MINIMALIST POETRY TRANSITIVITY: MIRCEA IVĂNESCU

Pointing out the intertextual propensity of Mircea Ivanescu's poetry, Radu Vancu notes that beyond the "intelligent sophistication of allusions and references, the text must remain, even for the lazy reader or without the possibility or will of checking references, poetry (...) Otherwise, the text is merely a text ..., a 'fake'." In Radu Vancu'view, discretion is the vibrating central core of Ivanescu's poetic imagination,that configures/creates a whole atmosphere woven from recoil into imaginary, repeated delays, minimalist feelings/sentiments, transitivity, expectation and inert skepticism. Not without reason, Alex. Stefanescu finds a " developed chameleonlike style", stating the epic expansion that clots the visions and fantasies, in a twilight and bookish atmosphere, where being anonymous is a faint echo, diminished up to the ordinary :"His lyricism often turns, most of the time, into the epic, and not an ordinary one, but one close to the ordinary , to everyday existence prose, to flat descriptivism. The poet has invented a few characters - *mopete, înnopteanu, rowena, the friend of Vasilescu's father, nefa* – who are followed in the most mundane moments of their daily existence: walking, napping, paying visits, chatting. All this insignificant ritual, narrated in a monotonous style, does not differ at all from the scenes of our daily existence, but, by using it, the poet does the exegesis of some feelings or emotions of a decisive importance. It's about love - taken to the mystical adoration of the beloved - the desolate feeling of loneliness, boredom, in the philosophical meaning of the word, fear of death, of the consciousness of the absurdity and futility of emphatic human gestures, the unrepeatable beauty of moments ".

Similarly, Mircea Ivanescu has significant affinity with the poetry of the 80s, both in the tectonics of lyrical imagery and poetic instruments, remarkably noted, with fine critical insight, by Al. Cistelecan: " Ivanescu's gene is part of the eighties, at least insofar as it covers its syntax of biographical concrete, of unheroic gesture and of surfeited rhetoric, without imaginative intuition; the misleading style of resignation, the hollow drawing of irrelevant scene, the ritual of the recovery of daily sequences put into concrete scenes, like the non-imaginative and oral

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display of poetry, all are tributary to Mircea Ivanescu's style. Not to mention the reserve of self irony (even if in Ivanescu's style this becomes gentle, veiled). In many of them, even if only accidentally, the ritual of typical chattering, specific to M. Ivănescu, is also identified. The "weak" vision of many of them, as well as the strategies of moving away from expressivity, always "sabotaged" when the intensity crisis becomes impending, are also translations and adaptations of Ivănescu's poetic universe. Finally, the minimalism that follows could also be grateful to Ivănescu's poetry, for he is the one that imposed the "non-significant" poetry and the poems of "non-significant", the poetry of "empty", helpless words, as well as all the strategies of redundancy with the real and of the construction through "deconstruction".

Mircea Ivănescu is, as most of his critics have remarked, a scholastic poet, following a minimalist and transitive pattern, in other words, a poet whose visions are not the result of his own sensitiveness, not that of the so called native experiences or images, but they are rather the result of his rhythms, themes, lyrical and expressive effects acquired through intensive reading, through the assuming of the Romanian and universal "poetic library". It has also been noticed that M. Ivănescu's verses(poetry) from his debut to his last volumes are nothing but

reformulations, adaptations, re-fictionism of the plans, themes and motives. They are, actually, variations of the same theme. In fact, the titles of his books are representative for this vocation of rendering the anonymity and for the poetics of the ordinary that the poet stages: *Verses*, *Poems, Poetry, (Poesii), Poem, Other verses, Other poems, new Poems.* The bookish/ livresque characteristic, as attitude and poetic modality, comes, one could say, from a deficiency, from a fissure, from devitalization, and expressive and gnosiological passivity, but it must also find its roots in lucidity, in a pathos of reflexivity, through which the poet becomes literally aware of the convention that his writings bring about, mirroring, in the plenary exercise of the demystification, his own image, his own style, his hidden identity. There is what Cistelecan, one of the most competent researchers of the scholastic poetry, says about this matter: "The livresque poetry appears in the shadows of the classic, reflexive and visionary one, affecting the structure of its functional nucleus (core) and lives of ostentation and excess. Its fundamental lack of equilibrium occurs at the level of sensibility, where its process of enlightenment reaches a stage of

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inflation, which pushes the real down a slope of loss or just alienation. The livresque mediation between the poet and the world is an exaggerated one, a magniloquence of mediation. Sensibility is radically culturalized and it can no longer find, in fact, a common point with reality, his attempt to identify the real either constantly fails or it doesn't even occur."

