

POEMS
ELENA LILIANA POPESCU

IF
(DACĂ)

If you could ever
measure the immeasurable,
take in the boundlessness
and, walking across nothingness,
be neither one nor the other;

If you could ever
be love without loving,
be hope without hoping,
be speech without speaking,
be thought without thinking;

If you could ever
hear the unheard,
look into the unseen
and learn the unknown –
would there be a new beginning?

Translated by Adrian G. Sahlean

SONG OF LOVE
(CÂNT DE IUBIRE)

Seated at the table of Silence,
In the unknown kingdom,
Poets break for us
fresh bread,
sprinkled
with heavenly dew..

The dead go with the dead, they say –
the living with the living!
But do we really know
who is dead,
and who is living?

Another Poet,
in the beyond...
One less Poet,
here.

Departing
for the silent kingdom,
the Poet leaves behind
a song of Love
unknown...

Translated by Adrian G. Sahlean

**WHEN YOU ARE FOUND
(ÎN CLIPA REGĂSIRII)**

The shore reigns in the ocean's freedom
Full darkness contains the light
Upon the still land, fear is the wave
that leaves in its wake the world to come.

Everything is nothing in seeking immortality
In this mute despair silence is the word,
Even unhappiness contains the happiness
when, humbled, you will leave this world.

Subdued illusion hides the truth
revealed only when you depart –
Today the merely transitory
becomes eternal when you're found.

Translated by Adrian G. Sahlean

**HYMN TO SILENCE
(IMN TĂCERII)**

He who still longs to put
his feelings into poetry,
who is a guest at this royal banquet
inspiring his humble fantasy

Who brings all he has as offering
to Him who is Life itself,
who forever returns to the sources
and learns anytime from the advice

Of anyone willing to teach him,
who dares look on in silence—
and find in random deeds
Him who, Alone, fully knows their pain

And keeps them alive through Love—
who tries to capture in poems
the living Essence hidden in secret potions,
extracting from Life' canvas

What the Painter wished to show
through shadows on the Face of Immortality;
who dares to speak to humankind
with ephemeral verses

Dipping his quill in mute despair,
reviving hope, spreading with words
his love of all there is
and all he has learned;

Who once had so much to say
with his contrived rhymes—
could he then write one more poem
that is not the one of the endless Silence?

Translated by Adrian G. Sahlean