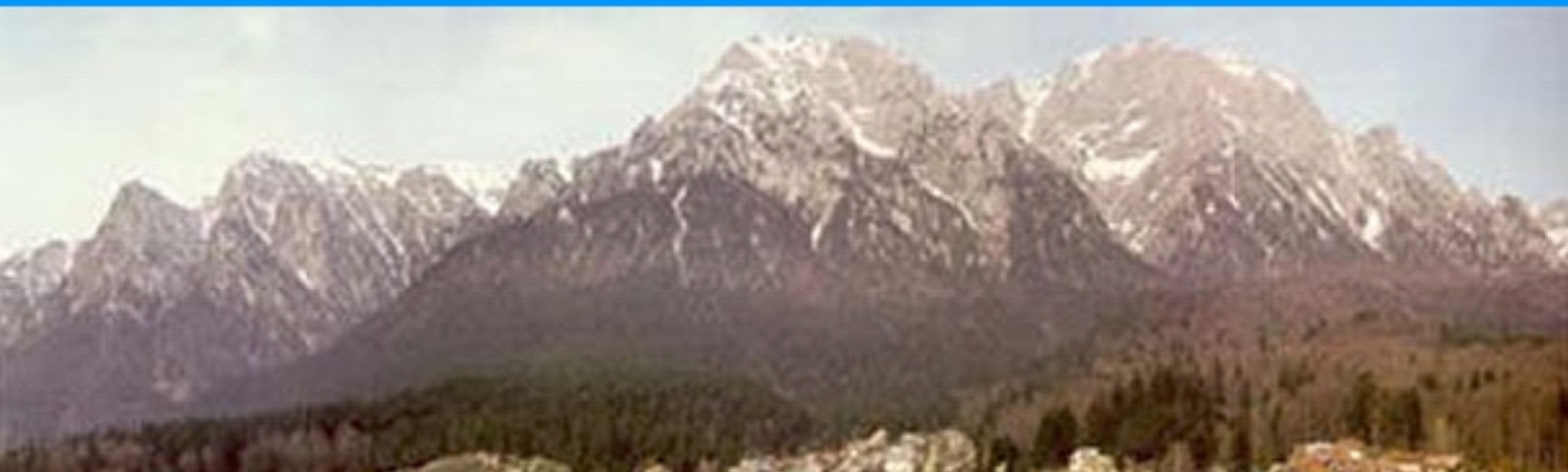


Organized by Andrei Dorian Gheorghe



Astropoetry on the Peaks



To Ram Devineni,

coordinator for the “Poetry on the Peaks” program

Dear Ram,

I'm sorry you have not time enough for climbing physically

All the mountains adorned by human poetry...

But all those peaks have sent you spiritual, living stones

For you to create an international mountain of poetry...

And a springboard to the stars.

~Andrei Dorian Gheorghe~

Astropoetry on the Peaks

by Andrei Dorian Gheorghe

(Azuga, Mount Bucegi, April 30)

The nearest points to the sky and its astral treasures
are the peaks.

Mountain peaks are earthly beams,
peaceful replies to the celestial beams.

What a chance to be a part of these
happy meetings of light!

What a chance to be a man in the middle of these
cosmic handshakes!

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part II (Astronomy) -SARM poetical collage—
(Mount Bucegi, Ialomita River, May 11)

