



BLESSING AND TORMENT

poetry from my soul to your souls

MIHAELA CD



“In fact, to me, lyrics
came naturally... they
came out of pain and
love... I did not do
anything special...
I just wrote them...”

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Poezii pentru sufletul meu



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*Poetry from my soul
to your souls*

Mihaela CD



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MIHAELA CD

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GLOBART UNIVERSUM

*With infinite love,
to my beloved father
and
to my dear Anya*

The Word of the Editor

“Blessing and Torment” is the first book of the author Mihaela CD, the Romanian version being written in 2018 and published in 2019 by the Celestium Publishing House in Romania. Speaking of her first book, the author Mihaela CD decided to publish it in 2022 in English at the Globart Universum Publishing House in Montreal, this version representing a translation and adaptation of the book “Blessing and Torment” in Romanian.

Like the great works of art, the great literary works are known to be born out of pain, and I can say without error that the poems contained in this volume are true works of art because of the strong feelings they transmit. The author, heavily crushed by grief, breathed through poetry, lived, and expressed her feelings through verse. A verse full of emotion that reaches the heart of the reader.

In those four years since the writing of the first book (the Romanian version), the writer Mihaela CD had a fulminating journey, publishing no less than ten personal author books, verse books, aphorism books, and a prose book. The author has also published in over 30 collective volumes, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and interview books. There are over 40 reviews, chronicles, and literary critics about her books. She has published in over 30 magazines in Romania and

abroad; she is a member of the Romanian Writers' League, a member of the TWUC Writers' Union of Canada and President of the World Poets Association Canada. On October 30, 2018, she founded the magazine "Poezii pentru sufletul meu in Canada," the magazine that is published quarterly in Montreal. She is head of the department at the "Sintagme Codrene" magazine in Romania and a collaborating editor at several magazines; she is a cultural promoter, organizing literary competitions, cultural events and being a partner in literature camps in Romania.

She has participated in countless competitions and festivals, winning over 50 awards, medals, and distinctions. She is also a visual artist, painting both traditional painting on canvas and wood and digital painting on the computer. She has participated in countless radio shows, and the interviews with the writer Mihaela CD, and the songs on her lyrics can be found on her Youtube page, as well as in the online magazine "Poezii pentru sufletul meu."

I invite you to discover the writer Mihaela CD in her first book: Blessing and Torment.

Johnny Ciatlos-Deak

*Senior Editor at Globart Universum Publishing House, Montreal
Journalist, member of the Romanian Union of Independent Journalists*

The Word of the Author

The story of the beginning...

I never thought of specifically writing poetry. Once, in my childhood, I dared to write a few lines that have been rewarded by my Romanian language teacher with the highest grade. After many years, I wrote a little poem in English about my mother, I sent it for a publication contest, and I was pleasantly surprised when I saw my poetry was published. I have always liked to recite, read, and interpret poems, but I have never thought of writing poetry.

But life gives us unknown lessons, and sometimes it surprises and shocks us. My inspiration came without me searching for it. It suddenly arrived when I was heartbroken because of the loss of my father. In fact, to me, lyrics came naturally... out of pain and love... I did not do anything special... I just wrote them...

The poem “Blessing and Torment” opens the poetry volume, also giving its title. This book comes after a year since the verse was my blessing when my heart was bleeding. With the disappearance of my beloved father, the rhymes began to haunt me and to torment me. Words began to appear unintentionally every day and night. I am convinced that this

poetry “gift” was transmitted to me by my father, at the time of his departure.

After six months, I also lost my darling Anya, my husband’s mother, and then I have understood that my verse is not a coincidence, but a way to help me get through these enormous losses.

This poetry volume is not only about sadness! You will find poems born out of love, pain, suffering or longing, and poems of love, friendship, life events, memories, teachings, etc. They are poems of the soul, which represent feelings and emotions expressed in lyrics.

I invite you with great pleasure to step into my world of verse, and I hope the poems that sprung from my soul will touch your souls!