In Ivănescu's poetry the livresque characteristic is translated especially through a faint representation of the real. Despite some details that send to the referential level, or the external universe, the world of Ivănescu's poems is a world made up rather of reminiscence, innuendos and affective reverberation than of effective observation of the objects. Not few of these poems represent, as it has been noticed before, staging of some lyrical "events" of small sized proportions, "events" that keep their hypothetical status, and are set rather on the side of the possible, the vague, the probability than on that of reality with truthful drawing. In a poem such as: *The fight between angels and clouds or about lightning*, a parable of poetic fiction is figured, a parable always situated between the authenticity of the feelings and the conventions of the articulation: "We're sitting on a large amount of time telling to each other / that this will also go away – and make a stage / with many actors, moving slowly through the room / surrounded by rainy weather // And the meaning, under such weather is just / that we move from one mood / to another (And we stage it -/ and we really believe that meanings get more real, / if we group them together and we give them shadows – similar to the figures / lighted by fire. And actually only us / Us alone have been here – moving from a time to another.)". For the poet, the universe is a place of permanent metamorphosis, a transitory and ambiguous space, configured in the most disconcerting manner. Hence, the need of the lyrical self to trace an ideal peace, a protective territory of fiction, of imaginary, of staging his own voice, his own destiny. The world is thus transferred to a fictional and playful level. The real's fluidity precipitates in the retort of the livresque, the time of strict chronology, of history slides in the time of poetry, a utopian and relative time, and the daily experiences are transferred within the limits of the fluctuating poem.

Convention and living, text and reality, subjective and poetic - these are, in fact, the aporias whose specificity transcends, plenary or in a discreet manner, from Ivănescu's lyrical discourse. The poetic text becomes, therefore, a way of reconstructing the living , an image that

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looms feelings, moods, affective re(ve)lations combined in a lyrical equation by a poetic self that fervently lives his aboulia, searching to resuscitate an irremediably outdated duration: "Could it be really impossible, no matter how carefully / we place them, the words – couldn't it be at all / possible to say something about this inner thing / that should be said? Only words / arranged in a dry crescendo just like / when you play a song perfectly composed, / with variations thoroughly arranged / around effects, and with the correct writing- / and to play it – and while doing this the time passes and the truth is / something different, beside outside / and you place the sound of the keyboard in a box, in this / room – and there is an evening sun outside / - as you got scared in your childhood, when you looked through the windows / and you heard, behind the piano's flower with a funeral sound. And confused – for in words / you can say nothing – you feel that outside there is / something more real, inexpressible – torn apart every second - / life with the sun you could not hang onto, shadows / flooding you in your room, the fear- / and the words, the piano's words mean / nothing." The referential signs are quite unsubstantial, rough and unpredictable in Ivănescu's poetry. A gap occurs between creative capacity and the "consciousness of convention", M. Ivănescu being, as Al. Cistelecan notices, the one that opens, in our poetry, the perspective of "poetic helplessness". And the critic goes on: "The wounds caused by conventions to the creative instance, superficial or deep, treated with indifference or by subcutaneous injections, have deepened. In his vision, the poem's ontology has lost any signification. Mircea Ivănescu found the castle of poetry totally ruined and, before getting in, all the privileges of poetry or of the poet's had been abolished. But this skipping of privileges was nothing but the beginning of total degradation: the poem was deprived of its elementary and natural rights. The creative principle has found itself in the abyss, suffocated by the void around. Between creativity and the awareness of convention, the relationship has become profoundly dysfunctional because of the pre-eminence of the latter". This exacerbated awareness of convention produces in Ivănescu's poetry a sort of detachment effect through which, the poet configures the "staging", he suggests a theatrical vision/a vision steeped in theatricality, an illusory hardly possible one, watched by the specter of fictional unfulfillment.