Admiring hopes which gleam in the sky (Elena Sorescu)
The incandescent curtain of stars (Tina Visarian)
Cascades of light (Stefan Berinde)
Bright brilliants appearing from anywhere (Valentin Grigore)
Rains of stars and meteors flashing (Dominic Diamant)
Clouds giving life (Catalin Bunofschi)
The sky calling us to the soul heights (Iulian Olaru)
I am so glad when constellations appear with galaxies (Alexandru Conu)
And galaxies run, flow among the astronomers' fingers (Dan Mitrut)
From Lyra, a star transmits a song without words (Zigmund Tauberg)
A tender comet plays with the Sun (Diana Maria Ogescu)
I find the Moon irresistibly yellow (Gelu-Claudiu Radu)
Polaris sends me a friendly sign (Eliza Trandafir)
Stars are between my soul and my mind (Ionel Catalin Diaconu)
A fireball lightens my road (Ionut Dumitrache)
I shall always wish to be a meteor (Codrin Mardare)
The Milky Way goes to the future (Michaela Al. Orescu)
A triumphal arch from great rainbows (Constantin Dumitrescu Cunctator)
And all because we are here, on a planet (Calin Niculae)
A sunset in Hawaii means a sunrise in Romania (Ovidiu Vaduvescu)
We are breathing light (Adrian Sima)
Overlooking our nature, we start to the Sun (Victor Chifelea)
Infinite, source of human universe (Sergiu Olteanu)
God,... I am a fragment of Your Sunday's Concert (Mircea Alexandru Popa)
Astronomy, queen between man's thought and belief (Andrei Dorian Gheorghe)

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part III: On Mountain Nemira

By Dan Mitrut

The child-sky
threw the milk chocolate
with magical inscriptions.
The sweet zenith,
the temptation of the blue
and the tear-meteor
ran from the nest of his eye.
His right hand
threw the living, flavoured Earth,
keeping the gilding
full of constellations.
He has become
an adult sky.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part IV: It's Snowing on the Moon--a famous astrofolk song

(sung at the main Astronomical Observatory of Transylvania, Feleac Hill, Occidental Carpathians)

by Dan Mitrut

(I) In the silent Clouds' Sea,
Vapours forgotten by the sky and world are coming.
They begin to snow whitely and thickly
Over desert, wondered stones without name.
Chorus: It's snowing on the Moon,
It's snowing like a dream.
It's snowing on the Moon.
The road to the Earth is closed.

(II) The snow is falling, swinging,
And I remember (shedding tears) my home.
I am flooded by love, and sentenced to forgetfulness
Because I left for the Earth a few decades ago.
Prisoner in a strange costume,
I want to spoil an odd snowflake.
My rocket lies rusty, snowbound in the craters,
And killed by the frost.

Chorus:...

(III): I know nothing about my family.
Perhaps the Earth is accidentally dead,
And the winter changed its place, coming here
With its sledges and pine trees
Adorned just like for a holiday.
Here, the illusions are masters over all the things,
And, near me, the silence mildly sings a carol
Of good night.

Chorus:...

*(Note: A SARM team and Page Cinema made a musical videoclip
-directed by Gelu Claudiu Radu- regarding this recital, for being
launched at the SARM's national astronomical event <Perseide 10>,
and at the International Meteor Organization Conference 2002)*

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part V: On the Roof of Romania

By Dan Mitrut

(read on Moldoveanu– the highest Romanian peak, 2543m alt.; Mountain Fagaras, Meridional Carpathians, July 10th)

You poured out on me some wood
From Rasalgethi, the star of Hercules,
Into the cubes of my eyes,
GOD!!!
You put it on fire
For I to see, among my eyelids
Separated by a meteor trace,
The sacred mountain
TABOR.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part VI: On “At the Treasures” Peak

(Corbasca, Oriental Carpathians, August 2nd-during the SARM’s national astronomical camp <Perseide 10>, the authors reading their own verse)

