ION HOREA: A GREAT CLASSIC OF TRANSMODERN POETRY

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Abstract:The article is a case study that proposes to fixate in the space-time of Romanian-European contemporaneousness some features that differentiate trans-modernism from post-modernism and meta-modernism.
The article uses the technique of applied re-lecturing of the text, in the lineage of a critical-hermenetical recurrent practices.
Thus the foundation of a new paradigm is set, trans-modernism, implemented on a new literary scientific orientation: trans-disciplinarity.
In this context, Ion Horea's poetry gets what is already coming to it: the value of something unique, monumentality, the greatness of a patriotic utterances, reconsidered as an emanation of the old homestead.

Keywords: scribe, journal, polyhedral acquisition, stained glass.

A Shakespearian ''feel''

I poses a personal pride: that I had and still have a friend in poet Ion Horea. In 1998, I awarded him the Price for Opera Omnia of the National Poetry Workshop ''Serile la Bradiceni'' (Evenings in Bradiceni – my note). However, we go back even further than this.

As he had always published me between 1980-1989 in the magazine ''Romania Literara'' at which helms he was at the time. I provided him with patriotic poetry with somewhat orphic, metaphysic, transmodern profoundness.

I consider him of course, just like other literary critics, a strange combination of neoclassicism, neoromanticism and neomodernism. But as if all these do not match postmodernism, the reading list fits him better.

Usually, once he had printed a book, master Ion Horea would always send it to me, never forgetting the autograph, within it constantly mentioning the word ''brotherhood'' doubled either by the adjective ''borderless'' or ''absolute''.

I have ''Scribul'' (2011), ''Gravuri'' (2013), ''Rataciri'' (2014), ''Vitraliu'' (2016) since 2013 on my office table, but sinner me did not find the kairotic time – so that, obviously, after having read them immediately after having been gifted – to also comment them intratextually.

''Gravuri'' is divided into three cycles: ''Jurnal'', ''Gravuri'', ''Lespezi''. Quickly browsing over the artistic well-known writing of ''Gravuri'', let us remark from the start the lyric ceremonial tone, the apoftegmatic accent, the regime of the musical sets, a certain residence in the region of memories that became revelations par-lui-meme et pirs nous, the already hypocritical readers.

In ''Jurnal'', Ion Horea gives off sparks of style on the path of diction, (auto) and (meta)poetic autoreferentiality. He possesses the art to self-define himself simultaneously through all what ''he writes in constellations'' and volens-nolens and he assumes them either ''only in the dew mirrors'' of the ''soft hill shapes beckoning new journeys''.

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Either way, the note to the notion (metanotion) of imagination suggests – a la maniere de Constantin Noica – to disseminate the artistico-aesthetic and theoretico-semioticalterm in three semantical subunits ‘’in-chipu-ire’’.

A Shakespearian air is given to the engravings bythe ‘’everyday purpose of the being’’. ‘’Stories are stories’’ like in ‘’O mie si una de nopti’’ of Seherezada, in which the fantastic/ fabulous envelops ‘’the engravings’’ in a sacrosanct silence. Living at the cross-roads between the Orient and the West like Rene Guenon, the neo- and trans-modern Ion Horea exhibits, with a complete naturalness, a figure of a troubled musician over some ‘’strange branches, like snakes’’ which ‘’give the garden under the fog, twisted meanings’’.

The fantastic transcendental of Ion Horea erupts – like geysers –from a subterranean world of the folkloric fabulous, boiling with all myths and heresies (see ‘’Scribul’’ 2011, 5-88); or it is a recourse to the most re-originating dreamland. I quote from ‘’Halucinatii’’ (which are forms still of the Durandian fantastic – our note): ‘’Like in a dream…you would want to write…but comes a sign…a noise under the clouds of smoke in obscure distances…there is your dream and path’’.

Once the hermeneutic circle is closed, the critic understands that the poet invokes/evokes the inferno: ‘’Its flames you stumble upon and hit against thus following once journey/ under their wall of darkness, sickly, like the smoke chokes you’’.

