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(Varianta în limba engleză)

The Cyclical Universe

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APOTHEOSIS

Love appears...

Without a rib, with wife instead,
and God above us all,
our way to infinities we tread
to see what there's to find.

So that she may not lesser feel,
man's equal desiring to be,
now woman's turn came to appeal
and make requests of God.

"Lord, so it may be better,
for that we pray to you,
please do us all a favor,
to keep us still together."

"Please, Lord, you find us something
so that men desire us –
for just as they could spare one rib,
they could spare a wife no less!"

"To wars if they'd stop going,
with us more time to spend,
the pleasure of home then feeling
no more as punishment!"

So God then brought out... love,
with it marking completion,
and bringing forth such happiness,
good life and... multiplying!

"The essential understanding
for the love's gift from above,
will make your life much better
for all of those who love."

And thus from heavens, suddenly,
as in a dream, something appeared.
It was a woman, who, wonderfully,
as soon appeared, she disappeared!

"Where is she from, Lord? And
what does she have to say?
And why, to that extent,
to say it, she won't stay?"

Mystery enough above her,
underneath her mysteries more...
"What's her life like?" we all wonder,
while some may even disappear, galore.

"Is her life truly full
of good and bad alike?
What might she be expecting
from my own thoughts to come?"

"How can I better know her,
closer to her become?
All that's humanly possible,
on earth and sea I'd do..."

Oh, you! ... bold man.
Woman is not a weapon or tool.
You'll reach her hand,
step by step, that's the rule...

Woman does need to be told
always that she's loved and worthy,
even when to you she's cold,
and avoids you, hesitating.

She feels hurt
if you don't court,
though she often
uses "never!"

He gets "maybe" to mean "later"
as she courting still awaits,
and if he then truly loves her,
never does he hesitate.

When you love, as on a whim,
another person you encompass.
All that's hers will hurt you, too,
while the whole world disappears.

You don't know if it is good,
it's a miracle to you,
if it comes or doesn't, still,
you can't chase away or keep...

When in lack, you surely miss it,
when you have it – full of worries!
And to her all the good wishing
even if no longer with you.

"Come, my darling... come, beloved...
even in my dream, a first that
I dare call you by such names –
how our souls will then rejoice!"

"I spent a sleepless night -
it seemed that God was working
with chisel, drill, and might
through my mind and heart carving."

"He tormented me, unceasing,
with something that my conscience –
maybe yours too! – though it was feeling,
knew not what it truly was..."

"Night it was, the house at rest -
a cat, quietly purring,
though no ideas did she have,
somehow seemed to be helping..."

"Stay, wait, my love!
Don't leave, don't be afraid,
it's nothing, I'm not crazy,
it's just... that I'm awake!"

"But my waking
meant something new:
I have received a godly gift
to tell you: I love you!"

"Love is a heavenly gift,
not a human transaction,
those chosen to receive
they love... however much!"

"To know what Heaven is,
while still alive,
you only have to love
but also be loved too!"

"To know what Hell is,
even before your death,
suffices that you love, if
your love is not fulfilled."

"Now, my beloved,
my fate is at your will,
I can not think but at
the love I have for you!"

"And whether my life were
either Heaven or Hell
depends on you alone –
the answer you will tell..."

There, now that love existed,
like fires blazing high,
a single error, if you missed it,
on the spot it would die!

So that love could triumph,
many things are to be done,
but it will be sinless,
only between woman and man.

Creation Appears

A new heavenly gift
to you all I give:
creation – divine attribute –
now you may receive!

From nothingness to being,
from power and desire,
I created you all once
now you're mine, dead or alive!

And for your own wellbeing,
in Me I gave you faith,
a token of my friendship –
my Son to you I left!

So you can have a fuller life
I gave of My divine power,
so you can now create as well,
art, science, and things newer!

Transfer of Creation

To see what no one else has done and
do it yourself – such honor!
It is creation, not just hazard,
and innovation called.

It is fulfillment, and a glimpse
of spirit, a delight that
not every one can bring about,
though tiring, it hurts not.

You observe what others do,
you add them up, string them together,
you write what thoughts then come to you,
and with your soul you bind them.

And then if what came of it
is by someone read,
if they seem to like a bit,
prose it shall be called!

Poetry... is something else:
you cannot write
no matter what
you see, observe and synthesize.

Something you'd like – you cannot have;
you want to be – you don't know how;
you want to do – but lack the means;
then you wake up – and start to write!

A poem comes, if gifts you have –
if not, just loss of sleep...
Nothing I have, or do, or I can be –
why then awake to keep?

Shall I now wake
and a new poem write
or pass into the sleep
that lasts forever?

Poetry isn't a writing –
it's rather what you dream!
And if you have something to say
you wake up and fall – up and away!

With education and insistency,
and without losing faith,
good man, you have consistency
enough for a good life!

God brought into the world so far
people many, full of merit,
made for deeds sublime and more:
of great souls and hearts to credit.

Aristotle taught us all
that it's good to heed him,
and inquire on and on,
if something's good or evil.

As Virgil and Dante both
showed us to be possible
you can pass through Heaven and Hell
but leave a path available!

Leonardo, Michelangelo,
calculated all that was,
mathematics they gave a go
both in science – and in art!

Newton and Einstein alike
brought light to what light was,
after centuries of strife,
deemed it particle – and wave!

Goethe, Marx, also Voltaire,
mysteries unfolding,
all without denying love
made work the base of living.

Brothers Wright, Coanda and Vuia,
without saying Hallelujah,
made man spring into flying
without the fear of dying.

Odobleja, Turing and Wiener,
chased out all fear from youth
as now mistakes grow thinner
since we computers use!

Eminescu and Nietzsche,
unlike what of them is said,
that they might have liked to die
that is rather others' dread.

They got it well that time itself
is not like bodies are,
flows by itself, without a rhyme –
broken by love alone!

Lukasiewicz, Moasil and Zadeh,
invented the charm of logic,
making it no longer crazy
to use logic that is fuzzy!

Georgescu-Roengen told us,
for as long as Earth still holds,
that the remedy that's needed
from energy and nature flows.

Stay as close you can to Nature,
she's a mother good to you,
you can't live just from ideas,
matter has a role there, too...

Physical labor is a blessing,
through forests, and through gardens,
go to it then, not fearing that
hands dirty you will get!

From Nature you are born,
be not afraid of Nature!
However much you learn,
food, too, you'll always need!

The Flow of Time

Time, to synchronize your life:
when there's sun outside to work,
with a measure even better:
by moon at night to sleep.

Since everything is cyclical,
(perhaps because it's biblical)
be ready to begin anew
live your life, don't give up!

You meek in spirit, that you were,
no thoughts your mind disturbing,
during your life you pulled and pulled,
... to Time losing in fighting.

And those of you who loved the school,
and learning kept foremost in thought,
even when lacking many books
with Time you had a better lot.

Perhaps your health brought you much grief,
yet Earth swallowed you not,
because good God judged you aright,
giving you life... and time!

And many loves you withstood too,
felt like endtimes to your mind,
the pain of loved or beloved,
then robbing you of... time.

In life you can do many things
picking your fruit sublime,
if you work hard, hustle and root,
without losing... your time!

In poetry you can be, too,
illuminating thoughts divine,
given by God, so that you can
successfully beat... time!

Towards the end, when so it seemed,
that all blown with the wind,
not even love would you commend,
saying you're lacking... time.

Desires do not just stop here,
keeping their order fine,
and when at last you older grow,
you can't just stop... the time!

Leave time alone, to run its course,
and help your lives unfolding;
lack what you want, want what you have
thus life a Heaven making!