Every peak is a love arrow to heaven. (*Andrei Dorian Gheorghe*)
Let’s climb the peaks,
Let’s look at the wheel of the Earth,
Let’s make cleanliness in the foul things
For going healthy to the future... (*Dimitrie Olinici*)
Sometimes, the skies open themselves
And permit us to see angels. (*Livia Pavelescu*)
The sky is a big enigma, and too little people have
The chance to discover it. (*Gabriel Lozneanu*)
God has gilded our sky
With impressions of stars. (*Marius Istrate*)
I don’t know the Cosmos,
And I will not be able to know it,
But I am a part of it. (*Carmen Macovei*)
From the sky lustre, the light lets drops. (*Catalin Bunofschi*)
The meteors are tears, tears of stars
From the sky’s face to the people’s soul.
Astronomers, count the tears necessary
For the people’s soul to become sensitive
To the divine good dying every moment on Earth! (*Valentin Grigore*)
Scenery: meteorically, a mountaineer
Has snowed over the night. (*Adrian Sima*)
The light is swinging like a high lily stem.
Mountains have grown up in my palms,
And I am hardly dipping in the Universe. (*Diana Maria Ogescu*)
Under the stars, in this wry circle named <world>,
The highest peak is Man. (*Ionel Catalin Diaconu*)
I have climbed this peak,
Grass blades to teach me about
Caressing the Cosmos. (*Dan Mitrut*)
God created man, sky, and earth, and temptation.
The sky is the supreme temptation and life. (*Radu Macovei*)
Looking at the sky, for the first time I have understood something,
And feel that before this
I lived among some crystal boards. (*Felicia Manea*)
I am flying among some whispers, directly, on the meteor paths.
Wings of light drive me to the horizons. (*Eliza Trandafir*)
Romanian meteor: I lie in wait for it
Until it will fall from the sky.
After that, I shall banish it! (*Geanina Popa*)
I need the stars.

Why did I come on the peaks?
Perhaps I want to collect
Some meteors from the Milky Way! (*Iulian Olaru*)
I run on the peaks and don't tire myself.
I throw myself in the sky and touch it.
I look around me and don't make me dizzy.
I look at the earth and smile... Am I crazy? (*Augustin Colesnic*)
Cygnus, sacred cross of light in the sky,
White source for the human spirit,
Peak of eternal feelings. (*Sergiu Olteanu*)
At the beginning, a word carried by the wind
Began to oscillate... and to create stars. (*Mircea Babescu*)
Stateliness: now, on a mountain peak,
There is the whole sky of a humanity. (*Alin Iventa*)
A kind of dialogue as an epilogue:
Andrei Dorian Gheorghe: When time will come,
I'd like to climb the sky by my small flying train.
Calin Niculae: But perhaps we'll get a meteor, or a star.
Anyway, I have to fly. But I should just be good enough for this.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part VII: Under the Rain of the Perseid Meteor Shower Maxim

~Blaga's Rivulet, Mount Cindrel, Transylvania, August 13~
(the authors reading their own verse)

A thought, a voice, a Man, a Spirit...
non-temporal, non-spacial,
but simultaneously temporal and spacial.
A beauty without limits, unconditional.
With my kiss, I wake Him up... the finite voice
of infinite, which is in us, beyond us, and among us.
Internal Him and external Him.
Whoever has thought about the Cosmos
tried (certainly and at least once)
the feeling of his nothingness.
Where is our place in the Cosmos-Him? (*Ionut Ilesoi*)
We came here, on these peaks,
to fill with beauty our soul,
but we were punished.
The stratum of clouds and rain fell
like a hard curtain
before the beginning of the sky show.
Now, because we have expiated,
we shall come back to the noisy life of town,
waiting eager for a new chance
of clear sky. (*Iuliana Berinde*)
The closest extra-solar civilization is placed at
a maxim of 10 light years,
and in this millenium
we shall contact *them* directly.
Globalization- the first step
To this future.
And *they* have *their* own Perseids too. (*Vasile Turcu*)
God's power is so great!
He created the Earth with these mountains,
and the planets with their rotations in the sky.
Our thought cannot cover His whole Creation,
but we are glad to admire a part of it:
the Perseid meteor shower.
P.S.: The Cosmos is what we see
sitting down directly on our back. (*Stefan Berinde*)

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part VIII: On the Postavarul Peak
(1800m alt., Mount Barsei, Meridional Carpathians, August 31)

by Valentin Grigore (president SARM)

