

NEW LITERARY SOCIETY



***VASILE ALECSANDRI***

LOVE IN A  
NEW LIGHT

14 / FEBRUARY  
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# NEW LITERARY SOCIETY

## THE CON TENT

### VASILE ALECSANDRI LOVE IN A NEW LIGHT

- ABOUT THIS ISSUE: WHY HIS LOVE POEMS RETURN IN A NEW VOICE IN 2026.
- LOVE POEMS REWRITTEN: SELECTED WORKS REIMAGINED.

ISSUE 14 – FEBRUARY 2026



# NEW LITERARY SOCIETY

## THE CON TENT

### LOVE POEMS REWRITTEN: SELECTED WORKS REIMAGINED.

- THE SHADOW LOVER
- SULTANA
- HEART - FATE
- FAREWELL
- THE SONG OF MARGARITA
- SWEET ANGEL
- DORUL

ISSUE 14 – FEBRUARY 2026



# About This Issue

Why these poems return in a new voice in 2026.



## About This Issue

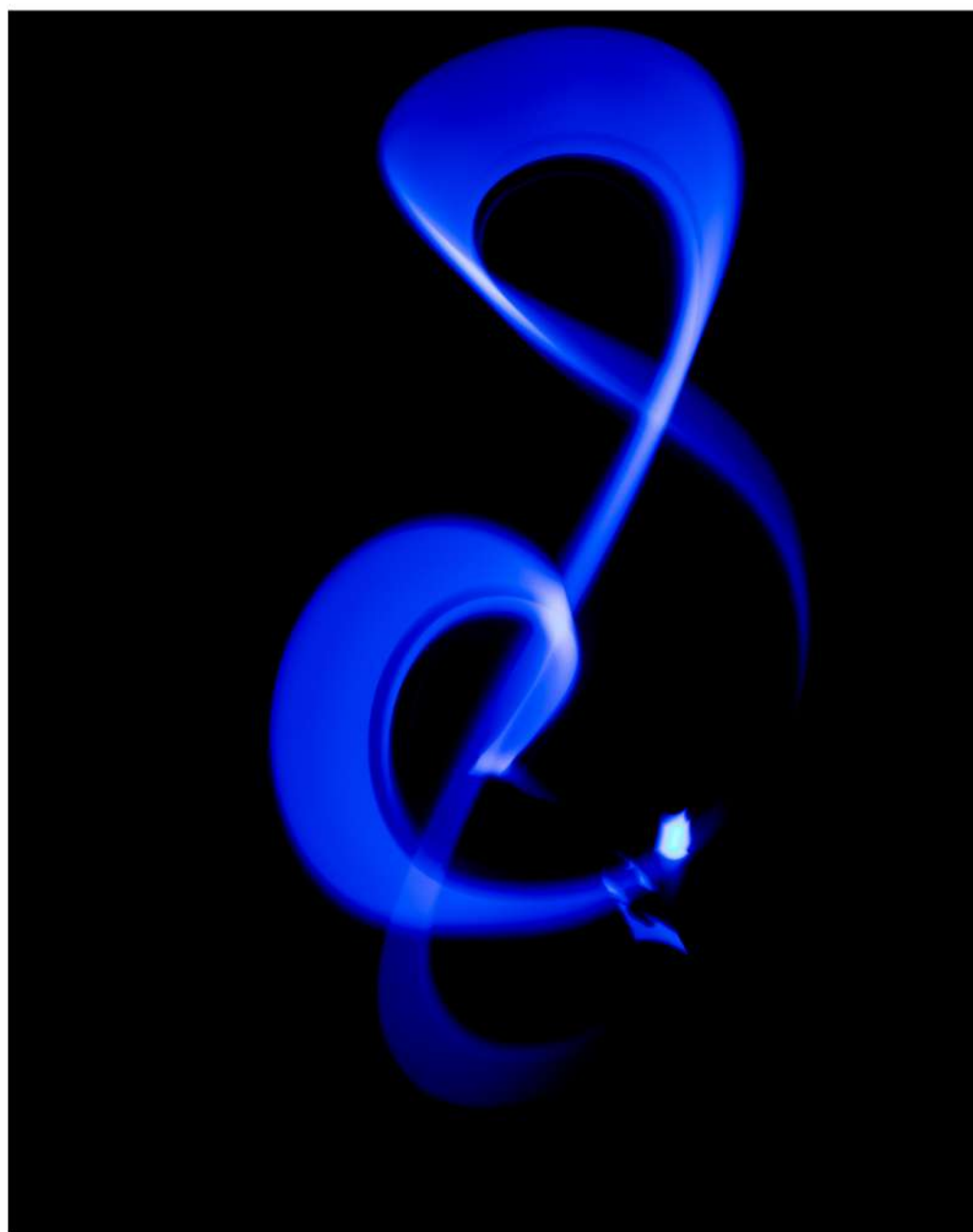
When I was a child, Vasile Alecsandri's poems were among the first I learned by heart. I recited them with a kind of instinctive joy I didn't fully understand. Only later did I learn that my father had spent his childhood summers at the Mircești estate, once belonging to Alecsandri, and that names like Elena and Margareta Catargi floated through our family stories like soft echoes. I still don't know how much was genealogy and how much was legend — but perhaps that matters less than the feeling of being quietly chosen by a cultural inheritance.

