



Velvet Steps

poetry from my soul to your souls

MIHAELA CD



Velvet steps

*I see how your steps quickly passed
Through the agony of autumn leaves
They didn't care and moved so fast...
For autumn comes and autumn leaves...*

*The unique steps of yesteryear
You'd convoke them, but there's no way
Gone are the days..., the moments of cheer
Like waves on the sand faded away...*

*For time passes and doesn't forgive
If you could stop turning its page
This fate you'd be able to outlive
And you'd rejuvenate the old age*

*And autumn has come again...
May it bring plenty of success!
You count the leaves in your demesne
Moving lightly... with velvet steps...*

Mihaela CD



Poezii pentru sufletul meu



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Velvet Steps

poetry from my soul to your souls

MIHAELA CD

Montreal | 2025

*With boundless love,
respect and gratitude
in the memory of
my beloved godparents,
RODICA and AUREL
who were my mentors
and a living example!*

The Word of the Publisher

From the “elephant’s flight,” present in the most recent book of the author, *Sometimes Elephants are Flying*, a volume of aphorisms, reflections, and motivational statements, here the author lands her feet back on earth in this new world of poetry for the soul entitled *Velvet Steps*.

The book *Velvet Steps* is the fourth book of the writer Mihaela CD, a book of sensitivity and emotion, which includes questions and answers expressed in lyrics of intense experience, which once again confirms the talent of her writing, but also her cosmic connection with the universe. Using symbolism as a means of expression, the writer indicates her relationship with the universe by choosing the images on the covers of her books, revealing to readers the linkage between them. If we look closely at the cover of this book; and at the ones of her other three books, we will notice that the author Mihaela CD included a subtle code of this cosmic presence in their covers, intentionally using the four elements: air, water, fire, and earth.

With this book, *Velvet Steps*, on the cover of which the earth element is present, the author completes the circle of the four fundamental elements represented in her four books, respectively: water—present on the book cover of the volume *Blessing and Torment*, air—present on the book cover of the book *Sometimes Elephants Are Flying*, fire—present on the book cover of the volume of poems *The Fire Within Us*, and earth—on the book cover of the volume *Velvet Steps*.

Another striking aspect of this book that gets the reader’s attention is its structure. Like all the books of Mihaela CD, this one too is divided into 17 chapters, as a sign of

the author's continuity and consistency; and as a talisman of luck and positivism that accompanies this powerful energetic number.

Apart from the aspects that link the four books of the writer Mihaela CD, we also notice unique elements that differentiate and emphasize the uniqueness and authenticity of each book. In this volume of poetry, we find an honest and unique approach to the moment we are all going through these times and whose echoes are fully felt in the author's poems, to which she dedicates a whole chapter.

Thus, we will find in Mihaela CD's poems from the chapter "Pandemic Struggles" a disturbing and intense rendering of feelings of sadness, helplessness, confusion, suffering, threat, division, distancing, loneliness, and the distance that humanity is experiencing in these unprecedented deaths. There is a commotion and a revolt in the author's soul: "*Revolt is in my wandering soul/ It hurts, and it torments my mind/ And in the night of worries I tremble,*" but, at the same time, she does not lose hope of finding a saving miracle.

In the book *Velvet Steps*, the author steps lightly, as of velvet, as if protecting the earth from crushing the experience of the present moment. The readers will find themselves in the book *Velvet Steps* because it represents, in fact, the steps of all of us through life, sprinkled with memories of childhood, youth, the face of loved ones, and various joys and hardships.

I, therefore, invite you to discover the secrets of this volume of poems springing from the soul of the author Mihaela CD and offered with so much generosity to you, the readers, for your souls!

Johnny Ciatloş Deak—Senior Editor

Preface

The lyrical spirit in Mihaela CD's poetry

Not being born spontaneously like Minerva from Jupiter's head, Mihaela CD's poetry in the volume *Velvet Steps* is undoubtedly the expression of the nostalgic moment the self of the poet with a complex activity in the field of literary creation, cultural promoter, and founder of magazines goes through.

The polychromatic fan of the global activities of this Lady of the Romanian literature, urges me to present it below so that the reader can understand: Mihaela CD is a writer, poet, editor, columnist, lyricist, cultural promoter, traditional and digital artist, she is member of the Writers Union of Canada, member of the World Poets Association—Romania, President of the World Poets Association—Canada, with published books: *Blessing and Torment* (2019, Celestium Publishing, Romania), *The Fire Within Us* (2020, Celestium Publishing, Romania & Globart Universum, Canada), *Sometimes Elephants are Flying*—Bilingual Book (2020, Globart Universum, Canada).

She is present in numerous anthologies published in Romania, but also abroad, including: *Universum*, volumes 1–5, *Parfumul Clipei*, *Flori(i)le poeziei*, *Cele zece porunci pe scara vieții*, *Visul copilăriei*, *Literatura popoarelor*, *Columna iubirilor eterne*, *Vis cu Nichita*, *Lirica hunedoreană*, *Voi sunteți lumina lumii*, *Olimpiada mondială de poezie*, *Recunoștința prieteniei*, *Antologia Starpress*, *Poeți și prozatori români în regal eminescian*, *În ritmul pașilor copilăriei*, *Enciclopedia World Literature Academy*, *Clepsidra cu sentimente*, *Antologie de*

poezie religioasă românească, Iubirea ca o poezie. She is also present in interviews and dictionaries: *Femeia – un nou anotimp în literatura contemporană, World Poets Association Dictionary 2020.*

Knowing this vast and laborious activity, I realize why the poet refused the pattern of the poetic experiment without hesitation. I would say it is the choice of an individual romantic regime—these being the terms of the lyric approached by the poet.

I feel compelled to decipher the subtlety of the title of the book *Velvet Steps*, in the sense that “the steps” are the distance between the front and the back foot while walking or the possibility of a means to achieve something. Let us now see what the word “velvet” means: a fabric with thick, less than a millimeter tall threads on the surface. In this context, I understand that the poet follows her destiny without disturbing anyone. She slips like a snowflake through society, rejoicing the universe through the immaculate soul laden with love and poetry: “*And an Autumn has come again.../ Many more to come after her!/ Today count the leaves that condemn you/ To step lightly... with steps velvet...*” (“Velvet Steps”)

The poet finds her literary object, her lyrical universe, in everything, even into her feelings. She jumps beyond the ancient limits of language in the cliché and over the multiplied visions with a single source: “*A bunch of feelings is the whole life God, this is torment!*” (“A chain of feelings is life!”)