The road to the light passes through the darkness.
Climbing the peaks, you meet
valleys, hills and grasslands.
The road to the sky begins from the grass blade,
sliding on the pine tree top,
and climbing the soul peaks which vibrate from
the light whispers of the stars:
*“Man, learn the flight to the sky,
but remember: you receive wings
if only you touch the highest peak.
This is meekness,
the only state giving you freedom to fly.
And don’t forget:
our Creator built you from earth and light.
So, your place is alike down on Earth
and here, in the sky, among the stars.”*
One day, man will find he can really live on Earth
just growing the sky inside him and around him.
But the road to the light passes through the darkness...
Because man has wanted to fly
by the wings born from haughtiness.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part IX: A Peak of Astronomy

by Andrei Dorian Gheorghe
(read on the Voievods Hill, September 8)

Motto:

*"History is written alike
down on Earth and up in the sky
through the people and through the stars.
But only the Sky- supreme witness-
decides about the good and the bad
in all the things which were, are, and will be."*
-Valentin Grigore-

1. (I Can See from Romanian History)

Here, on the Voievods Hill,
I can see emotions all around me.
I can see the Royal Highschool,
where King Mihai I of Romania
(who through his courage shortened
the Second World War) was student.
I can see beginning the mysteries
of the Carpathian Mountains.
I can see the Dealu Monastery,
hosting the head of Mihai Viteazul (the Brave)-
who in 1600 unified the Romanian states for the first time.
I can see the town of Targoviste-
the former Capital of the Romanian Land.
I can see Tower Chindia or Dracula's Tower,
a bastion of Christian Europe against the Ottoman invasion.
(What a shameful business,
Vlad Tepes Draculea-
a Romanian knight of justice in the XVth century-
to be considered a vampire!)
Can you imagine Tower Chindia
(a peak made by the people)
surrounded by a lot of flowers?
I assure you it is a fairy.
And perhaps one day, as a divine reward,
a nebula will take its shape in the sky,
surrounded by a lot of stars.
(Nebula <Dracula's Flower Tower> will probably be its name,
given by some astronomers and merchants.)

2. (I Can See from Romanian Astronomy)

Here, in 1982, a teen-ager named Valentin Grigore
began to study meteors and stars.

Here, in 1993, a young man named Valentin Grigore
founded the Romanian Society for Meteors and Astronomy-SARM,
and the yearly cultural-astronomical event <Perseide>,
this hill becoming the Capital of Romanian astronomy
for 7 years (before the astronomers to be driven away
by the light pollution- this infatuated dragon of civilization).

Here, in 1998, an adult named Valentin Grigore
made Leonid observations
famous all over the world of the meteor lovers.

Here, hundreds of Romanians studied the sky,
learned about astronomy and human values, or wrote astropoems.

Sky lovers from 4 continents climbed this hill,
this dream isle, this knowledge corridor.

And in 1999, a total solar eclipse crowned this peak of astronomy,
breaking the clouds around it.

I know, the Voievods Hill seems to be rather small,
but it has touched meteors and stars.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part X: A Crying on a Metropolitan Peak

by Andrei Dorian Gheorghe

(read on the hillock of the Youth Park, Bucharest, September 9)

I love the people with their towns,
but I don't like their irresponsible mistakes.
The industrial, sound and light pollution,
this impalpable three-headed monster,
is one of them,
eating, drinking and breathing
from our being,
and contaminating
our health, sensibility and fantasy.
It cannot be stopped
without our joint efforts.
That is why I hope in a good impulse for all of us
coming from the clean heights.
That is why I prefer the natural pure splendors.
If I say a wish on a peak,
the stars (and perhaps the Creator too)
hear me easier.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part XI: Castle Peles

by Valentin Grigore

(read at the former Royal Castle of Romania, Mount Bucegi, September 10)

