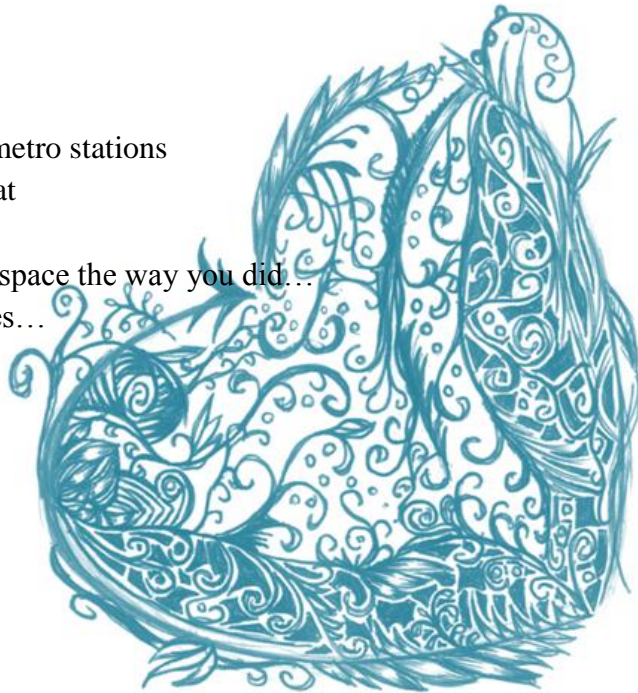


HEARTBEAT

By Karina Bălan
Colegiul Național de Informatică "Tudor Vianu"

I'm a puppeteer without a heartbeat,
I've only felt guilt three times in my life...
The first one was when your life was ruined
And I thought it was because of me.
The second one was when I let you go two years later
And I felt like you deserved so much more than that.
And the third one was today when I sat at my desk trying to make you into a muse
I tried to use your pain, my pain, as inspiration
I tried to find beautiful rhymes in the depths of your soul
I searched desperately for purpose inside reckless locks of hair
That I would not dare touch again.
No matter where my imagination flies,
It's just as flammable as my skin.
And as wicked as it seems,
Whenever your names gets brought up
I would break arms and legs just to take everything back
And I would tear through skies and hearts;
Because pain is not poetic....
Though it creates poetry.
So I will write with my teeth
And every time I miss you,
I will sharpen my knife on my cheeks
I will fall in love with strangers in Paris metro stations
Visit art galleries looking for my heartbeat
And spill my insides on broken glass.
Because none of them made me feel like space the way you did...
None of them saw the universe in my eyes...
The way you did...



SOMETIMES

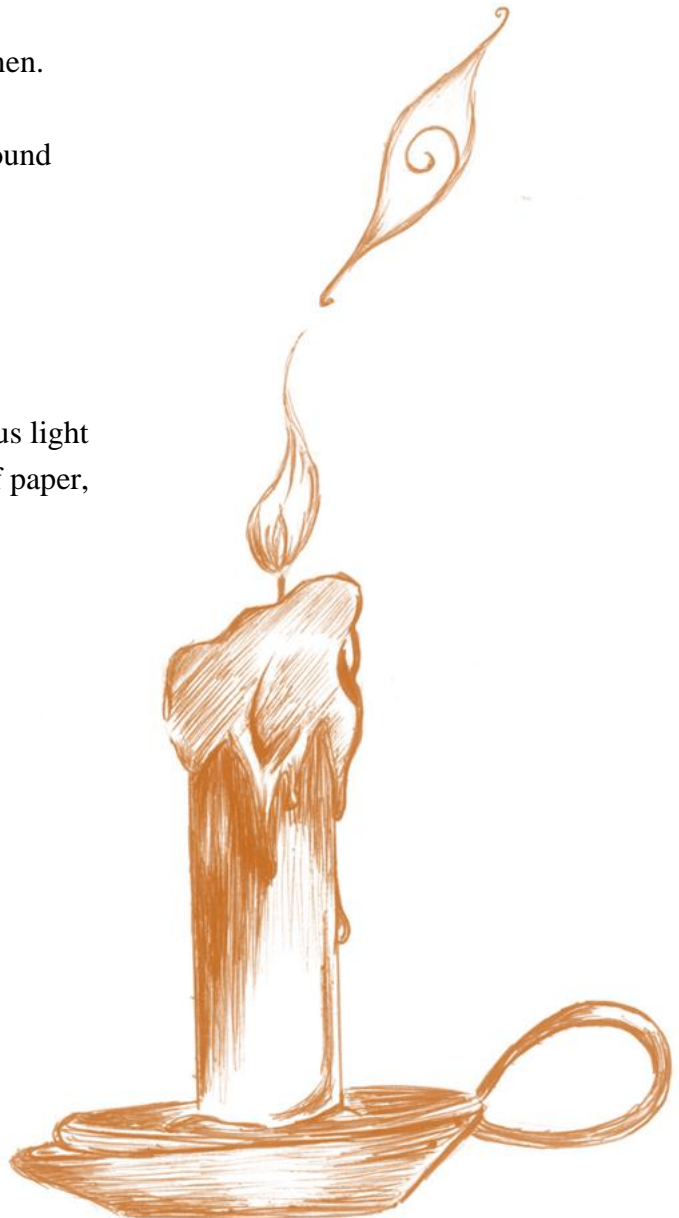
**by Andrei Filip Ionescu
Colegiul Național "Mihai Viteazul"**

