

A Wind in the Door

The lights are monstrously bright—
I rub my eyes hard until I'm
spiritedly massaging my face
and have forgotten you.
Acid rain falls on me
and I have forgotten you.
Futuristic debris mauls me
and I have forgotten you.
My face is worse and bigger.
My head is the futuristic moon but
gentle, flaming balmily like a past
moon. You circle my swollen
lambent face and I have forgotten you. [1]

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There once was an elderly woman named Baba Dochia. She had a son, Dragobete, who was a very handsome and kind boy. He fell in love with a girl, and their love was so powerful that they got married immediately. Only after they got married, however, did they share the news with Baba Dochia. She became totally furious and decided to teach her new daughter-in-law a lesson. On a cold winter day, Baba Dochia gave the girl a ball of black wool and told her to go to the river to wash it until it turned white. She also told her not to dare return until she was finished. The young girl realized that turning the wool white was an impossible task, but she still went to the river hoping for a miracle.

Her love for Dragobete was true and sincere, and the thought of never seeing him again was unbearable, so she began to wash the wool in the freezing cold waters of the river. Her delicate hands rapidly began to bleed, but the wool, now wet, remained a deep black. Suddenly, a strange man, touched by the girl's grief, came to her and gave her a beautiful red flower. He told her that if she would put the flower in the water, the wool would turn white. She did, and that is exactly what happened. The girl cheerfully returned home to her love, but Baba Dochia, as expected, was still furious.

When she saw the red flower pinned to the girl's blouse, Baba Dochia thought that spring had already arrived, and so she hurried to take her sheep up into the mountains. She wore twelve coats on her back; as she climbed, the weather began to get warmer and warmer. Each day she took off one coat until the twelfth day, when she remained only in a blouse. That evening, a cold wind started to blow, as winter was in fact still present. Baba Dochia, as well as all her sheep, froze and turned to stone. [2]

[1] Burns, Shannon. Excerpt of "Futuristic City," in Oosh Boosh. 421 Atlanta, 2016.

[2] "Baba Dochia" Rolandia, rolandia.eu/en/.