In search of happiness, Mihaela CD sees joy like a Fata Morgana. She believes that this search melts in the flame of feelings, being a process and not a sentimental explosion: “*I see a god dancing in fire/ To share the sad*

hopes/ The destiny of life is only one game/ Blind bullets and romances.” (“Blind bullets and romances”)

From an aesthetic point of view, we discover, in this poem, the vision as a feeling, giving the reader the impression that the verses are a hybrid expression. However, the truth is that they are well-thought, kneaded, and chiseled to the brilliant stanza: *“My soul hurts! violin/ And the future seems sad to me abyss...”* (“Sad abyss”)

Reading these poems, I remembered the aphorism of Sebastien-Roch Nicolas De Chamfort: “Pleasure can be supported by an illusion, but happiness rests upon truth.” Psychology is complex, and the poet is subject to her own feelings, because the poet goes through a crisis of age where, physiologically, she has an exaltation that combines with slightly melancholy and elegiac meditation, with allegorical visions exposed musically by rhythm and rhyme.

“Waltz in the field full of freedom/ Vibrant colors in the brightness of the sun/ Embrace in the wind of eternity/ Field flowers in the dance of happiness!”

“It ripples to the rhythm of the divine breezes/ And I fall asleep tired when evening falls/ In absolute happiness a cloud intervenes us/ Shaking its splashes all over the country.”

“From the wet dreams the mornings shine/ And the fine dust of the summer colors rises/ The wonderful landscapes your eyes abduct/ And murmur of the fanfare of the wildflowers.” (“The fanfare of the wildflowers”)

The poetry in this volume relies on intuition and on unadulterated moral phenomena. It has the sensitivity of a permanence that is both heroic and erotic. Being phenomenological regressive, it regards time as a pro-

gressive repetition of an anthropological native self. The poet's romance is a sign of universality, an old Romanian expression of the balance of the worlds above and below. Besides, there is the moral-erotic and moral-heroic intuition and the exemplarity of a humanity whose chronicle consists of effigies.

Ultimately, in Mihaela CD's poetry there is a depth of the lived ontological perspectives exemplifying the spiritualism with its ecstasy. There is a close homogeneity between what is being created and what is being lived. So, the poet embodies a universal existence, not devoid of philosophically resounding drama, but detached from the experience and the incommunicable feelings. The great allegories—of death, love, living in nature, passion for the old, theological sense come from a verified cultural expression: the universality of the drama of an exponential self is enhanced by the intelligibility of cultural models.

Al. Florin Țene

National President of the League of Romanian Writers

Member of the American Romanian Academy of Arts and Sciences

Foreword

About the writer Mihaela CD

Mihaela CD is a sensitive, romantic Canadian writer of Romanian descent that beautifully intertwines feelings, words and expressions in verses written with the vocation of a poet with a golden soul.

Her poetic nature enthusiastically directs us to her creations, which carry us with a thirst for the world and the sun, in an ensemble of feelings and thoughts, in the light of the word written with musicality in classical verse.

In assertion and artistic evolution, the writer naturally follows this poetic destiny through her merits because she is prolific and talented, leaving behind, each time, supreme volumes of verse.

Reading all the books she has published so far, I noticed that the writer Mihaela CD is a thinker of her existence, around which she continues building.

Her heart is rich in images with a vast capacity, soulful, tender, and gentle universe, and her lyrics are full of the purity of Romanian speech and nobility.

Mihaela CD has a lyrical voice full of courage in which the love becomes tangible, written with words like life, of remarkable success. She does it with love, mastery and the satisfaction of the pure, precious soul she bestows to the reader. Superb is to say the least. The poet stands out through her style perfected in the whirlwind of time, with artistic talent rich in perfect versification. Her verse is rich in metaphors and style figures full of pathos.

The melody with a soft breeze of the poet's lyrics under the sign of sincerity flourish in the power of the beauty of the poet who gives herself to the soul full of charm and

overwhelming magic in her volume *Velvet Steps*. We are witnessing plethora of verses that fill the soul and, like bird trills, form a lyrical madrigal.

If you have the privilege of reading this book, you will notice that the poet's grace carries the readers emotionally and aesthetically on the steep steps of verses. You will see that the poet's soul has no limits because the poet writes from the soul and for souls, twins with nature, with light, and envelops herself with the serene, inner musicality and the creative poetic expression, which confirms the value of the state of the volume of poetry for the soul.

After reading the book, you get a feeling of regret that it finished so quickly because lyricism characterizes it, and it gives its well-deserved laurels because the book *Velvet Steps* is a literary masterpiece by the poet Mihaela CD.

Her poetic approach confirms the truth that the poet's word burns like a star wishing to be set next to the soul and regarded with longing. The volume is a lively spectacle where dreams are, live and always remain, and if you have not read the book *Velvet Steps*, you did not live!

For me, the writer Mihaela CD remains a permanent revelation, a fascination, and a confirmation, and for the tutors, a promise because she assumes this quality in an evolutionary way with facts, feelings, and experiences.

I warmly and lovingly recommend this exceptional world of poems, *Velvet Steps*, and, to the writer Mihaela CD, I wish the good God to bless her fruitful fields in Romanian and universal literature!

prof. Victor Manole
membru al Ligii Scriitorilor Români
membru al Asociației Poeților Mondiali – World Poets Association



Chapter 1

Stepping through life

Velvet steps

*I see how your steps quickly passed
Through the agony of autumn leaves
They didn't care and moved so fast...
For autumn comes and autumn leaves...*

*The unique steps of yesteryear
You'd convoke them, but there's no way
Gone are the days..., the moments of cheer
Like waves on the sand faded away...*

*For time passes and doesn't forgive
If you could stop turning its page
This fate you'd be able to outlive
And you'd rejuvenate the old age*

*And autumn has come again...
May it bring plenty of success!
You count the leaves in your demesne
Moving lightly... with velvet steps...*

Life is a chain of feelings!

