

The sunrise light in Bucharest

The warm sunrise embraces this town covered in dust,
besieged by the swearing of its own inhabitants,
some went away, the others stayed
to keep on swearing also for the ones left,
at the top of their lungs, they even took from the world's languages,
in their journeys,
they had no money for other things, in bookshop they had no intention to enter,
but they gathered the swear words fallen in the streets,
and whatever else thrown away by others, for them it was good to bring home.

The sunrise light unreal, in the beauty of the summer's leaving,
mad like a woman in a love of no escape, caresses this town
which, the more it disappoints me, the more
love I throw over it, wherever I go,
even on what I don't wish to see,
I look away,
farther, so it might not get wounded.

The white sunrise, the victory of the future
I see through the rays of the sun
telling me about the futility of present disappointments,
the truth is sleeping there, wrapped in the promise
of tomorrow and the day after, and what's coming when we
have become the cornerstones, all of a sudden we will have become
quite, wearing in the pocket near our heart, in eternity,
our love for this town.