I repeat an older poetic judgement: that in the virtue of which Ion Horea’s poetry, o connotation either grave or (auto)ironical, either pure incantation (magico-mythical) or resurrecting all the way the sacred in/from the profane in the line of the most confessional attitude specific to Transylvanian tradition (Goga, Cotrus, Beniucs.a.).

For example, the "Halucinatiile" commented above are an intertextual to Dante's "Inferno" and betray in Ion Horea's auctorial personality a homo transreligiosus and transcultural (BasarabNicolescu).

I am almost certain that if a critic like Horia Garbea, unwilling to taste the poem of a different kind from the postmodernist, browsed Ion Horea, one would make fun of his "eternal" "thug" manner.

2. The desired mirroring

"Scribul" is one of the most successful books written and printed by Ion Horea after 1990. The longevity of the poet is absolutely breath-taking. But the motivation that kept him "alive" is simply stated in "Fresca": "It is time for scholars to appear with Bibles in disguise and with Stories / shaken in their forefathers." Among the temple walls, the poet is an avatar of the Saviour, "that his shadow be to him, and you to be close to him, and to the cross of his cross, with the one under the mists in rust, shaken, for a moment to resemble him, "and the crown of laurels and gold on his forehead would have turned into a thorn if he was the One Who Chooses. But with self-deceiving lucidity he understands: "You are not the chosen one, or whatever it is said, not happening / no miracle" (Semne, p. 9). As a consequence, "a spirit of night caught in the cavern" unleashes "a play of lurks and words" (Rataciri, 2014, 9). Thus, poetry must be like a tightly-laid warp - not as a cloth-in the dissolution - of "strange strands left in the play of the heavenly rabbits" (Ibid., 8).

But what would be the role of the Scribe after "discovering altars or fallen bells from colossal towers ... turned from oblivion" is the time to suck his Golgotha? To be beaten on the imaginary cross?

No, the moment of crucifixion has not yet arrived, for the poet "delayed by the stories" still has to say "another story", for which he begs the museums: "Let me speak to the beginning" (Scribul, 2011, 19) For "The rest is yours". This Shakespearian motif, mirrored in the mirror, is actually the "word of the beginning" "in the age of peace and quiet," which the

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dust and the quenching of the ink, and an addition, forever witnessed. Eli, Eli "(Anonymus Notarius, p. 21).

In the sense and / vision / of this type of spiritual poetry - superior to any postmodernist "work" of today (not yesterday - my note) - the work material is wise, it is appropriate - as with T. Arghezi for example (Atelier - 23), on "written tablets made of clay, stone and planks / by which you leave this world fractured by dreams and thoughts." Most certainly, "by the tangle of words from the lyrics of the rumble and rhymes," nothing is done, nothing "signs written on paper" with the venom "from a honey that I squeeze from time to time." The honeycomb is inexhaustible in the beauty of Romanian language, a metaphor recoiled by Ion Horea from the Eminescu language (Rataciri, 2014, 65, Eu raman).

When approaching the ontopastel, the Transylvanian poet transforms it, through a musical alchemy, musically fluidized into the fable (Vedere, 40). Moreover, writing "under extreme laws", successfully cultivating the fixed form and even the difficult composition in the hermeneutic circle, the poet would appreciate some as a paradoxical aspect, but I do not, because I believe precisely through this prosodic discipline Is himself, free, unintelligible, expressive, reflexive, and ... trans-romantic. The rare rhyme encompasses the living metaphors, circumscribes them to such a vivid aesthetics, permeated by "celestial fires" but by the effects of popular language; So, a verb "stands" (instead of a) with the adjective possessive "you" or "weddings is" with "grains" (Echinoctiu, 43).

