

POETRY

# Cuminte

by Adriana Oni??



"Noi suntem noi," Mixed media and digital collage, 2022, by Adriana Oni??

I carry you, Rafael, like I carry drafts  
of poezii in român? ?i spaniol?,  
like I carry grief, dor, rug?ciuni.

You've carried me across  
livezi de vi?ini, lilac groves, grotte,  
fields of *eu* to become *noi*.

For you, *I* doesn't exist.  
*Noi* suntem *noi*, we are new  
to this surrender. We enter  
the ravine alone, împreun?.  
We gather bouquets of creeping bellflower,  
yellow toadflax, tufted vetch.

Even when I thought I was *I*,  
ai fost cu mine. Ai fost cuminte.  
Cu minte, with my mind, like when  
we painted those crooked trees, and  
sang while biking to Torre Sibiliana.  
You were a pomegranate seed.

*S? fii cuminte*. First time you go  
into a ravine alone, don't even  
tell me. Trust our hemispheres—  
the way out of the lilac grove  
is through livada de vi?ini.

*When Romanian parents urge their kids to be "cuminte," this can mean: be good, be quiet, be kind, be careful, be polite, be smart, or be obedient. I wrote this poem for my newborn son, Rafael Mihai, returning to the original root of the word (cu + minte) to remind him of how we will always be connected with our minds.*