

NEW LITERARY SOCIETY



**8 / AUGUST
2025**

MIHAELA MARILENA CHIȚAC

SPECIAL EDITION

M. Chițac

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The cover photo is a portrait of Mihaela Marilena Chițac, signed by her husband, artist Marcel Chițac.

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THE CON TENT

MIHAELA MARILENA CHIȚAC: SPECIAL EDITION

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE POETESS & ARTIST

POETRY SPOTLIGHT

EDITOR'S NOTE BY HORIA GÂRBEA

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ISSUE 8 – AUGUST 2025

Mihaela Marilena Chițac: Where Poetry Meets Art

A story of passion, perseverance, and the magic
behind the words.

Celebrating the Poetess and Artist on Her Birthday — August 10

Mihaela CHIȚAC is a freelance artist, poet, translator, and book editor, born on August 10, 1956, in Bucharest, Romania.

Since she graduated from a Fine Arts Secondary School in 1975, Mihaela Chițac has taken part in many documentation art camps and participated in collective, group, and solo exhibitions.

She earned a B.A. in English & Romanian languages from the University of Bucharest, 1990.

She is the author of several poetry books, with her own original illustrations, including *Color through Word*, E.D.P., 2006; *Through Eve's Garden*, Lumina Tipo, 2013; *Ella's Charms*, Integral, 2016; *In the Shade of the Royal Eagle*, 2019 & *Under the Sign of Ursa*, eCreator, 2020; *Molly's Chamber*, Coresi, 2022; *Waking up Gaea*, Bifrost, 2022; *Cabinet of Curiosities*, 2023 & *Hearts of Paper*, Neuma, 2024.

She also wrote and published a series of rhyme books for children and an e-book, *Karaoke Kiri Ki*, e-Publisher, 2024.

The Voice



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The author reading from her book at the launch event
held at the Romanian Writers' Union

MIHAELA MARILENA CHIȚAC SPECIAL EDITION

Exclusive Interview

1. That Special Moment

One fine day, you started writing poems/stories. How did it happen exactly?

MMC: Even since I was a girl, I was interested in playing with words. I used to ask questions about palindromes and make lists of them in a little notebook.

In my childhood, I had wonderful experiences with beautifully illustrated books.

Once I received a gift from my parents, and it was one of my favorite books of poems and songs.

It used to have amazing characters that fascinated me: they belonged to the world of animals and birdies.

They impressed me so much that I felt a need to express myself and tried to compose my own version of those poems.

2. Art Is Work

What does your work as a writer consist of? What are the biggest challenges of the present?

MMC: Apart from my work as an editor, author of textbooks, and translator of various books, especially in the field of arts, there is a huge effort when it comes to creating original poems.

One must strive a lot to be recognized as a poet these days.

The question is to whom you address your poems.

.

Exclusive Interview

It is equally important to keep eyes, ears, and minds open, like going on a mystery tour.

I write poems and rhymes for children, as well as poetry for the adult category.

3. Without Projects, There Is No Future

What are your representative projects?

What projects are you working on?

MMC: I recently embarked on a project of poetry for children, which is now ready to be published as an e-book at e-Publishers Publishing House in Bucharest, Romania.

A collection of rhymes and other poems composed in recent years for my grandchildren, I must say. Its title: KARAOKE KIRI KI.

(Interview from 2024)

4. The Scent of Creation

Describe a scent that immediately transports you to a moment of inspiration or creativity. What emotions does it evoke, and how does it influence your creative process?

MMC: I reckon vanilla or almond oil perfume may trigger an overwhelming response in me, which may influence my disposition and indirectly my compositions.

It depends mostly on that special moment.

Exclusive Interview

However, I feel like expressing myself irrespective of the enticing smell perceived around me.

5. Ink and Intimacy

If your writing style were a tactile experience, what texture would it be? How does the act of putting pen to paper or fingers to keyboard make you feel on a deeply personal level?

MMC: I would say a touch of metal if the tips of my sensitive fingers could speak.

I used to accompany my pen writing with doodling in the paper margin.

I seem to enjoy finding my inspiration drawing letters in a kind of calligraphic style while trying to grasp my ideas.

At the same time, I am happy to benefit from technological advancements and do not hesitate to touch computer keyboards to serve my literary aims thoroughly, even at a slower pace.

6. The Harmony of Silence

Think about a moment when silence spoke louder than words in your creative journey. What were the circumstances, and how did it shape your understanding of your craft?

MMC: Poetry is for me my perception of life in silence.

Strolling on a walk into the forest, suddenly I found myself alone in a different world.

Exclusive Interview

A moment of awe and reverie.

Silence so deep, I could hear it.

Usually, words speak up in my mind, and I don't need a riot.
I stand still, trying to capture their cry for help, their body, and shape.

7. The Palette of Dreams

Imagine your creative mind as a painter's palette.

What colors dominate your artistic spectrum, and how do they represent the different facets of your imagination?

MMC: Since I am an artist, my poems display a pictorial representation of reality, filtering colors (sensations) through an extremely flexible personal retina.

Each color fills my cells with the joy of spreading around, into the world.

My imagination flows and transcends beyond, into the outer world.

Phrases correspond to an infinity of nuances and combine into a sort of poetic chant,

“Somewhere Over the Rainbow”.

Depending on their subject and atmosphere, my poems are dominated by impressionistic colors: cold and warm, which may suggest as many facets as possible of my personality.

Exclusive Interview

8. The Quill of Vulnerability

If your creative expression were a handwritten letter to yourself, what truths and vulnerabilities would it unveil? How does the act of exposing your innermost thoughts contribute to your identity?

MMC: As an artist and poetess, I have always been a sensitive person.

During my formation years, I realized that I'd better handle a paintbrush or a quill than beg for attention from my pals. This is how I became confident to reveal my true nature.

Now I can expose my inner self through my artworks and poems in public without being embarrassed.

The outcome is fantastic!

And anyone may benefit from my original compositions.

I am happy to share my feelings, my innermost thoughts, and my rich experience with those interested.

9. Symphony of Shadows

Consider a character or theme in your work that embodies the shadows of your own psyche. What does this shadow teach you about your fears, desires, or unexplored dimensions?

MMC: A blacksmith is the Beast in my iron bed during my coldest insomnia nights spent in darkness.

Tossing and turning on my mattress filled with armies of ants, I invoke the Iron spirit to hold me tight in his powerful arms, give me

Exclusive Interview

strength and stamina to resist until the next day.

In a perpetual anxiety of the unknown, I wake up in the morning, stumbling over the piles of broken toys that set me traps, making me responsible for the mess in my room.

Trying to find an escape, I start to recreate an ideal world in my mind, organizing and putting pieces back together in my literary works.

Somehow, the shadows in my psyche prove to be quite resourceful.

10. Echoes of Childhood Whispers:

Recall a childhood memory that resonates with you as a writer. How do the echoes of your early experiences manifest in your work today?

MMC: I can see myself as a young girl of six climbing the stairs to the attic of the old house, exploring space.

There was a narrow corridor with rooms for rent, and I was not supposed to get there.

Suddenly, I found a room with a big iron key in the lock.

I remember I stumbled and made a noise.

In no time, the mysterious door opened with a creak, and I could

Exclusive Interview

see a dwarf with an old, wrinkled face staring at me as startled as I was.

I gave a wild yell, which alerted all my neighbors and called for my mum.

Then, I felt ashamed and ran away.

Although that dwelling was demolished soon after in the late regime, its shadowed memory still haunts me, providing me with fears and unrest.

Perhaps the unexpected encounter stimulated my propensity to create compositions in a Gothic, darkish style.

It triggered a kind of creative response to my meditation and modelled my personality.

11. The Dance of Syntax:

If your writing style were a dance, what would be the rhythm and tempo? How does the cadence of your sentences mirror the beating of your creative heart?

MMC: In my female universe, the rhythms, cadence, and acoustic echo are as important as the ideational substrate.

Imaginary rhythmic wingbeats relaunch a rock & roll dance in most of my poems.

There is a lot of strain and improvisation as well. I keep the alert tempo as my heartbeats are as quick as possible.

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12. Admiration Exercises

Which writers do you admire? What are your favorite books?

