

Glasul Artei Viitoare

Agathodaimon

Strainule ce bati la poarta de unde vii si cine esti?
Strainule de lumea noastra, raspunde-ne de unde vii,
Prin care lumi traisi cosmarul nepovestitelor povesti
Si-n care stea gasisi culoarea decoloratei nebunii?"De unde vin? De unde pot veni, cind ochii-mi
plini de regrete si tristeti par 2 candel-aprinse
in cripta mortilor poeti?"Priviti sint gol, caci calea-mi fuse-atit de lunga
Si-n calea mea-ntilnii pe rind pe toti
Citi vrura sa va vinda podoabe noi ce nu se vind
Pe cei ce vrura sa va-ndrume spre mai bine
Spre-acel indepartat intezarit
In armoniile eterne dintr-un sfirsit si-un infinit."De unde vin? Eu vin din lumea creata dincolo de zare
Din lumea-n care n-a fost nimeni din voi"Deschideti poarta dar, veniti in jurul meu degraba
Porniti cu mine-mpreuna spre lumea-n care nu-s
castele cu puncti si santuri feudale
Nici ruginite porti de-arama la care bat cei noi sositi
Veniti cu toti cit mai e vreme si mai puteti cinta!Veniti, sa V-aprind in suflet lumina stinselor faclii
Si-n versuri fantasmagoria si vraja noilor magii
Iar cinturile voastre cu care azi cersiti o piine
Sa le cunun cu stralucirea aurelor de miineDar poarta a ramas inchisa la glasul artei viitoare! [English
translate: Chant Of 'Morrow's Art] Oh, stranger, who's knocking on the portal
Who are you, and where are you from?
Oh, stranger to our world
Answer, where do you come from? Where have you been living the nightmare
Of these untold stories...?
And in which star have you finally found
The colour of our faded madness?... "Where I come from? Where could I come from,
when my eyes, full of sadness and regrets,
look like two candles glowing
in the crypt of the dead poets!!!" Behold, naked I am now, as I've trodden a long way
Where I've been encountering, one by one, all those,
- who wanted to sell jewels, that cannot be sold...
- who wanted to lead the world towards "better times"
towards that distant horizon...
...within the eternal harmony between end and infinity... "Where do I come from? I come from the world beyond
horizons
from the world, where no one of you has ever been before!!!" So open up the gates, gather all around me
And we'll walk together towards the world
Where no castles and bridges exist, nor feudal ditches...
Nor corroded bronze porches, which newcomers knock at

Arrive yet, while time's not up and you still may chant
Come now, let me set ablaze the xtinguished torches in
your soul
Its phantasmagoria and the spell of new magiks,
And those chants, you're begging today for bread with
I shall put together with the glowing of 'morrow's aurorae...
Though, the gates are still closed to the chant of
'future art...

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