**The Peasant Poet**

*Felix Rian Constantinescu*

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to Mirko Virius'

I am not a poet I am a peasant

My laptop is a ploughing tractor

My Internet connection gasoline

I cultivate the brains of people

I plough and spade their hearts

In the winter I stay w/ my letters

In their rememberance yearly

They do not speak to me considering

My poetry my autism my simple

Genius of the brown wheat field

Of their sad eyes in the unconscious

Wind I am rich I have all these

Golden hearts to tend to like

Young Hans the flowerman

Sacrificing himself for a higher power...

I hope that one poem one rune

Will bloom into an unknown heart

So that mansoul can continue.