*A chain of feelings is the entire life
You gather them, as they come
You don't get to say it at least once
Stop it, God, this is torment!*

*From good and from bad is colored
All of earthly life moments
It hurts in magnetized undulations
Your worldly, deep feelings*

*The essence is to fight fate
And not to live in desolation,
To the one who opens your gate
To offer unceasing affection*

*Remove any trace of gloominess
And let the ice cover its seedlings
To discover the art of happiness
For: Life is a chain of feelings!*

Fiery life

tribute to my beloved godfather Aurel Pușcașu

*I will place, on a fluffy cloud,
Sparks of all that was fine and fond
Then I will ask the wind out loud
To carry their song far beyond.*

*I have lived flamboyant feelings
That became a balm to the longings
I got good memories in my quiver
And splashes of whispers into the river*

*My life smoked away like a pipe
On the wings of time like a snipe
The fume rolls were all intertwined
Not letting it go through my mind.*

*Hot embers and spirited fire
That was my fate's desire
That I didn't live breathing in vain
And I smoked burning every year.*

We continuously swing in life

*We continuously swing in life
Dawns into the night dilute
Good weather comes after a strife
The green crop becomes a ripe fruit*

*Goodness removes evilness
Dancing at a spirited wedding
The soul vibrates with gladness
Symphonies and ballads spreading*

*Poor today, and rich tomorrow
Fate changes in a quick way
A beautiful day brings more to follow
Today's sadness will soon go away*

*Bitter and sweet, this is our life
Sunny days disguised in the rain
We continuously swing seduced by life
We run caught by his stream.*

The faces of good luck

*In life, good luck wears many faces,
You were lucky on that special day
When you met your loved one's gazes
And said that good luck came your way*

*When there's no cure for an illness
You're overwhelmed by sadness
Soon the sun will shine its richness
Surprising you with life's gladness!*

*When surrounded by worries
You struggle and see no solutions
But, out of the blue, life's breeze
Brings the good luck's resolutions!*

*Because only God knows everything
He really is the one who gives good luck
That in His glory, He can do anything
If you pray with your pure soul.*

Blind bullets and romances

*Next to the smoldering lamp
I've counted my shadows
Until I came over the trap
Of a futile fence of arrows*

*I cannot gather my happiness
As if it's lost in a bedding twist
Ironically announced its arrival
But it disappeared in the mist*

*I see goddesses in the flame
Sharing hopes in their dances
Life's destiny is just a game
Of blind bullets and romances.*

Inherited dignity

tribute to my beloved godmother Rodica Pușcașu

*Regardless of the sadness of the moment
And no matter how hard you struggle
Do not break the wing of dignity
For you can overcome any sorrow!*

*With a short and elegant smile
Deny the moment's revenge
Be worthy, do not be hostile
And in sleep, you will find relief!*

*As many hits as you may receive
Know they weren't for set thee
You may sigh, but do not grieve
For you've inherited dignity!*

We are poorer

*We are poorer by the minute
That insignificancy that passes
And unknowingly, we waste it
Throwing it into the masses*

*It doesn't hurt, so you don't care
The moments seem infinite to you
The heart allows you time to share
But by spending it, you're losing too*

*For nothing we give away our time
And belatedly cling to the canons
Poor terrified mortals who mime
Vowel and consonant explanans*

*With each passing moment...
We're a little poorer and passed
But soon there'll be the enrolment
Into the world where moments last.*

Dress me in stardust

*Walking through the silken night
With light steps walking gently
Over the pleasant sea-kissed site
Splashes dance quietly and softly*

*The darkness is pierced by rays
That are burning into your eyes
Blessing it with passion blaze
The oasis of love to baptize*

*From the dust of gentle whispers
We create a shelter of loving
And in our passionate gestures
We try to find cures for longing*

*In the silver moon's reflection
Glitters ripple like a dance artist
Hug and kiss me with affection
And kindly dress me in stardust!*

START to rejuvenation

*Today I want to stop the ageing
And the waltz of youth I unleash
With laurels I will be receiving
The desired kiss of rejuvenation*

*I leave my clothes sifted by wilting
To lose their acquired rust
And to life elixir I make the oaths
Today I gave START to rejuvenate*

*May the memories greenness
And animate my years to come
Only the purest lovingness
In tender words will bloom.*

*Today I put a STOP to ageing
And I started rejuvenating!*

Honor to conscience

*In life, you collect good and bad
You multiply, divide, and subtract
You struggle much to understand
And wonder why you're whacked*

*As much as you want to do good
It always seems to backfire
Through flowers, I understood,
That noisily, the weeds get higher!*

*Dream and live with a moral sense
For you cannot reconcile the world
Celebrate, honor your conscience,
Because in the end it's the only one left!*

Closing Word

About the book *Velvet Steps*

Velvet Steps, the book of the poet Mihaela CD, contains poems that have a rich chromatic aspect, reflecting the poet's soul full of turmoil, a chromatics of skillfully stylized words, in which she knows how to enhance values, how to enhance love. Therefore, their inclusion in the volume *Velvet Steps* suggests gems of metaphors wrapped in poetry.

The book highlights this overflowing lyricism and offers the reader unexpected comfort and a wonderful experience, making this volume special for the reader, and shows the euphoria of love in which the sublime is at home in the poet's soul, dressed in joy as a fulfillment of the sincere heart. This author's method is like a liberation of the soul and thoughts, and a rediscovery of the self.

We are faced with a remarkable volume of verses because the destiny of life urges her to desire the light of life and to write to live her happiness. The author has a unique sensitivity in her writings, being optimistic, warm, and pleasant, with adaptability to the audience and a poetic commitment, where fantasy and the fullness of the soul and heart reign, a heart beating for all readers.

Regarding the title chosen for the poetry volume, “Velvet Steps,” the poet refers to the steps taken in life, embodying in its chapters, poems of love for the country, for parents, for childhood, emotional experiences, poems of hope, and love. The volume includes 17 chapters of remarkable soul beauty.

Chapter 1—Stepping through life

The first chapter begins with the poem that gives the title to the volume “Velvet Steps”, in which the poet, full of gen-

tleness, speaks to us about the passage of time using a direct style of address:

"I see how your steps quickly passed/ Through the agony of autumn leaves/ They didn't care and moved so fast.../ For autumn comes and autumn leaves.../ The unique steps of yesterday/ You'd convoke them, but there's no way/ Gone are the days..., the moments of cheer/ Like waves on the sand faded away..." (Velvet steps)

Poet Mihaela CD takes us on a journey through various stages of life, which is "a chain of feelings", and creates gems of words through words of great artistic value, with profound lyricism that conveys to the reader a magnificent sense of eternal love through "stardust" and "the faces of good luck," and with an "inherited dignity" she bestows "honor to conscience." *"Life is a chain of feelings/ That you gather as meant/ Unable to say three things:/ Stop it, God, this is torment!" (Life is a chain of feelings)*

"Only God knows everything/ He puts the luck in your bowl/ Because He can do anything/ If you pray with a pure soul." (The faces of good luck)

"Regardless of any malignity/ No matter how sharp the arrow/ Do not break the wing of dignity/ For you can overcome any sorrow!" (Inherited dignity)

