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IN CAUTARE DE SENSURI
QUEST FOR MEANINGS

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Motto:

Realitate,
sunt doar valul
ce se izbeste
mereu
de tine.

Motto:

Reality,
I'm only the wave
That ceaselessly
Knocks
Against you.

Floare de cires

Ma uit pe fereastra
vad cerul albastru,
dealul albit de flori de cires.
E-un vis, e-o minune,
inima mi-o-nvaluie un abur
parc-ar fi un boboc in floare.

Pierduti in zarea stravezie
se unduiesc ciresi batuti de vijelie.

Din suflete urca un geamat de vant
ploaia-i despoiae de umbra de argint
de gingasele flori
redevenind pamant.

Ramuri fara-acele flori vii
dupa ploaie au ramas golase,
pe jos covor de floare spulberata
sclipind c-argintul in apus de soare.

Straniul vis va reinvia
cand aburul caldut de primavara
va-nvalui din nou boboci de flori
de pe dealul ce odata
albit a fost de ele.

(1984) Baia Mare

Cherry Blossom

I look out of the window
See the blue sky
And the hill white with cherry blossoms
It's a dream, a miracle...
A haze envelops my heart
As if it was a flower bud.

Lost in the transparent distance
Cherry trees flutter beaten by the storm.

A groan of wind soars from the souls
The rain strips them of their silver shadow
Of their delicate flowers
Becoming earth again.

Branches without those live flowers
Remain empty after the rain.
Down on the earth, a carpet of scattered petals
Glittering like silver in the sunset.

The strange dream will return
When the tepid spring haze
Envelops again in blossoms
The hill that was once
Whitened by them.

Memento mori

Pamantul uscat al mormantului arde.
Mar rosu-umed de roua, de lacrimi, mananc.
Preotul canta de slava
raiului,
iadului,
mortilor.

Stiu ca sunt acolo
lumanarile puse cruce,
mainile puse cruce
pe piept.
Lacrimile au murit.

Repede s-au mai topit lumanarile,
gene nestatornice ale norocului.
Ramane-n zile triste
pamantul arzand ca un rug
si-n piosenia noptii
lumanarile au radacini adanci
in stelele cerului.

(1985)

Memento Mori

The dry earth of the grave burns.
Eating an apple red with dew and tears.
The priest sings the praise
of heaven,
of hell,
of the dead.

I know that the candles
are there crosswise,
the arms folded crosswise
on the chest.
The tears have died.

The candles melt so swiftly,
unsteady eyelashes of luck.
The earth remains with sad days
burning like a pyre.
In the devout night
the candles have deep roots
in the stars of the sky.

Timp

Clipa a zburat
deznadajduita
cu bratele sale de aer.

Filtrata de genele cerului
frica unei umbre miscatoare.

Din trupu-i ireal
secundele bat la usa de zapada
a timpului.

O stea minuscula
stralucind pe cupola vietii
mormant al unei clipe.

(1986)

Tiptil

Nepretuitul tainei mele
e o aripa a imaginatiei,
un cerc indragostit de o spirala
spre libertate.
tu crezi ca apartii altei lumi
tiptil, insa,
te zavoresc intru taina...

(1986)

Time

The instant flew away
desperate
with its arms of air.

Filtered by the eyelashes of the sky
the fear of a moving shadow.

From its unreal body
the instants knock on the snow door
of time.

A minuscule star
twinkling on the dome of life,
the tomb of an instant.

Stealthily

Inestimable - my secret
is a wing of imagination,
a circle in love with a spiral
to freedom.
You think you belong to another world
but, stealthily,
I bolt you up in a secret.

Povestea pasarii oarbe

"E precum un prag lumina pe care
N-o vad ar o simt, n-o-nteleg dar o stiu.
O stiu ca pe-o treapta, o grea incercare,
O trec si alunec, intuneric tarziu.

Mereu sa o caut, mereu sa o-ntunec.
Nu stiu ce exista, doar eu mai persist.
Tacere, tacere...Cuvantul e urlet
Rasuna-n adancuri a neimplinit.

Izbita de ore, de-angoasa, de teama
Lumina ma-nchide-n adanc labirint.
Tot ce-mi ramane mai mult sa ma doara
E drumul nesigur pe care-am venit."

(Candva in liceu)

The Blind Bird's Tale

"I perceive the light as a threshold that I
Don't see only feel, don't understand but know,
Know as a step, a difficult trial,
Pass over it and slip, late darkness.

To search for it, to darken it, again and again
I don't know what is there, only go on and persist.
Silence, silence...The word is a howl
That resounds in the abyss, unfulfilled.

Hit by the hours, by fear and anguish
The light imprisons me in a deep labyrinth
So that all I have left should hurt me more -
It's the unsafe road on which I arrived."

Alter ego

Celula si timpul.
Timpul trupului,
al vietii,
al zambetului.
Robot sfidator,
celula.

Imperturbabil, timpul
se strecoara in mine
amagindu-ma ca nu s-ar socoti
sederea sa.
Stiu insa:
niciodata nu va mai pleca.

Inconstient hrانesc
timpul din mine.

Totu-i programat,
reglat si precis,
dinainte ca eu sa-mi fi zambit
dintai.

Tacit hrانesc celule,
timpul trupului meu.

(1990)

Alter Ego

The cell and the time.
The time of the body
of life
of the smile.
A defiant robot,
the cell.

Unruffled, time
creeps into me secretly,
deluding me that its stay
should not be counted.
But I know:
it will never leave anymore.

I feed time unconsciously
from myself.

Everything had been programmed
set and precise -
before I smiled to myself
for the first time.

I tacitly feed the cells
of time in my body.

Clepsidra

Cascada de timp
in hohote-ascunsa
prin trupu-i nevazut
viata apusa.

Cenusă rodita
în focul sfant
dintr-o samanta
de pamant.

Prometeu
înlantuit
vesnicurgand
vesnic oprit.

(1990)

Sand Glass

Waterfall of time
hidden in roars
in its invisible body
a vanished life.

