

The space between

the space between the legs
walking the space between

me and you, two dark buildings
with white shirts hanging

on the clotheslines between us,
two trees on a hill

with or without a hammock in the space
between the branches full of wind,

with or without a mockingbird
in the space between

the arms, with or without embrace
in the space between breaths,

the space between lips,
between teeth and tongue,

between knife and bread,
between life and death.

Daffodils' Street, number 11B

—Tell me again about the princess with a sad smile
like a butterfly caught in a curtain.

Tell me again
that I remind you of her.

Tell me again about her round room
as yellow as the eye of a cat.

Inside it, the wounds open
tall as cathedral gates

and your voice's echo leaves
traces of fingers on the walls.

At dusk, the room becomes
a flickering field

as the lamp man fires up in the street
big nests of extinct birds.

Bucharest (I)

Rain falls over Cismigiu,
and we are falling through it,
embraced.

We drag clouds with us
like wounded animals
through the liquid city.

Here is our street
where the walls crumble,
and, suddenly, I see your heart.

Sparrows come quickly,
picking the green, shiny tip
grown

through cobblestone.