"In the silver moon's reflection/ Glitters ripple like a dance artist/ Hug and kiss me with affection/ And kindly dress me in stardust!" (Dress me in stardust)

"Dream and live with a moral sense/ For you cannot reconcile the world/ Celebrate, honor your conscience,/ Because around you, it whirled!" (Honor to consciousness)

Chapter 2—Among memories

The poet can only be sincere with herself and even more so with the reader. She regrets her youth because she was once "neighbors with youth", which she likens to a "bird of

longing” and while thinking of “time’s judiciousness,” she wishes to find hidden “memories in pockets.” *“I would have liked not to be swept/ To savor my time in smooth flight,/ To stay longer at your doorstep,/ Youth, bird of longing and delight!”* (Youth, bird of longing)

“Vibrating through flags of glories/ We kept renting majestic dreams/ But we are left with only stories/ That bring smiles to their gleams” (Neighbors with youth)

“Then we suddenly woke up rusty/ Not realizing that it was passing/ And we got angry and dusty/ For time goes by without asking...” (Of time’s judiciousness)

“Write your name in my soul/ Fiercely breathing the moments/ Fall in love with life’s goal/ Hide my memories in your pockets.” (Hide my memories in your pockets)

Chapter 3—Childhood, dreamland

The poet fondly remembers the years that have passed in “life’s haste”, recalling “the words of youth”, thinking of her mother, who is the only “one on Earth”, of the traditions and customs inherited from childhood, and she scatters the fragrance of experiences and memories for her soul and heart in “dreams, eagles of the night.” *“A dormant and dear speaking/ Comes to remind me of the truth/ I carry with me in my being/ Shadows of the words of youth.”* (The words of youth)

“The thought of that happiness echoes/ How far those moments seem placed/ We ran happily through the meadows/ Memories collected in life’s haste...” (Of life’s haste)

“A mother, until the last instant/ Carries her children since birth/ Her prayer is persistent/ A mother is one on earth” (A mother is one on Earth)

“Gathered around the table flavors/ We were enjoying many dreams/ Brothers, cousins, and neighbors,/ We shared joyous melodic themes” (The table)

“In the hot summer, gold’s sparkle dances/ From the rich hair that descends in curls/ Songs of eld are whispered in

stanzas/ *By the little girl that smoothly twirls.*” (*Dreams, eagles of the night*)

Chapter 4—Through the hourglass of life

The poems of the poet represent her union with nature and her passage through the “The wind of life” in the “The game of life”. Each verse represents an experience passed through the distinguished time full of enchantments, and the intensity of the effects of the verses becomes visible in words, in colors with refined symbolism, for “we die little by little” while running through the “transient life”. *“You can’t rejuvenate the days,/ You can’t even turn back the time/ So, try and calmly cross the waves/ And slowly spin the thread of life.”* (*Wind of life*)

“We take turns in the game of life/ Because this is how it was pinned/ When the fog settles over our lives/ We scatter like leaves in the wind” (*The wind of life*)

“Time pushes us into carelessness,/ We are slowly dying, drop by drop/ And we try to use our faithfulness/ Hoping we will overcome the flop” (*We die little by little*); *“The bag of days is emptying/ We don’t realize how easily”* (*Transient life*)

Chapter 5—Riots from the pandemic

The author demonstrates utmost courage through the originality of description and a coherent, warm vision of the world through metaphorical expressions. The poet offers heartfelt prayers to divinity, saying “Make it stop, Lord”, “Allow us, Lord”, “Sweet Jesus”, seeking forgiveness and the salvation of humanity, hoping for a happy conclusion in the “The dance of victory”. The poet’s verses are a music of her soul that, if you know it, you discover the light, warmth, and spiritual truth within it. *“Allow us, Lord, to repent/ We address a humble prayer/ Our wrongdoing, we resent/ Even of which we’re not aware”* (*Allow us, Lord*)

“Help, Lord, with your soldiers,/ Send angels, good Samaritans!” (Make it stop, Lord)

“Today we bow our heads asking for forgiveness/ From a wounded heart, don’t drive us away/ In the holy Resurrection, bring us peacefulness/ Stay with us until the hour of death, we pray!” (Sweet Jesus)

“Let’s turn the tear into a smile/ And the rusty time into spring/ Crying to be laughter in style/ A dance of victory to bring!” (The dance of victory)

Chapter 6—Love from the heart

The author Mihaela CD gathers all the love “from the heart” and dedicates an “ode to love,” leaving behind a significant legacy in a “singular thought” found within “the guidance of love”.

“From all my heart/ I collected kind advice/ To give emotions and art,/ And to bring benevolence” (From the heart)

“I’ll write you fiery lyrics/ Love, Phoenix Bird/ You’ve been our life’s seeress/ Ennobling our world” (Ode to love)

“As a legacy, I leave a single grain/ Regardless of the endeavor/ Be inspired by the same refrain/ Let love be your guide forever!” (The guidance of love)

Love resides within the poet Mihaela CD’s being because through it, she breathes; there is no other way. Love represents her very existence. She bestows, through poems of profound experiences and sensitivity, the light of love, which will forever remain a precious treasure within her books.

“I didn’t learn to write unlovingness/ I don’t know how to endure it/ I fought to defend my happiness/ The love in me keeps growing.” (I can’t stop loving you)

“Hungry of longing, like any maker,/ We lose ourselves in the ancestral kiss/ I am your proof written on paper,/ And you are my universal bliss.” (Proof that you exist)

Chapter 7—Poetic living

The poetic experiences of the writer Mihaela CD gather in the “book of emotions”, in “unfolding stanzas” through “warm shadows” to get “closer to the sky.” *“Special trembles on the road of life/ Become treasures wrapped in veils/ Little jewels and old age’s delight/ To give the grandchildren fairy tales!”* (The book of emotions)

“I collect words and put them in verses/ They cry to make themselves known/ Dancing in rhymes without reverses.../ They quickly appear on their own” (Unfolding stanzas)

“I drink from the night whisper’s plate,/ And the frost of the verse until dawn/ Waiting silently at the threshold of fate/ The warm shadows of a dear fawn.” (Warm shadows)

“I slightly rise toward liberty,/ My pain disappears in a second/ And longings smile towards eternity/ For they have come closer to heaven.” (Closer to the sky)

The dreams of the poet Mihaela CD never die, never die; they gather and descend beside the poet at night, but they never fade. I am convinced of the endurance of the book because the poet’s eyes do not know how to sleep; they carve azure and light, and love reaches out to us, telling us not to extinguish the light of love and to let our good muse remain with us forever.

