

girls and women scream  
somewhere they become sound  
women's shoulders like unpacked luggage  
we are the guides  
comfort tears the sadness of the world  
time smiles farewells  
identities are passwords  
little moments infinite journeys  
wheel suitcases rumbling anxiety  
check-ins duty-free shops ATMs PINs  
money, monkeys bankcards  
more selfies become medicine  
brochures photography tourists on the edge  
email addresses posing as friends  
people accustomed to arrogance  
sometimes being gentle  
perhaps dangerous  
landings greetings  
plates eventually accept cutlery

I scream with cutlery seamlessly.  
We become monkeys,  
accustomed to the edge of life,  
somewhere mixing alcohol and tears  
in a tumbling earth.  
Endless anxiety with the sadness  
of language muted.  
Basil, girls and women packed  
the world, posing with tourists.  
Time never seems unpacked -  
eventually.

Gibraltar  
Better jump when the sadness seems rumbling  
Screen muted farewells posing with selfies - photography smiles  
Wheel suitcases unpacked by foot with rattling topic  
Compare greetings on brochures stands  
Dangerous endless moments become chattering duty-free shops  
Terraces packed with fragrance become all the more quiet  
Girls and women accustomed to physical identities sometimes make  
arrogance medicine  
Alcohol and anxiety are take-offs to the edge of somewhere, mixing  
luggage and language like PINs and passwords  
Every little sound and tone travels along women's shoulders as  
cutlery and bankcards  
ATMs anywhere accept email addresses yet eventually their searches  
go nowhere  
Never useful, yet somewhat rewarding, check-ins  
startled tourists guide

Afterlives  
#2. Poetry by  
and inspired by  
Vasilie Baghin

#TransCollaborate

## Arterives

### #2. Poetry by and inspired by Vasile Baghin

The origin of the pieces in this zine is a poem by Romanian poet Vasile Baghin, originally written in Romanian and translated into English by Cristina Savin.

To produce these pieces, the text of the English version of the poem was printed out, cut into fragmentary words and phrases, and then given to collaborative groups of 3-4 participants to reconstruct into new poetic works. These collaborations took place at an event titled *Artemoon of Collaborative Translation*, hosted by Transcollaborate Incorporated, and held at the Wheeler Centre, State Library of Victoria on 4th December 2019.

The collaborators who contributed to the pieces collected in this zine are Gabriela Munoz, Anca Masala, Indrani Ferreira, Koraly Dimitriadis, Marissa Skeels, Caroline Troussseau, Doliana Cucos, Sam Shlansky and Laura Donea.

**Transcollaborate Incorporated** is a not-for-profit founded in 2018 to facilitate creative and collaborative literary projects in Melbourne. To find out more about our work, or to become a member, you can find us at [transcollaborate.com](mailto:transcollaborate.com), or contact us at [transcollaborate@gmail.com](mailto:transcollaborate@gmail.com).

**Vasile Baghin** is a celebrated Romanian poet and writer. Many of his works have been translated into English. To find out more about his work, go to [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vasile\\_Baghin](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vasile_Baghin)

### Making Friends with people Vasile Baghin

We are used to those moments  
when time stands still  
in travel,  
with packed and unpacked luggage,  
check-ins,  
endless searches of infinite identities,  
with the gentle fragrance of the duty-free  
shops,  
the rattling sound of plates and cutlery  
mixing with the muted chattering of people  
on quiet terraces,  
with the anxiety of take-offs  
and the comfort of landings,  
the rumbling of wheel suitcases,  
the distinct tone of every language on this  
earth,  
money,  
bankcards,  
PINs,  
passwords,  
ATMs,  
greetings and farewells,  
smiles and tears,  
physical addresses,  
email addresses,  
journeys on foot and by car,  
prochures,  
userful guides,  
alcohol and medicine,  
with all these  
and with many more

We make friends easily and we live, it seems,  
a somewhat rewarding life,  
perhaps, if I were to compare,  
a little like the way monkeys in the Gibraltar  
go seamlessly along with tourists -  
they have become accustomed with photography posing  
and accept their arrogance and quirks,  
the dangerous selves taken on the edge of the rock,  
and as a bonus they sometimes jump on women's  
shoulders,  
who scream, as girls and women do anywhere in the  
world  
when they are startled.  
We have eventually become accustomed with the sadness  
of being somewhere and yet nowhere,  
but on this topic some other time,  
or never - better yet.