

There is an I \*\*\* Victoria Duțu





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# FIRST 10 POEMS

THERE IS AN I

VICTORIA DUTU

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1.

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Now I would like to sift  
light on the thought in me  
to send around the world  
like a messenger  
new songs,  
new silences  
in the silent singing gaze,  
in the inner joy  
looking at the sky  
and let all that is understood  
of nature to be like a wedding of mine  
and the kingdom now  
in all that is  
light in the world.  
A state of ecstasy of nature  
over all the flowers of the world  
present here and in heaven  
as a word  
Of his  
Creator of light.

2.

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There's a song  
in all the world's sight  
which is known to those who seek  
the meaning of the morning light!  
I am an "I" with a soul of light,  
unseen, unknown and denied,  
And I want to be the song in the world  
I want to sing the word from heaven!

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However, I am not yet, although  
this will  
push me to be  
in a new form  
of thought  
in which all that I am  
can be further  
another being,  
in which I think  
and I become  
what I can be  
an I in the world  
a self beyond thought  
in the great whole  
which is His  
in the flow of the world.

3.

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Concrete  
My soul is caught  
between two moments  
of the concrete.  
It's a balance between  
yesterday and today and tomorrow  
always  
and it wants to run away  
to evade  
this flow  
that tightens its nature  
in captivity.

4.

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There's a moment  
of something  
so short  
like an empty space of ideas!  
And I am in myself

staring  
at the sky of memories  
where His word  
enthroned for millennia,  
but forgotten and simple  
I look back  
from me to the world.  
It's a strange riot  
for what I feel  
with my eye fixed  
to the top of the mountain  
which is  
just a pure one  
like light  
where you can only walk  
only barefoot.  
Where does this spirit come from?  
of vainglory,  
of the lesson  
that I could only be  
just earth  
that I could only be  
what I am  
in my own time constraint?  
Why this arrogance  
of nature  
to be anything?  
There is only light around me  
and then the hidden self,  
burdened  
by God with the mystery of life,  
stretches the gaze of thought  
to the star of the word!  
And then, with my face  
towards Him  
I'm heading  
from me,  
what I am  
just one point  
to him,  
who said  
"I am the light".

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And here's He coming  
in my stone matter,  
in what it should be  
and I ought to be  
and in what  
He said I should be,  
lifts up my hidden soul  
from the eyes of the world  
from slavery to freedom  
and shows me by his immortal word  
the beauty through which  
my outer and inner world  
should live  
as the world of my seeking power  
of meaning,  
life, dream,  
knowledge, infinity and  
resurrection,  
by God!

6

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My soul  
is caught between two millennia.  
I struggle with a meaning  
which is mine  
and I pray I could  
go even further  
in knowing what is hidden  
by the word wrapped in light!  
But I can't define  
my "away"  
because  
there's a new world inside me now  
a new book  
is opening  
in all that I am,  
to be able to become  
the struggle of crying of  
a new world  
that will be born in me  
and through me

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to another  
to include me  
in His word  
from what I am  
now  
in what I will be  
as a present  
in all that it is  
present  
in nature.

7

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Now I am thinking  
between two moments,  
an abstract one  
and a concrete one,  
and I'm pedaling  
between the two of them  
eager to understand  
everything I live!

8

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I'm just that something  
that catches the worlds inside  
to make them  
so strong  
outside.

9

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I missed the meaning  
I was looking for  
I wanted to be me  
in the struggle of the world.  
I use  
my words that become



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a tandem  
until I,  
being in the world an I,  
I can become  
another world  
that includes in it,  
many worlds  
that were born  
from me as a word  
like a thought,  
a traveller to  
the unspoken and insurmountable edge,  
except with Him  
the great He of the world  
who holds in His hands  
the endless path of light  
that always gives birth to  
new universes of thought.

10

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You, my ego,  
you are something  
incomprehensible!  
Something  
without concrete determinations!  
But!  
But, you are something  
so concrete  
that is not visible.  
Something in concrete world  
set in motion,  
put into words  
by the great word,  
a searching word  
of the world,  
which becomes the world itself,  
in the multitude of infinite worlds  
born through all that is,  
to be further  
another word giving birth to a world.

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