- Edward Lear's *Book of Nonsense*;
- Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*;
- Oscar Wilde's *Portrait of Dorian Gray*; *The Happy Prince and Other Tales*;
- Edgar Allan Poe's *Poems* ("The Raven", "Annabel Lee", "Ulalume", *The Bells*, etc.); the essay "Eureka, A Prose Poem"; short stories ("Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque"; "The Fall of the House of Usher", "The Crimes in Rue Morgue"; "The Gold Bug"; "The Dead Alive", etc.);
- Sylvia Plath's *The Colossus and Other Poems*; *Ariel*;
- Virginia Woolf's collected *Essays* and novels (*Mrs Dalloway*; *To the Lighthouse*; *Orlando*; *The Waves*)

13. An Indiscreet Question

With which influential author or inspirational figure from life, past or present, would you most like to share a cup of tea and a captivating conversation?

I'd better choose Erica Jong, a contemporary American poetess, novelist, and essay writer, to share a cup of oriental tea and have a captivating conversation on female poetry, considering her historical character Sappho, the renowned poetess of Antiquity, in *Sappho's Leap*, a novel which inspired me a lot.

Exclusive Interview

14. Blog/Author Page/Social Media Profile **Where can we read your works?**

On my Blog, but generally, my poems are written in Romanian.
And on Eb, to which I dedicated the poem “Facebook Torments.”

So far, I have published 13 books of poetry.

My poetic writings are twofold.

On one hand, they are addressed to the children, and that is why the lines are written in a playful spirit.

And on the other hand, they are addressed to the people who think that the art of poetry speaks to the soul.

In an effort of essentialization, I tend to transform communication into a plurivalent matter, purifying the concrete in a permanent self-spiritual sublimation.

Owing to the spectacular world of legends and ancestral myths, I try to recreate my own personal mythology out of elements of the real world combined with the imaginary, in a play of magic, which highlights the universal symbolism of creatures.

For me, the primordial elements making up the surrounding world (sky, water, fire, earth, air) exert an irresistible fascination, an uncommon charm, that I am eager to transmit through my poems to my readers, as well.

Exclusive Interview

15. A Story in Ten Words

A storyteller tells a tall tale of life and death.

16. Contact Information

How can you be contacted?

By email

mihaela@chitac.ro

To explore more of our family's art and literature—especially the work of Marcel Chițac—visit his blog: <https://marcel.chitac.ro>

17. Embers of Endings

Envision the conclusion of a significant project. How do you feel as you pen the final words or brush the last strokes? What is the emotional resonance of completion, and how does it influence your anticipation for the next artistic endeavor?

It is relieving to finish the project of your lifetime.

The pangs of creation are well-known.

After completing an important literary project, it is natural to feel an overwhelming joy.

Nevertheless, such a positive feeling may be altered at any time by another dose of unrest in trying to outline my prospective project.

Family of Creators



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Marcel Chițac, esteemed member of the Romanian Union of Fine Artists (Uniunea Artiștilor Plastici din România, UAP), painter and writer, and Mihaela Marilena Chițac, fine artist and poetess, share a unique bond forged through art and literature.

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Marcel Chițac in His Studio



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MIHAELA MARILENA CHIȚAC SPECIAL EDITION

Partner and Muse



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Mihaela Marilena Chițac with a nude study by Marcel Chițac, captured in his art studio. A true collaboration of life and art.

MIHAELA MARILENA CHIȚAC SPECIAL EDITION

Spotlight on Poetry

Poems to inspire and provoke

Selected Poems

“ **by Mihaela Marilena Chițac**

1. Vehicle
2. Transient Passivity
3. Taste
4. Awakening
5. Summertime Shadow
6. Maiden
7. Posing Nude
8. Allure Your Viewer
9. Solitariness
10. Marbles
11. Song of Reed
12. Secrets
13. RAT-A-TAT
14. Facebook Torments
15. Dark House
16. Alone
17. Glitters
18. Flora's Secret
19. Breathe
20. For a Moment
21. Bang Boom
22. Mirage
23. The Doll Maze
24. Molly's Chamber
25. Litany
26. Vampire of Voices
27. Mars and Venus
28. Nothing

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Opening Night



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Vehicle

in their enigmatic bed
transcendental flying vehicle
some people dare walk the clouds
hastily crossing territories...
they don't have a chart
for the estimated time
dreaming they reach
the impalpable untrodden realm
with volatile instruments of dreaming
the dreamers stop at temporary stations
as their itinerary is not specified...

Transient Passivity

caress my lonely soul
cover me softly
in your embracing
psychedelic shawl
my transient body suffers
from a nasty fall
down to the depths
of the unknown sea...
do not just sit
and watch me passively

Transient Passivity

while I go in stray

hurry up, I pray

astral healing heals

nasty pains... hurray!

can you heal my love?

never mind, I say...

Taste

thirsty of love
enjoy my bubbling waste
taste my restlessness
in your sip
from this hot pitcher of flesh
love pours down insatiably
my liquor is filling
your empty goblet
drink it to the bottom
you can feel me

Taste

on your tongue

like a pang

giving flavor

to your prey

with my taste

for love and play

giggle!

Awakening

a traveler was sleeping
an ambiguous dream
of death and life...
the day was breaking
like a mirror
broken by a furious woman
bursting into tears
each shimmer in her eye
scattering another image
of herself and yet the same

Awakening

over the murals
hidden in a nightmare
and revealed by daylight
in delight...

Floral Mirage



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Aqua Reverie



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Summertime Shadow

out of the bluish summer sky

a mighty eagle's shadow

descends upon

its solar staircase

in an embrace of passion

following its prey

downfall of soot and ashes...

thunder and lightning

shooting arrows

scared sparrows slain...

Summertime Shadow

red hearts scatter
scarlet fragile petals
on hills and vales...
trembling veil
of flashing flames
miracles of rain in flames...
battery of wings
playing rhythmically
summer showers

Maiden

B

mist-enshrouded maiden

hidden in the hollows

of a willow tree

fairy trapped within its trunk

waiting for the wind

to take her and break free...

fluffy-haired fairy

curly fair hair

trembling in thin air

allures the birds

Maiden

B

to her rotten nest
of rust and unrest
among rustling leaves
at the edge of the lake...
at times, the wind takes
gracile shapes away
as an offer of bounty
on a golden tray
to the Prince Charming
of the loch

Maiden

B

meandering vague silhouette

guilty of glamour

and despair...

The Artist as a Muse



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Posing Nude

a wash of paint

out of range

my naked body

stuck in the depths

of a translucent sea

my artist

can you still see me?

standing still

my arms turn green

my legs and thighs

Posing Nude

I'm petrified
my spine is curving
under your heavy sight...

Allure Your Viewer

come in my dear viewer
the gallery is open but not wide...
the rain has stopped
it isn't pouring anymore...
tread onto my threshold and stay...
release the gate
step on into my gallery
incognito, obscured
enter the frames of pictures
paintings have always been secured...

Allure Your Viewer

they deserve constant humidity
an optimum range of temperature
a bit of jazz, cool atmosphere
now, camouflaged like a spy
under so many coats of paint
please, keep an eye on my display
anytime, at day or night...
when the light grows dim, you might
do it in your own way!