As a teenager, I looked at Alecsandri's work through the harsh lens of school criticism — too harsh, too influenced by teachers who didn't know how to let poetry breathe. For a while, he seemed old-fashioned to me. Then, one day, I found a small notebook with a note about Alecsandri's granddaughters, and something shifted. I translated a few poems for my blog, and the response made me return to him with new eyes. That's when I realized Alecsandri isn't a poet "of the past" at all. He is our contemporary. He was the first great Romanian poet — later eclipsed by Eminescu — and the first great Romanian playwright — eventually overshadowed by Caragiale. And yet he remained a trailblazer, the kind of free spirit who even refused a princely title. You can explore more of this rediscovery in the January 2026 issue.

The poems in this issue are translated, adapted, and reimagined — if you will — in the spirit of our time, and in the spirit of Alecsandri himself — "forever young, forever bright."

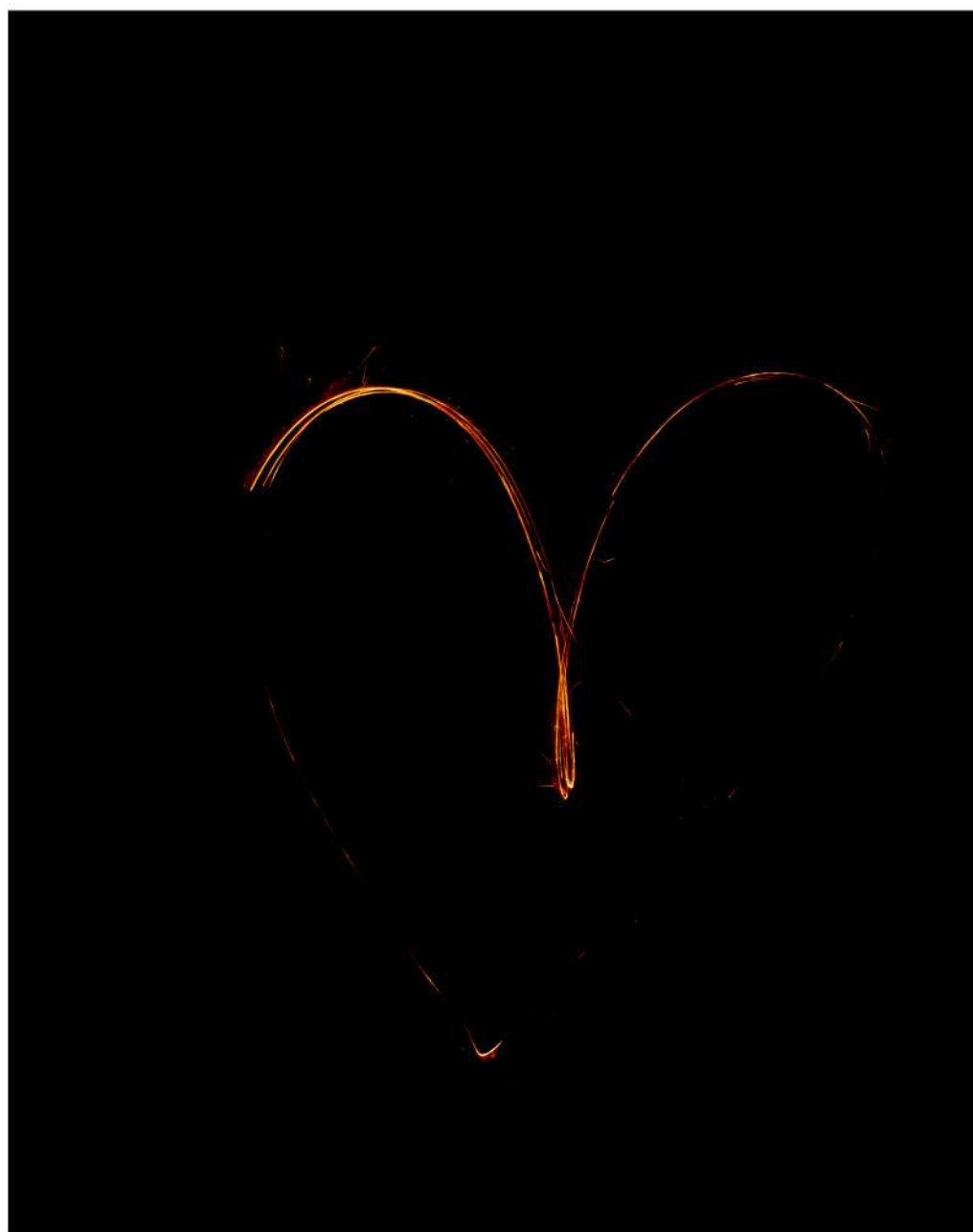
It's a wish I'm happy to share with you.

VASILE ALECSANDRI · LOVE IN A NEW LIGHT



# Love Poems Rewritten

Selected works reimagined.



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# The Shadow Lover

Sister —  
sweet sister —  
listen.