The events, the scenes, the parables in these poems with a self-telling touch are written in a minor tonality, drown in anonymous graphics pushed

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to the limits of neutrality. The most important thing is that these events suggest, through their lack of weight and ontological significance, rather absences than presences, approximations, in fugitive touches of an inconsistent and unsteady truth, of a delusive reality, just like in *A visit*: " There are no more / so events for you / except for the ones you make yourself / move in front of you in such rooms / just like in a theatre play. Shadows wave in front of you / in a game whose moves you sometimes understand (and you, at your turn, motionless, you play in a different, bigger – because beyond you –board of time and space, different moves in front of other. You have done it before". The lyrical emblematic "character" of this livresque, theatrical and utopian space is Mopete, a product of a text that continuously articulates and creates itself, fictional projection of a lyrical self ironical and burlesque, indolent and allusive work of different discursive instances that criss-cross, interfere and coexist in Mircea Ivănescu's poetry: "now mopete waters in his souls' vase / a resentment for the dark-haired / rowena. And he stares at how, under the fake moon of melancholy / bitter flowers swing, the blue // sadness – I mean the ingenuous – sadness of dark-haired Rowena, he says to himself / was it, then, deceiving? / mopete is trying / torn apart; from rare shards / spread within his inner time to gather / meanings – and they unfurl through his fingers" (*mopete and resentments).* M. Ivănescu creates, in the space of his serious, ironic and at the same time burlesque poems, a universe of livresque reverie and of sweetened playfulness where, as Ion Pop notices "the poet hides under different masks (…) the author, the actor, the direction, in the neverending replayed show of *poesis*". The poetic register is thus the playful one, in which great themes are rendered futile, and experiences are written with the fragile nib of scholastic aestheticism.

Like Bacovia, through the acute feeling of existential anxiety, through the persistent anguish of human solitude, "wandering inside moral and provincial labyrints", Mircea Ivănescu is, as Nicolae Manolescu noticed, "Barbian because of the profound Platonism of his visions, of an affinity both minutely depicted and deceiving". His poetry, marked by transitivity in the sense of Gheorghe Crăciun's concept, is one of atmosphere, with a vague theatrical touch, a falsely epic duality that maintains the illusion of verisimilitude of these "scenes" where the self is engaged into. Moreover, M. Ivănescu is the one that recants the Mallarmean postulates of lyrism, recovering the biographical and narrative

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line, bringing into poems of limited semantic proportions, the common language with its clichés and triviality. Noticing the last specificity of Ivănescu's lyrism, Al. Cistelecan finds that the poet "doesn't flee from the tribal language and would not have written to anybody that he is descendant from the absolute. On the contrary, he descends from affinity and it is to this one that he wants to give consistency. On the one hand, by using the most improper language for poetic vocation, on the other hand by making the suggestive or imaginative performance irrelevant. Using the language specific to narrations, even if when writing the most elaborate sonnets (almost all of them with a surreptitious inaudible rhyme) he brings the language to a daily humility; rather in a denotative than connotative condition (but, in fact, using a sort of "deconotation"). His texts are dull in elocution and they also simulate the expressive monotony; the expressive events are rendered anonymous, flattened in the mass of the text, as if the latter should be one-dimensional".

Illustrative in this respect is the poem *Indoor Scene* where the poet builds, from monotonous, dull images an environment made up of illusions, fictions and pieces of time: "mopete says – but what if we would now say / that from one day to another any moment / would turn into a scene unfolding in a slow continuity / of events – like in a novel where foggy characters are gathered / -men with sad eyes because of too much alcohol, women with their hair tightened in a black / shawl – and in the yellowish light, that reminds / you of the candle's light would / start suddenly sophisticated discussions about life / and death and about soul and about I don't know / what – and outside it would get dark". The entire poem is nothing but a continuous search of self-identity in a monotonous rhythm and internalized glimpse cast upon himself. The human figures have turned into shadows, fragile silhouettes collapsed under the empire of time, lose their ontological consistency, and their apodictic presence, they turn into a mirage made up of interrogations and resignation: "and the shadows that have gathered of windows freeze / and, among them, when you raise / your eyes, to watch her face buried in the shawl – she's not even here?". Actually, *Indoor Scene* brings to light the tendency to demystify the serious poetic themes, which are placed in a ludic register and treated with familiarity, with certain burlesque instinct, with ironic and self-ironic detachment. "The sophisticated discussions about life and death" are thus mocked at, placed in opposition with a certain loss of meaning of the being

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that transfers its ontological vigor to the so fragile space of the word. The figures' silhouettes seem so devoid of weight, detached from the real frame, living in a sort of materiality, a reality made of words, of pieces of dialogues, of ill-assorted fragments of discourse. It seems that even reality loses referential attributes and the data are transferred, within the space of the poem, life in a mirror that deprives things of weight, mirroring only the spiritualized image, totally dematerialized. The poem *Indoor Scene* is written in a similarly epic register, with representation of some lyrical characters, of small events fugitively sketched, with reproduction of dialogues; all these ways of figuring the epic serve only to induce an idea that transcends them, to suggest a certain sacral substratum, hardly maintained by reserved gesticulation, by the anonymous drawing of the phase, substratum which is buried in the dense, thick slag of the profane.