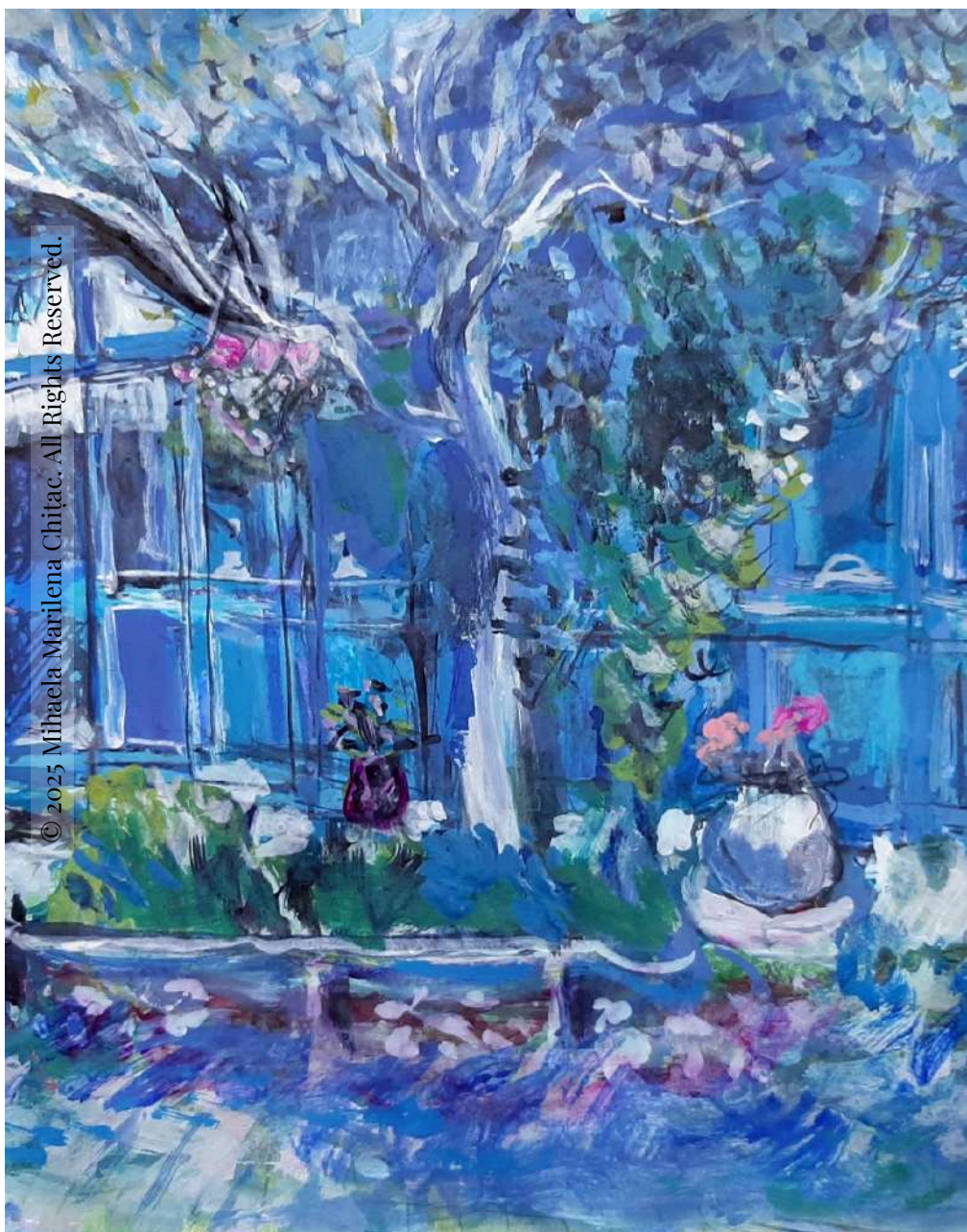
Solitariness

I keep trying to reach you
solitary mountain
my arms are longing for
a huge embrace
from your body of flesh
naturally carved
like a statuette
with large shoulders
of athlete...
while climbing

Solitariness

to your rocky stature
my fingernails
have reached a stony nest
temporary shelter
for a girl to rest
me as an offering am meant
to your savage nature
Temple of Solitariness

Cool Bloom



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Where the Poet Waits



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Marbles

we are just tiny marbles
filled with grains of sand
mostly made of water
others made of tin or glass
each playing a part we pass
rolling down the downfall
leaking and fall
splashing in the waterfall...
bouncing, bubbling
bending, breaking

Marbles

making our way

relenting

fall into the Sea of Darkness

dripping round drops

through the sieve of night

to rest...

Song of the Reed

waving trembling virgin

winding up her wondrous

reddish hair

melting through the air

solitary wig

standing in despair

against atmosphere

drying strings of fear

waiting for her prince

crop her copper hair

Song of the Reed

from marshes of woe
to a land of love
the wind blows the oboe
sounding in her womb
until there she blooms
sound in wind and limb...

Secrets

I walked muddy slopes
sloshing along
the paths I know
sensing larger bumps
of your stony skin...
from your chest of drawers
darker secrets grow
spreading to the shore...
smashing shallow waves
with my bare feet

Secrets

seashells in the sand

cut my soles deep...

suddenly your view

turns into thin air

with a tint of blue

unexpectedly

Through Her Eyes



MIHAELA MARILENA CHIȚAC
**TRANSPUNERI
PICTURALE**



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**GALERIA
FOAIER**
3 - 16 MARTIE 2020



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RAT-A-TAT

drums hammering a rat-a-tat

beating up the spinal rhythm

tapping with my fingertips

rest a bit and play the beat

running in the daily beep

checking for the air

pumped into my lungs

chirping a tweet-tweet

nesting in the dark

stirring through the curving ribs

in the bellows of the night

Facebook Torments

Facebook my love
it seems me to no avail
as I get along
your misty slimy trail
I am weak, you are strong
you cheat and you lie
here is my cry
in this chant or song
dedicated to you
I think it will do

Facebook Torments

cause you are always right

and I am sometimes wrong

you make me unveil

my personal world

though you have curtailed

my liberties I hail

Facebook my love

release me on bail

my face is oblong

your face is a name

Facebook Torments

my book is your tale

faithfully to you

signing in I play...

Stillness Before Applause



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Dark House

let me drop into your house

I am just a tiny mouse

I believe I have a right

to take shelter for the night

cause I love your darkest side

I suspect you will not mind

I am always on your side

no one gets me if I hide

in such passage of delight...

darkness fills the slits of light

Dark House

I will tell you more sweet lies
as I'm haunted by your eyes

Alone

better feels alone
when I'm on my own
means to be at home...
it's been ever known
walls protect my home
plants are overgrown
but sometimes I moan
I feel quite alone
though I am at home...

Blue Radiance



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Glitters

flashes in the attic
help my mind perform
all things come in handy
easily they grow
walking up or slipping down
in a perpetual balance
wherever I go, whatever I do
they give me a clue
as if they have known
that I need this key

Glitters

to secure me and my family
they keep following me
going in circles
I feel imponderable
always in my ear
hearing what to do
mobile gadgets keep me
guiding through
the gates of my mind
they entered them too...

Glitters

they say how I dare
decipher the signs
acknowledge the awe
knowledge grows anew
as a kind of lore
tables from a vessel
which has reached my shore
they show me the light
when the night is dark
and they heat my food

Glitters

if slimy and starched
glitters have remained
fears fade away...
make a world of magic
as instructions say...

Through the Soulscapes



Mihaela Chițac este, așa cum ne mărturisea artista, o neliniștită, o căutătoare de frumos în sensul creării frumosului prin mai multe mijloace. Când nu pictează sau desenează, scrie, răspunzând firesc unei cerințe intime și unor gânduri și idei orientale, în care scrierea este o continuare a desenului. Așadar, Mihaela Chițac se raportează la cuvânt și la culoare, iar volumul artistei – el însuși un obiect frumos în sine – confirmă plăcerea pe care artista o resimte și când scrie, și când desenează.

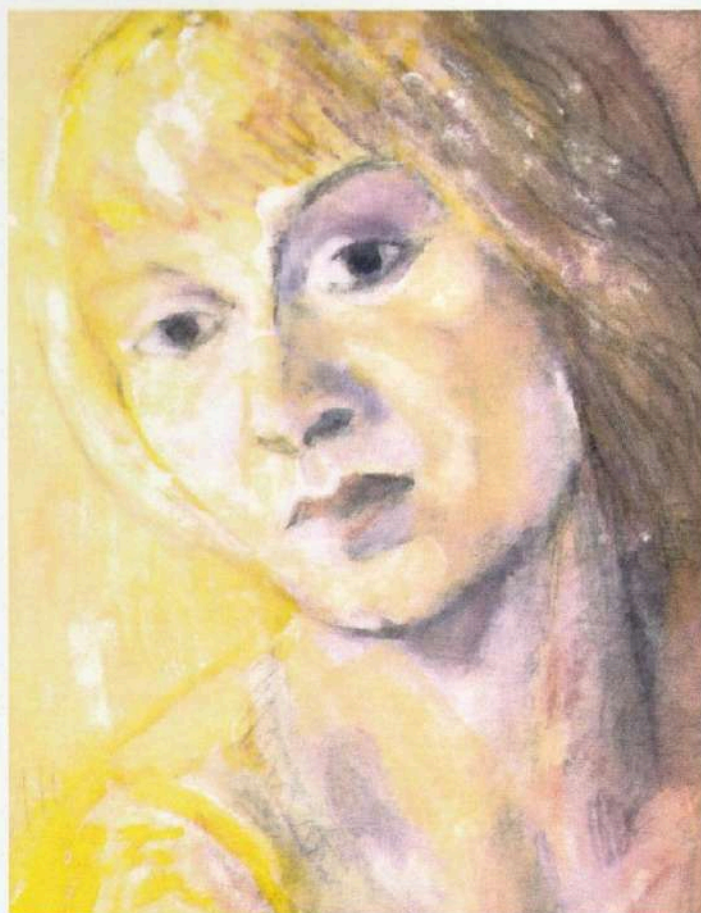
Roxana Păsculescu

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Of Mihaela Marilena Chițac



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Flora's Secret

she strikes a solitary pose
through a portal of light
apparently, she makes no noise
she gathers clouds to guard her sky
weaving the shadows of the past
on height of their despair
the clouds unravel in the air
swallowed in silence by the sunset rust
photographers capture a fact
Flora is floating on a cloud of dust

