the sins of the angels  
and from the first floor  
hoping like morons that we might die  
we jump and bruise our knees  
and the green sun does not set  
it stays yesterday and tomorrow  
and we stay alive  
tired after sex

I shut up  
lie down on a paper thigh  
the air holding  
the shape of my chest  
it's nothing now  
but it will start beating  
just wait  
it has to



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A project of ISVOR Cultural Association  
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