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The Metallurgical Forest

Translated from Romanian by Adam J. Sorkin and the poet.

Not many weeks ago the maple tree
in the yard of King Carol I School looked like a magnificent
pumpkin with eyes and mouth carved
into the huge symmetrical crown. In the distance,
the metallurgical horizon. Trams on the bridge to
the Metallurgy District, and on the hill behind the industrial
zone, the metallurgical forest. Metareality.
Under the Metallurgy Bridge, a pack of dogs
and three men nested in cardboard boxes,
in the foreground of the proletarian projects. My friend
Badge writes me about Canadian maple trees
surrounding a perfect lake. A ships' graveyard
of twigs and wires, simpatico
raccoons behind the fishing cabin. Cracks
gathered in time. The dirty surface fractured into dozens of dark
islets, surrounded by folds of raw green. Yoked together, however,
the colors and objects fail to compose
a coherent image. The intense yellow
of the maple foliage superimposed on
the stereotypical image of a brightly colored pumpkin.
Mounds of metal shavings and leaves from the metallurgical forest.

The jaded chromaticism of the corrugated cardboard boxes under the bridge to the Metallurgy District, and the intense blue and lemon yellow pattern of the projects.