Chapter 8—Heart, if only you knew how to say

In the chapter “Heart, if only you knew how to say”, the author Mihaela CD opens up her “inkpot of feelings” to the reader, allowing her emotions to soar towards a “sad abyss” through “unhappiness”, “withered weaknesses”, and “earthly hatred” yearning for the “goodness of old” on the “carousel of thoughts” while searching for “answers.” *“The inkpot of feelings I’ve unsealed/ I let them fly happily and unrestrained/ Freed from the tower that seemed concealed/ To flutter on adorned verses, unchained”* (The inkpot of feelings)

“My soul is in pain, a shiver runs through,/ From this dream’s grasp, I can’t arise/ The violin mourns its melody askew,/ My future seems a sad abyss in disguise...” (Abyss of sorrow)

“The compass spins, you cannot make it turn/ Because for many years, it’s been sold” (Unhappiness)

“Gentleness has laid its touch on me/ With tender words and rationalities/ It hums upon the valley of agony/ Binding the faded incapacities...” (Faded incapacities)

“There’s no way to find happiness now/ It got lost through all the snow” (Earthly hate)

“Transform, dear Lord, misfortune into luck/ From tears, let the spring sun spread its rays,/ Lift my soul from the fires that struck,/ Bring back the goodness of the olden days.” (The goodness of olden days)

“Futile pains call you again and again/ Wanting to intoxicate you in a dizzying spin/ Lock them tightly within a book’s domain/ Erasing the sorrows from the mind within” (The carousel of thoughts)

“A thousand questions and answers/ Darken the path of my life’s rhyme/ In poetry’s verse, I seek enhancers/ To fill my soul’s cup with the sublime.” (Answers)

Chapter 9—Tribute to the departed poets

The author Mihaela CD dedicates an entire chapter to the memory of fellow writers who left too soon, to whom she offers a deeply respectful and mournful tribute through poems filled with profound sentiment and emotion. *“The poets all depart into eternity/ To inscribe their verses in Paradise/ This is all that was left of them to be/ On Earth, they have no more to devise!” (All our poets are departing)*

“Why such haste towards eternity?/ You had so much more to give/ Now you’ll compose for all eternity/ Here, you had too much to grieve” (The pact with life)

“The few of us are left to mourn/ Your beauty, with a broken wing/ We deny the news that you’re gone/ The agony and all the suffering...” (You, beautiful soul, with a broken wing)

Chapter 10—Soul gifts

In her poems in chapter ten, the writer Mihaela CD offers some “soul gifts” to her readers by evoking true friendship, which she considers a gem, while contemplating love in harmony with nature, thought, the universe, in a state of perfection through words and feelings. *“When times are tough, they’re by your side/ In times of trouble, they will stand/ Always beside you, they care and provide/ To soothe your pain with a helping hand” (Friendship is a gemstone)*

“It swayed in the breeze for a while/ The sun kissed it in its warmest grace/ Among its red brethren, freely, in style,/ They sang peacefully in a painless space” (The slain poppy)

“From the morning’s dew, I was gathering/ Vivid drops of living water as a sign,/ And I deciphered their hidden meaning/ For within them lies the miracle divine” (Drops of living water)

Chapter 11—Receiving the life’s lessons

In this chapter, we learn that patience is the “weapon of success,” and we receive the lesson of respect, “the lesson of life.” We discover that “envy is a serious disease,” and we cannot go against “the law of nature” because “the law of fate does not forgive.” If we have opened the “door of globalization,” at least now, in the final hour, we should examine our conscience and “open the door to faith.” *“In this hectic life, we navigate/ We must have patience and moderation/ With schedules crowded, we often wait/ And do not find time for relaxation...” (Patience, the weapon of success)*

“If only we knew how to sacrifice pride/ Instead of throwing stones, bread to provide/ We’d teach humanity to walk

side by side,/ Respect would flourish from deep inside!"
(Learning respect)

"Here we are like in a train station/ We came to leave, we cannot stay/ In good or in more bitter situation/ Let's cherish each passing day!" (The lesson of life)

"For pride is indeed a great sin/ But envy is a serious disease/ It darkens your script within/ Turns you into whatever it please" (Envy is a serious disease)

"For youth is a rare and precious bloom/ If only we knew its worth back then,/ But the law of nature, like an inevitable gloom,/ We grasp it only as we age, my friend." (The law of nature)

"You, Lord, see them, have mercy, we pray/ Poor parents destined to loneliness/ Please work a miracle if you may/ And bring them some happiness!" (The law of fate does not forgive)

"At least now, in this final hour/ Let's cure our conscience, make it clean/ And together, with one voice and power/ To open the door to faith and stay serene!" (The door of globalization)

The author Mihaela CD loves what she does and what she is! The goal of the poet's writings is happiness through love, kindness, respect, and understanding. She longs for light, justice, and peace and wants to awaken all of humanity. The poet is beneficial to those around her through the example she sets and the warm messages and positive encouragements she conveys.

Chapter 12—Romania, land of longing

The poet Mihaela CD is a person of longing and love, through her, poetry breathes, taking root, budding, bearing leaves, flowers, and the fruits of Romanian love. When reading the poems in this chapter, you can see Mihaela CD uniting the logic of beauty with harmonious lyrical chords, in which she evokes not only emotional states but also Romanian customs, traditions, and holidays.

Even though she has been away from her homeland for many years, she carries her country in her heart and believes that “There is the country, where we abide.” She prays to God to “bless the Romanians” whom she encourages to “be a role model”, because “Our ancestors are calling” and she conveys, “The nation’s destiny doesn’t rely on being cast!/ Rebuild the country, let it be more than a number!” so that it can become “a diamond.”

“We didn’t forget our sweet tongue’s voice,/ Resonating in both sunshine and rain,/ In us, lives a Romanian paradise choice,/ There’s the country, where we remain!” (There is the country, where we abide)

“The Romanians are skilled in every field,/ Grant them, Lord, goodness, and more,/ Wisdom, generosity, a generous yield,/ So, they may share blessings, as before!” (God bless the Romanians)

“Be my role model, my beloved friend,/ Show me an example of what I could do/ To follow your lesson and to extend/ My good deeds from down till dew” (Be a role model)

“Our ancestors today call out from the past:/ Awake, Romanians, from your slumber!/ The nation’s destiny doesn’t rely on being cast!/ Rebuild the country, let it be more than a number!” (Our ancestors are calling)

“You’ll endure also now through it all,/ And imperial spires you will attain/ You, my awakened country, won’t fall/ A diamond of the world, you’ll remain!” (My country, a diamond)

Chapter 13—The seasons of life

With a strong connection to the poet’s living and feeling in nature, the author Mihaela CD invites us in this chapter on a lyrical journey through the seasons of life. The poems are born from tears, from the falling of a petal, a leaf, or from the love and passion she carries in her soul. She hears

“the whimper of summer” when the chirping of summer falls silent, and shares the sadness of nature in the “Autumn sunset,” passing through a “Hybrid winter,” and with all the autumn in her soul she feels the call of spring with its melodious bird’s song, and later listens with joy to the “wildflowers fanfare,” firmly declaring, “I want green to stay forever green.”

