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## SEVEN POEMS BY EDITA PETRAUSKAITĖ-JUZUMIENĖ

Edita Petrauskaitė-Juzumienė was born on November 20, 1962, in Lithuania. When she was five years old, her father started to teach her English. The English studies were continued at school, which specialized in the English language. In 1980, she entered Vilnius University to study English language and literature. She started writing poems in English in 1984. She writes reviews on English and American literature. She has translated short stories by John Updike, Jerome Salinger, and the most recent translation is John Barth's "Menelaiad". She is now a literary consultant at the Lithuanian Fiction Translation Board.

### FOUR TREES by EGON SCHIELE

Copper trees  
in the faltering twilight  
cruelly burn  
the skin of the sun  
with their fiery foliage  
making  
their tremulous vows.  
Where do these echoes travel, these  
magic nebulae?  
To the haunted castle-land  
where rhododendrons bleed?  
Serene and dauntless,  
do you rejoice in your parallel worlds  
of Living and Knowing  
besotted  
by the brazen lodestar?  
Silence. Silence.  
The trees are voiceless.

87.01.09

### THE IMP OF FEAR

The lake is merciless.  
It mirrors every cell  
and every nerve  
of my cold self,  
stares dumb  
as the face of an idiot  
reflecting everything he sees

but doesn't grasp.  
Who is capable of ignoring  
pale water-lilies  
that brighten  
the noisome night of my mind  
where in the deepest corner  
smiles death  
the mild-eyed.

1987.06.29

Our voices mute with amazement  
rise  
from the deeps  
of our lame selves  
which ignore  
the omens of future  
and menacing past —  
feelings  
numb with despair —  
magnanimously  
I offer you  
the tenderness  
of stainless rose petals  
on a rainy day.

1987.07.17

to s.

I'd rather be a statue  
perfect and faithful like Isis  
self-effacing  
wily smiling in your hall  
the ever-sapient smile  
mutely  
I'd speak to you  
in all the languages of the world  
call you  
all the tender names  
I remember  
my almond  
oh my bitter one  
I'd tell you  
all the dormant truths  
that make our frenzied life  
chaste  
magic  
and enchanging.  
Listen.  
I begin.

1987.11.23

I often see you in a  
glass  
black glass in an ivory frame  
jet-black lake water  
twinkling with water-lilies  
so white they blind us

teach calmness  
meditation  
mock at the mud  
beyond our feet

1988

to nida

Two dainty ladies a la Huxley  
smiling at the naive Robbe-Grillet  
speaking their own cantankerous language  
Walk in the part of Boulogne.  
Fidgety tennis-players romp gaily  
smiling wearing something green and rosy  
with their famous Oxford stockings  
and their old fiendish black beards.  
We smile at each other  
deciding conceiving trying  
to hide sincerity  
to feign feelings  
to play sometime a drama or two  
to drink the bitter wine  
red like blood we dream of.

1984.11.06

to peter

Flaxen July  
crushed my vitreous doll's house  
breezing by  
in the ancient Cimmerian city  
full of oaks oaks oaks  
crepuscular love  
of our eyes  
falls  
onto the slumberous carpet  
of the white night  
onto the sea  
of white crispness  
exploring  
all the fortuitous detours  
of fate

1986.11.12