There's an old song breathing through the leaves  
when the last gold of day  
slides low across the meadow  
and everything softens  
into that half-dark hush  
where shadows learn your name.

They say he comes then —  
the Shadow Lover —  
falling like a warm breath  
you didn't know you were waiting for,  
toward the girl wandering the field  
with wild strawberries in her hands,  
flowers pressed to her chest  
the way you press yours  
when you think no one sees.

He steals the berries from her lap  
with that invisible hand of his,

---

# The Shadow Lover

and on her forehead, on her mouth,  
he leaves a bite,  
a kiss,  
a trembling,  
and the dusk swallows him whole.

Sister...  
your lip is bitten.  
Forget the strawberries —  
they're already gone.  
Tell me —  
in that deep, dark meadow,  
did you meet him?  
Did you feel him lean close  
like a shadow learning your breath  
from the inside out?

The song goes further, you know.  
It whispers of another girl —  
pale, proud, bright as moonmilk —  
gathering violets  
while the night folds around her

---

# The Shadow Lover

like a secret she hasn't told yet.  
She wears her precious necklace,  
a string of shining beads  
glowing against her skin  
as if they remember sunlight.

Laughing, he breaks the necklace —  
not cruel,  
just bold,  
just tender,  
letting the beads fall one by one  
into the grass  
where he kisses each one  
with a heat that lingers  
long after he's gone.

Sister...  
your skin is bitten.  
Forget the necklace —  
it belongs to the dusk now.  
Tell me —  
in that shadow-thick meadow,

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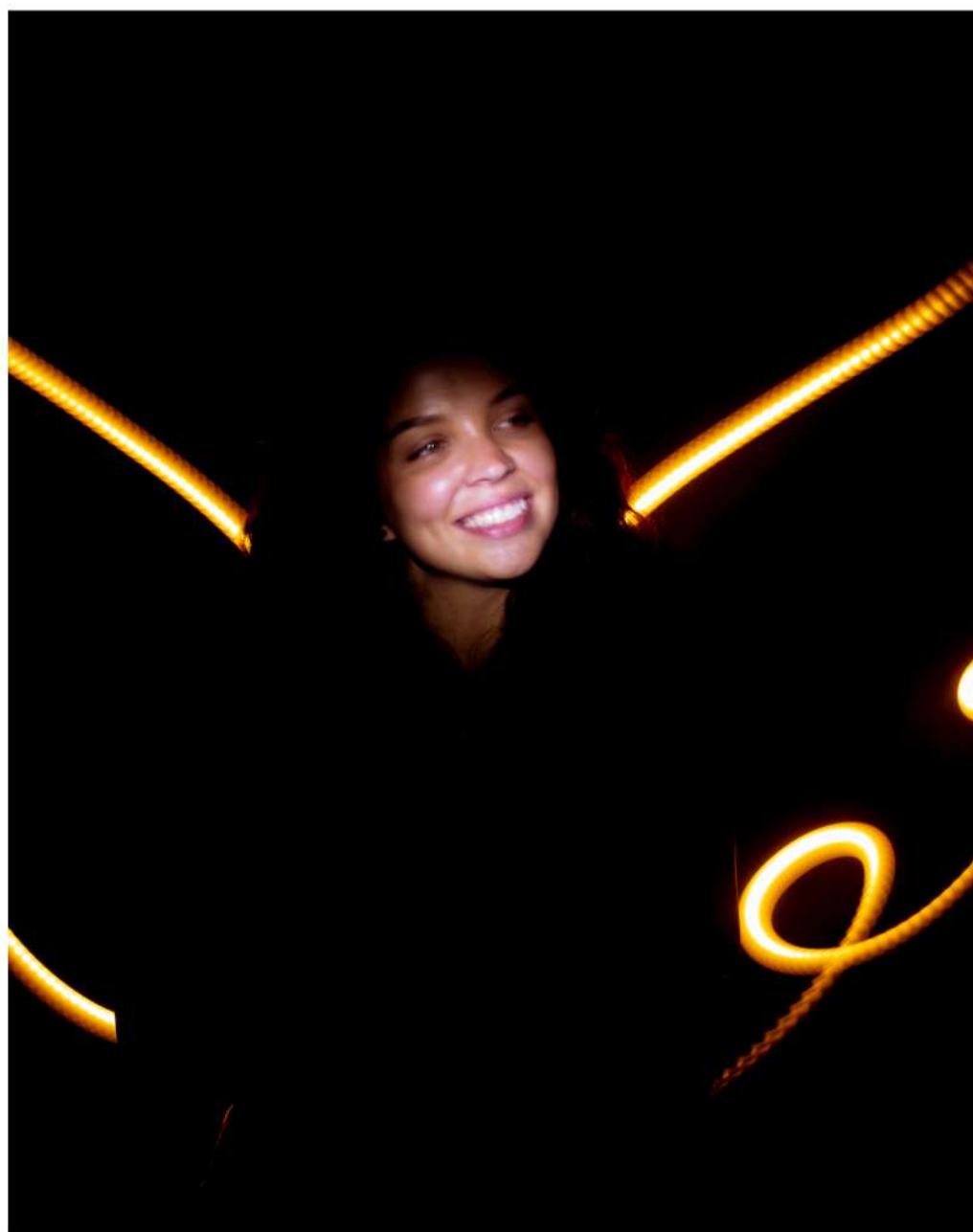
# The Shadow Lover

did he touch you?

