



## 2 poems by Iuliana Pasca

### **In the middle of myself**

I dance around the sun all night  
with legs of rays  
I break the gates of hell  
and slip my glow into its depths  
to fill the void of non-existence.

The light does not belong to me  
I am the emptiness around it,  
the vacuum of darkness  
and this luminescence  
is a temporary reflection  
on the fire burning  
under my feet.

### **The fall**

Hysterical screams echo in my mind, the past  
pierces me like an iron maiden, convulsive pain  
grinds in temples,

I try to sleep, but fear grins from the  
bones marrow.

I tremble, I go mad, and fall into the  
abyss...

Unconscious,

I join the gloomy desires like  
pieces of rancid meat

detaching from an unborn embryo –  
a nameless and meaningless non-being.



Invisible demons come out of oblivion and  
devour the corpse of the spirit accompanying the  
fall  
into myself.

## Bio



**Iuliana Pasca**, poet, translator, and photographer from Romania, studied Romanian – Chinese at Babes-Bolyai University and at Zhejiang University. She collaborates with literary magazines from Romania and oversees, including the well-known Ithaca Foundation’s Project Poetry Without Borders.