Chapter 1. Sadness and tears of longing

Blessing and torment

*Is it just a coincidence?
It is both blessing and torment.
Ever since I lost my father,
the lyrics, my way are sent.
Not letting me rest all night,
spinning in my head nonstop
When I want to say a prayer,
I pray in lyrics, drop by drop.*

*Why so much bitter pain?...
I wondered in my agony
May it be only suffering
that enlightens my destiny?
I suddenly became a poet,
and lyrics flow in my verse
I do not know if it is
a blessing or a curse.*

*Why is this happening to me?...
Why has it started now?
Why didn't I write lyrics
in this world up until now?
And I wonder once again*

*if they will ever stop
Will I tell my pain this way
for months and years from now on?
I don't rest all night long,
asking myself a thousand questions*

*From somewhere, in the distance,
words fly to the horizons.
I sit down and write the words
as they come, I am not selecting
And when I conclude, I feel
like a creed is fulfilling.
That is how I cry my pain
when my lyrics smoothly descent.
Is it a coincidence?
It is both, blessing and torment!*

Beloved Father *in memory of my father...*

*And you left... Dear Father...
and I didn't know, I didn't want to know
That the time to say good-bye will come...*

*I can't explain my feelings;
my open wound is crying
I try to dose my strength so I can tell my sighing
Infinity is not sufficient to express my pain
I now put words in verses
to you my torment to explain...*

*For I knew you were well,
and whenever I asked how you're doing,
You said your heart was healthy,
and it just bits hardly because of longing.
The pain runs through my soul for life
cannot be as before,
To be with you, Beloved Father,
and to be happy once more...*

*If I could, I would ask Him
to cut out from my time,
To give you back your breath,
to add more days to your lifetime...
But it's late; your days shattered*

*like leaves in the wind
Now only in Eternity for your soul, I can sing
I pray with faith, and I beg God
To keep you close and to take care of my Dad.*

*You taught me what humanity is,
my dear father with a saint face
You always told me that
only love matters in this place.
You have always been present in everything,
You have not withdrawn from at anything,*

*You tried to be next to us,
and you always offered your support.
You could not stay away from your consort,
In your soul, you have always carried
a husband's love and care
And when you were the sick one, you cared
About my mother's well-being;
that was your concern!*

*You left, and from now on,
we are orphaned daughters,
Who are we going to call Father...
No one will hear the paupers...
You loved your life and the people so much,
You have sown love and friendship all around.
You worshiped nature;*

*you were the son of the earth...
Father, the whole village cries,
and the trees in the orchard cry...
Father, the grass cries,
bearing the trace your steps...
All the land is mourning for it lost your smile!*

*You also loved your mother
as one loves an icon in a holy altar,
You have offered your heart,
and you have always been next to her.
You were supportive of those around you,
and generosity was your creed.
You always sought justice
and helped those in need.*

*You loved your grandchildren so much,
and they adored you in return.
From your charm, their lives had much to earn
And in the last days,
we have been at your bedside,
We tenderly sang the romances
that you have always liked...*

*You were a father for your sons-in-law,
and you guided and loved them.
My husband cries, infinitely regretting
your departure from this realm...*

*Grandchildren, godsons, cousins,
and brothers-in-law, they all regret it,
You went on your way, and we are all poorer, and
we resent it. . .*

*Saddened neighbors and friends
came to say their good-byes;
Wishing you eternal divine rest,
they shed tears from their eyes.
Dear Father, all those
who you have been knowing
Are regretting your departure,
for you left an unutterable longing. . .*

*We spent so many moments together,
and you gave me countless joys,
That I would like, Dear Father,
to also offer you a gift
I want to give you the love and peace attire
And I wish that up there in heaven,
you will sing in the angelic choir!*

*Watch over us, Dear Father,
as you have done so many times
Because the time will come for us
to meet again sometimes. . .
But until the next meeting,
we have one more covenant*

*You told us to take great care of all
our dear ones here, on earth.*

*And I would also want you to know
that I loved you so much
That I could never forget
what a great Father you were.
I will always carry you in my soul,
and I thank God,
That I had the chance to be your child,
and you to be my Father!*

.....

*You are gone... Dear Father...
and I didn't know, I didn't want to know
That the time to say good-bye will come.*

Oh, God!

in memory of our dear Anya...

*Dear words come to my mind
and spin in my thought
They beg me to write them in verses
and to ask God:
Oh God, tell me what wrong we did onto you that
you left us orphaned?
Why did you take our dear Anya when she was only
78 years old?*

*Why haven't you made us immortals?
Why so much suffering, Lord?
It should not be so painful when our parents leave
this world...
She was a gentle person who spoke softly,
with a calm voice
A good mother and a grandmother
with a luminous face*

*A grieving widow left too early
without a husband
She cried for her sisters who had gone
to the Promised Land.
With her darling face sifted by the weather,
she always prayed to you*

*That we are well, healthy,
and always protected by you.*

*Now, Lord, be her guard
and receive her in your Heaven
Let her soul be in the eternal light,
and let her sing in your choir
The waves of life carried her
through both joy and oppression
She coped with all
for encouraging to her children*