*The mountain castle climbs proud the sky.
All around it, mild and tender flights
Of mystery, in the foggy glade.
Only the canopy shines through its lights.*
It tells about times when here
sacred prayers started
from the hot hearts
of kings and queens who amazed the world
to the heights edged by the peaks.
Through their love for heaven,
with their eyes and souls looking for the stars,
they created models of pure life and belief.
*The mountain castle climbs proud the sky.
All around it, mild and tender flights
Of mystery, in the foggy glade.
Only the canopy shines through its lights.*

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part XII: The Bucegi Plateau

by Andrei Dorian Gheorghe

(Poiana Tapului, Mount Bucegi, mid-September)

The Dacians were the Romanians' ancestors.

For them, the axis between

the Sphinx of Bucegi and the Omu Peak

was a natural sanctuary

blessed by their supreme god

Zamolxis- the god of lightnings.

Every time when I climb these peaks

and see so special plays

of lightnings, clouds and sunbeams,

I feel that Zamolxis has remained

the same good friend

for the noble mountaineers.

.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part XIII: Heavenly Bodies and Romanian Mountains

by Andrei Dorian Gheorghe

(Busteni, Mount Bucegi, mid-September)

The invaders never conquered
the Romanian Chain of Carpathians.
It seems to be a natural fortress,
but these mountains are so wonderful for me...
just like the canopy of heaven
arranged by my fantasy.
The highest of them, Mount Fagaras and Mount Bucegi,
are the Big Chariot and the Little Chariot
carrying incredible beauties.
Their main peaks, Moldoveanul and Negoitul in Fagaras,
are Alcor and Mizar, the double star of Ursa Major,
and in Bucegi the Omu Peak is the Polar Star.
(Hereabouts the Peak with Love- Varful cu Dor-
seems to be modelled even by the Creator's hand!)
The crest of Mount Piatra Craiului (King's Stone)
is as long as Constellation Hydra,
but as fragile as Libra-the Balance
(because there you can see at mid-day
the Sun, on a side,
and the Moon, on the other side).
The caves in the Occidental Carpathians are as fascinating
as the black holes in the galaxies.
Mount Ceahlau, "Romanian Olympus",
is as strong as Hecules (on Earth and in the sky),
and maiden Panaghia, transformed into a stone on it,
is as beautiful as Andromeda
transformed into a constellation.
The glacial lakes in Mount Retezat are clear sky patches
of Constellation Aquarius.
The forests in the Mountains of Bucovina are parts
of Berenice's Hair.
I hear singing the sky Lyra in some waterfalls:
Urlatoarea, Balea, Duruitoarea, Seven Staircases...
I recognize Constellation Draco in some gorges:
Turda, Bicaz, Nera, Dambovicioara, Caras, Warm Some...
The Mountains of Maramures are like
Sirius and Procyon in the sky,
loyal dogs guarding the frontiers of the country.
(You can find there a peak of optimism:
the Merry Cemetery in Sapanta!)