The ashes born
in the sacred fire
from a seed
of earth

Prometheus
bound
flowing eternally
stopped for eternity.

Umbra

In fata mea e vesel soarele.
In spate port o vesnica povara, umbra.
Ma urmareste pretutindeni
Eu pretutindeni fug de ea.
De stau in loc, cu mine se opreste
Nu pot, nu pot nicicum sa scap de ea.
Alteori mi-o ia inainte
Umbrindu-mi drumul
Si-atunci s-o-ntrec as vrea
Macar s-o prind
Si s-o atarn in streang
Poate va pieri.

Totusi, voi ramane doar eu
Invaluita-n noapte
Insami o umbra.

(1990)

The Shadow

In front of me, the sun is merry.
Behind me, I carry a perpetual burden, my shadow.
It follows me everywhere.
Everywhere I run away from it.
When I stop, it stops with me.
I can't, I can find no way to get rid of it.
Sometimes it walks in front of me
shading my way
and then I wish I could outrun it
at least catch it
and hang it by means of a rope.
Maybe it will perish.

Still, it will be only me
covered by night
I myself a shadow.

Adancuri

Emotiile somnului
scaldate-n alb profund.

Dincolo de stele
exista ceva
si ma sufoca.
Sunt ceea ce vrea
universul.

Emotiile somnului
dulci si inselatoare
imi sunt straine
mie
care-mi sunt
straina.

(1991)

Abandonata

Pana si fluturele
iubeste
geometria in spatiu.
Il admir...
De mine uiti!

(Noiembrie 1991)

Depths

The emotions of sleep
bathing in deep white.

There is something
beyond the stars
and it stifles me.
I am what the universe
wants me to be.

The emotions of sleep
sweet and deceitful
are strangers
to me
who am
a stranger to myself.

Abandoned

Even the butterfly
loves
the geometry of space.
You admire it...
Forgetful of me!

Povestea albatrosului

De ce-am plecat de pe malul acela atat de sigur?
(Acum cand sunt in larg imi pun doar intrebarea)
E prea tarziu!...si singur zbura-voi spre neant
Cu aripa-mi firava sa rup acest liant.

M-a prins ca-ntr-un diluiu necunoscutul marii.
Spre zid m-am repezit crezand c-am sa inving
Si l-am trecut, desarte sunt visurile noastre!
Acleeasi mare-albastra dincolo-am regasit.

Alt zid, alt ideal trecut si parasit
Alt spatiu strabatut si-o amintire-n urna
Nu, n-am cersit si totusi n-am invins
Aripa e prea frageda, e-o umbra!

Dar e o stea pe care chiar de n-o vad mereu
Si chiar de n-o cunosc dintre atatea stele,
Imi lumineaza tainic ungherul neinteleles
Al clipei care trece, al cautarii mele.

Drumurile vietii sunt pline de rascruci
Te-opresti la fiecare si stai sa hotarasti
Cum oare-ar fi mai bine, pe unde s-o apuci?
Steaua te urmeaza pe calea ce-ai ales.

Incetul cu incetul toate te parasesc
Incetul cu incetul se sting si pleaca toate
Si-abea atunci, crezand c-ai inteles
Privesti o clipa-n urma si te afunzi in noapte.

The Albatross' Tale

Why did I leave that shore so safe?
(I ask myself, now when I am out at sea).
It's too late and I'll fly alone to nothingness
To tear off this bind with my feeble wings.

The unknown of the sea caught me like a deluge.
I flew at the wall thinking that I'd succeed
I passed over it, so vain our dreams!
On the other side, I found the same blue sea.

Another wall, another ideal surpassed and left behind,
another space covered, remembrance in the urn.
No, I didn't beg and still, I haven't succeeded.
Too tender is the wing, transparent like a shadow!

Above there - a star that I don't always see,
sometimes not even know it from many other stars,
sheds secretly its light on my perpetual quest
on the unknown corner of the instant that passes.

The paths of life are full of crossings,
you stop at each one and wait to decide:
so many different choices, so many different ways!
The star follows you on the chosen path.

Little by little everything abandons you.
Little by little, all fades and goes away.
And only then, thinking that you've understood,
You look back for an instant and plunge into the night.

Sapte

Nu mai cred in nimic
(nici in mine?!)
Vantul agita
coame de cai albi.
Iepuri sfiosi
sar umbra lunii.
Iarba isi fosneste
unduioasa cresterea.

Sapte zile de-a randul
n-am inteles
deznadejdea de sapte.

Am urlat
de sapte ori
"Singurata".

(Noiembrie 1991)

Seven

I've lost faith in everything
(even in myself?!)
The wind stirs
the manes of white horses.
Shy rabbits
jump over the shadow of the moon.
The grass rustles
its fluttering growth.

For seven days in turn
I haven't understood
the despair of seven.

I howl
seven times:
"Loneliness".

Hamlet

Priveste craniul!
E alb, alb si plin de praf.
-Auzi? Te-ntreb: To be or not to be?
Nu, nu sunt Hamlet,
n-am venit sa te bat la cap.
recunoaste insa ca
n-ai gasit raspuns,
n-ai gasit, nu-i asa?
Lasa-ma sa creca nu exista.
Oricum te-as contrazice...
Ce spui?
Craniul meu?
Nu, nu-mi lipseai deloc!
Nu speram sa arati asa bine...
Gandesc din nou
cu sufletul...

(1992)

Hamlet

Look at the skull!
It's white, white and dusty.
Do you hear? I ask you: To be or not to be?
Oh, I am not Hamlet,
I haven't come to bother you
but you have to admit
you've found no answer.
You have not, have you?
Let me believe there is none.
Anyhow, I would contradict you...
What do you say?
My own skull?
No, I didn't miss it!
I didn't expect you to look so nice...
I find myself
thinking again with my soul.

Himere

Monstrii-si admira monstrii creati
Frumosul nu poate fi decat
monstruos;
(monstruos de frumos?!)
Monstrii se-aduna,
se scad,
se impart
se inmultesc intre ei.
Doar intre ei.
Tu, biata furnica!
Transforma-te in monstru.
Copitele lor
nimicesc lumea...