“A tear falls upon an acrylic kiss/ On the ground of written tales that wait/ A faint sob is heard, it’s hard to miss/ The colors of summer mourn their fate.” (The whimper of summer)

“Today all nature mourns love’s theme/ The warmth of summer’s rays has flown/ All the greenery awaits its final gleam/ And the chirping of summer is overthrown.” (The chirping of summer is gone)

“The little thread of grass cries/ Regretting its once vivid green/ Amidst bitter tears, it implies/ The sorrow of the damp terrain” (Autumn sunset)

“And so, another evening does fade/ Once more, the heavens shut tight/ A life of wax melts away, displayed/ In the winter with its hybrid scent...” (Hybrid winter)

“Yet spring comes, and I feel delighted/ By its enchanting bird songs refined!” (The autumn in the soul)

“From dew-kissed dreams, the mornings arise/ Reviving the weight of summer’s colors fair/ Enchanting landscapes seize your eyes,/ And wildflowers’ fanfare murmur in the air.” (Wildflowers fanfare)

“I want the green to stay forever green/ I want the sky above to be always clear!” (I want the green to stay forever green)

The emotional states that the poet goes through during the transition of each season of life add flavor to her poems by enhancing the power of expression.

Chapter 14—The sorrows of the soul

From the sorrows of the soul, the poet Mihaela CD, endowed with the exceptional gift of verses, breathes life into longing with refined craftsmanship in poems with a sensitive lyrical individuality, propelling them toward the reader and touching their soul. *“I’d turn myself into a branch, a stream,/ And a bird in flight I would become,/ For your longing, like a golden dream,/ A wheat ear that whispers and stays calm.// I’d become the shadow of a tree/ To shield you from the summer’s heat,/ And the wind, untamed and free/ Just to see you again, even fleet”* (Missing my father)

“For liberty and desperation/ Today, the entire population weeps/ Longing at the border of our nation,/ And the heart cries its worries heaps!” (Lost freedom)

“In this world, everything is transient/ Seconds slip away from us, we find.../ And when parents pass, so silent,/ We remain alive, but empty inside...// The wandering thought continuously stings/ And starts resonating through my soul/ It breaks my heart with the longing it brings/ That you’ve become a memory of gold...” (On your birthday, my angel)

Chapter 15—The joys of the soul

In the chapter “The joys of the soul” poet Mihaela CD emotionally dedicates herself and envelops the reader in a palette of skillfully chosen words. These words delight the “small pup, life’s light” and in the enchantment of overwhelming figures of speech. The poet revels in the beauty of the ocean in “Legendary waves”, and in metaphors full of passion, she lives and dreams beautifully. She soars with love towards a purity of absolute love that illuminates her, and with a unique naturalness, she sings of happiness. *“From joys collected in a heap/ And resonant arpeggios from above,/ Our love is the proof we will keep/ Singing today the romance of our love!”* (The romance of our love)

"I raced to catch in flight a precious kiss/ The moon's caress upon your tender face/ To breathe in the fragrance of your bliss/ As the sun cradled you in its embrace." (Treasure, only your love)

"Love me, no matter what I say or do/ Take me on the love's carriage ride/ Whether I'm joyful or feeling blue/ Love me today, with nothing to hide..." (Love me today)

"Happy beneath the carefully drawn sky/ We will indulge in the breath of liberty/ And the sun, with a warm wistful sigh/ Will gently wish us health and gaiety" (Legendary waves)

"A joyful bark awakens morning's light/ With the white fluff of love adorned/ He enriches life's symphony so right/ With a brief, delicate, and timid horn..." (A small pup, life's light)

Chapter 16—When Christmas is at the door

Around Christmas, which represents a celebration of family, love, and unity, the author Mihaela CD is seized by nostalgia for times gone by. Through metaphors of great sensitivity and emotion, she paints a different kind of Christmas, one that is sadder and poorer because it is "another poor Christmas that will come" since many loved ones have departed to the eternal. It is a "COVID Christmas", different in addressing Santa directly in a little note saying, "Santa Claus, stay healthy and aglow!" because, as we learn from the sad "American life lesson," in vain you have everything if you don't have comfort, for "Bags filled with gifts, cannot answer prayers..."

"Christmas is not what it used to be/ No joyful carols from days of yore/ For hard times gave a bitter decree/ To celebrate alone like never before" (COVID Christmas)

"In front of the house beneath the windowpane/ I see some tender traces of steps displayed/ Santa Claus has left, as if in a game,/ A little note with a message conveyed" (Santa at the window)

*"It won't be like it was in days of yore/ Youth is gone,
we cannot turn back time/ I gaze upon my fate with eyes so
sore/ Another meager Christmas soon will chime" (Do not
tell me...)*

*"If somehow you cannot arrive/ No worries, dear Santa
Claus/ Next year when you'll surely arrive/ Bring us kind-
ness in your clause!" (Dear Santa if you plan to come)*

*"Yet just across, mere steps from this scene/ In the dark, a
small church starts to gleam/ On its steps, three needy souls
convene/ Seeking winter's refuge, they still dream// Covered
with blankets, already asleep/ With no Christmas or a home/
Protected only by God's keep/ Sheltered in their slumber's
sweep// All pass by, but too hurried, too blind/ Not a glance,
they do not care at all/ Weary from stores, they've left be-
hind/ Ignoring everything, they all rush home// My gaze fills
with sorrow and despair.../ The poor souls without parents,
without heirs/ No matter how much you've got if there's
no care/ Bags filled with gifts, cannot answer prayers..."
(American life lesson)*

Chapter 17—Petals of thoughtsi

The final chapter presents the thoughts of the poet who has "an artist's soul" and "through words" expresses emotions while not giving up on the "buds of hope". She also puts a few marks on the calendar while "waiting for happiness", because hope "brings morning to your soul". Savoring the moment of pleasure when reading the verses in this book, we discover a charming writer who fills the reader's soul with light and poetic beauty. She merges with nature, space, and time through metaphors wrapped in poetry laden with love.