In a "elegy," one mono-rhyme is used with an indisputable success. What do you want! As a new model - the transmodernist critic - I continue to rely on such transfiguration refinements on such "ethical poetry", as poetry, if not claimed in an ipso et de facto tradition, does not exist. On a tradition of solid literary culture and critical judgment, both competing to give examples of creativity by practicing self-sustaining paradigms. "On a way, back" to the great creative figures of an experimental Europe, Ion Horea's attitude is selective, orderly, diurnal but nocturnal, but integrated with a transgressive or mutually mirrored imaginary: "How strange your fears and the mirrored look / Under slums in golgoans where there are no mirrors ". The "way of life" is like the "Fat-Frumos din Tara Tineretii-fara-batranete'': "in the valley of which you still tremble."

But Ion Horea also wrote cosmic poetry, large simultaneous centripetal and centrifugal reverberations, first to the essence and then to the appearance, and only then they manage the regime of the orphanic writing (Nocturna, p. 54, Fila, p.55).

3. Critical reception

The critical reception of Ion Horea's work is rich, respectable, and even prodigious. Iulian Boldea, Eugen Barbu, Al. Cistelecan, George Calinescu, St. Aug. Doinaş, Gheorghe Grigurcu, Victor Felea, Aurel Martin, Dumitru Micu, Nicolae Manolescu, Ion Negoiţescu, Petru Poantă, Al. Philippide, Al. Piru, Ion Pop, Ion Popescu-Bradiceni, Marian Popa, Ion Rotaru, Eugen Simion, Nichita Stanescu, Mircea Tomuş, Cornel Ungureanu, Eugeniu Nistor, Anamaria Ştefan (Papuc), Silviu D. Popescu and others.

We absolutely had the great joy of knowing them, to honestly but memorably interview them. Their views have been in fundamental aspects in their eons.

But start with Gherghe Grigurcu. In "Poetiromani de azi" (Grigurcu, 1979, 212-215) the critic - who was established today in Târgu-Carbunesti in the town of T. Arghezi and G.Uscătescu in few steps from the "Tudor Arghezi" Museum, founded by Mitzura Arghezi and Ion Mocioi, - puts Ion Horea among the refined rural paradigm with Zaharia Stancu, Aurel Rău, Aurel Gurghianu, Ioan Alexandru, Ion Gheorghe, Gheorghe Pituţ, Ileana Mălăncioiu, Ion Sofia Manolescu, Petre Ghelmez, Petre Got. I do not contest the option of my permanent jury committer at the National Poetry Workshop and Poetry Critique "Serile la

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Bradiceni" (1997-2017), which celebrates its 21st edition this autumn (and in 1998 at Had as sole laureate even Ion Horea – n.m.). So, why would I do it? De gustibus non disputandum! Thus, Gheorghe Grigurcu considers Ion Horea a postpillatian. I quote: "Obviously, we are dealing with a continuity which, through the Florica bard, aspires to the robust atmosphere of Alecsandri's Pastels" (Grigurcu, 1979, 212) but also refers to Fundoianu's "Privelistile" (Fundoianu, 1983, 5-58).

Attentive to this type of creative figure, Grigurcu senses in his own right:

- experimental mentality,
- cursive symbolism,
- the alertness of the word,
- image articulation,
- the synthesis of pastoral melting,
- formal protest,
- the construction of a poetic labyrinth with an applied elegance (as in the "parnasianism" of Al. Andriţoiu - my note) and with a peculiar culture of the indeterminate.

Petru Poantă was also right when he sensed his aesthetics of rebours, but preferred Ion Horea by eminescianizing himself superiorly.

What features does the critic think?

- a disturbing, fluent, fluent,
- erotic nostalgia projected against a cosmic rural backdrop,
- the suggestion of the ecumenical loneliness,
- the obsession of devastating time,
- the evocation of dark-wondrous landscapes, lures of absence or loneliness,
- the native-troubadour atmosphere,
- Perfect musical rhetoric,
- the subtle incarnation of regionalisms in the effects of archaeological language (as in Marin Sorescu – my note)

(Poanta, 1983, 50-53).