When a suffocating silence lays upon
The voices of the demons which hurt my sadness,
When it rains blood over the fields of my isolation
And the touch of the right lips breaks the ice of the bluest eyes,
When through the veins of a sailor flows nothing
Besides the blank stare of despair.
When I use the sun to light a cigarette, which helps me kill the depth of a shared solitude
That burns our souls and makes their smoke rise above our thoughts,
When the smell of a grave makes life even more purposeless
And red lips leave their marks on the walls of my memory,
When your dark eyes sense my fears and desires,
Then,
Sometimes,
I feel alive.

OF A GLIM

by **Andreea Moise**
Colegiul Național "Iulia Hasdeu"

We are the late poetic nights of the Universe.
We are the harmonies intertwining
with the sweet,
sweet riff of the nostalgic life we're living;
the requiems of a pounding regret
we change upon when we just hope;
the lies we mingle with every now and then.
We are mesmerized by
every me and every you, scattered all around
the messy sky we deliberately fall into.
We became the rhymes that depict
how interdependent
we are with the poetry we keep pumping
through our veins.
Our destiny that's written in the tremulous light
of the quasars we write upon the sheet of paper,
is no more than the destiny we smash
between our radiant yet dismal ribs.
Thus we are the falling stars
that emerge from the dark,
thus we live in the sweet,
sweet, too sweet a touch of oblivion.
We are the shadows, we are the light,
we are the aftermaths of our birthdays.
We pour the imagination
and we drop it dead.
We are too sweet a touch for what
we call a life, but yet we know,
but yet we swallow it and
wear it on our sleeves and as an armor,
we are no more portraying
the shadow itself,
but the whole darkness of
our trembling glims that always guide us
home.



13 BUTTERFLIES

by Beatrice Andreea Dragomirescu
Colegiul Național de Informatică "Tudor Vianu"

There I stood for 13 days,
blocked in that empty jar full of nothing but silence.
I was dissatisfied in myself and in everyone I had ever met.
I felt like the sky was about to crack in thousands of pieces
and all of them would fall on me,
like tons of feelings that had never had the privilege of being told.
I wanted to scream but I felt like something was blocked into my throat and wanted to get out.
It felt like the hardest words that someone ever heard.
But it wasn't that.
I knew it, and I could feel it from the bottom of my heart.
It was there to tell a story that no one had ever wanted to hear.
It might have screamed. Maybe then I would have heard it.
Crazy and stupid things were dancing into my ears.
I started thinking about my friends, the butterflies, again.
Those beautiful, little, fragile creatures.
Maybe that thing was there because I loved it.
Oh, it could be a butterfly.
But it couldn't, right?
"Come out of that jar, tiny thing. I won't hurt you."
I wanted it to get out of there.
I wasn't pleased with the fact that my friend was caught in that jar. I really, really, wanted him to feel safe.
Yes, it's a him. How could I know that, right? Well, it isn't so hard, you know?
You can just watch those wings. Those beautiful, colourful, long wings that had been helping him fly for over 13 days.
I like that number. It's making me feel safe somehow.
"One more step, and here you go. Now, you're out and free to go wherever you want."
But he didn't want to fly. He just wanted to be free.
He reached my shoulder in one step –
I like to think about him stepping; it's making him more human –
and stayed there for more than 13 seconds.
It was as if the entire universe had wanted him to be there,
But then, he flew. Why? I don't know.
But I do know that he was happy.
And I can't tell you how I knew that.



