

## Negura Bunget "I"

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Poarta-a vintului incet deschide, aspru suier 'ncet  
purcede  
Iarna incuiata, codru inverzit.  
Alb si negru sa-mpleteste, timpu tainic daspleteste  
Picatura pica, piatra sa daspica,  
Hora sa-nvirteste, apa daspleteste, ghiata inchezata,  
Da vechi timp purtata, din miaz munte da piatra;  
Samn ca timpu sa porneste. Dalasine. Si p' ales fagas.  
La-ndasitu codrilor, in glasu vinturilor,  
Si-n umbra pietrii, chip sfrintat, 'n munte, 'n 'nalt  
Ceahlau  
Ce din gheata inghetata, lua forma ce-i fu data.  
Vesnic!  
Chiparus... prin para si foc, vijelios... joc;  
Ca prin foc sa arza, dincolo sa treaca, prin jar si cenusa  
Sus pe calea cea apusa, ce-a alesului fagas.  
Fрати blajini, rohmani! Din aievea fiind, da dupa apa  
Simbetii,  
Dupa brazda lu Novac,  
Din scorbu pamintului, al din naltu muntelui,  
Muntelui caruntului, s-al bradului,  
Bradului, viteazului.  
La virfsori da munte, la bradui marunti, la stina batrina,  
Unde iarba creste, da-n patru sa-mpleteste,  
Cerbu runcului, fiara cimpului, s-a pamintului, agale-n  
plai coboara...  
Toti copaci in calea sa, crengile-s pleca  
Coarnele-i margaritare s-impunzatoare  
Laganat purtat, spre al tainic loc, fagas.  
Cum urzica sa nunteste, sa-nunteste s-nfloreste,  
Din intins cuprins da lume, scaun da lege sa aduna  
Vorba sa o spuna, raspicat si pentru tati.  
Legea bitii si cea fricii. Drept!  
Pieptu ursului brazdat,  
Da Focu Viu, da dupa Strimba Oilor  
In mijlocu poienilor, si-n mijlocu padurilor,  
Flacara-i rasfringe, si din foc si singe  
Mugur verde da brad, imbucut, insingerat... s-ntrupat...  
dascatusat.  
D-aci, incotro... dincolo...  
Fagas!

[English translation:]

Open gates of wind, a whistle slowly crawling in  
Locked winter, greened forests.  
Black and white are blending secretly untwining time  
The drop falls, splitting the rock,  
The round dance starts to circle untwining waters; the  
strong ice  
Which has long traveled, from the rocky mountain's  
heart;  
A sign: the beginning of time. By itself. On the chosen  
path.  
At the forest's heart, in the wind's whispering,  
In the rock's shadow... a sculptured face on the heights  
of Ceahlau Mountain  
Which, from icy ice, took the shape it had been given.  
Forever!  
Pepper... through flames and fire, stormy... game;  
Burned in fire, through embers and ashes, crossing  
beyond  
Upwards on a faded path - that of the chosen path.  
Kind-hearted brothers, rohmani! Coming from the real,  
from beyond Apa Simbetii,  
Beyond Novac's furrow,  
From the heart of the earth, in the mountains high,  
The grayish mountains, and of the fir tree,  
Fir tree... the brave!  
In the mountains high, through the small firs, at the old  
sheepfold  
Where the grass grows, interweaving four by four,  
Stag of the defrosted realm, beast of the fields and of  
the earth, slowly descending...  
The trees in his way they all bend their branches  
His goading antlers like pearls  
Swinging gait... towards the secret place - the path.  
Stinging nettle sprouting, and blooming,  
From the vastness of the world a law is taking shape  
To utter the word, bluntly, and for all.  
Law of the club and of the fear. True!  
Furrowed bear chest,  
By the Living Fire, from beyond Strimba Oilor  
At the heart of the clearings, at the heart of the woods,  
Its flame throws back, and from fire and blood  
Green fir's bud, gobbled up, stained with blood...  
embodied... unchained.  
From here, to where... beyond...  
The path!

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