Originally appeared as a chronicle at the "Podul de vama", the article "Intoarceri" is also captured in the summary "fereastracriticului" (Cristea, 1987, 191-195), where Valeriu Cristea appreciates Ion Horea's lyrics as " Bitter, "of vision, but also of some states of soul, of a planetary citizen attitude, of returning to Noah's Ark.

But the novelty with which Valeriu Cristea restructures an already established critical myth consists in the decryption of the Horean creation process, which is unique, with an indisputable identity.

4. The reflective poetry

In the mirror with Benjamin Fundoianu (B. Fondane), Ion Horea puts on the wallpaper the "forest words". His poetry is not descriptive because his description does not have a real pattern, but he is born of the mist of the mind, as an intimate and obviously programmatic protest against the mechanical landscape. Nature in the poems of B.F. appeared elevated to a greater potency than its normal image, like a valve through the wall of fire, the valve itself being the volcanic flames.

Ion Horea brings into a heavy pregnancy "so many strange thoughts" on "Eli, Lama Sabachtani!", "Among the wax lights." The poem once again flies with Egyptian myths, funerals, transcendences, in a prompt or alternative parallel to the Transylvanian tradition, which it intertextualizes in sight. The "right witness" being "the whole white sheet", the poet entrusts us to the Vatican: "For a long time I am trying to make myself / among the Romanian scriptures," with the wailing of the nation in the breast "(Foaia alba, in Scribul, p. 49).

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The craft of rhyme in prosodic art touches the semantic mirrors of Horea perhaps perfection. "Blending echoes ... in an altar under marching passes and rites with water paintings", the poet is the prisoner of reflective poetry, even of pure poetry (almost imperceptible) and almost hermetic, for it finally breaks down - as we look - to the immediate reality and builds an autonomous verbal space, purely in the sense of anti-reference and closure on its own semantic topography.

For the transmodernist critic and theoretician that he is, the poetry of Ion Horea is claiming from the type of poetry that seeks to approach its own essence, it is reduced to the essence as such: metaphor, sound magic, suggestion, ambiguity, orphanic metaphysics , Sacredness, religiosity, poeticity as an effect of art, etc.

And yet, for Ion Horea, the world of practice is a poetic world, based on the values of direct expression and "insensitive thinking," which is not fit for free thoughts of contemplation. But also, the stealing of the structuring ego against these determinations of the contingent world, manifested in language, by deviating from the common forms / norms of communication (Christmas, 2002, 435-436).

"The greater the deviation, the deeper it is in the exceptional space of poetry governed by the laws of art and manifested through a substance (of life?) And genuine and superior" (Christmas, 2002, 437).

At all times, "the eye deciphers in the zodiacs" "stories woven" by the spiders "and a virgin silence through yellowish sheets to express" the wicked, subtle poet "wanted with the boldness. This "through the signs of the shrouded shroud" tries to figure out something in a hurry, then recovers that Jonah in the gut of exclamation exclaims only: "I'm caught by myself and swallowed. / At least to yell! No one is crying! "(The same in Scribul, 73). I mean, the whale is even the poet himself in which an Ionaionic spirit dwells.

The same Petru Poanta has the ambition of configuring an autonomous language, mythologically-agrarian suggestions and generally sentimentally-rural, the syntax of a slightly stylized lyricism, discreet note of pantheism, both euphoric and melancholic. The real poet must be sought in the bucolic plastic and in the miracle already existing in the daily, but must be revealed / resurrected in pastel or stamp, poetry dressing the ceremony and the fabulous neighbour with the daily (re) current and the Balkan extraction hieratic. (Poanta, 1973, 63-70).

Mircea Tomuş discovers the polyhedral acquisition of the verse written by Ion Horea, inspired by Fundoianu's "Privelistile", characterized by an inspired association of the rigorous metric principle with expressive availability of the license.

What further does Ion Horea bring to the poet of Hertei:

- the particular quality of the relationship between man and cosmic,
- the rhythm of the soul life after that of nature,
- the ritual movement in consensus with the zodiac,
- the poetry itself as an active way of participating in the secret or spectacular nature of nature,
- the halodic or arghezian strand,
- the visionary anthropocentrism of a homo faber that constructs and acts in accord with the constructive forces of nature (Tomuş, 1974, 205-210).

