

THE COAT

Sometimes being alive feels like wearing a coat, or another skin attached to ours.

Too large, too tight, it never seems to fit perfectly.

I have asked people that I know or did not know before to put on this coat covered with paper cranes and to close their eyes.

I want to look at their faces as they become or try to become calmer, at the way they hold their hands, or grip the coat's edges.

After they open their eyes they often tell me that it was soothing to listen to the sea with their eyes closed, or that everything looks different afterwards.

I would like to know how it would be possible to heal someone either by mere touch, or more specifically, by placing a piece of cloth over them, wrapping them in a coat, a large scarf, a blanket, as all their pain and trouble goes out of them through that surface.

I also made the coat to show how I feel about my life: sometimes it is dark. But over this black coat, white birds come to rest, once in a while, and I find myself relieved for a moment because of their beauty, and because in their lightness they take upon them my burden.

Livia Marinescu



I always cut off
a part of the flowers' stems – after I bring them
home - because air bubbles go
up the stems and water cannot
reach them anymore.

And then I place them in a vase and look at them.

I make a big mistake
I hurt someone
that's when I run out and buy white flowers.

The flowers I buy are only from supermarkets because
they are infected with neon light and
thus they know so much more about flowers.

And then I like to hand the bunch
to the person behind the counter and to hear them asking me:

‘Anything else for you today?’

‘No, thank you, this is all for today.’

It has been going on for years,
choking on these air bubbles.







I did that again a few nights ago without meaning to.

I was very hungry in the middle of the night,

I took a lump of bread and

ate it there

in the dark

in that dark under

the blanket.

That's when I remembered when we were small

and how we kept the bread in a plastic bag

on that wooden shelf at the end of our bed.

At night we woke up and ate by tearing from it.

We slept in the crumbs

Sheltered.

How different it feels to do this

when you understand,

when you think you understand.





I am a body
full of cancer
in a field full of
flowers.

Or maybe

in a supermarket
of flowers.

'Sometimes I am her body,
or someone else's body who had pain

living
in them like in a house.'



On that day, I first wrote her name in my phone with the word 'mother' after it. And then I realised what had happened and I wrote her name in my phone with the word 'mother' before it.

the days have grown longer,
you see? it is still cold but
let us walk through

your eyes are big and so
peaceful.

such eyes as children draw when
they are
alone. when they are
left with God

blue meadows shelter our
light togetherness

we walk inside
green solitude

my fear takes the shape of a flower
it opens then closes unto
those years that passed. It is time.

I will say it
again for the last time:

I am afraid.

- - -

where will a rabbit
running over blue meadows
find its food tonight?

will the running be hunger? will the distance be food?

but your soft voice is near,
and someone else
nearer and
nearer



Have you ever noticed how water tastes
different after you cried?