*"This is the poet with an artist's soul/ Enchanting the
world with every verse/ With words etched by the brush's
flow/ Penned at night in dreams and in day's traverse..."
(Artist's soul)*

“And I place in verses, night and day/ Feelings that through my words speak.” (Through words)

“I shall wait for you in my mind’s eye.../ you, happiness, unparalleled and so divine/ I’ll wait for you; I’ll never say goodbye.../ to bring solace to this heart of mine.” (Waiting for happiness)

“For no matter how unhappy you may feel,/ And however bleak life may appear to you/ Do not let the buds of hope to congeal,/ For they bring morning to your soul anew!” (The buds of hope)

In the book *Velvet Steps* crystallized in a substantial lyric, the author Mihaela CD, through verses filled with nobility, wraps herself in serenity and inner musicality, strictly adhering to classical canons that will endure over time. This volume bears a highly suggestive name: *Velvet Steps*, with reflexive-meditative nuances expressing the desire and need to discover this valuable work.

When I read the book and wrote these opinions, my heart leaped with pleasure and joy to the depths of my soul, realizing once again that the poet Mihaela CD, the author of this volume *Velvet Steps*, is endowed with a pure energy from the universe, with a gift and a light of life through which she desires to make us happy. The volume is the light of the poet’s soul, a source of life that exists to bring joy to people. I leave the book *Velvet Steps* to the reader to discover.

With profound respect,

Prof. Victor Manole

Member of the Romanian Writers League

Member of the World Poets Association

Postface

The elegance of life through the word of poetry

I invite you on a spiritual journey through Mihaela CD's book, *Velvet Steps*, an internationally recognized personality through her literary and artistic activities. She stands out for her dedication to significant projects within the literature, art, and culture magazine for Romanians everywhere, *Poezii pentru sufletul meu* (Montreal, Canada, 2018), as well as her role as an editor at Globart Universum Publishing (Montreal, Canada). She collaborates with various publications and serves as an editor-coordinator for anthologies.

The poet extends an invitation into a magical autumn, gracefully stepping with the delicacy of a woman who gathers her joys in her heart, always keeping them close, in an intrinsic ballet, in velvet steps.

The book is structured into 17 chapters, guiding the reader through various stages of life, reminiscing, reliving, and restoring their brilliance, experience, and sentimental value, all under a celestial imprint.

In Chapter 1, **Stepping through life**, life is a “chain of feelings” for the poet. It begins with a beautiful dedication to baptismal godparents, considered by Romanians as their spiritual parents. Naturally, the poet invites us, like a breath, through one autumn and another... “the law of fate does not forgive”... an autumn where you “count the leaves that condemn you”... the leaves you caress because they belong to you, where you gently step on them with velvety touches... in a sublimity that only some can see and assume as a gift, a gift bestowed by divinity, the meaning of which is to give love ceaselessly [*Life is a chain of feelings*]. The poet sees herself as a balm of longing, collecting “immortalities in the

soul” among the faces of chance and God, who creates them all, and before whom, your conscience dictates.

Here, an idyllic atmosphere with silky nights, a love nest piercing the darkness with rays, embraces you.

In Chapter 2, **Among memories** the poet sees youth as a proud “bird of longing” in a “symphony of fate” where mother is the “beautiful fairy” alongside the grandmother’s affection on the paths of the heart, sprinkled with moments of happiness. A sensitive and profound poem at the same time.

In Chapter 3, **Childhood, dreamland** teleports me even to my childhood, to the “porch of memories”. We continue with the “Hourglass of life”, where longing is raw, and “Old, orphaned children/ In silence, we mourn and sigh/ Because fate, in years is written/ We will all go into the light” [*Old orphaned children*], followed by Chapter 5, *Riots from the Pandemic* an overwhelming chapter, especially for me, as I write these lines after 14 days of hospitalization, during which my entire conception of life and its meaning was reset... not yet physically recovered, but leaving it in God’s hands... where the poet now takes my hand: “All that we have left is hope” [*Revive us, Lord*].

Next is **Love from the heart** where the poet listens to her heart, a gentle murmur of a violin, **Poetic living** where the poet positions herself somewhere closer to the sky... where she writes her experiences painted with love and fullness, and in **Heart, if only you knew how to say** the poet sees herself as the “the prisoner of my own thoughts,/ Time passes through an unwritten fate/ A tear quivers amid the lines, in knots/ And my heart dances at a vibrant rate” [*Sad abyss*].

Chapter 9, a memorable one, is a **Tribute to the departed poets**, in which the poet prays: “Watch over their souls, Lord, hear our calling/ In the eternal slumber, let them rest/ They’ll write angelic poems of longing/ In the immortal realm, may they be blessed!” [*All our poets are departing*]

Next are **Soul gifts** among which *Friendship is a gemstone* followed by *Receiving the life's lessons*: patience, respect, humanity, hope, where we are the carriers of our own ancestral code. A beautiful chapter is **Romania, land of longing** in which the poet emotionally addresses God: "Grant them, Lord, goodness, and more,/ Wisdom, generosity, a generous yield,/ So, they may share blessings, as before!" [*God bless the Romanians*], and like a cry of pain: "Our ancestors today call out from the past:/ Awake, Romanians, from your slumber!/ The nation's destiny doesn't rely on being cast!/ Rebuild the country, let it be more than a number!" [*Our ancestors are calling us*]

The seasons of life elegantly and poetically bring us back to the seasons of the soul, to autumn with a sweet sunset, "Autumn came too early, uninvited/ Invading the windows of my mind/ Yet spring comes, and I feel delighted/ By its enchanting bird songs refined!" [*Autumn in the soul*], followed by **The sorrows of the soul** in the poem *Missing my father* also overwhelmingly emotional for me, in a silent resonance, the poet tells us movingly: "I'd turn myself into a branch, a stream,/ And a bird in flight I would become,/ For your longing, like a golden dream,/ A wheat ear that whispers and stays calm.// I'd become the shadow of a tree/ To shield you from the summer's heat,/ And the wind, untamed and free/ Just to see you again, even fleet".

The joys of the soul rise apoteotically in a *Spring seduction* or in *Beautiful life, Fata Morgana*.

When **Christmas knocks on the door**, childhood echoes, along with joys, meanings, and memories written on the soul.

