

The Peasant Poet

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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 remembrance 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.