Did he find you  
the way he finds every girl  
who walks alone at twilight  
thinking she is safe?

And still the song moves on —  
down the path  
where two soft-laughing girls  
walked home together,  
their voices bright as riverlight  
spilling through the trees.

At the edge of the meadow  
two dark-haired boys waited,  
singing low in the clearing,  
one threading beads into a belt,  
the other tucking flowers  
into his hat  
with a grin  
he couldn't hide.



## *Sultana*

Green leaf, wild leaf —  
Sultana, girl...  
you did something to me,  
Sultana,  
Girl —  
something  
I can't shake loose,  
something  
that won't let me forget you.

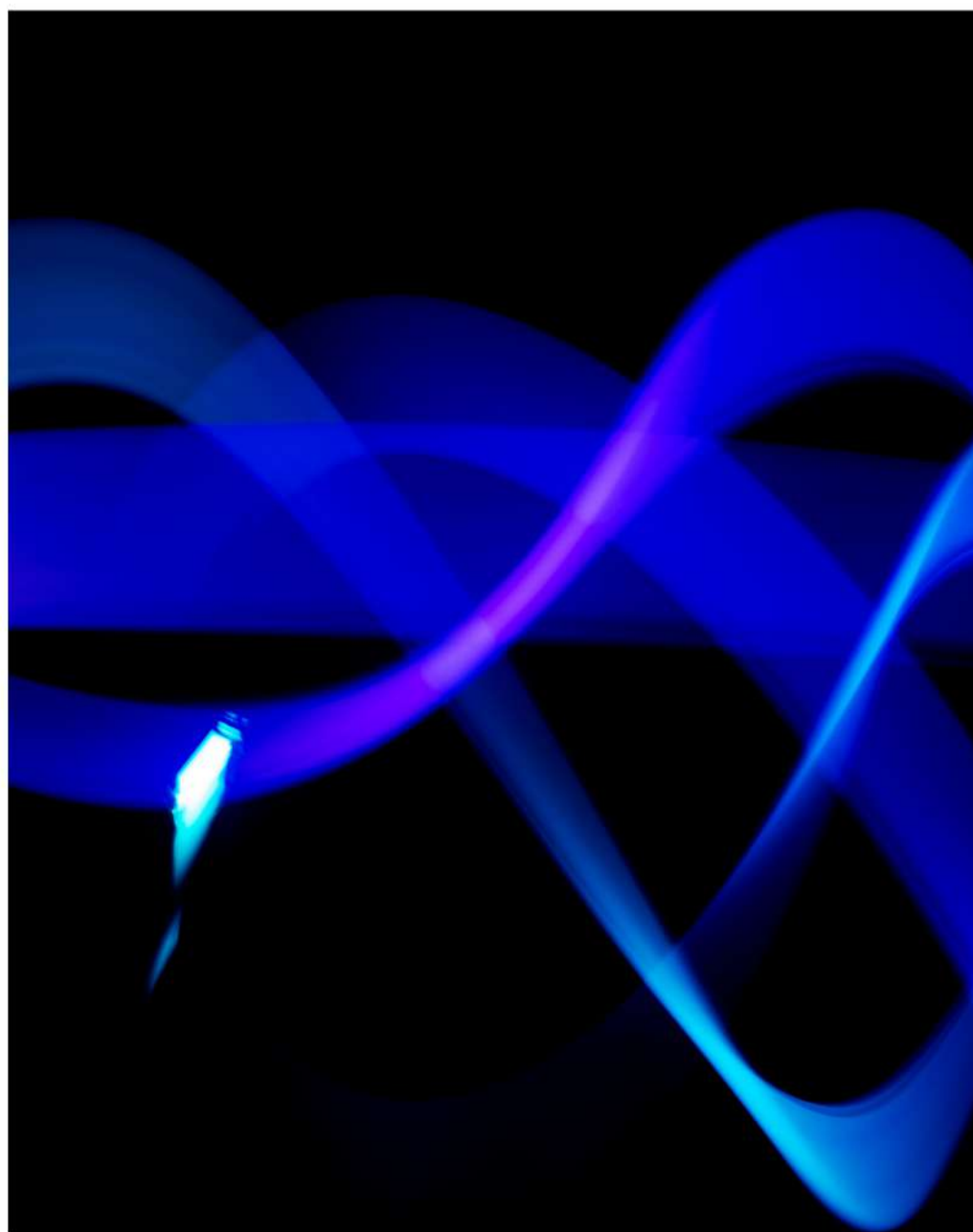
Every time I look toward your house,  
my heart cracks open.

That little hazelnut charm on your neck —  
it burned me,  
killed me,  
set me on fire.

And  
the one on your arms —  
That one's gonna finish me,  
take me out of this world.

