

TATĂ

In honour of the late Constantin Zanoaga (Sr)

June 3, 1967 – March 31, 2004

Tată, te văd în toate.
Te prind ușor și te țin
în povestioare
înlăcrimate
în răsete nostalgice.
Te prind pe firul nopții.
Amintiri despre salcâmii tăi
mă întâmpină
când adie vântul.
Iar Cuvântul Tău
aș putea să-l mistui oricum,
să-l fumez până-n vise.
În schimb, el mă consumă
și eu devin visul.

Father, I see you in everything.
I catch you gently and I hold you
in stories
full of tears
full of nostalgic laughter.
I catch you on the thread of night.
Memories of your acacias
greet me
when the wind blows.
And Your Word
I could consume it in any way,
smoking it to my dreams.
Instead, it consumes me
and I become the dream.

Tată, pe unde ești tu acum...
Prin librării oare?
Poate în pacea lacului.
Sau în ape fervente.
Mă întreb dacă te oprești
din când în când,
Sau ești mult prea ocupat
Trăind Înfinitul.
Stejarii roșii te țin în brațe acum.
Nu mai ai Timp să ne simți lipsa.
Și este mai bine așa.
Noi suntem făcuți să îți simțim
lipsa caldă.
Tu ești una cu stejarii.
Iar noi vom continua să iubim
fiecare frunză.

Father, where are you now...
Wandering through bookstores?
Maybe in the peace of the lake.
Or in boiling waters.
I wonder if you ever pause,
Or you're too busy
Living the Infinite.
The red oaks are holding you now.
You no longer have Time to miss us.
And it's better this way.
We are made to feel
your warm absence.
You're one of the oaks.
And we will continue to love
each leaf.

MARIA TEODORA BARBU - ARTIST STATEMENT

The poem "Mi-e Dor De Mine Copil" is composed by my father, Gheorghe Barbu. I have accompanied it with my visual interpretations. I used photos of my father to inspire me and my intuition to guide me. The resulting visual accompaniments are a combination of blind contouring and intuitive art-making using blue ink on white inkjet paper.

I composed "Tată" in honour of Constantin Zanoaga (Sr). Though I did not personally know him, I have known him through storytelling and photographs. I also called upon him during my writing of this poem, and I credit the wind, the trees, and the sun for their guidance. Through this poem, I have tried to capture the essence of what it must be like to miss him while his spirit rests in the peaceful energy of the Universe.

These two works are in honour of two men with great love for their children and for the arts. In collaborating with these men, poetically and spiritually, I have tried to explore what artistic collaboration might look like across time and space. This is meant to be a tribute to these men and to loving fathers everywhere.

