

Nichita Stănescu (Romanian pronunciation: [niˈkita stəˈnesku]; born Nichita Hristea Stănescu) (31 March 1933 – 13 December 1983) was a Romanian poet and essayist. Stănescu's father was Nicolae Hristea Stănescu (1908–1982). His mother, Tatiana Cereaciuchin, was Russian (originally from Voronezh, she had fled Russia and married in 1931). Nichita Stănescu finished high school in Ploiești, then went on to study Romanian language and literature in Bucharest, graduating in 1957. He made his literary debut in the Tribuna literary magazine. Stănescu married Magdalena Petrescu in 1952, but the couple separated a year later. In 1962 he married Doina Ciurea. In 1982 he married Todorîța "Dora" Tărâță. For much of his career, Stănescu was a contributor to and editor of Gazeta Literară, România Literară and Luceafărul. His editorial debut was the poetry book Sensul iubirii ("The Aim of Love"), which appeared under the Luceafărul selection, in 1960. He also was the recipient of numerous awards for his verse, the most important being the Herder Prize in 1975 and a nomination for the Nobel Prize in 1980.[1] The last volume of poetry published in his lifetime was Noduri și semne ("Knots and Signs"), published in 1982. A heavy drinker, he died of cardiopulmonary arrest.



Winter Song

You are so beautiful in winter!

The field stretched on its back, near the horizon,
and the trees stopped running from the winter wind...

My nostrils tremble

and no scent

and no breeze

only the distant, icy smell
of the suns.

How transparent your hands are in winter!

And no one passes -

only the white suns revolve in quiet worship.

and the thought spreads in circles

ringing the trees

in twos

in fours.

Poetry

Poetry is the weeping eye
it is the weeping shoulder
the weeping eye of the shoulder
it is the weeping hand
the weeping eye of the hand
it is the weeping soul
the weeping eye of the heel.
Oh, you friends,
poetry is not a tear
it is the weeping itself
the weeping of an uninvented eye
the tear of the eye
of the one who must be beautiful
of the one who must be happy.