## *Sultana*

Girl with the hazel charms,  
don't look at two,  
don't look at three —  
look at me.  
Look into my eyes —  
blue like yours,  
blue like a vow  
waiting to be spoken.  
Come with me  
to the beehives, girl —  
let the sweet time pass between us,  
let honey break open on our tongues,  
let the world hush itself  
around the two of us.  
Let's drink water  
from the same spring,  
and love each other  
with fire,  
with fever,  
with everything we've got,  
until even the night  
remembers our names.



## *Heart-Fate*

Far away —  
edge-of-the-sky far —  
a castle stood,  
heavy with sorrow,  
stone drowning in silence,  
a silence so deep  
the world forgot  
how to breathe.  
And in that hush,  
that cold abandoned hush,  
I saw an angel —  
not church-born,  
not painted,  
but a live spark,  
laughing light,  
soft as dawn,  
young as spring's first breath,  
a miracle in ruins,  
light that wandered in  
and refused to leave.  
She carried heaven gently,  
moonlight on her brow.

## *Heart-Fate*

Later —  
a palace rose from the sea,  
a city shimmering  
like it climbed straight out of waves,  
far from my homeland,  
far from everything I knew.

And there —  
there she was again,  
my heart-fate returned,  
my pulse remembering itself,  
beating like it had slept for years  
and woke at the sound  
of her footsteps.

On Adriatic waters,  
a gondola carried us,  
night-carved cradle,  
rocking slow,  
as if the sea itself  
wanted to guard our secret.

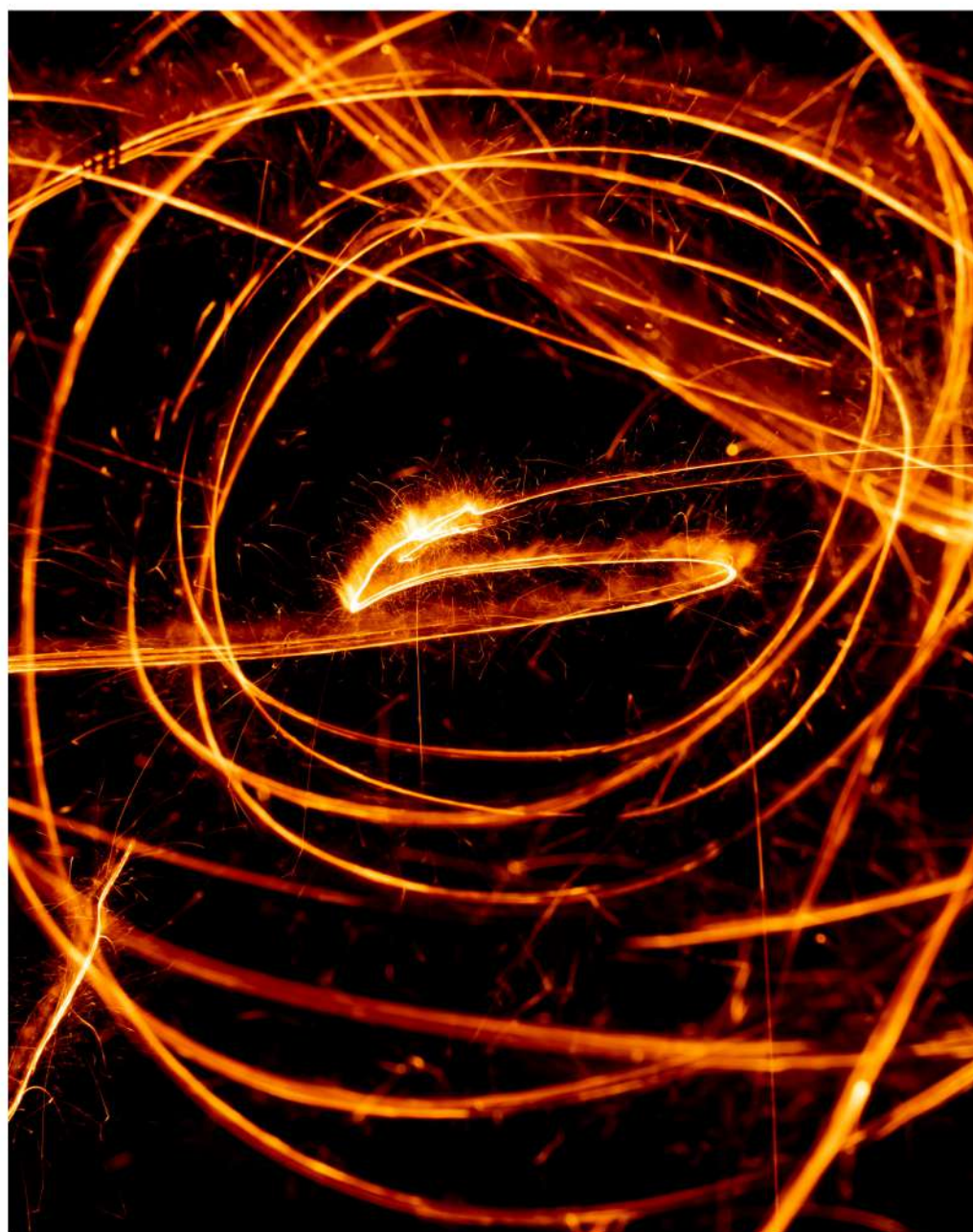
And in that sway,  
that soft, endless sway,  
I gave her everything.

