

Stefan Baciú: *Jean Charlot. Ukulele: Poems by Stefan Baciú*. Honolulu: Menehune Press, n.p.

JEAN CHARLOT
Stefan Baciú

With an eye in the heart
and another in the neck
he saw everything

loose pages of Apollinaire
carried in a pocket to Mexico
where he put
on a wall
the first mural
as he would leave
the fingerprints
on a passport
dialogues with indians
engravings in books
with cities smashed between the pages
murals in Fiji and Hawaii
on walls of prayer
like melody made from weaving
for tired shoulders
of so much light
warriors for the combat
with the fire in which
there is no truce neither blood

with a heart under his forehead
and another in his chest
a soul carried
as a standard
opens doors
for cities which today do not live
but walk toward tomorrow
in a path
that ascends
in time.

Manuscript note by Stefan Baciú:

Also in Rumanian: *Poemele Poetului Stefan Baciú*, p. 173–174.