ECHO

by AndreeaVoinea

Colegiul Național "Iulia Hașdeu"

Figments of imagination,
Emerge through the human race,
Walk me to the tides of immortality,
Sing to me in the deep sea of space.

And I promise you dear,
I'll be quiet and deathlike,
As long as you let me dream in music,
And stare at the sunset one more time.

The clock's ticks stop,
My eyes turn dull,
As I look upon the time's,
White and pale skull.

Statuesque, pure imagination,
Art me as a painter arts a masterpiece,
Art me as a writer arts his rhapsodies,
Art me as myself.

Dance with me I beg,
In bare feet to verdant meadows,
Giggle at my nakedness,
But please do not leave my pose.

Do not immortalize me as a poet,
Against the reflection facing you,
As poetry means mourning,
And I am done falling through.

Be my little slice of heaven,
Drown my frightful misery,
No more dates in cold granite,
Only laughs, eternity.

Oh, pure imagination, say something,
Cover me in petals,
Preserve my innocence,
Away from the devils.

It is late, late in the evening,
The meadow, it is gone,
The clock has started its chiming,
But my heart is done.

TEMPESTUOUS

by Alexandra Şipoteanu

Colegiul Național "Sfântul Sava"

Streams of inner vigorous belligerence
explode into a sudden fusillade of unapologetic fantasies
ascending deep inside the arcane tunnels of your mind.

Shaping the words and twisting their meaning
in a tireless endeavour to reach
the patron-saint of hurricane-scattered ideas
sovereign over a reimagined garden of Eden.

You can be David and this shall be your pebble,
for the power of creation is the tidal wave that brings