(1992)

Chimeras

Monsters admire the monsters created by them.
Beauty can be only
Monstrous
(monstrously beautiful?!).
Monsters add,
subtract,
divide,
multiply among themselves.
Only among themselves.
You, poor ant.
Change into a monster!
Their hooves
are destroying the world.

Joc de cuvinte

Imaginatia este o sfera
pe care cuvintele cu urechi lungi
alearga razand
scotandu-mi impudic limba
crezand in libertatea lor.

Homeric, poetul le stapaneste
le locuieste pe rand
daruindu-le din prea-plinul sau.

Cuvintele devin serioase,
putin triste,
asemeni unui fir de iarba
analizat de calculator.

(1992)

Play on Words

Imagination is a sphere
on which long eared words
run laughing
shamelessly sticking out their tongues
confident in their freedom.

Homeric, the poet governs them,
lives for a while inside their meaning,
enriching it from himself.

The words become sober,
a little sad,
like a blade of grass
analysed by computer.

Sa fii un mit

Motto: Totul se teme de timp.
Timpul se teme doar de piramide.

Sa fii un mit al lumii si tot poti sa te temi
de efemeritate, de un nebun hazard.
Distrugeri, jafuri, flacari nu te-ocolesc nicicand
Faima, maretia ades prefac

Minunea-n scrum.

Sa fii o piramida, un templu, o gradina,
O vesnica Minune sa fii tu iti doresti.
De timp, de prabusire se teme totu-n preajma.
Urmeaza-ntotdeauna, fiinta-inconstienă, drumul pe care
Sufletul te-ndeamna.

Vrei sa opresti din rostul si curgerea ei firea
Si flori inmiresmate sa imortalizezi. Te zbat in van.
Rasuna pretutindeni din timp amenintare,
Din piramida insa-netulburat ecou. Mumia vesniciei
Dormind in nepasare.

Ca un Sisif distruge tot ceea ce exista
Si recladeste totul din trupu-i, Bietul Timp.
Se-mbraca in Minune, se-ngana. Apoi devine trist.
Ruina-l inspaimanta. Pierdut-a demult insa secretul
De-a fi o amintire
Si-un vesnic dulce mit.

(Aprilie 1993) Cluj -Napoca

To Be a Myth*

Motto: Everything fears time.
Time is afraid only of the pyramids.

Being the wonder of the world and still afraid
of the ephemeral, of the insane hazard.
There's no way to avoid destruction, havoc, flames;
Fame, greatness often turn miracles into ash.

* Translated by the author.

Jocul luminii

Nu-mi incerca puterea de-a-ntelege
Lumina, tu, in nesfarsita-ti joaca.
Ma plimbi prin timpi cu fete efemere
Insa-n adancuri logica-mi te-ataca.

Vrei sa ma iei cu tine printre stele
Nu vezi ca uneori esti prea inceata?
Cu gandul zbor, raspunsuri efemere
spre viitor ma-ndruma, ma imbata.

Dincolo de stele ce se-ntampla?
E-un zid ciudat si-l simt de nepatrunc.
Lumina, tu, sclipire efemera
Ma recreezi acolo, dar gandul mi s-a smuls.

Al noptii intuneric e-o minune
Intr-o secunda Luna am atins;
Trei ani cu tine si in Galaxie
Lumina, totul mi-e acum permis.

Dar uit mereu de efemeritate
Ma prind intr-un entuziasm subit
Lumina, tu m-ai prefacut in toate
M-ai spulberat si m-ai dezamagit.

Te joci, te joci copilaros si dulce
Uimita gandurile mi le plec
Ma amagesti, soptindu-mi la rascruce
Ca toate visurile noastre trec.

The Play of the Light*

Don't test my patience and my understanding,
Oh, light, in your eternal, endless play.
You walk me through times with ephemeral faces
In my depths, logic attacks you ceaselessly.

You want to take me with you among the stars.
Can't you see that sometimes you are too slow?
I fly by my thoughts, ephemeral answers
Guide me towards the future, delude me.

What's the unknown, alive, beyond the stars?
There is a strange wall that I feel impassable.
Oh, light, you, ephemeral flicker, recreate me there
But my thought has been torn.

The darkness of the night hides miracles behind.
With you a second only and I have reached the moon.
Three years together in the Galaxy -
Everything is allowed to me now, oh, light.

Ephemeral! I always forget about you.
I get caught in a sudden enthusiasm.
Oh, light, you've changed me into everything,
You've shattered...disappointed me.

You play, you play childlike and sweet,
I bend my thoughts in amazement

*Translate by the author.

You deceive me, whispering at the crossroads
That all our dreams fly away.

Te joci, inca naiv mai cred in tine
Pe tine te-am descoperit dintai
Ma-ngrijoreaza treceri efemere
De-a mea ma tem, te rog sa mai ramai!

Lumina, tu, ai sa ma pierzi odata
Prin univers creandu-mi infinitul
Si efemer din efemer sa nasca
Adanc si frageinganandu-si timpul.

(ianuarie 1994) Cluj Napoca

You play around...Naively, I trust you.
It's you that I've discovered first.
I'm tormented by ephemeral passages
Mine scares me sometimes: I beg you, don not leave!

Oh, light, you'll lose me sometimes
While creating my infinity through the universe.
Perpetually, ephemeral gives birth to ephemeral
Deeply and tenderly echoing its own time.

Razvratire

M-aseaman cu pamantul, cu marea, cu padurea;
Ma regasesc adesea-n ninsori sau in furtuni,
Vulcani irup in mine, ma-ntrec chiar cu lumina
Iubesc singuratarea. Plimb timpul prin genuni.

Sunt leagan amintirii zapezilor eterne
Ce ning adanc in iarna cu patimi de demult
Dezlantuita-s astazi, sunt dans de baiadere
M-arunc, sorb necuprinsul. De nimeni nu ascult.