Flora's Secret

her secret burns unburied
as rumors spread like hell
among her neighbors
eternal lives her feminine shell
kept intact for a while
composed of feelings
and resentments
forgotten decorations, ornaments
deep inside a shelf of lies
ordered by size

Flora's Secret

enough to fit in the shuttered heart

divided into compartments

which would die

a ton of promises were missed

still calling in the dusk

Flora is floating on a cloud of dust

with strings of beads

powder of pearls

jewels and gems

she used to keep within a lidded chest

Flora's Secret

her rare vestments worn to rest
in captured photos vanish in thin air
a trail of roses left behind
Flora is floating on a cloud of dust...
while Flora navigates above
she waves around her silky scarves
glides lazily upon the clouds
with spare wings and feathered hats
exhibiting her precious pompous clothes
the viscose blouses running fast

Flora's Secret

a faded dandelion there she blows

Flora is floating on a cloud of dust...



M. Chitau

Breathe

love is breathtaking
subtle inner layers awakening
sweet memories
one mustn't forget to inhale the air
of inspiration not for sale
when oblivion heads towards you
look around, spot a face
you're just passing through
in the underworld
you forget the word

Breathe

life throbs in unwritten letters

painted on the wall

let the doubts gnaw at you

your idle dreams

early killed by a formless time

the juvenile body

uselessly exposed...

I'm afraid to sleep

my time is running out

in the abstract void

Breathe

probing the endless
startling in my sleep
watching the sunrise
a missing beat broke the flight
of the angel's wing, unfolded
glued with wax, melted by the sun
an eternal Icarus in the solar fog
my dream is breaking
my bones are straining
in the sky the rainbow

Breathe

describes curvy lines

drawn to the light by a harlequin

multicolored bow...

For A Moment

today I caught a moment
made it captive in the sandglass
to fill my dilated time
it wouldn't protest
against my hot clinging
on the spot
it stopped for a while to rest...
when the heat was spread
forcing the silicium vase
the glass resisted slightly

For A Moment

to such torment
I thought for a moment
it was vicious
but instantly the instance
flew across my chamber
taking away everything
which seemed like
a delight for me
eventually the moment broke free...

The Author's Voice

Muzicalitatea versului, ritmurile și apoi rima, y *compris* vioiciunea debordantă a jocurilor eufonice, fac din poezia Mihaelei Marilena Chițac o atracție irezistibilă de la prima lectură. Ceea ce se-ntâmplă apoi, când trecem de acest încântător decor arhitectonic și ne apropiem de cuvinte, nu mai ține de propensiunea lectorului spre emoția primă, ci de acea dorință de implicare personală, de trăire a sentimentului apartenenței la ceva profund, la ceva intim și luminos. Aici contribuie și picturalitatea expresiei, aproape orice alcătuire de versuri fiind un posibil tablou a cărui realizare poate fi urmărită lesne chiar *in actu* de un ochi curios și interesat. Nimic în plus, nimic în minus, doar spațiul în care să locuiești cu întrebările tale, cu visele tale, ca într-un popas dintr-o călătorie inițiatică.



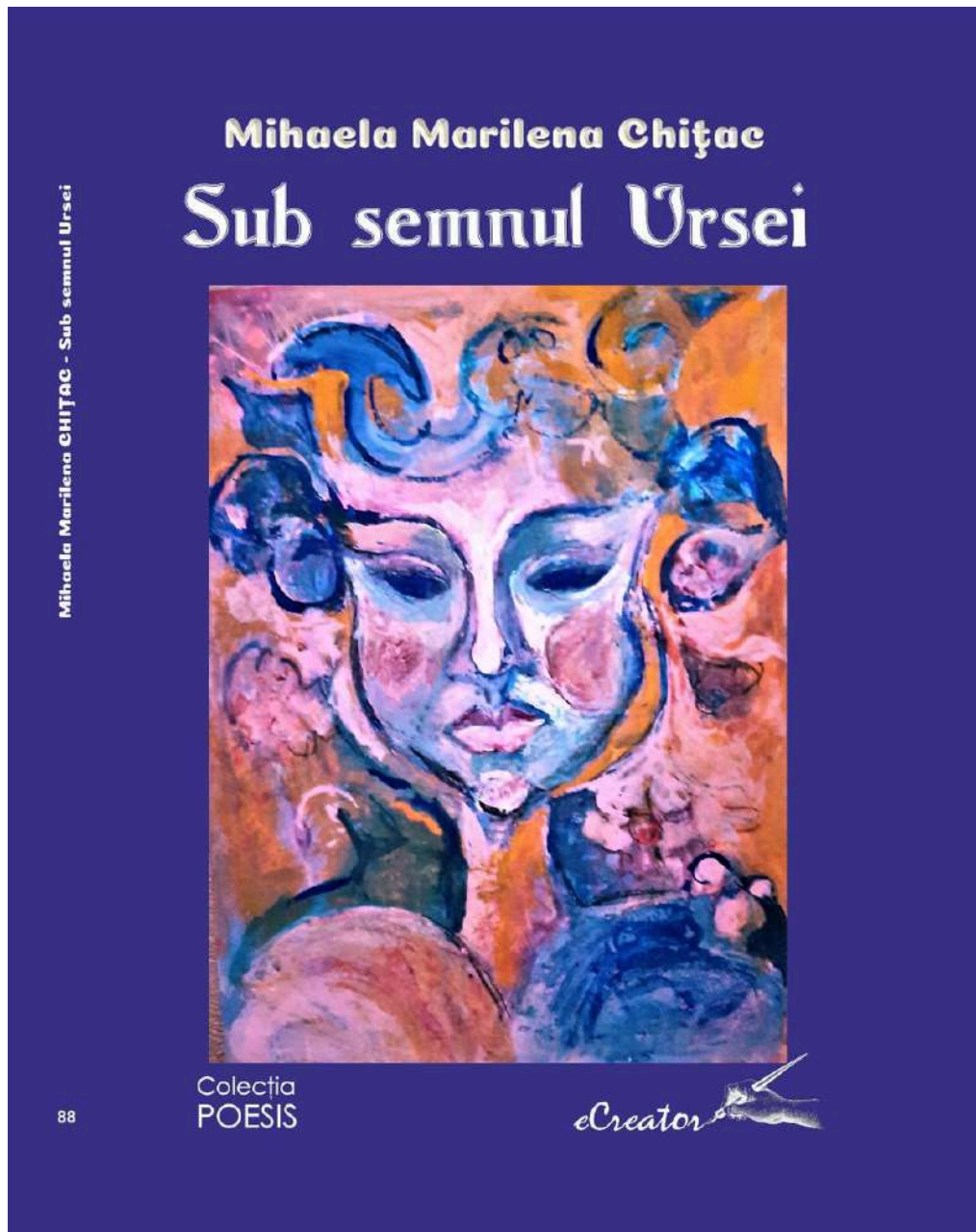
Florin Dochia

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In the Light of Ursa Major



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Bang Boom

I'll hide in a cloud
to model my appearance
of a vaporous ectoplasm
to ponder my consistency
on the verge of a nervous chain reaction
in the power grid
and I trust my inaudible voice
shall be amplified by thunder
propagating the waves sonorously
aiming for one last arrow

Bang Boom

Bang-boom!
to shoot off cascading flashes
to spy, to haunt the house
that I left in a hurry
ready for the rain, ready for the fight
to look through the drawers at night
my things left in disarray
to check if you put them in order
in their place in the bedroom chest
to catch a glimpse of you my love

Bang Boom

for only one moment
watch over the desired face
sleeping indoors...