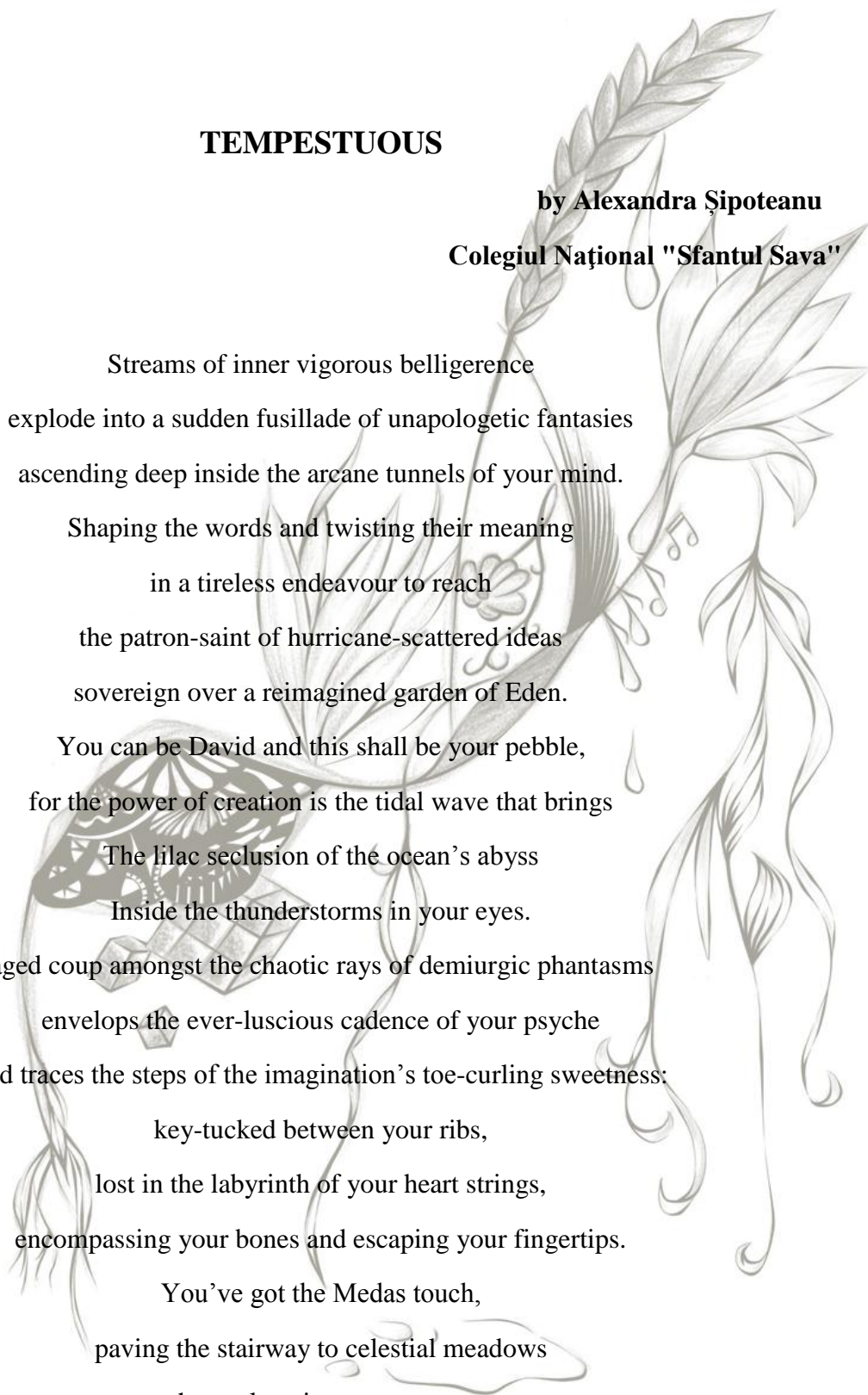
The lilac seclusion of the ocean's abyss
Inside the thunderstorms in your eyes.

A staged coup amongst the chaotic rays of demiurgic phantasms
envelops the ever-luscious cadence of your psyche
and traces the steps of the imagination's toe-curling sweetness:

key-tucked between your ribs,
lost in the labyrinth of your heart strings,
encompassing your bones and escaping your fingertips.

You've got the Medas touch,
paving the stairway to celestial meadows
whose gleaming gates reopen

to let the heavenly Imagination project itself once more,
shaping your core and filling your bones with stardust
that could out-blue the sky's cerulean.



MIGHT HAVE

by Michelle Heinzl

Școala Centrală

A sorrowless love
An effortless disaster
So beautiful, so powerful
Yet so dark and so painful.

We might have danced in reality,
Or maybe once in a dream.
A paradox, is it?
The image so familiar,
Yet our pace utterly slowed.

We are humans, regarded as souls.
Us two, are parts of the pairless souls
That wander the Earth in an endless loop.
We search, and search, seamlessly
In places that are pointless and empty
Our hearts drenched in wine,
Our minds hyptonised by the strange delight

We might have touched harmonies in a dream,
Or maybe once in a memory,
I can't seem to remember.
The music, oh, so sweet,
Yet a song I will always remember.

You sang a song only I could hear,
I laughed and sang, but not as near.
"Everything a man's got, he doesn't need"
That's what you believed
That's what you repeated
On a morning only I'll remember
Wrapped up in an endless bubble
Of, was it sorrow? Or was it a thought of tomorrow?

Blank stares remain,
Conversations thrown in void.
An ego, oh, so loud...
Could we ever go back to then?

When the only way we understood
was Silence?

I might have whispered goodbye's in imagination,
Or maybe it was reality...
You might have whispered goodbye in imagination,
Or maybe once in reality?

**Desenele au fost realizate de eleva Ana Dora Calea, clasa XA, Colegiul Național "Spiru
Haret"**