*As a young woman, God,
she struggled and worked a lot
She was a model of diligence.
Ambitious, she never gave up!
When our child was little,
happily, she often helped
Her heart shone with happiness
when for our child she cared.*

*She cleverly sewed dresses
and other things to wear
Proud of her granddaughter with curly hair
She put so much passion,
God, into everything she did
Meticulously searching for perfection,
she seemed*

*And there was no birthday, God,
without a homemade cake of hers
She never got tired of baking
and cooking for all of her loved ones
And it was a great feast, Lord,
like New Year's Eve was in her heart
When we went home, she was waiting for us
with everything we could want*

*And there is no cure in this world
to alleviate our pain
That we lost our beloved mother,
our darling Anya's sustain.
We were always thinking of her,
although we were far away
Asking to keep her healthy,
Lord, we always had prayed.*

*We often called her on the phone,
and we spoke for hours
To share everything we could,
like joys and dreams of ours.
Today, Lord, we miss her warm
and endearing voice
We won't hear it from now on
unless in a dream we'll rejoice
We'll keep her in memory,
thousands of times, as she told us*

*To always take care of each other
and treat ourselves with kindness
We are wounded, O Lord, the pain is heavy,
the words are few
And tears flow down our cheeks
for our dear Anya has gone to you.*

*But we know the time will come
when we'll also see
That for our salvation, with death,
we are all indebted to Thee!
But until we come to You, Lord,
tell her we mention her incessantly
That we cannot forget our Anya,
our darling mother, priceless bounty*

*She will stay alive in our hearts,
and we will love her forever
May her road to you be bright,
and may she rest in peace forever!*

It's their day

*It's the day of the dead in the cemetery
Parents and siblings into immortality
Grandparents and sons rest alike
Now the grave is their final dike.*

*Uncles and nephews in eternal sleep,
Dear friends and neighbors asleep,
Godsons and godfathers went to the Lord
To enter together Heaven's board*

*A thousand tears and a sea of flowers
Were brought by the grieving visitors
The graves dressed for the holiday
There's not a cross without a candle today*

*Thousands of lighted candles burn away
The alley with crosses became a highway
Alms of funeral bread and bottles of wine
The dear ones brought at the bitter shrine*

*That is how God Almighty left from before
The living to honor those who are no more
Enlightening them with holy prayers
For it's the day of the dead in the cemeteries!*

Christmas will come without you...

*Dear parents when you left
You didn't know it was coming
Another Christmas of the oppressed
And our souls are struggling*

*The world is ready for Christmas
There is so much bustle and joy
But we have a feeling of tristesse
Because we cannot enjoy*

*Once there was much bliss and glee
When father used to tell his stories
To all those seated around the tree
Carrying us in precious memories.*

*And so much frenzy and exaltation
When we were seeing the surprise
My father used to say: Equally for all!
Then I could see a twinkle in his eyes.*

*When we were far away
And couldn't meet in person
We called our parents for the holidays
Becoming carolers over the phone*

*We could hear my mother's tender voice
She softly sang the holy carol with us
The tear of longing her cheeks had moist
And I could feel her stirred pulse.*

*Mournful holidays are coming now,
And our souls are empty too
It is painful, and I cannot avow
That Christmas will come without you. . .*

My dreamy dream

*Last night you appeared in my dream
Oh, and it was all sublime
You were so real in my dreamy dream
We spent immeasurable time*

*I do not remember your wrinkles
Nor I recall your white hair
You were happy in immortal twinkles
In the majestic heavenly care*

*My touching heart trembled
You had a warm smile on your face
You were up there in eternity and
You were alive and full of grace*

*In the dream that we spent together
I understood you live happily
God gathered your deeds altogether
And rewarded you unreservedly*

*In my soul, I was sure
That you have a place in paradise
Because you have reassured
And helped many in their lives*

*My dream did not last long
You were busy the good to pursue
I found out what I had known for long
That the Lord HAS CHOSEN you!*

*In a dream, I would like to see you again
When you can, come on, dear father
In endless happiness to see you again
To soothe my longing, dear father!*

I had to say goodbye
in memory of my beloved father

*I had no choice I had to say goodbye
Without wanting and with no reason
The pain in my heart starts to cry,
For I know you're forever gone.*

*The Lord lends us our parents
To have them for several years,
Then he takes them among the saints,
We can only remember them in tears.*

*The thread of life suddenly tangles,
Becoming a twisted maze
We have a fate no one can untangle,
And in an instant, it ends our ways.*

*From now on, I mourn in vain
That too early you had to die.
Deep in my heart, the regret remains,
For I was forced to say goodbye!*