5. The transideatic and transideological thought

Ion Horea discovers, it seems, in death, the lost paradise craving for Francis Jammes' rural fantasy or Charles Baudelaire's mystical power. His poetry is homogenized by conjugating images, emotions, volumes, matching surfaces, balances, precise and ambiguous contacts. Inspiration is matched by a geometric technique, resulting in a poem conceived as / with an autonomous universe, with its arbitrary laws / principles, with the planned

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programmatic rigor. All resulting in a vaporized poem / a mood once dated, imanenttranscendental and transcribed with that ascetic of a heretic hesychast and a hermit in a sacred cave.

In the "Jurnal" (November 1, 2010 - November 19, 2011) (Engravings, 2013, 7-36), the poet, of semiotic formation, tirelessly writes - "out of the heavenly hail, the roar of stars" faithful to his ministry. Poetry has its creative place "down there, in the very top of the world / mirrors". But living in and out of them, the poetomul-vates is convinced that "a dead man seems to have any verse," "a water eye" in which he reflects "and he balances, both the lust, and the clouds." "On the verge of reconciliation" ("the threshold of immortality"), "God himself stood". By giving up his place to the poet, he must take it in reception "as in a play, preaching the fall in" sure valleys of chaos "(Mihai Eminescu). Moreover, as a poet, "the dark vineyards and silence, / put the word with word / as heavy woven-in grass, / as grass caught in the web of the rain" (October 16, 2011, in "Engravings ", 2013, 23). This lyrical fertility has its natural alternative in prayer: "This is my time of prayer," but also in solitude: "The loneliness of knowing you all."

For aesthetic / doctrine reasons the "Gravurile" are "replicas" to Eminescu, they are aiming to demonstrate the hieratic novelty of the poetry genius from Ipoteşti, in turn accompanied by "dark metaphysical temptations" (November 10, 2011, ibid 31), or the irresistible call of a glorious historical past evoked by chroniclers between two rulers or two battles with the Turks, the Tartars, and the Lewis. This past "reviving in every moment" and "engravings", whose poetry is supported by a homogeneous and concrete idea. This ideology is based on the principle of a vital resonance of human nature with the mystery of the world. It is that principle found in mystical ecstasy, in philosophical intuitionism, in the ancient theory of poetry as an orphanic manifestation; As a vital resonance between the poet and the universe / divinity.

And yet, the invention, Horean creativity is present in the language impurified by slag perishable / contingent uses. In the rather musical than grammatical reality of the poetic language, in its phonetical semanticism (the its semantical acoustic, similar somehow to Cesar Baltag and Nichita Stănescu or Mihai Ursachi) regionalisms, archaisms, localism are allowed to enter personally, suggesting the programmatic idea of exploring the whole area of sensitivity that is governed by language.

Yet more fundamental certainty emerges to / from "Gravuri" (Horea, 2013, 37-66), that texploring the sensitivity and language are consubstantial and cannot be achieved only in a single stock of knowledge. This action enables us to better understand why reflective poetry is a space of a double mirror of the individuality of the poet in his own subjectivity and language in his poetic self.The Horean ego is a pure one, which, at the starting point of the (l) poetic work, emphasizes almost everything, including the biography of the writer and writer of himself. Paul Valéry compares this Moi Pur with that precious zero of the mathematics.

However, I firmly believe that reflective poetry is the most justifiable form of aspiration of lyricism toward the discovery of its absolute substances (Christmas, 2002, 440). In a "Fila" (p.40), Ion Horea shows us what he is waiting for. Quote - "And wait for something to appear as if by magic, / a thought of the more beyond of some whatnot ideas / her find her figure under your pen / at least in the game of other common passions". The transideatic thought is, of course, of a transmodern nature.

6. Poetry or beauty as a physical sensation

Of course. About Ion Horea, I wrote in three of my books. The drama that the poet has been living today has overwhelmed me. It occurred while writing in this small and succinct monograph.