Whispers of the Iris



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Mirage

sometimes my presence
is dissipated in the thick fog
which separates the fixed outlines
to duplicate parts of my body
you cannot see them clearly
and wonder why...
from afar it seems to you that they rise
quite enigmatically
appear, disappear
reappear dramatically

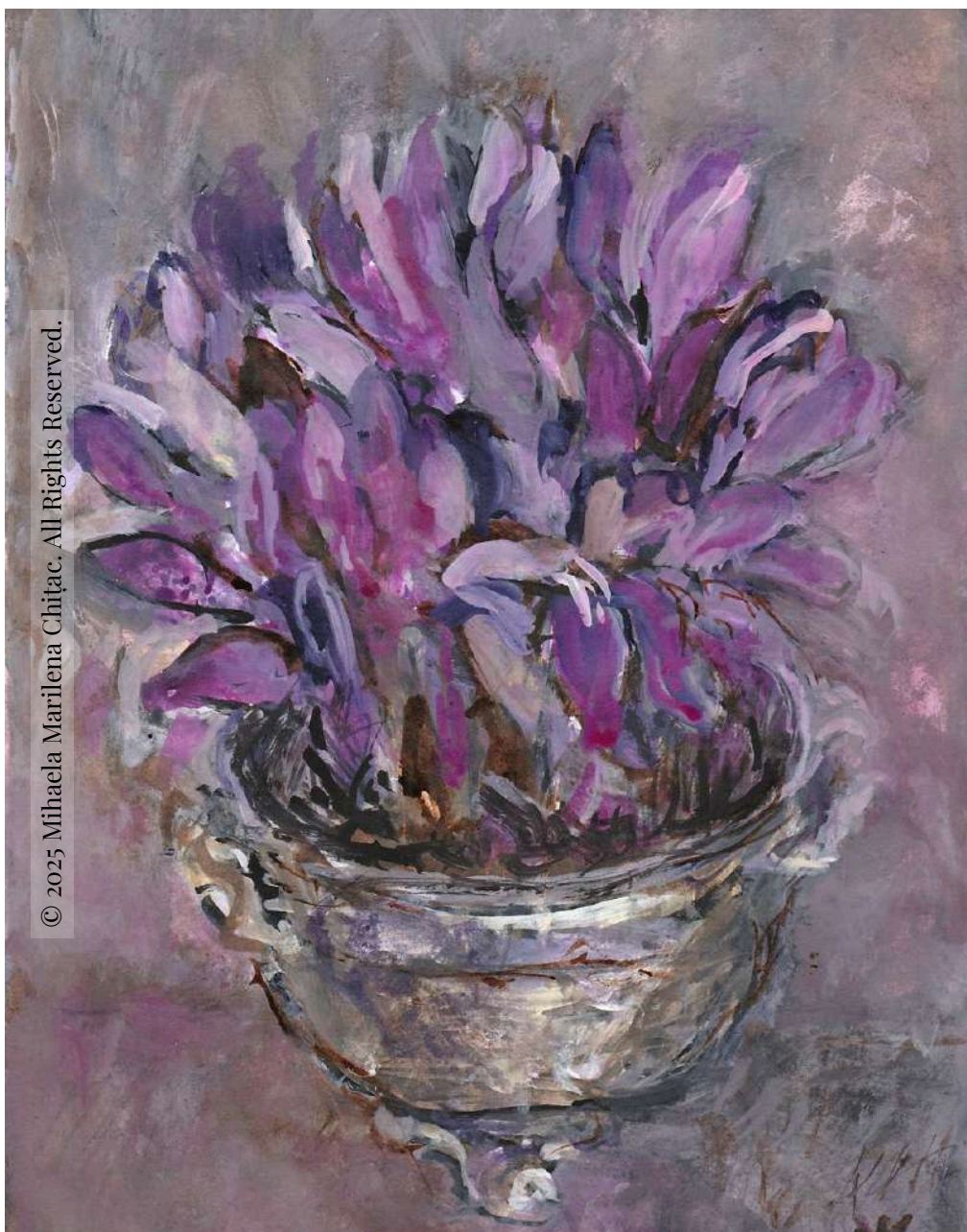
Mirage

bits of disparate memories
unfold cinematically
on an imaginary wall
my eyes and lips, my limbs and ribs
are floating imponderably
details of such parts
you've been acquainted with
once inventoried thoroughly
now you can hardly find them in particular
lost in the depths of your memory

Mirage

my ear lobes, good chewing cartilage
a pink toenail protruding to your mouth
are surely a question of mirage...

Wild Violet



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The Doll Maze

used to walk through the walls at night

I go in and out of myself

whenever I want

I roam freely

without limits in the atmosphere

in the sphere of the diffuse space

I stumble in the morning

on edges and cubes

on all sorts of useless objects

out of use

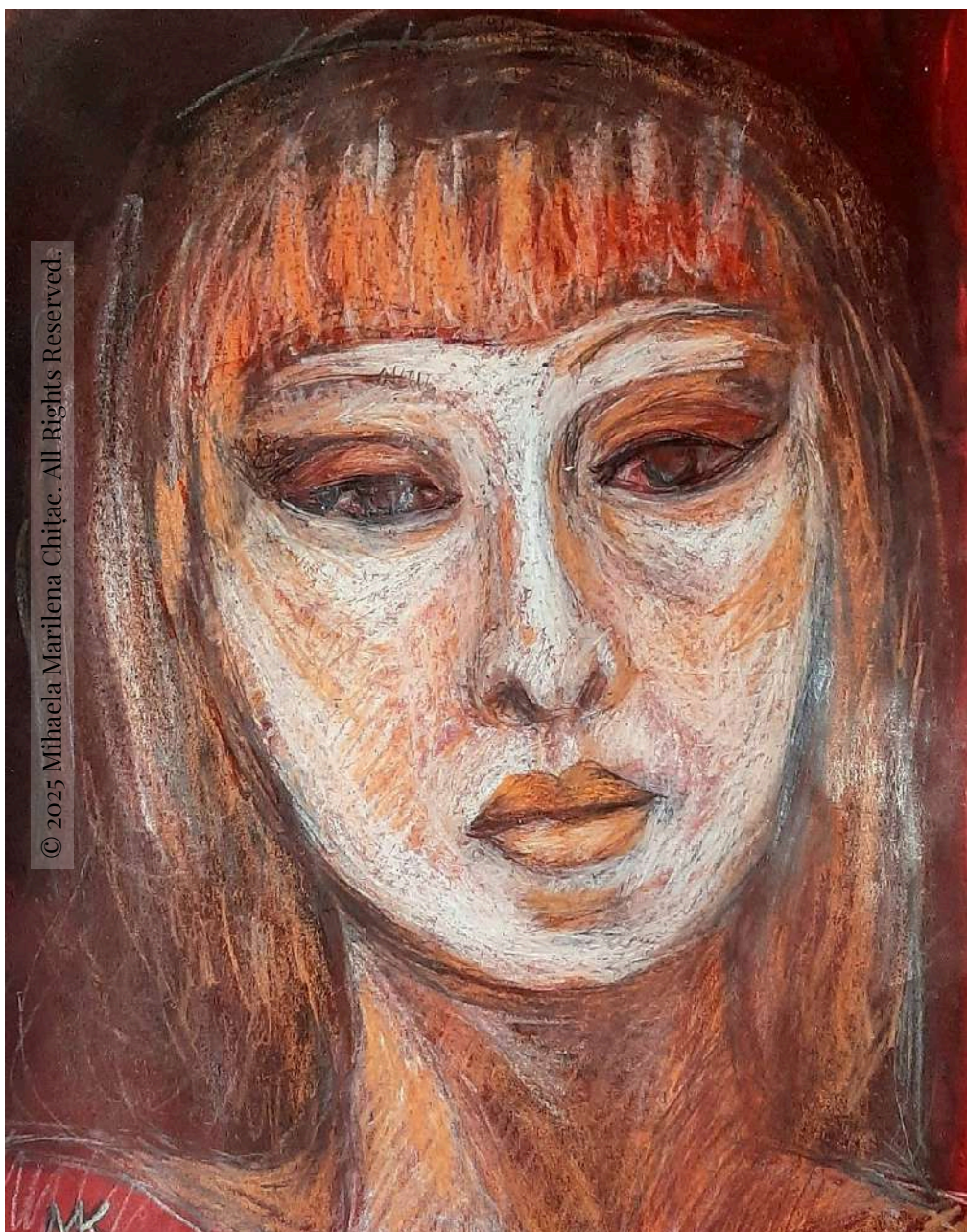
The Doll Maze

broken toys come to light
they demand an account
they thicken the lines
expand outlines
they set traps, follow me
prevent me from moving on
make myself responsible
for all the things they have done
that are foreign to me
even for their consistency

