

# 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  
amozurile 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*