## *Heart-Fate*

We loved across the world —  
    sea-foam drifting,  
meadows breathing green,  
    one long burning kiss  
    that lifted us clean  
    out of the earth.  
But one quiet night,  
    a pale light  
    shivered,  
    flickered,  
    folded into itself —  
    a star sighing shut.  
And my angel, grieving,  
took the star-road home,  
    vanished into heaven,  
    left the night  
    emptier than bone.  
I was on the sea then,  
    rocked by a lullaby  
    too soft,  
    too fatal,  
    and in that sway

## *Heart-Fate*

my heart-fate died.  
The waves held me,  
cradle of sorrow,  
rocking slow,  
rocking cruel,  
rocking me into a truth  
I never wanted.  
That's how it happened —  
that I stayed far,  
stayed wandering,  
stayed broken,  
a ghost with a heartbeat,  
a man stitched from ache.  
I wept for her  
across all my days,  
carrying her name  
like a flame in my palms,  
a light I refuse to drop,  
even now,  
even here,  
as the world keeps turning  
without her.



## *Farewell*

If I lived longer than the world itself,  
my thoughts would still climb toward you, love —  
always, always,  
like they were born knowing your name.  
And whatever is most sacred in me,  
sweet angel,  
I would guard it only for you —  
the softest thought,  
the gentlest pulse,  
the proudest ache in my chest,  
all of it shaped like your shadow,  
all of it burning with your light.

Only you,  
only you,  
I lift into eternity  
like an offering  
to something higher than heaven.  
You — made to be adored.

With a word, with a smile,  
with one sweet kiss,

## *Farewell*

you gave me breath,  
you gave me fire,  
you gave me back to myself.

You poured heaven straight into my heart,  
and with your love you gave me  
that high, blazing happiness,  
that divine fever  
that lifts us,  
rules us,  
sets us high  
on an angel's throne  
where even the stars look small.

You, Elena —  
but oh, my sorrow —  
in one night of storm and fury  
the sky ripped us apart.  
You left, you left, beloved...  
and my endless joy  
collapsed in a single breath,  
a universe folding in on itself

## *Farewell*

without warning.  
Such is fate.  
In this world,  
everything sweet,  
everything noble,  
everything beautiful  
burns fast,  
dies fast —

like a song cut short,  
like a flower crushed by dawn,  
like lightning that kisses the earth  
and disappears.

A star rises, a star fades —  
and so my tender comfort  
vanished from the world.

Gone with you  
into that realm of light...  
and I kneel at your grave  
with a heart made of ash.