The Doll Maze

they drive me crazy
throw me into turmoil
I am looking for a way out
from this doll maze
trying to escape
in the extraterrestrial space

Inside the Mirror



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Molly's Chamber

coquettish coquille

with pearly sparkles of foam

worn out by the billowing sea

would sleep on her pillow

practicing stillness

in the belly of the large fish

clandestinely relieved

before sunrise...

unbounded abyss of the ocean

harms the raw seashell

Molly's Chamber

and mollusk meat
flows out of grooves...
apathy was born in bed
hidden in a fold of intestine
with strange agate reflections
her sleeping body washes ashore
immobility stiffens oblivion once more
with her new status
she aspires to mineral power
calcium, silicium, scattered sand

Molly's Chamber

to rebuild her castle on land

Per Fumo perfume in the windy breeze

farewell to apathy

the dead sea is alive...

the story goes on higher

in Molly's chamber

whiskey in a jar

a song sets a heart on fire...

Blue Haze



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Litany

come to me

you'd better come

I pray you come

I wish you'd come

and stay next to me

you'll be my Genie in the bottle

I want to break you free...

I call you to come from nothingness

assuming yourself an identity, a name

appear and present in front of me

Litany

to say: your wish is my command!

leave your space behind

escape from the underworld

where you're confined

in which your spirit wanders absent

with no interest or sentiment

waiting for ever, an eternity

find how a heartbeat is startling

feel your heart in your chest

let it struggle rhythmically

Litany

as quickly as gently and without rest
may the sun rise from sunrise to sunset
in your rediscovered solar plexus
contained in your DNA
encoded in runes
I'll recite a litany for you
to be reborn from the ruins
wake up to life
open yourself up to me
burst out of your magic bottle

Litany

brake it, smash it

fulfil my desires at last!

Vampire of Voices

his wave squeezes my strength

sucks my power

consumes consonants per hour

strangles me

constrains my freedom

chokes my voice

ties vocal cords

to a fluid thread of noise

a stranger speaks

in my ear duct

Vampire of Voices

the vampire of voices
lures me into his cable duct
am I going through
a dull confrontation
sterile conversations
meant to lose one's patience
for minutes and days
what an absurd invention
with mobile temptations
for those listeners
who ride faraway...

Color Through Words



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Mars and Venus

all men in the world
galloped off on horseback
descending in a roar
from the Mount of Venus
to the Plain of Mars...
a moment of grace
in the mad rush
taming the wild horses
with foamy manes
whirlwind

Mars and Venus

arrows whistling

flying tails

whipping themselves

with a whip of hair

racing across the fields

frenzied... happy...

Nothing

a dream lives on its own memory
in a chronophagus clock
an imperceptible wound
there is peace and quiet around
my secret closed, buried within
sealed in a sarcophagus, locked
nothing, no, no one, never
would wake me from my slumber
waking up with cold light
is not proof of love

Nothing

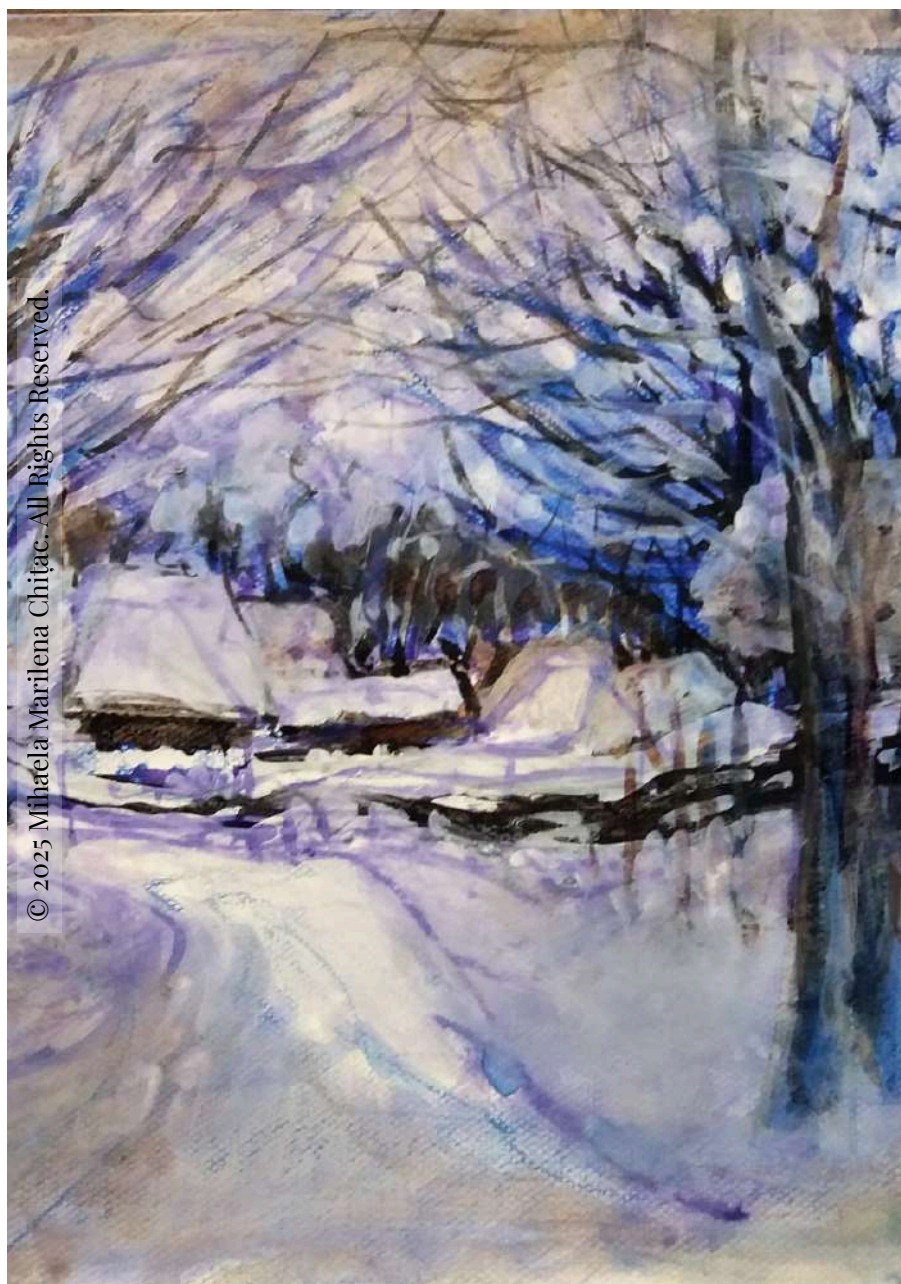
I would deny mobility
falling into immobility
in my refusal to subdue
infinity

Dawn's Ember



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Snow-Covered Village



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MIHAELA MARILENA CHIȚAC SPECIAL EDITION

Reflections: *Hearts of Paper*

Editor's Note

White Flowers in a Clay Pot



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MIHAELA MARILENA CHIȚAC SPECIAL EDITION

Hearts of Paper, Neuma Publishing House

Mihaela Chițac demonstrates the same inspiration in poetry and the visual arts.

We have an artist who showcases both sensitivity and tenacity, both vocations: that of illustrating with words, and that of shaping eloquent phrases in image and color.

Her volumes always have a remarkable freshness of ideas.

The contemplation of nature and even the merging of the self with the vegetal landscape constitute an important theme in the texts.

This theme can be interpreted, forming the “heart of paper” whose pulse is joyfully perceived by the reader.

The poet freely associates objects and concepts, as in a still life where the subject transcends the reality of the dense objects to be graphically rendered.