E-un lup la mine-n suflet. 'l-acopar cu zapada.
Se-aude mai departe urletu-i din ecou.
In criscalida iernii vartejul se coboara
Iau trupul si m-acopar cu el. Nemuritor?!

(Decembrie 1994) Piatra Craiului

Rebellion

I am alike the forests, the earth and all the seas,
I've often found myself in snowfalls or in storms,
Volcanoes erupt from me, I compete with the light,
I love solitude. I walk time through abysses.

I am a cradle for the memory of the eternal snows
Falling deep into the winter with ancient passions.
I outbreak today, I am the bayaderes' dance,
I plunge, I drink from boundlessness. I obey no one.

There is a wolf in my soul. I cover it with snow.
Its howl is heard far away in its echo.
The vortex descends in winter's chrysalis
I take the body and cover myself with it. Immortal.

Cantec de despartire

Uita ca pentru noi odata un munte
Cararea in soare si-a poleit
Aripa brazilor zapada a troienit
iubiri, idile carunite

Le-a retrait.

Uita ca-o data suier de vant
Lacrima-n fulg a destramat
Raza de lumina a-nfuiorat
Limita noua, celor de pe pamant

Ne-a aratat.

Uita ca bolta gemande stele,
Coroana de brad scuturat in inalt,
Ai timpului susur sorbit-a treptat
Trista, privindu-ne in destramare,

S-a-n departat.

Uita ca versuri am scris pentru tine
Uita c-al meu suflet ti-am dezvaluit.
Te cunosc, te urmez. Zburam inspre zenith.
Anotimp, roaga-te sa ne dezbine.

Te iubesc infinit.

(Decembrie 1994) Piatra Craiului

Farewell Song

Do forget that once for us
the mountain in sunshine gilded its paths
and fir trees' wings, low,
love's idylls relive
covered by snow.

Do forget that the wind's whiz
shattered the frozen tear flakes with a hiss
and light rays wove
so that our limits could show
here on earth below.

Do forget that the starry sky
shook the fir tree crowns so high
drank the murmur of time from its cups
sadly watching us from above
and in the distance did fade.

Do forget all my poems for you.
Do forget my soul's naked view.
I know you and follow you in a flight.
Season; pray if you wish us apart
for my love has no end and no start,
like infinity.

Jucarie

Ca-ntr-un caleidoscop se vad
in jurul meu numai minuni
dar toate sunt, neasteptat,
in fapt doar imperfectiuni.

Ma joc cu gandul prin ruini,
ma plimb in vis prin multe urme,
in ciob culoarea-i amintire.
Caleidoscop te-ai prefacut, minune!

(Septembrie 1995)

Toy

Like in a kaleidoscope, I see,
only miracles around me
Surprisingly, they all are
simply imperfections.

I play with my thought among ruins,
dream walk among countless traces.
Colour is memory reflected in glass fragments.
Kaleidoscope, you have changed, a miracle!

Moment

I

Ma opresc.
Pamantul vorbeste,
gandeste in verde lumina.
Impreuna intr-un apus
am zamislit zambetul,
linistea cuibarita
a unui vartej.
Duios, apoi,
unda apei a tremurat,
desirand amintirea.

II

Azi
vantul s-a starnit usor.
Mană-mi pe buze
să-a amintit
de ultimul tau sarut.

Scartaie prelung
undeva
în adânc
moara parasita
de vant.

Moment

I

I stop.
The Earth speaks,
rethinks light in green.
Together during a sunset
we conceived the smile,
the curled stillness
of a vortex.
Tenderly, then,
the water wave fluttered
shattering the memory.

II

Today
the wind started easily.
My hand on my lips
has remembered
your last kiss.

The mill
deserted by the wind
squeaks persistently
somewhere
down deep.

III

Spinare de rau
Umbra-si odihneste gandul
prin murmurul valurilor.
Curajul
plimba vise, departe.
Cerul e un lac de piatra.
Semanat in trup,
timpul smuls
dintr-o lacrima.

(Octombrie 1995)

Eclipsa

Intre Soare si Pamant
nedumerita
privesc umbra-mi.
Alt mod de-a ma descoperi.

(Septembrie 1996)

III

River ridge
the thought rests its shadow
through the babble of the waves.
Courage -
walking dreams, far away.
The sky is a lake of stone.
Sown in the body,
time torn
from a drop of tear.

Eclipse

Between Sun and Earth,
Puzzled,
I watch my shadow.
Another way of discovering myself.

Coincidenta

Umbra stravezie
zabovind cat lumina
inainte ca Atlas s-o rostogoleasca
spre mai departe...
Incordati
in lungul unei raze
nu stim unde,
cand,
daca
vom ajunge un final.
Gandim.
Iubim.
Cu aceleasi celule
cu care plantele
infloresc.

(Septembrie 1996)

Introspectie

Sufletu-mi
e-o cumpana schioapa
inclinata spre o fantana
fara apa.

(1997)

Coincidence

Transparent shadow
lingering together with the light
before Atlas would roll it
farther.

Tense
along a ray
We don't know where
when
if
we reach an end.
We think.
We love.
With the same cells
that bloom
in the plants.

Introspection

My soul
is a lame shadow
leaning over
a waterless well.

Complementaritate*

Johan Dijkstra
s-a cuibarit
la mine in creier.
Visez de atunci
aici in Olanda
movile crescand,
dealuri,
munti inalti...

(Februarie 1997) Groningen

***Johan Dijkstra (1896-1978)**, pictor olandez, unul din membrii fondatori ai miscarii **De Ploeg** in Groningen (1918). In lucrările sale se simte influența impresionistilor (Van Gogh) si, mai tarziu, a expresionistilor germani. Foloseste mult tehnica culorilor complementare.

Complementarity*

Johan Dijkstra
nestled
in my brain.
Since then
Here in Holland
I have been dreaming about
growing knolls,
hills,
high mountains...