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On the research path, I've always reviewed my fresh rehearsals. And the incipient position remained in force: his poetry is a European poetry, grafted on a triple culture po (ethics): German - French - Italian, under the unmistakable sign of the discrete charm toujours of self - reflexivity.

A parallel of Ion Horea - Umberto Saba, not at all exaggerated, revealed aspects that are insufficiently ... revealed by literary criticism. Besides, I have long discussed this subject with Ilie Constantin, the laureate and he, like Ion Horea, of the National Poetry Workshop "Serile la Bradiceni". A healer in Paris, Rome and Berlin, the eminent translator and great communication comic ... transcultural, had suggested this possible joining. "Like Saba, our Horea has a soul of profound and disturbing human vibration. He's a primitive, "he said in a row, and A.E. Baconsky - and essentially one of the last seekers of the lost philosophers of continental tradition. "

Like Saba in Trieste, I add now, by 2017, Horea explores / exploits the golden strand of the Transylvanian dialect.

The desired equilibrium, which borrows the most elementary element of the natural note, gradually clears up to "Vitralii" in 2016 (Horea, 2016, 70): "When I write these lines, I do not take into account / at all times the wait / anxious time , Hidden among words / to whine, to reap, to dry ... ". Witty intimate twists and turns can overcome doubt and anxiety, the fear of death, through an effort of harmony to a melancholy serenity. A carpenter, like Brâncuşi, Ion Horea, feels like Jorge Luis Borges the beauty of poetry as a physical sensation (Borges, 2008, 7-37). Thus he carves "the same phosphorescent stump / every evening found at random / where you wander, walk, walk, adolescent / lured by scholarly passions, careful to fit a buzzing, rare rhythm world" (Fila, 2013, p. 41). Story listener, the poet certainly fits the eyes of the world, the wise mask, and with his identifying seal tells us lapidarly: "Stranger to the taste / of Eternity / I, am the Augustus / gentleman of the city / / Staying in the tower / To everything that passes / to everything that perishes" like Mihai Eminescu in" Glossa "in the next poem in "Gravuri" (Horea, 2013, 44) being even a loyal intertextual to another Eminescu poem:" Either from the neighbor / or from faraway / times you bury them / suffering the scums // dusks come in / in other times / how hard is / loneliness" (Retro).

Here's how proper is the true Romanian, Ion Horea, sitting between Eminescu and Saba, all three fascinated by rhetoric and refined stylistic instrumentation. For de facto the programmatic "phasing out" illuminates the mystery of a slow decay of his poetry, of a closed fervor, and of a form of tacit rebellion against communist dictatorship; Homeric hermetism is exactly what I consider and reconsider: a substitution of historical consciousness through an orphic memory, prospected in its timeless dimensions, found in the purism of the lyrical verb. And the orphanage of Saba and Horea is an exorcism through sweet singing, dense and vibrant restitution of harmony and soul.

7. The state of the mirror

On the Mateiu Caragiale - Pillat - Fundoianu axis, Ion Horea's lyrical voice retains the accents of a free spirit trained in pure poetic creation, making a figure based on meditation on the ontology of poetry and "in pursuit of another meaning" (Same in "Engravings ", Horea, 2013, 57).

For the admirable Transylvanian poet, who has been rooted and unfolded completely (like Mircea Barsilă - n.m., I.P.B.), the poetry is written in a magical cabinet: the library. Spirit enchanted by nature, Ion Horea is nevertheless an official of the book, a heractic practitioner; Therefore, the redeployed reader is constantly changing: for it can be said that every reading of a book, every recite, every transcultural memory of this reading, in our imagination, renews the text,

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itself a "changing river" (a mutation of aesthetic values, that is, - my note), that is to say, an expressive language, which itself is a transparent, but mysterious mirror of time, as a chant.

Thus approached, Horea's poetics are part of a post-Crescent aesthetics with a structure of themselves. Thus, the Horean language is an unparalleled aesthetic creation with a measure: "In the end, however, you will remain yourself" (Neguri, "Scribul", 2011, p. 63).