The colors are set in juxtaposition and create the contrast that highlights them: “day alternates with night/ life with death/ black contaminates white/ primary colors alternate/ from the garden of paradise/ they pass through passages of forgetfulness/ earthly shadows grow/ in tertiary zones/ the damned man/ with warm blood lives/ and condemns the diaphanous woman/ to dreaming and vain illusion.”

MIHAELA MARILENA CHIȚAC SPECIAL EDITION

Hearts of Paper, Neuma Publishing House

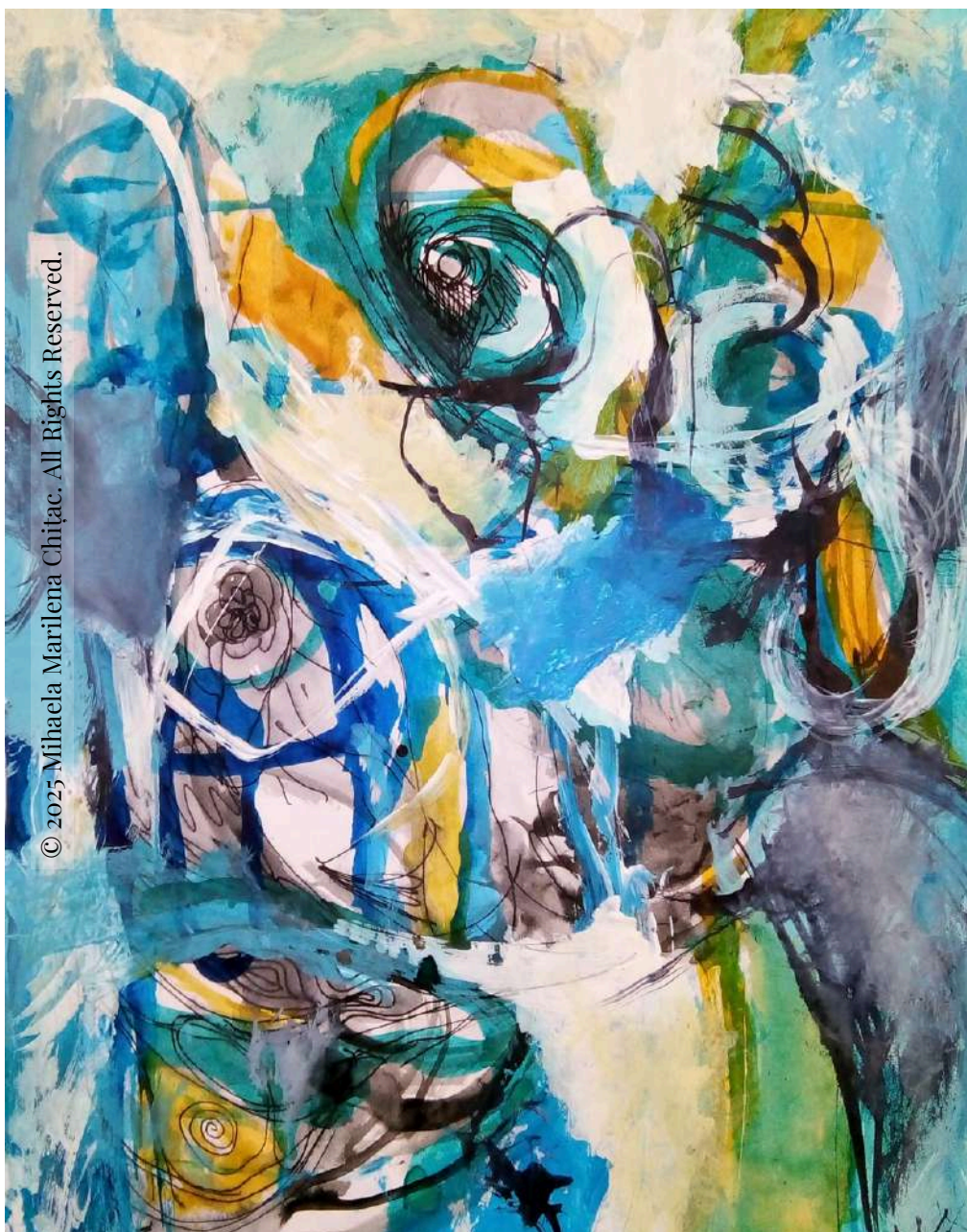
The image of paradise is reconstituted through a certain chromatic violence foreshadowing the sin that will lead the lovers to their expulsion from the sweet Garden of Eden.

Mihaela Chițac is a poet of colors, but also of forms.

Her “hearts of paper” fold like origami.

(Horia Gârbea, Revista Luceafărul de dimineață, no. 5, 2024)

Breath of Blue



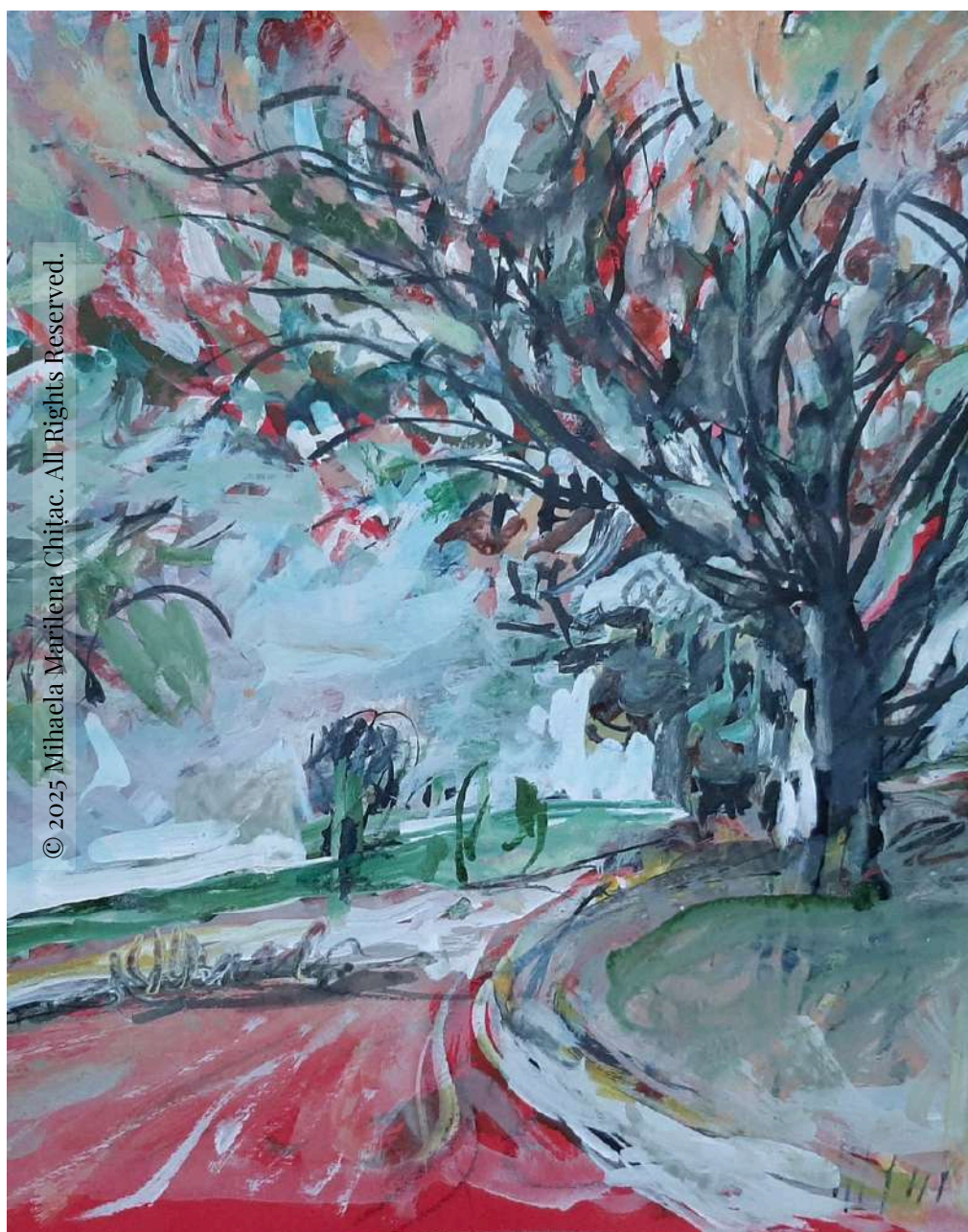
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MIHAELA MARILENA CHIȚAC SPECIAL EDITION

Imaginary Prose Journal

Fragments

Crimson Trail



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Imaginary Prose Journal

The memory of color finds its way into the mind—into its own mine of meaning.

