*Alexandra – Emilia Bucur*

**A day is growing from the roots of a tree**

The roots of the tree within the room were here before the chamber,

Before the room set itself like a cardboard mock-up

over the tree

all around the roots.

And as if there wasn’t enough space made yet,

The roots of the chamber have begun to construct

all around the roots of the tree a dam through which

water goes in and out to keep the room from flooding.

From time to time the air stumbles on the roots overgrown

through the hardwood floor

or the bubbles of air that stand out

like burrs filled with air, protruding from the walls.

But if there is to be tranquillity,

You leave the window open so it can be heard,

You say this as you’d tell us a story

and we listen with our eardrums focused on each word

so that the climax is not overlooked,

The lumps in the ceiling continue to grow

Like huge marbles filled with water, growing from the concrete,

If they burst, the silence flows

Like a river that just burst the dam of the room and is heading towards us

You say that we should find another spot,

you say now at last

after many hours since the room has shifted its place.