I compare the Metaliferi (Metallic) Mountains
with Orion's starry wealth.
Mount Gaina, hosting the Maidens' Fair,
is obviously connected to Constellation Virgo.
Mount Parang represents Ophiucus with Serpens,
giving natural medicines to the human souls.
The Salt Mountain in Slanic Prahova seems to be created
from billions of Pleiades,
the Muddy Volcanos in Buzau seems to be the Hyades,
and, not too far, Mount Ciucas is Star Aldebaran
completing Constellation Taurus.
A little out of Carpathians,
projections from Cygnus are swans in the Danube Delta,
near the small and old Mountains of Dobrogea
(over 6000m altitude in the far past).
The Red Lake in the Oriental Carpathians
is Star Antares of Scorpius,
and the Sphinx of Banat
is Perseus, the constellation-hero.
Every cloud flying over the Romanian mountains
could be Constellation Pegasus!
I also listened to the meteors,
finding they feel very good over the Carpathians!
(This is not a surprise,
my precursors caught the rainbow's colors- red, yellow, blue-
in the Romanian flag!)
I could see the Twin Brothers (Gemini), Castor and Pollux,
as the main peaks of Mount Nemira,
or other constellations (Aries, Capricornus, Cepheus...),
stars (Regulus, Arcturus, Canopus...),
or planets (Venus, Jupiter, Saturn...)
as other Romanian mountains...
But pay attention: the Carpathian precipices
are as haughty as Cassiopeia,
and you cannot fly as well as the comets!
Look at the sky, friends from the Northern Hemisphere,
and perhaps you will find the same wonders in your mountains!
Look at the sky, friends from the Southern Hemisphere,
your mountains are adorned by other constellations and galaxies,
by the Southern Cross, Magellan's Clouds and the Jewel Box!
Love the stars and the mountains,
friends from all over the world!
For me, every Romanian mountain
is as sacred as Capella,
wears Corona Borealis at its peaks,
and could be Sagittarium and Sagitta-

an Archer and an Arrow sending me
a little bit of the universal miracle.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part XIV: A Traveller in the Solar System

by Andrei Dorian Gheorghe

(Sinaia, Mount Bucegi, mid-September)

If I'd be a traveller in the Solar System,
I certainly would not dare to climb
the hot protuberances of the Sun,
but probably on Mercury I'd read literary works
by they who gave their names to the craters.
I'd find nice mountains among Venus' clouds,
and sweet or sharpened heights
on the giant planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune,
on their satellites,
and in the belt of asteroids.
I'd greet the small planet Pluto
like an old friend,
learning about respecting the void,
and hoping that the vaporous volcanos in the comets' nucleus
would not scare me.
My main target would be to climb
Olympus Mons on Mars (over 25 km altitude),
but now I am pressed by reality
on a Romanian modest peak.
Even to visit the lunar craters
is just a far dream
because I didn't climb yet
my own earthly consciousness.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part XV: Under The Same Sky. Dialogue Overseas

(The Lainici Mountain Pass, Meridional Carpathians, September 25)

Larry Jaffe (USA, special guest through his spirit):

the sky greets the earth

in song and prayer as

stars applaud in kind

Andrei Dorian Gheorghe (Romania, poet and reader):

between the peaks and the mountains

waltz of poetry

and light

.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part XVI: SARM Collective Reading

(Mount Zarand, Occidental Carpathians, October 2)

Just like the peaks of a mountain,
astro-arts are high variations of poetry.
Just like the peaks of a mountain,
stars are high variations of light...
and meteors are high greetings from heaven.

(Andrei Dorian Gheorghe)

Golden drops,
stones impregnated by the cosmic mysteries
come to us.

We... just wait for them with pencils,
counting them in the notebook...

(Eliza Trandafir)

Between the earth flower and the star shine there is Man,
especially made to receive in him the sky and earth.

But he can crush the earth flower
under the sole of his aggressive vanity,
and can extinguish the star light
under his own darkness.

However, flowers don't die,
and stars don't extinguish themselves...,
just change their place into other space,
waiting for the prayers of Man
(satiated of his own specious ignorance),
waiting for coming home.

(Valentin Grigore)

escaped in the sky
hidden of the world eyes

I'm watching from up to up

(Gelu-Claudiu Radu)

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part XVII: Colors in the Wind

by Dan Mitrut

(Palanca of Huruesti, Oriental Carpathians, October 11,
the author being surrounded by a circle of stones named “trovants”)

Motto:

Colors in the wind... leaves... passing...
As if all would move, and only they would remain.
As if all would pass, and only we would remain.
As if October would be eternal.
~Calin Niculae~

colors in the wind
stars of earth
with glow worms of sun

it seems like
our craziness becomes
love of horizon
love of clear sky
and feelings a lot

soon I'll be sleeping and dreaming
just under the Big Chariot

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part XVIII: On the Germans' Peak

(Bacau County, Oriental Carpathians, October 26)

Noon

by Calin Niculae

If our thoughts go to all the directions,
perhaps these clouds are a kind of streets for them.

