



BROADSIDE
BEATITUDE
Published May 25, 2003

©May not be reproduced without author's agreement.



Dorin Popa

dpopa@uaic.ro

Romania



IF HOLDERLIN SHOULD COME

sometimes the melancholy wins
and beyond all heavens
childhood stretches devastatingly
if Holderlin should come
the sky will set free sweet songs
of resurrection
and the eye of the needle will close
(the freight train will run
over my neck no more)
if Holderlin should come
only the bells
will be heard in the distance
and voices of children in a fervent choir.
all that is elusive will have a shape
all that is unborn ...
... will be born, if Holderlin should come



THE RUTHLESS STEEL OF UTOPIA

I have always believed
in coming back
heavy vessels were harrowingly shipwrecked
and I believed that I can come back
from me all turned away their faces
night and day were the same
bitter and sweet seemed alike
mother had long in her tears
buried me
but I still believed
in coming back
with my last strength,
I kicked my last strength
my wings and my body
riddled with arrows
I still believed
in coming back
I was moving away
I was moving away trembling with anger
I am moving away obsessively repeating
that I still can,
that I still can come back



WHEN YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO OFFER

someone is ringing
but no one answers
nothing can be bound
nothing can be shaped
nothing can keep you
nothing can stop you
you would go out
and climb the statue in the central square
and speak to people
- what can you tell them
what else can you tell them? -
towards evening, calm,
you lose yourself in the crowd
you do not walk, you just slide
you let yourself be pushed, shoved aside
you do not care for anything anymore
anyway,
before it had time to unfold
your life was gone
curtain! curtain!



NOWHERE

I am nowhere present
nor absent anywhere
many a time I had the wish
To cease existing,
although I have never
really lived
nearby the stinging nettle is
in imperial bloom
nearby colored airplanes
are taking off
I have not been sentenced anywhere
but I can find escape nowhere



THE MOST SIMPLE STORY

it's time to tell you

about my casual life

I shot a few times doves

and other singing seasons

mornings I stopped

in front of cups of coffee

in which my heart was mirrored

always prepared

for the great crusades

(I will show you on the map the places where I led

humble epochal battles)

now I love only the sunset

its light in which we melt

like two candles of twin wax