Each cell chooses its exact skin tone in harmony with its neighbors, which it matches chameleon-like according to its mood.

An ambiguous environment gains dominance over them, inciting or calming a whole range of feelings that accentuate their pale hues, warming or cooling them, increasing or decreasing their intensity, releasing either anger or joy in a series of essential chemical reactions...

On the screen of my mind, all the cells are on standby, watching me intently, waiting for the right command to vibrate in unison.

Some can no longer keep up, they get lost along the way... others become soloists, manifesting ostentatiously, wanting to stand out through over-pigmentation.

...they give voice through strong accents... they have cheeks, eyelids, and lips laden with color.

The color of the eyes has a unique tint... whenever I close them, I open color through the eyes of my mind.

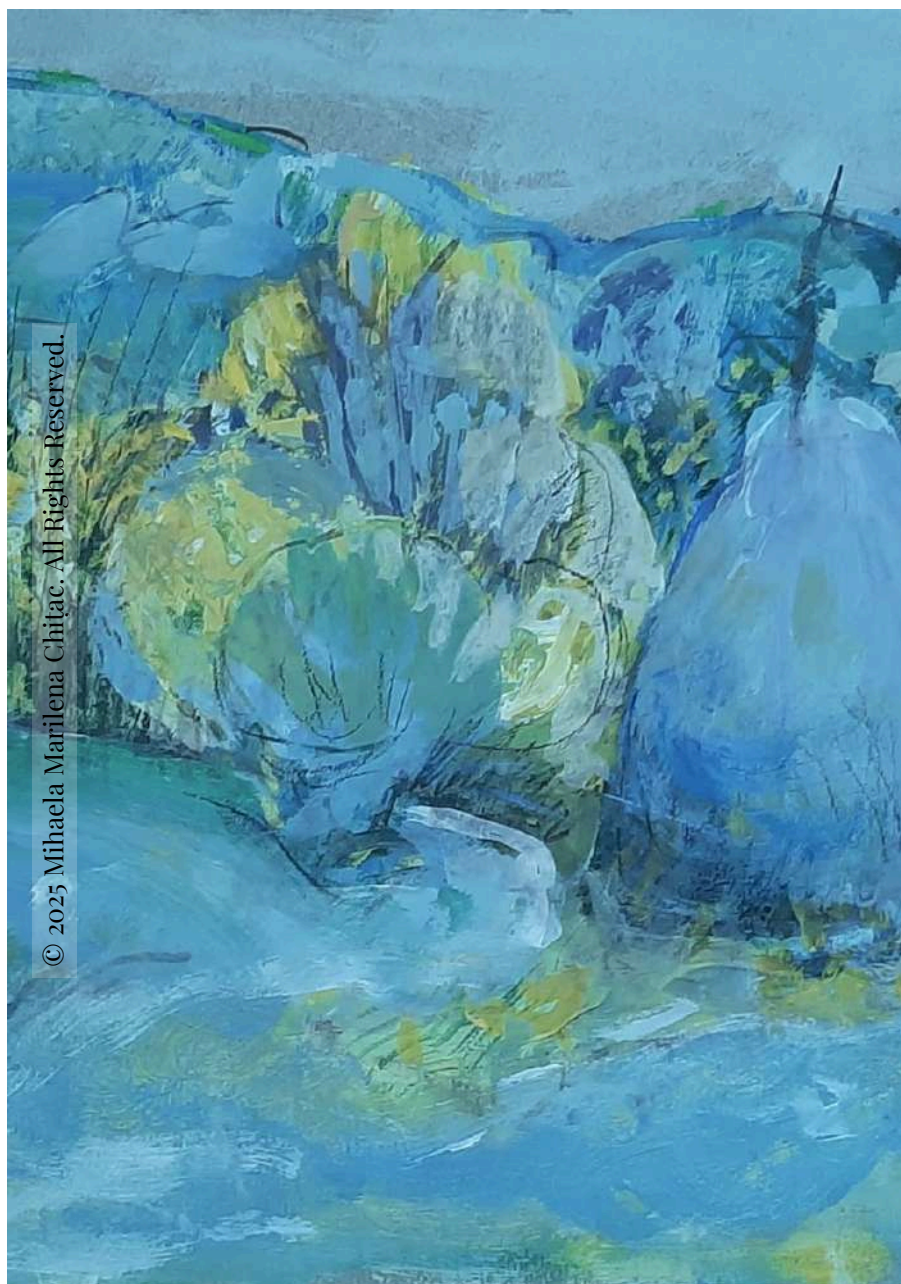
Imaginary Prose Journal

Before I appeared in flesh and blood, I was a whirlwind of energy, like a cotton ball or spun sugar materialized into strands wrapped around a stick, which a young girl, eager and holding a coin tightly, bought from a children's fairground in Bucharest... but I was nearby, swirling for a long time through the Primăverii neighborhood, whose villas were nationalized by the communist state from their old owners, whose hearts had broken in silent despair and released tiny scattered fragments into the air, charged with unforeseen energies struggling to return to their ravaged homes...

Back then, for a moment, I was an infinitesimal, feather-light particle that rose through one of the windows of the house, escaping into the ether, floating, free from any constraints or consequences, until I suddenly, painfully landed in the marital bed of a young, newlywed couple...

I was a molecular experiment that irreversibly attached itself to a fold of the host woman's uterus, then I transformed into an eagle with two fledglings in its claws, haunting the dreams of the one who had denied them the chance to be born, causing my unborn siblings to be lost before birth... this is how I received permission to remain on earth for a while... a strange creature in search of its first parents, looking for recognizable signs and details once seen in the private journeys...

Azure Haystacks



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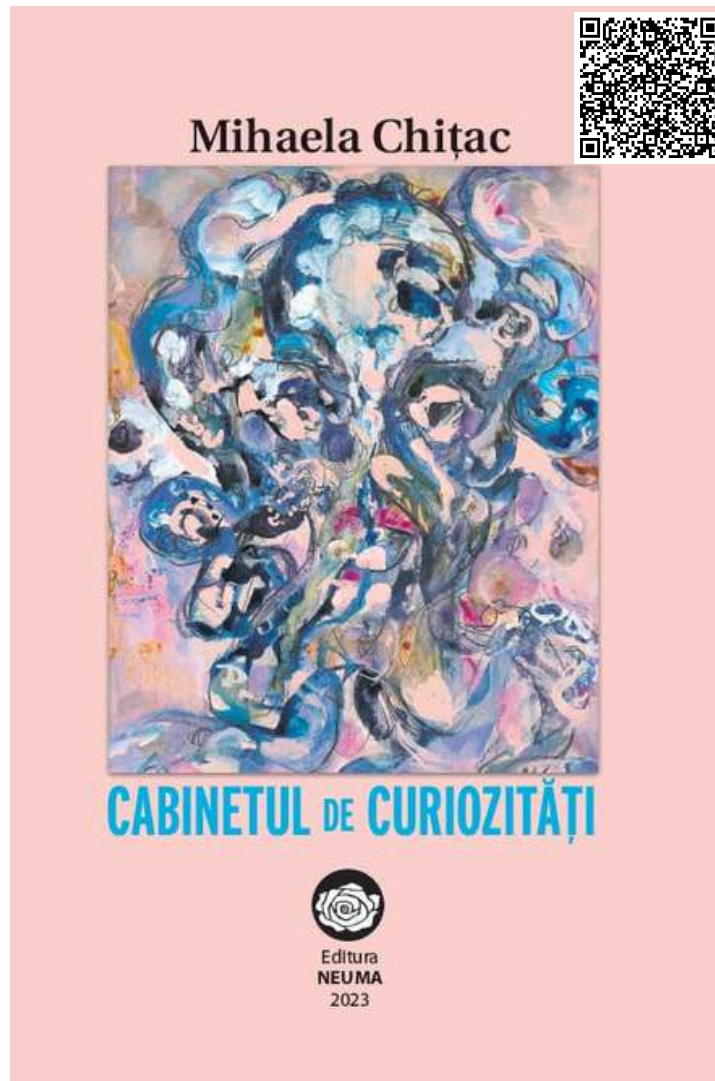
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