Twilight

by Dan Mitrut

(after a photographic series by Calin Niculae)

I sing on autumn fires
the organ of beams transforms me into sounds
leaves from Mercury and Mars fall
into our gardens
frosted by Urania

Evening

by Tina Visarian

It was a mountain evening,
Thirsty of blue,
Without lights with masks,
Without fog.
I was a forgotten child
Watching quiet the stars,
And listening to the nightfall.

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part XIX: Signs of Autumn

(Filaret Hill, Wallachia, near the Astronomical Observatory of Romanian Academy,
November 3)

Calin Niculae:

On my roads I saw a lot of strange things.
The light flows through the grass still green,
just like many trees- but not all of them.
Some trees have chosen to become red just on their lightened side,
as if they would have stayed on the beach too much.
... Time for locking begins, when the sap of the trees returns to the earth,
and the wood that will fight the winter force remains in the air.
The legends say we become better and wiser at these times.

Tina Visarian:

In the silence giving birth to the anxieties,
terrible kites pecked the stars.
The astral blood trickled the sky walls
under the orange Moon,
and the smell of weeping willow.
Then I understood how much hurried we pass through the sky,
how much absent.

Dan Mitrut:

I was passing as well as you are passing now.
The Moon became larger touching my feet,
and flowed through the grass in the rhythms of blue autumn.
I telepathically sent you the aroma of the wine of nebula
and my lightened blood.
Autumn of Pluto,
insects meteorically expiating
life.

Andrei Dorian Gheorghe:

What a strange feeling: to stay on a peak
and too see the heavenly bodies closer
by using a binocular so small!
But this thing doesn't help you to see
the autumnal dreams from Polaris.

Diana Maria Ogescu:

An old sliding rule, and I measuring the Sky-
I make my own road to the Milky Way.
Cygnus, a swan as old as our sky,
coagulated from the sea froth,

flies near me through the Universe!

Adrian Sima:

Love- secondary horizontal

bet on a leaf and more,

smile over wave.

Domestic kiss- waterfall over the seasons

of a feathered clock becoming older...

Because from the distances

only it- the Angel's light-

still caresses the tear of constellation

(radiant of meteors)

at dawn.

Calin Niculae:

All the wonders of this world happen naturally,

as well as we happen...

Astropoetry on the Peaks- Part XX: The Gala Reading of SARM

(December 1- the National Day of Romania-, Vanatorul Camp, Bucegi Mountains, under a nice snowfall; there were read submissions from other countries too; the show was adorned by projections of mountain photos by Calin Niculae)

“Greetings from the Pennine hills here to you on your higher mountain, with best wishes for a successful, enjoyable and inspiring occasion, and kindness of weather to bring clear skies.”

~Steve Sneyd (U.K.)~

Larry Jaffe (U.S.A.; international readings coordinator for the “Dialogue among Civilizations through Poetry Readings” program):

I imagine words in my head
-blinded to the hypocrisy of sentences
my deaf friend sees voices
I hope to hear.

Dominic Diamant (Romania):

On the highest peak
of Creation
the Divine lives.
When astropoetry
vibrates in blue
the world is lightened.
I rose and set on the peaks,
but my star burns infinitely higher.

Alin Tolea (U.S.A.; professional astronomer):

My heart from the sky...
One week ago I found I have two hearts,
one of them constant, kept by the earthly reality,
and the second heart crazy, fallen in love with the stars.
Yesterday I found I have two hearts,
one of them pulsating calmly, in the rhythm of the ocean waves,
and the second heart trembling in the light of Aurora Borealis.
A few moments ago I felt one of my hearts dying,
that heart hemstitched by green and red- the trace of its passing through the sky.
I'm crying for it.