Sad letter to Santa

*I'm writing you a letter this year
Because you'll soon be on your way
I'm sending it to you as I do each year,
For I know you're coming anyway.*

*A lot has changed since last year
I'm so upset that my parents left
My heart can no longer feel the cheer
I don't want gifts for my soul is bereft*

*I only wish you could do magic gleams
And bring me an enchanted gift
My burning desire to transform into dreams
Because the soul is not easy to lift*

*Do you wonder for what I blaze?
I would like to see their happy faces
As they used to be during the holidays
Smiling and enlightening my dreams...*

The longing from the chimney

*I just gaze confused the chimney
Where a yellow-blue flame burns, so
My thoughts fly to my dear daddy
He's gone, but I see him in the window. . .*

*This Christmas is not propitious
In my mind, he appears instantly
I see him sitting at the table with us
I miss him much, and my soul is heavy. . .*

*It suits him well disguised as Santa Claus
And it's like I see him smiling in the doorway
Fondly he sang the carol from his village
With a gentle voice and a kind face. . .*

*Soon my waking dream falls apart
I see the flame now, I don't see my daddy
He's gone like an advertisement
I just gaze confused at the chimney. . .*

On your birthday in Heaven ***in memory of my beloved Father***

*I miss you, and my heart is crying
For today, father, it would be your birthday
Sadness is piercing my entire being
That only in my mind can I sing today*

*I wish it was like before, in your honor
To party together and celebrate.
But you left so early, Dear Father
If only we knew how to cross our fate*

*Ever since the Lord took you to him
You're always present in my prayers
We couldn't add to your earthly time
From now on you collect heavenly years.*

*I pray to God that you are blessed,
May your path to Heaven be full of flowers,
And beautiful angels with a divine melody
To accompany you on your birthday*

*I wish you from here on Earth
To live, Dear Father, in eternity
My word reaches you with mirth
On your birthday in heaven's divinity!*

Birthday in Heaven

in memory of our beloved Anya

*Today you're celebrated in the sky
Beloved Anya, our dear mother,
To this place, you had to say goodbye
Now you're watching us from a frame.*

*I miss your gentle, warm voice
I would give a fortune to hear it again
And I bath the memories in tears
Sadness cries in my soul's den.*

*I'd like to tell you that I love you
And that we all miss you infinitely
I wish my thought could fly through
So that you could hear it in eternity.*

*It's your first birthday in immortality,
And I didn't know it would hurt so much
That we can't celebrate you in reality
As we did when we were in touch.*

*From now on, our dear mother
You will have anniversaries in Heaven
In the sack of eternity, you will gather
Celebrations on the stairs of Heaven.*

*You will dress yourself in rays of light,
In sweet songs of angelic players
And in the eternal oasis of divine delight
May you celebrate in many heavenly years.*

Snow cake

*Ant it snows, it snows, and it won't stop,
It looks like a fairy tale viewed from the window,
A thick layer of snow rests on the table's top
In my mind I was touching pearls of the soul*

*I remember outside, at the snow-laden table,
We used to talk in the evenings, year after year
Now my father can only see from heaven,
The round table that became a snow cake*

*Beautiful memories come to my mind
We often enjoyed his slovently jokes.
His gentleness and wise, was one of a kind
When he recited quatrains until dawn*

*The heavy snow has covered my dreams
And so it will lie down from now every year
Those happy moments are gone, it seems
I'm waiting in vain for my father to appear!*

Impressions

“This debut volume is a prodigious literary beginning, full of promises. It is a return to the word through the word; a mystical, sensitive, playful return that gives birth through the chosen verse to this first step in the land of poetry, proposing to the reader a delicate journey into the wonderful universe of the author’s soul, contained now between the covers of the book.

Elegiac or optimistic, shy, or convincing, simple, or complex, poetry feels in its place! Dressing the words in divine robes, in poems that illuminate and caress, the poet becomes a part of ourselves, giving herself as in a fine and delicate prayer of tutelary covering, veiling us in a delightful metaphorical aura.

The poems chiseled with grace reveal a subtle, complex, contemplative inner world that discovers itself, with wonder and longing, as a gentle, hidden, and warm literary mimosa.

Brilliant, high-profile poetry that will have a lot to say, to reveal in the future realms of verses in the following books. Congratulations to the author!”
MUGUREL PUȘCAȘ

“I read your lyrics with great pleasure and joy. I know that their sensitivity and warmth are indeed the mirrors of a beautiful soul. You grew up, Mihaela, with every poem you have conceived, and the poem ‘Hotel on the Island of Love’ is one of the many that made my soul vibrate.

