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Paula Bârsan (Romania)

She was born in Bacău, Romania, where she lives at present. She is the author of short prose, essays, tablets and interviews in prestigious anthologies and literary magazines, being the author of 8 volumes of poetry, of which we mention *Fruit Stones* (haiku and tanka) and *Desirable*, she is working on the bilingual Romanian-English volume *Irreducible* (poem in a line) as well as haiku and tanka.

Poetry is his motto,

"in compasses, the centre of moment is looking

for the dream whirligig of your heart"(Paula Bârsan, *Poetry*),

he hears it, feels it and smells it at the corner of the urban, of the sky, of No and Yes, he lives it nuclearly in the mystery of this light called life, at the edge of the grass. With each volume it reinvents itself, it doesn't sit in a band, the frequencies breathe them with fervor and voluptuousness alike, turning towards new meanings and meanings, on its way.

hidden in the mist
the gentle rains are coming –
a burst cloud opens

霧隠れ
穏やかに雨
雲裂ける

white horses of sea
break up the divine colour –
seraphim, lilies...

ペガサスが
神の色を粉々に
天使たち、百合...

loop once again
the cord of my skintight dress –
the Law of the Sun

もう一度
ドレスの紐を
太陽の法則

daylight white flowers –
the wind breezes the clothes
on a washing line

白い花
そよ風吹いて
洗い立ての服

tremble of wings –
the dragonflies on the way
are not more seen.

震える翼
行った蜻蛉は
もう見えず

I would like to steal
a thimble for my mother,
from the calm snowfalls –
the river of cloudy dawn
veils her black hair

母の為
はらはら雪から
指ぬきを
暁の川
黒髪（かみ）覆う

pink flamingo tinge
the apricot trees in bloom –
a painted echo

フラミンゴ色
杏が花ざかり
絵のように

the earrings of sky,
summer breath of wind they are –
it is time to love!

空の耳飾り
夏風の息吹
愛のとき！

minute as snowfall...
the ford of love polishes
gates of paradise

雪はらはら
愛の浅瀬が磨く
楽園の門

a barbed wire fence –
the lost happiness trembles
into the flowers

有刺鉄線
失くした幸福
花震う

(translation by Mariko Sumikura)