***Johan Dijkstra (1896-1978)** - Dutch painter, one of the founding fathers of the **De Ploeg** artistic movement in Groningen (1918). His paintings were influenced by the impressionists (Van Gogh) and later on by the German expressionists. He used the complementary colours technique.

Despartire

Ai plecat.
In clipa ce-a urmat
am cuprins Universul cu gandul.
L-am izbit de margini
Rasturnand timpului
curgerea.
Curand,
impreuna,
atat de aproape,
vom retrai
Facerea Lumii.

(Mai 1997)

Parting

You went away.
The following instant
I embraced with my thought the Universe
I hit it to the edge
reversing the flow
of time.
Soon,
together,
so close,
we will relive
the Birth of the World.

Marea

Malul marii
Locul de vesnica odihna
al scoicilor
Al pasilor rataciti
bantuiti de fantome
insetate de vantul sarat.

Malul marii
Locul de intalnire
al eternelor forte
bantuite de fantome
in cautarea unui punct fix,
de simetrie perfecta,
desprins din orizont.

Pasul sau norul,
valul izbit de tarm,
urme imateriale,
impreuna, cuprinse intr-o clipa,
de care maine nu va mai sti
nimeni.

Indecise fantome.

(Mai 1997) Egmond aan Zee

The Sea

The seashore
a place for the eternal rest
of the shells
of the lost steps
haunted by ghosts
thirsting for the salted wind.

The seashore -
meeting place
of the eternal forces
haunted by ghosts
looking for a fixed point
of perfect symmetry
torn from the horizon.

The step or the cloud,
the wave hit against the shore,
immaterial traces,
together, held by an instant,
whom nobody will know
tomorrow.

Irresolute phantoms.

A cata oara?

Va fi
a saptea si ultima oara
cand ma poti pierde.

Iti daruiesc un nor
din orizontul in care
gigantici
s-au adunat
sa ma imprejmuie.

Voi simti ploaie ratacind?
Am s-o las sa-si cante
stropii
deasupra-mi,
alungata, desertica
jumatate
a sufletului tau.

(Iulie 1997)

How Many Times?

It will be
the seventh and last time
you can lose me.

Here's a cloud for you
from the horizon where
they've gathered
like giants
to surround me.

Will I feel the unpredictable rain,
I'll let it sing
its drops over me:
driven away,
desert-like
half of your soul.

Ultima noapte in Europa

Azi suntem impreuna
pe acelasi mal al oceanului
respirand
amenintatoare sau pasnice
adancurile-i.

Maine vom fi
asemeni ingerilor
pictati pe cupola
Capelei Sixtine.

Doar poleiala apusului
poate asterne
unduitoare carare pe ape
spre tine.

(August 1997) Amsterdam

The Last Night in Europe

Today we are together
on the same shore of the ocean
breathing
peacefully or threatening
its depths.

Tomorrow we'll be
like the angels
painted on the dome
of the Sistine Chapel.

Only the golden sunset
could unfold
a wavy path on the waters
towards you.

Profunzimi

Atunci cand ma pierd
in adancu-mi
printre vise copilaroase,
plapande,
Flori de iasomie
imi infloresc prin par
Bobocii timpului
respira prin trupu-mi.
Lumina e gandul,
fragezime surasul.

Doar soarele
ma intelege.

(August 1997)

Profundity

Whenever I lose myself
in my depths
among childish dreams
so tender,
flowers of jasmine
bloom in my hair;
the buds of time
breathe through my body,
thought is the light,
the smile is tenderness.

Only the sun
understands me.

Pendul si oglinda

De mai bine de-un secol
pendula din colt
si-a ratacit tacerii
monotonia-i.
Oglinda la fel de veche
incapatanat
nu ma oglindeste.
Imaterial
pierduta de timp
doinesc prin incapere
refac imaginea-mi,
prin cantec.
Devin lumina.

(August 1997) Rijksmuseum Amsterdam

Mirror and Pendulum

For more than a century
the pendulum in the corner
has lost its monotony
to silence.

The mirror - equally old -
stubborn,
doesn't reflect me.

Immaterial
lost from time
I sing in the room,
rebuilding my image
through my song.
I turn into light.

Creatie

Cresc stancile
continuu
timpul se desira
din punctele prin care
n-a trecut.
Acuta durere
in degete
ecou al muzicii
tasnite dintr-o surda ureche.
Clape si corzi
desirand
intamplarea de-a respira
in timp.

Ceasul
isi taraie mecanismul
in adancul de marmura
al unui zid prabusit
ce nu mai are
a apara
nimic.

(August 1997)

Creation

The rocks grow
Continually.
Time unravels
from the points through which
it has not passed.
The piercing pain
in the fingers -
an echo of music
spouted from a deaf ear.
Keys and chords
unstringing
the happening of breathing
in time.

The clock
drags its mechanism
in the marble depth
of a sunken wall
that has nothing left
to protect.

Definitie

Liniste
e lumina
filtrata de ruginiul
imprastiat peste frunze
pasteluri
incurcate-n peisaj,
muzica,
sunetu-i infuiorat,
joc de metalice corzi
de-al carei final
ca de moarte
ma intristez,
insa nu ma tem.

(August 1997) Usquert

Definition

Stillness
is the light
filtered by the rust
spread over the leaves -
pastels
entangled in the landscape,
music,
its muffled sound,
a play of metal chords
whose finale
saddens me
alike death;
but I don't fear.

Polemica

Exista doar gandul
vartejuri de lumina
traversand gauri de vierme
ale caror capete suntem.

Departarea ma face
sa razvratesc
gandul
prin umbre
fire desirate
din masca nesfarsita
ai carei prizonieri suntem.

Tot lumina
reintorcand timpul
imi va dezvalui
raspunsul tau.

(Decembrie 1997)

Controversy

There is only the thought
vortices of light
passing through wormholes
whose ends we are.

The distance makes me
rebel
the thought
through shadows
uncoiling threads
from the endless mask
whose prisoners we are.

The light itself
reverting time
will disclose to me
your answer.

