

SAVIANA STĂNESCU

Poems in Romanian and English

DINA-GOSPODINA

Dina nu s-a născut ca noi toți
deși a fost ca noi toți
făcută de mă-sa
făcută într-o zi de duminică
din lapte ouă zahăr și făină
frământată bine amestecată
pusă apoi într-un leagăn mărimea
15 cu 53 bine uns
cu unt și introdusă la cuptor
s-a copt la foc mic și după
aproape o oră a urlat
uaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
așa s-a născut Dina devenind
cu timpul bună gospodină dormind
în cuptor pân-la 25 de ani
după care s-a mutat în cămară
lăsându-se zilnic frământată
de femei cu mâini mari domestice
cu linguri tatuată pe sâni
fugind de bărbați ascunzându-se
pe raftul tapetat cu făină
până când
s-a amorezat tâmpita
de un flăcău petrecăreț cu dinții mari
tatuat cu sticle pe fese da
Dina s-a hotărât brusc
să fie a lui și s-a lăsat
tăiată în felii pusă
lângă o cană cu vin
pe masa lui

COOKIE THE COOK

Cookie wasn't born like the rest of us
though just like anybody else she was
baked in her Ma's oven
baked on a Sunday
from flour sugar eggs and milk
mixed thoroughly kneaded well
then put in a 15 x 53 cm. cradle
greased with butter
and set in the oven
she baked at a low temperature and after
almost an hour she cried
waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
this is the way Cookie was born
becoming a good cook over time
sleeping in the oven until she reached twenty-five
then moving to the pantry
every day she was kneaded
by women with large housewifely hands
spoons tattooed on their housewifely breasts
avoiding men
hiding there on the shelf dusted with flour
until
the doughhead fell in love
with the life of the party a gay blade with buck teeth
bottles tattooed on his buttocks oh boy
Cookie decided on the spot
to be his forever and let them
slice her and serve her
beside the cup of wine
on his table

translated by
Adam J. Sorkin with the poet

THE DIARY OF A CLONE

—16 years, 3 months:

I come of age I eat fruit and I do my best
clone clone
to be the other although I am he whenever he says *I*
I think of myself who
is not me
who am I

—you're really enjoying this, lord—
 across the lawns of my mind there strolls a mother
 who is not my mother although she is my mother a mother
 with silent glass walls with a slender transparent silhouette
 through her hair I saw the trees outside
 I watched the tips
 of blue-black reddish fingers grasp mother
 by her mouth shake her stare closely at me through
 her glass sex while I scrambled in vain
 for a corner a cranny a drawer my mother
 had no nooks no angles she was perfect they
 dipped all sorts of cold instruments into her and
 ogled me like Peeping Toms well that's how it happened
 my test-tube mother's face
 superimposes upon the other's face
 my grandmother his mother it's she
 I dream of it's her nipple I remember
 however there's
 a third mother too *the mother* as they usually say
 his wife that is of course mine too
 because I am
 a smaller he and nevertheless He as well

how can I tell my mother that I remember every bit of it

the tumbling around the nights spent together I know
 the creases of her skin by heart her smell
 still haunts me there between my thighs I'm obsessed
 by the music of her twitches when
instead of coming out of her I was entering
 —you're really enjoying this, lord—
 I am my father's clone and I should
 be grateful that I'm made in his image
 child facsimile counterpart counterfeit
 clone clone
 adam
 was he your clone almighty father?

it would be a true miracle
 to become a man who penetrates my mother
 and makes her pregnant so she'd bear me a baby
 that is of course a brother sorry I mean a son
 —you're really enjoying this, lord—
 I smash test tubes microscopes
 shatter mirrors everything and anything
 that comes my way I scratch
 my grandmother's picture where her boobs are
 which I believe fed me I know
 I'm my own father
 yeah laugh it suits your type I'll mash the ivory of your grinning mouths

and stuff your bloated beer bellies with bullets I'll make you lose
your looks lickety-split I'll tear out your hearts stack them here in a slimy pile
and you know what else then I'll fling
one or two of them high into the air and
bang bang I'll shoot birdshot at them like at sparrows
or I'll shove bladderfuls
of your blood into the chest cavities
of birds fish animals I'll do you some good
goddam moneyboxes jangling with the small change of ideas
I'll send you all the way back
to your caves your ocean muck the air
once upon a time you were free
fuck-overs clonesmiths
you clowns haven't a clue how good you used to feel
when you didn't ever think

translated by
Adam J. Sorkin and Liviu Bleoca

MIA-MAIA AND TESS-THE-POETESS

she could understand see hear
only what that crazy
soul-sister of hers Mia-Maia translated for her
the fat girl who dwelled heavily
inside her chest and suppressed
oppressed impressed her
so that of everything
Tess did replied thought
nothing at all was logical
seemed normal
made any sense
they said she'd lost her way
poor moonstruck young thing
in fact she was bored
people bored her
with their problems gossip smirks
their love affairs intrigues scandalmongering
she got along only with angels
whenever one of them decided
by chance to descend into that
turbulent perturbed disturbed brain of hers
she'd let him take sensible charge of her
in his care she'd more than willingly open her mouth
her sister Mia in hibernation in her chest like a boulder

where she stayed stone-still stone-quiet
and waited
for him to be done and be off
yes he wouldn't last long
that creature oh she spoiled his placid disposition
his celestial bearing his forbearance so he
loved her quickly and left her
pregnant with a poem a painting
a sonata but never did he
even look back to see
what he might have left behind him in the world
that was it here today and then on the fly
going going gone

*just like always this evening it went on again
a merry swarm a swirling flock
of satisfied angels
who had forsworn their lovers
writhing in labor*

translated by
Adam J. Sorkin with the poet and Jana Rotescu

MIA-MIUȚA ȘI TESA-POETESA

ea nu-nțelegea nu vedea nu auzea
decât ce-i traducea nebuna
ei soră de inimă Mia Miuța
grăsoanca aia care-i locuia
pieptul și-o apăsa și-o apăsa
că nimic din ce făcea răspundea gândea
Tesa
nu era logic
nu era normal
nu era de-nțeles
se vorbea deja c-a luat-o
razna de tânără săraca
de fapt ea se plictisea
o plictiseau
oamenii problemele lor discuțiile rânjetele
amorulile intrigile can-can-urile
cu îngerii
se-nțelegea doar dacă se hotăra
vreunul să coboare în creierul ăla
deloc confortabil
ea se lăsa fără mofturi
în grija lui cu gura deschisă cu

bolovanul în piept cu soră-sa Mia adormită
stătea și ea încremenită
și aștepta
ca el să termine și să se ducă-n
durerea lui da
nici el nu zăbovea prea mult
ființa asta îi strica buna dispoziție calmul
celest o iubea scurt o lăsa
grea cu vreun poem vreun tablou
vreo sonată nu
se uita îndărăt să vadă
cu ce s-a mai pricopsit lumea
de pe urma lui
și gata
roiul

*în seara aia chiar era așa
un roi un stol de îngeri veseli
ce-și abandonaseră amanții amantele
zvârcolindu-se
în durerile facerii*