In the final chapter, **Petals of thoughts** in a lyrical and confessional color, the poet reflects: "Verse is my longing, cradle, and delight/ To the sovereign word, I offer it with grace/ Bound with the hues of rhyme so bright/ I gather stan-

zas from life's destined embrace" [*Lyrical color*] and beautifully presented in the poem with the same title, *Artist soul*: "The poet gives his soul as a loan/ Burning emotions generously imparts/ And the wax that melts in silence, alone/ On the pages of a book leaves its marks// Judge him not, for you have no right/ The poet is a demigod, devotion so true/ Don't lock him, don't armor him tight/ He writes even beyond the step, too// The poet is a lyre in the stream's sound/ A soul of an artist in the endless seas/ The poet is a bird on wings of longing bound/ Made of heat and of gentle breeze...// This is the poet with an artist's soul/ Enchanting the world with every verse/ With words etched by the brush's flow/ Penned at night in dreams and in day's traverse...", the book ending in an intertwining of "buds of hope", which the morning brings to the souls of both the poet and the readers.

In this volume, we encounter a mature and harmoniously developed writing style, defining the profile of the poet. It dissipates like velvet steps, and through them, it gathers into a self-discovery, transforming into self-giving. In fact, that is what the poet does: she gives herself through the word of the poem, following her creed with dignity! The book is written in warm tones, sprinkled with aesthetic constructions that invite reflections. It is a confessional poetry that induces a state of grace in the reader, that of true feelings, of elevated emotions, in a creatively imaginative therapy through the Word, which settles like peace on the soul. A poetic universe with its own rhythm, with ineffable experiences, with a special emotional load, with states that bring hope and tranquility. A universe where people mean and sow love, and Poetry is a fulfilling love, sometimes even salvific. Surely, Poetry is not of earthly origin; it is cosmic, divine in nature. It is a gift offered to humanity in this hostile and unknown universe. It defines the human spirit, nourishes it, and helps it survive. Beyond being an existential state, Poetry, through this

volume, is a way of living in a high and affective manner, where words themselves transform into emotions, into the intimacy of silence, into a time overflowing with feelings, where intuition carries us through the poetess's time, to find the essences in the heart of the great Invisible. This angel, Poetry, which clothes our being, helps us once again to know and integrate ourselves into this universe so much covered in mystery. If you happen to pick up a book by the author, it tempts you from the beginning, just like this one. You find in it sparks, revelations, pain, and love. You feel its vibration, and in the end, you resonate with it. In her poems, you find an emotional charge, a beauty, a modesty, a dignity that gives the author poetic identity in relation to others and to existence itself. The book is constructive, it is the icon of the poetess's soul, a path to light, a path to God. We thank the writer **Mihaela CD** for this wonderful gift and for existing in our lives! A wonderful person, a poetess to measure, who, in resonance with the poets of the world and readers, raises a Temple from Poetry. We wish a long life to the book through its readers and eagerly await the next editorial appearances!

Prof. Aurelia Rînjea
Member of World Poets Association România

Impressions

Velvet Steps—Steps of poetry

In a world where reading is scarce, this book is written out of pleasure, for the joy of reading, as a need for liberation, an escape from the everyday, into art and dreams. The author, Mihaela CD, positions herself in an original sphere and holds a significant tradition regarding the artistic creation. She expresses her creative spirit through original creations found in representative volumes.

Mihaela CD's presentations through the steps of poetry taken through life, titled *Velvet Steps*, are revelatory for the promotion of beauty, art, and aesthetics. She needs the liberating act of art, with imagination and sensitivity, without vulgarity, and vehemently opposes anything unaesthetic, anything in disharmony. Although she respects nonconformists, she remains faithful to her sensitive style, as she has accustomed us.

With large or small poems, like tender gestures, Mihaela CD writes about supreme love, about a “different” life. What could be more wonderful than escaping into a love story that no one knows if you are living or just dreaming!

Guided by her as a spiritual guide, we embark on our inner journey, for even though she writes for herself, it is valid for each of us, as no one ever flies alone.

“The colors start to smell of a new beginning/ Subtle scents arrive to flood my senses’ shores/ Nurturing me with nature’s gentle pinning/ As I await the budding of soul’s inner cores.” [The buds of the soul]

With imagistic support in the exercise of consciously promoting poetry, she does it with strength and sincerity that disarms us.

For the interest shown by the poet and painter Mihaela CD regarding the dissonance between joy and sadness, between real and dream, I wanted to comment on the concrete values from the exposure of verses and images. Sometimes images are necessary in the literary network, not without aesthetic value, and I tried a modest definition: While some expressions suggest, others exploit and intensify, marking exactly what generated the idea, writer Mi-

haela CD juggles with algorithms and hyperboles, and epithets and metaphors leave no room for tautology. Of course, she uses figures of speech to modify the literal meaning of a word or the usual grammatical construction to give more force to an artistic image. The use of figurative sense is a stylistic way to increase the power of expression in creating the artistic image it exposes.

Using enumeration and repetition less often but more often employing alliteration and allegory or comparison, Mihaela CD becomes a complex poet whom we read with our souls, and you understand the antithesis between the lines and her first principle in life, which says not to give up in the face of trials: “Believe in your dream, and no matter how difficult it is, never give up” [from her volume of aphorisms *Sometimes Elephants Are Flying*]

“The plague will set up barriers for all/ It will encase us in its steadfast walls/ For it’s the dawn of a crooked era’s call/ With living people with lonely souls! [COVID Christmas]

This is how we enter Mihaela CD’s intimacy, discovering the woman who loves, sensitive and full of grace. In the poem *Treasure, only your love* where she uses ellipsis, aposiopesis, and brachylogy: “*I raced to catch in flight a precious kiss/ The moon’s caress upon your tender face/ To breathe in the fragrance of your bliss/ As the sun cradled you in its embrace*” [*Treasure, only your love*]

I also liked the rhetorical invocation from the poem *Missing my father*:

“I’d turn myself into a branch, a stream,/ And a bird in flight I would become,/ For your longing, like a golden dream,/ A wheat ear that whispers and stays calm.// I’d become the shadow of a tree/ To shield you from the summer’s heat,/ And the wind, untamed and free/ Just to see you again, even fleet// I’d become the smoke in swirling rings/ To envelop you in a cloud’s embrace,/ And I’d wander on gentle wings/ In thousands of longing hugs, in grace...”

Mihaela CD writes enchantingly regardless of the theme she approaches and confirms it with each new volume that appears. I bend with respect to congratulate the release of the new volume!

Violeta Butnariu
writer and literary critic—Germany

Cuprins

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