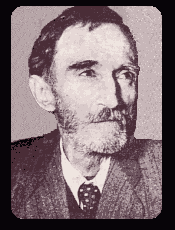
THE WATER IN THE POEMS OF BACOVIA

LACUSTINE [](http://www.aboutromania.com/bacovia.html)

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George Bacovia is one of the most important romanian writers of all the time, his poems being rellevant to this day.. The poet was born in a dusty old Moldavian city named Bacau, a town deemed “The place where nothing happens” by another great Romanian writer Mihail Sadoveanu in his novel of the same name.  But despite his nickname, 'The Gray Bacovia' was an important representative of Romanian symbolism. In the creation of his poems, the water plays a major role.

The poem we are reffering to is called: ‚LACUSTRA’.

LACUSTINE

So many nights I've heard the rain,  
Have heard matter weeping ...  
I am alone, my mind is drawn  
Towards lacustrine dwellings.

As though I slept on wet boards,  
A wave will slap me in the back -  
I start from sleep, and it seems  
I haven't drawn the bridge from the bank.

A void of history extends,  
I find myself in the same times ...  
And sense how through so much rain  
The heavy timber stilts are tumbling.

So many nights I've heard the rain,  
Always starting, always waiting ...  
I am alone, my mind is drawn  
Towards lacustrine dwellings ..

LACUSTRA

De-atatea nopti plouand,  
Aud materia plangand ...  
Sant singur, si ma duce-un gand  
Spre locuintele lacustre.

Si parca dorm pe scanduri ude,  
In spate ma izbeste-un val -  
Tresar din somn, si mi se pare  
Ca n-am tras podul de la mal.

Un gol istoric se intinde,  
Pe-aceleasi vremuri ma gandesc ...  
Si simt cum de atata ploaie  
Pilotii grei se prabusesc.

De-atatea noprti aud plouand,  
Tot tresarind, tot asteptand ...  
Sant singur, si ma duce-un gand  
Spre locuintele lacustre ...

From the beggining the water is seen as a very powerful tool, that can ruin the poet’s home. The rain destroys everything around, leaving behind an apocalyptic atmoshepere. Behind the mask of this tumultuos and hazardous scenery there is a sensible and nostalgic world. Analyzing the symbolistical substrats, the poems show’s us that loneliness can eat you inside out. In the end, it is for the rain (the water) to chose the faith of the poet. Uncertanty and fear haunts his soul, preventing him from sleeping at night, a desperate call for help.

“Silence ... it is autumn in the borough .../Rain ... and only the rain says anything -/A leaden peace, a wind, and on the wind/go liberated leaves hurrying by”. (George Bacovia, Autumn Notes)