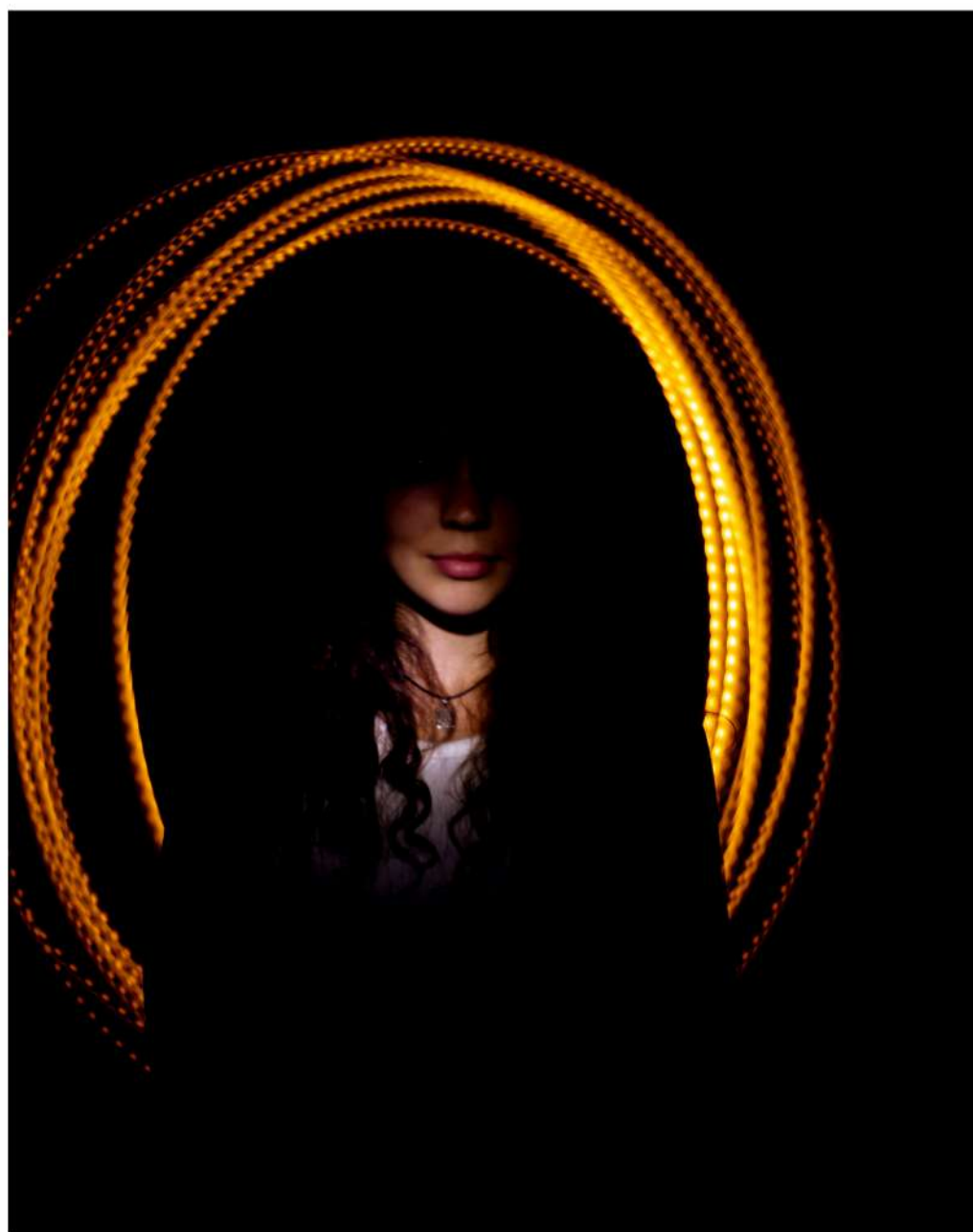
## *Farewell*

Alone — alone with my sorrow,  
lost on life's long road,  
a blind wanderer  
feeling for the shape of your name  
in the dark.

My life shrinks, my grief grows,  
and my longing  
stops forever  
on your beloved tomb.

Farewell.

On these shores  
where the Bosphorus whispers low,  
I leave you, angel of my love —  
with my life's last sweetness,  
with my soul  
overflowing with longing.



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## *The song of Margarita*

Have you heard, my love —  
of a place so beautiful  
desire itself learns to sing,  
a place where longing grows wings  
and the sky leans down  
like a lover bending low  
to kiss the deep blue fire  
of the sea's endless skin,  
a place where light  
remembers your name  
before you even breathe it?

That's where my longing lives.  
That's where I want to go.  
Carry me there,  
my darling,  
in the soft glow of your arms,  
where the world slows,  
where the heart opens,  
where the air tastes  
like the beginning of a dream  
you haven't dared to speak.

---

## *The song of Margarita*

Have you heard of the wind —  
evening-gentle,  
sigh-soft —

rocking golden blossoms  
in a hush so sweet  
it feels like prayer,  
where pomegranate chains  
flash ruby red  
and laurel leaves  
dance slow in the air  
like they're blessing  
every step you take?

That's where my longing lives.  
That's where I want to go.  
Carry me there, my darling,  
in the soft glow of your arms.

Have you heard, my love,  
of the Bosphorus —  
rising from the waves,

---

## *The song of Margarita*

falling back into waves,  
a dream breathing in and out,  
a pulse older than memory,  
a shimmer of worlds  
stacked on top of each other?

Where palaces shimmer  
like mirages on the shore,  
and green hills whisper secrets  
only the wind can translate,  
where the traveler,  
lulled by the song of oars,  
falls asleep in a long caique  
and wakes in another world —  
a world where every dream  
he ever dared to dream  
stands waiting, real, alive,  
as if the sea itself  
carried him into his future.

That's where my longing lives.  
That's where I want to go.

---

## *The song of Margarita*

Carry me there, my darling,  
in the soft glow of your arms.

Have you heard, my love,  
of a land so angel-bright  
visions bloom like light itself,  
where love — pure, divine —  
shines with a soul  
that never dies?

But wait —  
what am I saying?  
Where is there a land  
more lovely,  
more joyful,  
more made for love  
than our own?

This sweet paradise,  
this wonder,  
this blessing,  
this home.



## *Sweet Angel*

Sweet angel of gentleness,  
you who fly laughing through my path,  
scattering bright flowers  
over the days of my youth  
like blessings you don't even know you're giving —  
go, with your pale wings,  
go shield from every cruel fate  
your dear little sister,  
my Ninița,  
my heart walking outside my body.

Go steal from the stars  
a shining light,  
and set it on her forehead  
while you sing your joy,  
your voice soft as moon-milk,  
your breath warm as dawn.