M. Ivănescu is a poet that admits in every poem, in almost every line, his condition: that of prisoner of language, of creator living in the words' captivity, perceiving, with consciousness both their ontic efemerity, their fragility and their existential deficit and the power to communicate some of the most diverse experiences, to build a fictional world, with diaphanous shapes, with imponderable relief and an immaterial essence. On the other hand, the poet also experiences the important degree of conventionalism sheltered by the word's body, the figure of an improbable authenticity of the text being, thus, under the sign of skepticism. Ion Pop assumes that "The core of Mircea Ivănescu's poetry resides exactly in this feature: all his poetry proposes itself as a game *sui generis*, and re-sketches at the same time the act of its construction, as imaginary real or imaginary acquiring the status of reality. It is a poem, that contains its own "reading", involving the meditation over the expressive ability of the verb in connection with the authentic experience, and not in the least a questioning of the quality of the experience, as long as even the vital experience, the existential act cannot be transmitted but through words that hardly ever coincide with the inner mood of the subject". *Mopete and hypostasis* is such a poem that reveals Mircea Ivănescu poetics and *poietics*. It is a text structured on the principle of self-referentiality, that is the reflection of the poem, exactly the poem that is about to be created, in the most relevant structures, in its integrating dynamics. The poet, prisoner of words, but also of a reality that he wants to fix inside the text, writes himself, locks his own fictional being inside the restricted frames of the poem: "mopete is writing a poem about mopete /

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sitting at the table in the pub, writing referring / to a poem about mopete – (mopete has on his table a complicated volume / with wonderful things about the Middle Ages – and ink stains because of the notes he has been making)" What is mopete's condition, the one in the poem, creature of his own self, illusory vision which has a double identity, of creator and creature, of a self with a precise ontic status and fictional self, with a diminished existential importance? His striving for liberty and independence is quickly denied by his condition of livresque figure, a paper figure of illusory firmness: "mopete from the poem that he writes himself / has his own illusions about himself and / he thinks he is independent – but the owls- / symbols of wisdom – are watching him on his own forehead / because they know he is but a creation / that depends on any unimportant absurdity / of mopete when he wants to frown / without reason, and they forget about it." The end of the poem stages exactly the ambiguity of mopete's condition, this bivalence of identity and existential order. His being is twice fictionalized: once by the author, by M. Ivănescu, and the second time by himself. It is a second degree self-mirroring, a revelation of the self-being in his fictional hypostasis, as an imaginary model that reflects, chimerically, the miracle of real existence: "mopete overturned / which one? – him – the other? the other?"A diffuse feeling of sadness emerges from this poem that configures the destiny of a paper figure, a figure that betrays its real inconsistency, the incapacity to live but through fictionalized illusory and irrelevant objects. The poet's drama is that of lack of authenticity and instability in defining his own identity. Situated between his own text and his ego – difficult to be fixed in the poem's mirror – the author watched by the "signs of reason" is always in danger of gliding from his condition of a being with a well – specified ontic status to the hallucinating frame, with deceiving marks of the poem. The closed space of the poem does not encourage expansions of enthusiasm towards the world, but on the contrary, the reality is forced to an existence through mandate, an inhibited, retractile existence.

Mircea Ivănescu's poems stage, as it has been noticed, an "unreal real", an imaginary world of the category of those sketched by the fictive, deceiving spaces of the mirrors. Mircea Ivănescu's world seems an Eleatic one, frozen in its course, brought to a state of aggregation of lyrism that glorifies the usual, ordinary, common things. Actually, the same experiences, sentimental states, gestures and events creep through the body

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of the poem, in a universe where the ephemeral becomes eternity and the insignificant receives the brightness of exultant symbolism. Gheorghe Grigurcu considers that “it is specific to M. Ivănescu’s poetry the figure of the feeling that contemplates itself, through restless resumptions, additions and retouches. His entire production is merely a bitter reversal, in many ways, the same states, attitudes, backgrounds, as to indicate a resistance to dissolution, a stop at all costs. Death is not opposed to perfection, but to ordinary life, in its agglomeration of elements, while, at a superficial look, do not exceed the insignificant, fail to elude a minor status (hence some critics’ lack of trust in the aesthetic excellence of this creation, primitively mistaken with the quality of its “object”). A region where evanescence is blended with solidity, the vague with precision, estrangement with recovery, sufferance with jubilation”.