Dincolo

Tu ai glumit cand m-ai numit Penelopa.
Noi insa traim
la marginea dintre zi si noapte
impletind sau desirand lumina
sa nu ne fure nimeni
unul altuia.

Din departari

Uneori
intre noi si cei care am fost
se astern dune desertice
ca o unduoasa tacere.

(ianuarie 1998) Geneva

Gand

Alpii sunt
Sacré-Coeur-ul
ridicat de
Dumnezeu.

(Februarie 1998) Chamonix

Over There

You were joking when you called me Penelope
but we live
on the verge between day and night
weaving or unravelling the light
so that nobody could steal us
from each other.

From Afar

Sometimes
between us,
the ones we are and the ones we were
waste dunes spread out
like undulating silence.

Thought

The Alps are
the Sacré Coeur
built by
God.

Obisnuinta

M-am obisnuit asa cu timpul
rotindu-si fetele
intuneric-lumina
intre mine si tine:
Luna si Soare
astre
pe rand
unul pentru altul.

O clipa doar
in Zori sau Amurg
prin Crepuscul
ne intalnim privirile
inainte sa ne-adoarma
pleoapa.

(Noiembrie 1998) Groningen

Joc

Doar eu stiu
atunci cand e innourat
ca iar ai suparat
soarele!

(Decembrie 1998)

Habit

I got used thus to time
rotating its faces
darkness - light
between you and me:
Moon and Sun,
heavenly bodies
in turn,
one for the other.

At Daybreak or Dusk
through the Twilight
our glances meet
for only a blink
before our eyelids
fall asleep.

Game

It's only me who knows
whenever it's cloudy
that you have again upset
the sun!

Destainuire

Nu-mi amintesc cum am patruns
In aburul umbrei tale.
Ne-am contopit intunecimile
Ne-am imbratisat lumina
Traversam de atunci
Curcubee
Zbor inlantuit deasupra oceanului
Transparente culori
Infinit spectru
Intre alb si negru

Lin
Neperceput
Am cazut unul
In joaca de cuvinte
A altuia
Ametitor dans printre stele...

Sunt
Acolo unde
Ma poarta gandul tau...

De fapt
Unde incepi tu?
Unde ma termin eu?

(Noiembrie 1998) Groningen

Confession

I do not remember how I penetrated
into the haze of your shadow.
We united our darkness
we embraced our light.
Since then we have been passing through
rainbows -
an entwined flight over the ocean
transparent colours
an infinite spectre
between white and black.

Gently
unperceived
we fell into someone
else's pun
a stunning dance among the stars...

I am
wherever
your thought takes me to...
As a matter of fact
where do you begin?
Where do I end?

Latitudini nordice

De ce ti-ai pus azi
masca lunii pline
pandindu-ma
pierdut
la latitudini atat de nordice
din coltul ferestrei?

Chip clar conturat...
Zambet
remodelezi
reflectata lumina a soarelui
intr-una din marile
astrului noptii.
Unica forma
ce rupe
azi
infinitul
inserat
al albastrului.

Incrunti un munte?
Nu, abea mi-ai clipit
ochiul drept
intr-o soapta!

Inceput de alt anotimp
Poveste de decembrie.

(Decembrie 1998) Groningen

Northern Latitudes

Why have you put on
the full moon's mask today
watching me
lost
from the corner of your window
at latitudes so far away north?

A face clearly drawn.
Smile
you remodel
the reflected light of the sun
in one of the seas
the planet of the night.
Unique form
that today
tears
the darkened
infinitude
of the blue.

Your frown - a mountain?
No, you have only winked
with your right eye
in a whisper!

The beginning of another season.
A December tale.

Nobila umbra alba

S-a nins dorinta mea
nuda,
nerostita.
Roata se desira
intr-o dara zimtata.
Intrebarea ta...
Destram pacatul
ascuns
in urme albe...
Restul
e o simpla transformare...
matematica.

Incognito
de-o vreme
scartai si tu apasat peste nea
insirand pasi
paralel cu ai mei.

(Decembrie 1998) Groningen

Noble White Shadow

My nude desire
like snow
unuttered.
The wheel unfolds
into a clogged trail.
Your question...
I unravel the sin
hidden
in white trails.
The rest
a simple mathematical
transformation.

Incognito
it's a while since also
you've been heavily crunching on the snow
aligning steps
parallel to my own.

Descoperire

Alunecare
Suprafete rasfrante
interior-exterior
Lin sau abrupt
alteori.

Oglindire
Ganduri adanci
Suflet unduind
Intuneric sau lumina
alternand.

Plutire
Ceata dezvaluind
apocaliptice forme
Semn curbat sau punct
meditand.

Incerti calatori
Ultim Inteles
cautand.

(Decembrie 1998) Groningen

Discovery

Slide
reflected surfaces
interior - exterior
smooth or abrupt
other times.

Mirroring
deep thoughts
soul fluttering
darkness or light
alternating.

Flow
the fog unveiling
apocalyptic forms
curved sign or point
meditating.

Unsure travellers
looking for
an ultimate Sense.

Zbor

Incremenit
trup serpuitor
defiland
prin fata unui ochi oval
microscopice detalii
unduiri ridate.

Pravalita in tine
asemeni
unei avalanse de nori.
Neperceput
iti urmaresc
cu varful degetelor
linistea
adanc cuibarita
intre cutele pielii.

Pilotul rosteste un nume
Neatenta...
Nu putea fi decat al tau...

Precum ceata ici-colo
cearsafuri albe
ne infasoara tacerea.

Flight

Still
winding body
marching
in front of an oval eye
microscopic details
wrinkled windings.

Fallen into you
like an avalanche
of clouds
unperceived
with my fingertips
I trace
your silence
deeply hidden
in the creases of your skin.

The pilot utters a name
inattentive...
It could've been none but yours...

Like the fog here and there
white sheets
envelop our silence.

Si, vezi,
a ramas doar
o linie
paralela cu orizontul
aruncata auriu in azur.

Urma de zbor.