But a Persian metaphor shows that, in fact, the moon is the mirror of time and expresses the glamor of the astral and its supposed eternity. But each term in the three is a poetic work in the included third party. Now, an assertion like "Atelier" (Horea, 2011, 65) becomes more explicit: "I'm trying to be the madman, the subtle / poet I want by all means."

Commenting on Radu Petrescu, Mircea Bențea considers that the stage of the mirror is not just a mental operation but also an ontological one (Bențea, 2000, 107) and for Jacques Lacan the mirror sample is the exercise by which the child recognizes and unites his self in space - the shift from specular to imaginary, then from imaginary to symbolic. Released from natural dialectics, the notion (of "the state of the mirror", my note) gives the poem as such the meaning of the matrix of the imaginative becoming of the poetic ego and at the same time translates it from the perspective of the need to perceive itself as metacorporal unity.

Another "fragment" acquires, here, a hermeneutem. I quote, because it comes from the "Atelier": "At midnight I am no longer humble / angry with fear and boredom, / and come to the hillside the dream / as I was when I was the child ..." (Horea, 2011, 65).

In "Gravuri", the first cycle is a sui generis "log" (November 1, 2010 - November 19, 2011). But in "Vitralii" the "daily" "journal" kind of persists (Horea, 2016, 49-76) and I would notice, in this new context (arhitextual - my note - P. 61); Writing the diary means anything like the entrance to the mirror stage. Writing his "ergographic" journal, Ion Horea perceives himself as a coherent whole - both first degree and second degree - and as a simultaneous first-degree and second-degree work (Borges, 2008, 10); Leaving behind the desperate being, who only lived in the incoherence of time. Writing, the poet gives access to "imago mundi", freed from any reference, living fatally only by self-reflection. And he reassembles his airplane as an effigy on the page, transformed into a paper, from which vice versa, the language of the writing creator, itself as a guard against forgetting, as a privileged form of any creative approach. I quote the end of "Destin" in order not to be accused of "desertion" from the theme / remate: "By admitting my thoughts to a sheet of paper, / returned to memory, brought from memory / hope that all I write to- To read / from a desire / only at times or at random, / anyway in straight lines and very clear words / as far as I can in the small writing to express / sound, - these rhythms, - others, - these rhymes " (Horea, 2016, 62-63).

The Horean Paradox consists in accepting literature as a form both of happiness and of unhappiness, transcribed concretely-abstract, and its epitaph may be the representation of a Bloody Month. I quote: "With me it lights and goes out / the light first and the last // By me I feel how it flashes / and how it goes down to me in the blood. / There you kindle your poor spirit "(Horea, 2016, 46). "I think poetry is something that can be felt," Borges said in 1977 at the Coliseo Theater in Buenos Aires. Horea enters a similar coordinate, feels poetry as it feels like a "compendium of thought, with the late Middle East stamps". He conceives it by discovering it / inventing it / reminding it as Plato. It has the feeling - writing it - that it pre-exists: one of the effects of poetry must be to give the sensation not to find something new necessarily, but to remember something almost forgotten. I read from the same text "Palimpses":"It seemed (as I imagine now) a creature / ... / (Something, from memory, trembles beneath my eyelids) / ... / (Now, looking back through the neural space, as only in the twisting of branches, from where it is chosen by extinguishing and wasting, / this day, from all afternoon, in a moment, in the thought of my milieu, the frivolous, the late and the fictional? / Be of all that, the reason, and / or on the cross, the child appeared in a mirror, how long after that would it be? / What a god, turned from the door of poetry, or from the hoop /

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seen in these tents ("melted hemp, In the dust of the nipple sifted as a sieve "- my note, IPB), sometime, literature, and from the child alone through the house and the garden, a verse that no one could have seen?"). The "Journal" in "Vitralii" begins with this quintessential summary "burned poetic". Et punctum. Quod erat demonstrandum!

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