The wisdom of the Cat is part of the volume *Poems* appeared in 1970 and it is a representative poem for Mircea Ivanescu’s epic lyricism, or "antilyricism" (Gh Grigurcu). Structurally, the poem can be divided into three lyrical sequences. The first sequence of the poetic text is rather a meditation on the hypostases of a symbolic animal figure, with a literary and mythological tradition, that of the cat. Through the immobility and silence of its posture, the cat figure is associated with wisdom: "The Wisdom of the Cat - all agree / that the cat is a wise figure. And she herself / keeps this legend alive. (With much wisdom/ she creates her attitudes, and narrow-eyed, she watches people, flames, game / lights on glossy surfaces). But / - he once told me - cats are myopic. / Does it mean that wise eyes / are only a mask? That behind her yellow eyes / or green, cats cannot see faces / cannot see shades? (But maybe he is not right, / and cats see better than us, even during the day”). The second sequence performs a translation of the poem, from animal symbolism to the figure of Socrates. Thus, it expands an epic description of the contrast between the biographical self and the deep one, between the philosopher’s trivial exterior appearance and conceptual depth, interiority ecstasies: "Let's try otherwise. - Socrates was a wise, / had beveled nose and flowing matted beard as if algae on his chest - was ugly and looked / dirty, as they seem - and are - careless people / by clothing and visible conduct . / But if you revealed his face, removing the / ugly, you would discover a petty world of figurines, so precisely carved that / you would daze if you tried to look, and would lose / your thoughts. And he took one of these statues-/ in his hand, he showed it to you and you

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would see, listening to it, / for the first time new relations between the volumes and lines / and understandings, and refractions, and expectations ". The third sequence of the text brings a "moral", a conclusion, a closure of unfolding lyricism, this is the need of an inner look, and not necessarily of a quantitative one, to measure distances and silhouettes of things. The important thing is, the poet seems to tell us, not to consider the surfaces of the objects, their external appearance, which do not say anything definitive about their full and deep identity, but to measure the essences of the world, to circumscribe that space of light and ontic enlightenment that gives breadth and understanding to a form, a shape, a creature ("But Socrates himself was old. Maybe he - / as the cat - did not see very well - out. / Although – one may answer –he perceived / the movements of lights and shadows, and that / was enough for him. "). And in this poem, the echoes of intertextuality, and the conventions of a metapoetic construction clearly loom. Without rejecting the anecdote, on the contrary, building by minute and apparently trivial discretion scenes that seem cut from everyday life, the poet constructs in his fictions, a world of livresque in which ideas, concepts and cultural “experiences” flow naturally.

In the anonymous and insignificant universe configured by Mircea Ivanescu, mopete receives axiomatic value. A lyrical hero that lacks ontic consistency with a seemingly imperfect countenance, with unfinished gestures, mopete is a livresque figure par excellence, especially by his ironic attitude and allusive character, briefly sketched in a few elusive traits. Moreover, the poet places particular emphasis on surfaces, on the apparent aspect of things and beings, without having the intention to fix their essence, or to devote himself to the metaphysical fervor around them. This aspect is particularly noticed by George Perian "aiming to write outside of metaphysics, the author carefully avoids its terms, and even warns his readers that the world pictured in his lines is" without depth "and without" substance ", it is just a world of images. It seems that we live and move in an illusory world, that nobody and nothing has the consistency of reality and that eventually everything is a sham. What we got used to consider facts, for the poet are only "images, as in a book they read. '"

The poetic effects arise in Mircea Ivanescu’s lyrics, especially from the volatile evocation of the atmosphere, from the setting of poetic framework, a framework dominated by crepuscular images, dark rooms and squalid streets where these heroes wander , with small ontic dimensions