(Decembrie 1998) Deasupra Pragai

Noapte

Nici negrul noptii
nu suporta
vesnica tacere.
Azi
a explodat
intr-o puzderie
de pieritoare
imensitati.

(Martie 1999) Inspre Marele Canion

Just look,
There's only a line
left
parallel to the horizon
golden, thrown into the blue.

The trace of flight.

Night

Not even the black of the night
is able to bear
eternal silence.
Today
it has exploded
into a host
of perishing
intensities.

Rost

Imperiul tau
Orice cuvant
devine instantaneu
proiectat in interior.
O elice taie realitatea.
Curbe imbinante
privite din urma
noaptea
benzi de culori
asemeni unui curcubeu
ce azi n-a aparut pe cer.

Incotro zbor?

(Aprilie 1999) Philadelphia

Sense

Your empire...
Any word
is immediately
projected on the inside.
A propeller cuts reality.
Entwined curves
seen from behind
the night
colour bands
resembling to a rainbow that today
has not shown itself in the sky.

Where do I fly to?

Haiku

1.

Orasul vuiese
caut o strada pustie
inima.

2.

Incurcata-n vise
la capat de labirint
lumina.

3.

Joc minge moarta
Soare prin perne de iarba
molatece.

4.

Strig
Haosul alb raspunde
Voce decolorata.

5.

Nesigur si nesfarsit
Spre pamantul etern
Curcubeul

Haiku

1.

The town resounding
I am looking for a deserted street -
the heart.

2.

Entangled in dreams
at the very end of a labyrinth
the light.

3.

Game with a dead ball
Sunrays are hiding among soft pillows
the grass.

4.

My shout here aloud
the chaos answers with discoloured voice
in white.

5.

Unsure and endless
unfolding towards the eternal earth
the rainbow.

6.

Unduirea strazii
Copaci cu radacinile in cer
Vin ploi.

7.

Uitasem contururi
Apa, aer, cer
Clare contururi.

8.

Vioaie si verde
broscuta.
Inconstienta broscuta.

9.

Trandafirul
popasul privighetorii
in iarna timpului.

10.

In spatii intersiderale
Cuvant de ceata
lubirea.

6.

The winding of streets
trees with their roots in the soft air above
rains come.

7.

I forgot contours
the water, the air and the sky so far
clear now.

8.

Light green and jumping
so small and unconsciously naive
the frog.

9.

The rosebud so fresh
the nightingale's shelter
in the winter of time.

10.

Interstellar space
among the stars the words wrapped in fog
our love.

11.

Umbra limbilor
Joaca pe perete
Spiritul focului.

12.

Triluri patinate.
Stele din cantecul
privighetorii.

13.

Sa fiu pleoapa treaza luminii
ziua de maine
tot ar veni.

11.

The shadow of tongues
playing on the walls is the spirit
of fire.

12.

Patina of trills
stars that are soaring from the nightingale's
sweet song.

13.

Were I the watchful eyelid of light
tomorrow would come
just the same.

POSTFATA

Cind am acceptat sa traduc in engleza aceste poeme am facut-o cu o unda de duiosie. Intelegeam dorinta tinerei fiziciene care studiaza in strainatate de a-si folosi limba materna intr-un monolog interior devenit poezie si pe care vrea sa-l impartaseasca prietenilor ei care nu cunosc romana. Gandisem ca va fi un simplu exercitiu de a transfera cuvinte si sensuri dintr-o limba intr-alta. Si apoi e intotdeauna interesant de aflat cum gandesc si cum simt altii.

“Cum gandesti si ce simte o tanara in pragul unui nou secol, al unui nou mileniu, al unei noi galaxii ?” - fusese intrebarea pe care mi-o pusesem inainte de a citi manuscrisul. “Oare de ce s-au gandit parintii ei sa-i dea poemele la tradus cuiva chiar mai in varsta decat ei insisi?” - a fost intrebarea care s-a ivit mai tarziu, pe cand ma luptam sa-mi cenzurez perceptia de acum ironica a lumii si sa-mi infrang reticentele, lasand poezia Ioanei sa-mi invadeze mintea si sensibilitatea. Astfel, traducerea acestor poeme pline de o intelepciune juvenila a devenit ca o calatorie spatiala spre o lume necunoscuta din viitor si un fel de operatie estetica asupra propriei mele viziuni despre lume. Incelul cu incelul, in cursul negocierilor despre sensuri, mi-am apropiat textul in asa masura incat reactionam de-a dreptul violent la fiecare noua schimbare sugerata de autoare in mesajele e-mail transmise mamei sale - mediatoarea intre ea si traducatoare. Uneori ma

intrebam de ce mai era nevoie de un intermediar de vreme ce ar fi putut sa faca traducerea ea insasi.

Este linistitor sa afli din poemele Ioanei ca nou generatie de oameni de stiinta sunt si ei doar "incerti calatori / cautand / un Ultim Inteles\ si ca aceasta "cautare de sensuri" nu urmeaza doar calea ratiunii pentru a gasi raspunsuri numai in teorii si formule, ci este si o explorare a lumii complementare a cuvintelor.

La inceputul secolului, Lucian Blaga spunea despre poezia noua ca este ca fizica noua. Mai este oare adevarat acest lucru? Am auzit tineri critici literari folosind, pe langa obsesivul postmodernism, termeni ca "teoria haosului" si "fractali", aratand dorinta lor de interdisciplinaritate. Dar sa nu uitam, Ioana nu este o "profesionista" a scrisului. Poetul este doar una din dimensiunile personalitatii sale complexe. Pentru ea poezia este o extensie a sinelui in perceperea, intelegerea, unificarea si cristalizarea descoperirilor pe parcursul trecerii prin si dincolo de lumea vizibila. Scara si viteza calatoriilor sale cosmice "cu gandul", indrazneala de a se juca cu universul si impresia ca numai Soarele o poate intelege, curios, nu mai apar ca simple figuri retorice. Tot ce tinuse mai ieri de domeniu imaginariului, astazi se dovedeste a fi pe de-a-ntregul posibil sau chiar ridicol de simplu. Imaginatia devine doar " o sfera / pe care cuvintele cu urechi lungi / alearga razand".

