

I place a hand on my heart

The Site

By Gigi Căciuleanu

November 14, 2010

I place a hand on my heart

And the other on what serves as my brain

And I look at the moon

Not to go down.

I also look at the sun

Not to sink down

In the cricketing sound

I keep a close look out for the first star

My brains

Out of fear beat in my chest

So that no one ever again

Washes my heart

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And makes me lose my head

(Paris, August 28, 2010)

Translated by: **Diana Denisa Olteanu** and **Petronela Corobleanu**

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I no longer dream

The Site

By Gigi Căciuleanu

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I no longer dream

I no longer dream about the Congo River

I don't cry when boredom gets me

I don't shiver under the cloudy rags when it rains

And I even laugh a little when all's a bit too thick.

When at night fear grasps me

And its cloudy waters sweep me away

When the waves churn high above me

And all I'm left with are my dreams.

When just a shove seems like a flight

And if I run in vain when I think I'm sleeping

I slowly laugh and tell myself that all's a bit too thick.



I don't weep under the cloudy rags
I don't shiver when boredom gets me
I no longer dream about the Congo River, no I don't.

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Auntie Zozo's plate

The Site

By Gigi Căciuleanu

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Auntie Zozo has in her hallway, hanging on the wall, a plate representing a vague landscape. However, I mistook the plate for the round quadrant of a clock from the start. And because the guide to good manners says that it is polite to greet a clock whenever you pass by it, even though it might not be a cuckoo clock, every time I set foot in Auntie Zozo's hallway I greet it. And as I am a constant visitor of Auntie Zozo I keep on saying "good afternoon" to the plate. Of course I should have known by now that the plate in the hallway is a plate and not a clock. But it is as if God takes my minds away and I forget every time. And every time people laugh at me. Not that there would be many people at Auntie Zozo's because nobody comes to visit her. When I say many I refer to the characters in the thousands of photos on the walls. They not only laugh their heads off, but they wait anxiously, lurking my arrival while they ensconce in their photos to see me take off my hat before the plate.

Until one day, when the ripple of laughter in the photos sent me up the wall. I was enraged and set them all on fire.

Lord, how Auntie Zozo cried her eyes out.

I thought she was going to flood the flat.

Of course I felt sorry once the rage was gone. But there was nothing I could do. The walls were left sky-clad, only the traces of the photographs mangy marked the walls.

After I made a ton of chamomile tea to calm down Auntie Zozo's nerves and she finally began to drowse in her armchair, I tried to tiptoe my way out so as not to wake her up. Passing through the hallway, I automatically took off my hat. And I collapsed under an avalanche of laughter coming, this



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time, right from the plate. I had burnt the pictures, but almost all the characters have had time to flee in the landscape of the plate, which was brimmed by all sort of grandchildren, cousins, uncles, grandparents, great-grandparents, aunts, and all kind of distant kinship. The plate was shaken by so much laughter on different voices. They were doubled up with laughter, some swooped on the ground and were hitting the grass from the landscape or even each other with their fists... Ultimately, an orgy of laughter. Even with my ears plugged and balled I couldn't manage to get rid of their offensive waterfall. How the hell hadn't the rampage waken auntie Zozo! And suddenly: Bang! The plate came off the nail for too much shaking and smashed into pieces producing a deafening noise. Both it and the family went up in smoke. Pow-de-ry! I rushed immediately to the chair to see if it had frightened Auntie Zozo. When I reached the chair, I sighed with relief: a rose petal smile was distorting her handsome lips. But when I got closer, I realized that Aunt Zozo had just died.

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