I appreciate you as a person and as a poet. I am proud and happy that we have crossed paths in this life and share the same love for poetry. Much love and appreciation.”

ANGELA MARINESCU

“I enjoyed reading Mihaela CD’s poems. As she confesses, life teaches us unknown lessons. ‘In fact, the lyrics came to me on their own... out of pain and love... I did nothing in particular... I just wrote them.’ It becomes clear, once again, that poetry alleviates longings, fills gaps left by your loved ones, and brings relief to those loved by you.

The theme is diverse but forms a unitary whole with a note of naturalness, marking the poet’s personality. In search of balance and completing the unique feelings of beauty, her verses take us on beaten paths, and yet they tenderly stir us up with memories. We are waiting for the following books of the poet, especially since, as she confesses, ‘There’s a

lot of poetry in my world/ There is verse, song, and serenity/ My fantasy sky is colorfully whirled/ My soul is full of longing and amity.’”

CONSTANTIN BIDULESCU

“Especially beautiful! ‘Infinite maternal feelings’—verses springing from the loving soul of a mother for her child! The boundless love of a mother who, if she could, would put the whole universe at the feet of her baby is sensed in every verse! Beautiful and touching lyrics! ‘From precious moments of love’—verses written from the heart, about the pure, true love between two people who formed a single heart! Wonderful! Godly beautiful! ‘I would still choose you’—I have no more words or, if I have, I gather everything I want to say in one word: SUPERB! I have never read such a wonderful declaration of love in verses! Sincere congratulations on your loving and beautiful soul! Much admiration and much appreciation from me, dear wonderful woman!”

TEODORA DUMITRU

“The debut poem, which also gives the title of this volume, is the first step in the beautiful realm of poetry. A title that says in two words an entire epic:

'Blessing and torment'. Through poetry, you feel the ascension from a state of torment and pain. The author answers the question beautifully: 'What's an instant? ... It is the infinite ...'

Love is the feeling that comforts the soul of the author. It's raining with feelings, so 'The umbrella of love' becomes necessary. Love is an umbrella, a shield, the soul's coat, but it is, at the same time, severe pain and bitter tears. Lovers want to flee on 'The ship perfumed with love', floating over the waves of love, to close it in their hearts with a mysterious latch.

The infinite mother's love is felt in the lyrics of the tender poem 'Infinite maternal feelings.' The mother, loving her daughter, would change destinies, would buy the sky, and making a string of stars, would turn the dew into rivers...

Going through all the crucial and beautiful moments as components of life, Mihaela CD entices us and invites us to taste the fullness of her soul, sprinkled with the aroma of poetry. Success to the author!"

AURELIA OANĂ

"I think poetry came on its own like a refuge of feelings, with highly poetic art, with goals crowned

by royal stars and rhythm. I enjoy reading and feeling them. Sometimes, it seems that one must bow before poetry as before the great rulers. The color and fragrance of Mihaela's writings send you into a world where you wake up and start dreaming. I saw the tear of the soul and the sadness of the sky in this poem. The poet's sensitivity is like the gesture of a butterfly donating its fragile wings to the wind. She laid down her soul in a nest of clouds, giving us, the common people, the scent of poetry. Thank you, much appreciation and respect."

VIOLETA BUTNARIU

"In a moment of silence of my thoughts, I read weeping about how Mihaela's path was born into the world of poetry. She is born with the gift of writing, but he did not give it a voice, waiting in a corner of the soul to be called to write. We re-discover our values in the heyday of life. Mihaela began to offer the delicate beauty of poetry from the overflow of the pain that I also lived. And she does it naturally, purely, putting in her writings her moods, feelings full of sensibility, naturalness, tenderness. She is the one who gave me the faith and the courage to write what I feel. She's a model of inner beauty, she is the person who gives unconditionally, and she is the woman with the soul in her

palm. She does not give up on her ideals but molds them in the miracle called: Poetry!”

EUGENIA GROBNIC

“I was surprised when I noticed that the poet Mihaela CD after many years of living in Canada, thinks and writes in pure Romanian, unaltered by the continuous contact with a language she must use every day. Poet Mihaela CD gently touches all kinds of poetry, from love poems to poems for children. In her lyrics, she lives feelings of joy, tenderness, or sadness, depending on the current state. I am happy and honored to be able to write a few words in her book, words of appreciation for superb poems. I urge you to read this book, with which you will fall in love from the first poems, and you will follow the desire to turn page after page.”

Poet SANDU CHIVA

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Autor MihaelaCD

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