Remarcabila explozie de energie, dar cu tuse de delicate, poezia Ioanei este plina de vartejuri de lumina in care pana si umbrele devin albe. Iubirea, fie undeva intre cosmic si uman, fie reprezentata ca in pictura abstracta :" un cerc indragostit de o spirala",

devine forta motrice care face posibila retrairea Nasterii Lumii. Dar euforia juvenila este tulburata de anxietati firesti odata cu perceperea limitelor proprii. Apare acel misterios "lup" din suflet cu urletul inspaimantator, timpul se insinueaza implacabil, iar impresia ca totul este programat transforma fatalmente fiinta umana in "ceea ce vrea universul".

Densitatea de ganduri si sentimente, la fel si dialogul dintre sine si lume se rostesc de cele mai multe ori intr-o formula poetica lapidara. Referintele culturale fixeaza si amplifica sensurile. Din pacate cele care fac trimitere la fondul cultural romanesc se pierd in traducere. Cateva dintre imaginile nucleare de inspiratie picturala - oglinda si pendulul, clepsidra sau floarea de cires - par sa contina esenta preocuparilor prezente ale autoarei, dar sunt de fapt temele eterne ale poeziei: reflectarea sinelui in lume, implacabila trecere, timpul devorator sau iubirea si moartea.

S-ar putea, desigur, spune multe inca, dar de vreme ce poemele vorbesc ele insele, nu exista motive sa prelungim aceste observatii. Ele au fost destinate de fapt celor care nu inteleg limba textului original si vor sa justifice disonantele sau inadvertentele din versiunea engleza ca apartinand doar traducatorului.

Ana Olos

AFTERWORD

When I accepted to translate these poems into English, I did it with a touch of tenderness. I understood the wish of the young physicist studying abroad to share with her friends who do not know Romanian her poems born from an interior monologue in her mother tongue. I thought of a simple exercise transferring words and meanings from one language to another. Besides, it has been always thrilling to learn how others think, how others feel.

“How does a young woman - a scientist - think and feel on the threshold of a new century, of a new millennium, of a new galaxy?” - this was the question I had asked myself before reading the typescript. “Why did her parents ask someone even older than themselves to translate their daughter's poems?” - was the question that arose later on, while I was struggling to repress my somewhat ironic perception of the world and worn-out emotional status, letting Ioana's words enter my mind and my sensitivity. Thus, the translation of these youthfully wise poems became a voyage by spaceship to an unknown world somewhere in the future and a kind of plastic surgery performed on my own vision of the world. Step by step, during our negotiations for meanings, I began to appropriate the text and sometimes even violently reacted whenever the author suggested new changes, in the e-mails sent to her mother - the intermediary between herself and the translator. Other times, I wondered why she needed a translator since she could have done the job herself.

It has been reassuring to learn from Ioana's poems that the new generation of scientists feel to be still "unsure travellers / looking for an ultimate meaning" ; that their "search for meanings" does not follow only the paths of reason in order to find and give answers in theories and formulas, but has become also an exploration of the complementary world of the words.

At the beginning of the century, the Romanian poet Lucian Blaga said that new poetry was like new physics. Is this still true? I would say, yes. Terms like "chaos theory" and "fractals" are used not only by scientists but also by young literary critics. Nevertheless, we have to bear in mind that Ioana's poetry is not concerned with literary theory or criticism for writing is not her profession. The poet is only one of the many dimensions of her complex personality. She uses poetry as a vehicle or rather as an extension of her self in order to perceive, understand, unify, and crystallise, the discoveries she makes during her passage through and beyond the visible world. The scale and speed of her cosmic trips "by thought", her daring "to play with the universe", and her impression that "only the Sun can understand" her, do not sound anymore like rhetorical figures. Whatever used to belong only to the world of imagination (according to her "a sphere / on which long eared words / run laughing") seems not only possible but even ridiculously simple nowadays.

A remarkable outburst of energy, "on the verge between day and night" - with touches of delicacy - Ioana's world is, on the whole, that of "vortices of light", so that even the shadows turn white. Love, whether experienced both as cosmic and the human, or

represented like in abstract painting: “a circle in love with a spiral”, is the driving force that enables her “to relive the Birth of the World”. Nevertheless, she is not exempt from anxieties. There is still the mysterious “wolf” in the soul, with its frightening ancestral howl; there is time that “creeps into her secretly”. She has the impression that everything has been “programmed”, and the human being is only “whatever the universe wants” it to be.

The density of disquieting thoughts finds most of the time a condensed poetic formula. Cultural references help to focus and expand the solitary meditation as well as the dialogue with the world around. (Unfortunately, much of what refers to the Romanian cultural background is lost in the translation.) Some of the nuclear images inspired by painting like “mirror” and “pendulum”, the “sand glass” or the “cherry blossom”, contain the essence of the author’s present concerns but are actually the eternal themes of poetry: the reflection of the self in the world, the implacable passage, devouring time, or love and death.

Many more things could be said but since the poems have spoken for themselves, there is no reason to go on with these observations. They are meant only to remind the reader who does not understand the original text that whatever might sound a dissonance or inaccurate English should be blamed on the translator.

Ana Olos

CUPRINS

- Floare de cires /6
- Memento mori /8
- Timp /10
- Tiptil /10
- Povestea pasarii oarbe /12
- Alter-ego /14
- Clepsidra /16
- Umbra /18
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Quest for Meanings, is Ioana Cozmuta's first book of poetry. Born in Baia Mare (Romania), on 4 July 1973, she graduated the "Gh. Sincai" high school in her hometown and then she got her B.Sc. in Physics at the "Babes Bolyai" University of Cluj-Napoca. Presently, she is working on her Ph.D. thesis at the Nuclear Physics Institute (KVI) in Groningen (the Netherlands). Literature and poetry writing have always been her passions. This volume is a selection of the poems written in the last few years of the ending millennium (1984-1999).

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