Go lay green carpets  
under her lily-soft steps.  
Turn my longing into blossoms,  
every ache, every wish,

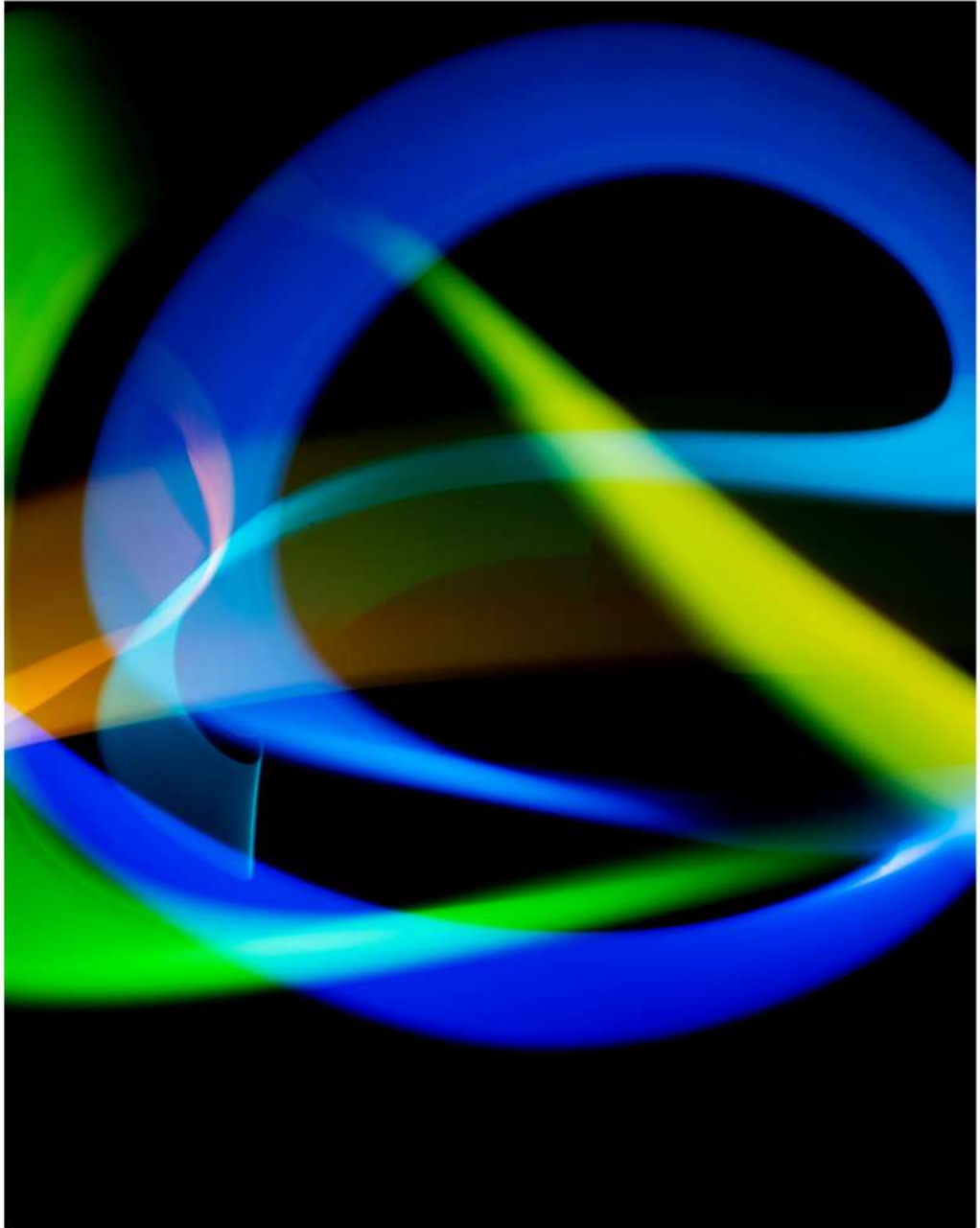
## *Sweet Angel*

every sleepless night,  
and place them gently  
on her chest.

Go — let her rest on your wings,  
falling slowly into sleep,

And when you wander the world  
beside her, beloved angel,  
ah... whisper her my name,  
tell her how fiercely  
my longing burns,  
how it rises like a flame  
every time her shadow  
touches my memory.

Tell her —  
tell her my heart  
is a lantern lit for her,  
and you, sweet angel,  
are the one carrying it  
through the night.



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## *Dorul — Longing*

Longing —  
world-song,  
dust-old, fire-sharp,  
the first ache the universe learned  
and the last it'll ever release.

I miss you — fiercely —  
angel-light slicing the dark,  
a flame that refuses to dim.  
I miss you — slow tears falling,  
chasing the ghost of your footsteps  
like a pilgrim on holy ground.

Day and night,  
my voice keeps reaching,  
raw-throated, trembling,  
calling you through every season  
as if sound alone  
could stitch the distance shut.

Precious one,  
sweet beloved,

## *Dorul — Longing*

where's the face  
my heart once held like treasure?

Where are you, my love —  
where are you now.  
If the sky were made of mercy,  
it would drop your smile  
straight into my hands.  
If heaven had one open door left,  
it would swing wide  
and let a single kiss fall back  
to where I'm standing.

But time runs feral,  
days slip sideways,  
ages blur and vanish,  
and my eyes find no new light.

Pain keeps its teeth in me,  
quiet wolf gnawing  
at the edges of my heart.

## *Dorul — Longing*

Longing burns like a sun  
on a flower too young to wilt,  
longing dries, longing sears,  
longing carves its name  
into the ribs of the one who loves —  
a fire that won't go out,  
a song that refuses to end.



# NEW LITERARY SOCIETY

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**COMING SOON: NEXT ISSUE**

**MARCH 2026**

**SECRETS OF WORLD'S WRITERS**



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