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and allegorical vague names. (v înnopteanu, bruna rowena, dr cabalu ,vasilescu's father's friend and i negoiescu etc.). Mircea Ivanescu's poems have the allure of some monologues of an exasperating monotony, where the same world without relief is evoked, in an atmosphere of meditation where the affects are suspended. It is as if, only an impersonal and neutral poetic instance would establish the same vision full of agony, structured by an ostentation of absence, of ontological emptiness. The poems from the *Mopeteiana* cycle are structured through the lyric effects of a permanent game between the disconcerting space of reality and that of fictional universe. There are frequent interferences and sliding between text and reality, between the actual and literal status of heroes, in a halo of self-referentiality: "mopete is writing a poem about mopete / sitting at the table in the pub, writing referring / to a poem about mopete – (mopete has on his table a complicated volume / with wonderful things about the Middle Ages – and stains / ink stains because of the notes he has been making)/ mopete from the poem that he writes himself / has his own illusions about himself and / he thinks he is independent – but the owls- / symbols of wisdom – are watching him on his own forehead / because they know he is but a creation / that depends on any unimportant absurdity / of mopete's when he wants to frown / without reason, and they forget about it./ mopete overturned. / which one? He - other? other? "- *Mopete and hypostases*).

Mopete in the Inner World is a poem in which we can notice the temptation of self-reflexivity and neutral tonality, but equally the author's propensity for the lyric of atmosphere. The poetic frame is minutely drawn with a richness of detail, thus creating the illusion of a possible reality, a closed, claustrophobic one , with the attributes of an utopian and protector space: "one night, mopete was comfortably sat / by the fire, to read his paper - / behind him, the stairs leading to the attic /were crackling when the fire light plunged its egret / into a stair/ mopete was rustling when he was turning on the pages to follow what was written on one or another ". There is some complicity between the ordinary decor and the hero's gestures, the mechanical acts of the characters leading to the alienation of the existential fact. Feelings are, in other words, transferred to the space of automatism, the dynamics of life takes a rigid aspect and the uniqueness degrades to a mass product. In his poetry, Mircea Ivanescu does not create a proper inner space, but rather a space of interiority, given in fade lines, frames and colours in a neutral tonality and reserved timbre. The cultural

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tics of the hero, bring about the suggestion of the livresque, a parody livresque, but with ironic innuendos. "every now and then he would write down on his cuffs/ an idea that he could later rewrite / on the wall above the/ bed. Next to him, o the table, there were the bottle and glasses / (he had waited that night for his /best friend – but he did not come). The / whole scene was a beneficent peace / the level of the liquid in the bottle would lower with a reassuring palm ". The poet treats his characters, like a director, highlighting a diverse range of attitudes, from ironic complicity to expressive mimicry, to denunciation of automatism, of livresque tics or some caricatural deformations.

The projection of the existential fact into the area of the aesthetics, of artistic convention does not necessarily exclude the proximity of these lyrical visions to the territory of the dream. The hero's gestures, extremely slow, the contours devoid of determinations, so vague, all these infer propensity to dream register, to the fluctuating images of dreams, with their deceiving and unusual tectonics, with their strange geography. In fact, the hero's acts rather suggest the idea of a pantomime of a living being that lives through automatisms both in language and behavior, in a repetitive dynamics that translates nothing but a feeling of alienation fervently experienced by the lyrical being. Trying to define the author's lyrical territory of mopete, Ion Pop notes, inter alia, that "as a whole, Mircea Ivanescu's universe appears to be (taking into account the random motion of the imaginary) an essentially hypothetical world: each poem is but the diagram of this dynamics of approximating reality and with it, its own self substances. A world where the only freedom of the subject is to assume, to build in the limits/frame of the existential, figures and facets possibly correspondent, but whose validity can never be sure. His texts materialize, in fact, a strategy of getting closer to the outer or the inner world, both blurred, inconsistent and menaced by death. " *Mopete in the the Inner World* is a symptomatic poem for how to write and feel Mircea Ivanescu's poetry. The lyrical vision designated here is one impregnated with livresque reflexes, with ironic and parody accents, tonality being in harmony with the atmosphere evoked: calm, neutral, briefly designated , in a few fugitive touches , no less suggestive. Transitive and minimalist, fascinated by the nuances of real and livresque iridescence, constructing, by dull scenes and figures, an authentic metaphysics of the ordinary, Mircea Ivanescu's poetry is especially defined as a perpetual game

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between the parallel mirrors of the text and the phenomenal existence, with fluctuating and inexpressive contours
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