Valentin Grigore (Romania; president of SARM):

Here, on the peaks, we discover the origins
Of our life's sap: the Sky and the Earth.
In the silence of the depth from the valleys,
And in the light of the power from the heights,

Eternity outlines itself-
The moment out of time,
Life's peak,
This mountain which we are climbing.

Mircea Alexandru Popa (Romania):
Pine trees turned grey by the snow,
And Jessus' face among them.

Florentin Smarandache (U.S.A.; founder and leader of Paradoxistic Literary Movement):
A cosmic wind traverses my thoughts to + infinite.

Zigmund Tauberg (Romania):
I spend this night out, in the Bucegi Mountains,
And my look flies for hours
Over the immense canopy,
Watching this fairy.
I can observe other stars here,
Unseen in the town.
And if you want to find the sky's true face
With its sublime beauties,
Look at it, at least once in your life,
On the peaks.

John Francis Haines (U.K.; leader of the British network of S.F. poets <Eight Hand Gand>, editor of <Handshake>):
A halfmoon hangs above the ridge;
Plump sheep with go-faster-stripes
Munch widdershins around the field.

Constantin Dumitrescu-Cunctator (Romania):
On the Caraiman Peak, in Mount Bucegi,
I have felt the Universe's pulse.

Galina Ryabova (Russia; doctor in astronomy at University of Tomsk, Siberia):
I was a grain of dust. In space
I darted in eternal race.
Today I am a string of light
On sparkling heavens of the night.
But at the moment very first
I was
The Universe!

Victor Chifelea (Romania):
His Highness Mountain Peak,
Surrounded by the honorable Court

Including heavy stones and abrupt precipices,
Is ill.
It is also amazed and furious
Because a plump and surfeited meteorite
Hit it without warning.
(O, my God, what an embarrassment!)
Now it is looking at neighbouring abysses.
“The big chief could be hit anytime by anyone.”
The guards bustle and whisper:
“We have a problem.”

Steve Sneyd (U.K.; director of <Hilltop Press>, editor of <Data Dump>):
one then another of Medusa's
myriad eyes dance down
come to take another look,
try to remember when and why she
turned starships into stone
hills we stand, still flesh, upon

Tania Tilici (Romania):
Give me a moment
In which I to be supported by myself,
And not to fall when I look at you,
Traveller in the light.

Gerald England (U.K.; editor of <New Hope International>):
-cocooned in thermal underwear
thick overcoat, scarf and woolly hat
to withstand the biting mountain air
-in the valley below we see the lights
of little houses twinkling in the dark
and beyond the next peak
the glow from a distant city
-we scale to these dizzy heights
ignore the pain in our necks
gaze in rapture at the Milky Way
pick out the planets from the stars
shining so clearly in the blackness.

Adrian Sima (Romania):
The pine trees have climbed the mountains
for lending to the sky
fragments from their bodies- matches used by it
to flash in the night.

Bogdan Calin (Romania):

A meteor! Another lost life.

Catalin Bunofsch (Romania):

People can caress the sky watching it... hearing it...

Counting its tears of light, meteors, the Moon, stars...

As if they would dry a child's tears, restoring his smile.

As if the clouds would be driven away, and the clear would be restored to the sky.

As if I would say you "Smile!"... and you would smile.

Dan Mitrut (Romania):

The wind birds know so much about the peaks' solitude

that in the morning sky

they drip burning stone of tears

and songs for the people's future.

I wonder on the world altar,

sacrificing fragments of comets in decline,

and I raise this peak through another moment

to eternity of flowers.

We are pilgrims on the world edge,

wings have grown at our hearts,

our hands have been knotted by the Moon's sickle,

and we travel without ticket

to immortality.

Andrei Dorian Gheorghe (Romania, coordinator of the gala reading):

peaks, feelings, skies= astropoetry...

Echo:

...poetry... poetry... *poetry*...