

WHERE WILDFLOWERS GROW



WILD INK
CREATIVE WRITING CLUB



COLEGIUL NATIONAL
ION LUCA CARAGIALE PLOIESTI



**EDITURA
EVOMIND**

Where Wildflowers Grow

Colegiul Național “Ion Luca Caragiale” Ploiești
Wild Ink Creative Writing Club

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Cuprins

FOREWORD	3
POETRY	4
DIARY ENTRIES AND LETTERS	90
STORIES	152
AFTERWORD	275
MEET THE WILD INK CREATIVE WRITING CLUB MEMBERS	281
CUPRINS AUTORI	284





FOREWORD

Dear readers,

Wild Ink Creative Writing Club is inviting you to take a walk on your wild side. For about half a year, we have met regularly and we have helped each other grow, feel, tap into our imagination and creativity, be who we really are and today we hope you'll join us on the journey into our true selves.

Sometimes it may be scary, difficult, painful or even unbearable. We have shown our vulnerability with courage because we know that deep under all the layers of grief, anger, affliction and intensity, therein lies a bright light that has a meaningful purpose into this world. Our hope is that our poems, letters, diary entries, stories and views upon life, love, dreams, magic and emotions will give you courage to embrace your own beauty and uniqueness and follow us into this amazing search for authenticity.

Whatever you do or however this book finds you, don't forget that wildflowers are not meant to follow the beaten track and your deepest vulnerability may be the way to the deepest connection with the universe, other people and even yourself.

Yours,

Wildflowers



POETRY



Poetry is a condensed or compressed form of language used to convey emotion or ideas. Poems are meant to be heard with the heart and felt with the body.

Andreea-Diana Fălcescu

Soulmates

You left open
The window to your soul,
So, I took a look inside
My blood began to flow faster.

I like to think that I am independent
And I can only count on myself,
But why does my heart
Stop beating by itself
Every time I get close to you?

Place your hand on my wrist,
Do you hear
The rhythm of your heart,
Trying to escape its prison?

Loneliness

I felt it in my gut right away

Just a vast feeling stuck in my chest,

Not being able to move

Freezing, shaking,

Screaming inside my head,

It is just like the water from your whole body is frozen

Bringing back some dark memories from the back of your head,

When you didn't know why rain was coming out of your eyes

And what tears are,

When you were too little and too dumb

To believe that stores are open in the middle of the night.



Forgetfulness

The feeling of forgetting why I came into the room,
Is the same as the warmth that pierces into my lungs
 When you deeply stare into my eyes
 And like the one in which,
I left our love burn and let it slip through our fingers
 And the same as missing calling you mine,
 But then I remember
 How I missed me when I did have you.



Peony

The kit equipped with colors
Given by the pigment of your memories
And the smell of love,
Hidden under every leaf and petal
To jog your best recollections
All in one breath.

Lesson

I have never experienced
something like this in my life,
But I also think
that what they say it's true
and butterflies are not as good as I thought.
So, I am still trying to convince myself
That what we had was attraction.
I am thinking...
Maybe...
When you are with her
Are you as nervous as if
you were with me?
Who told me that being brave



has something to do
with being daring?
I was bold when I didn't believe you
And trusted my insight,
But somehow
you still managed
to tear my heart into pieces.
I hope that you are happy
but not happier
Even though I wish you were happier with me.

Every time I see a rose
I remember the roses on your shirt
When you told me
this would never work.
But when I see you
I have to recalculate
every decision
I have ever made,
Cause you
Are going to be my biggest mistake.



Andreea Matei

I Can't Pay Attention

how green and grateful you are...
oh, how life travels through your veins!
how every tear on your cheek comes
with humid human timidity, and leaves.

you don't need the world to hear
your rumblings when God hugs you.
you don't need to understand the darkness
behind your humble pupils.

yet I collected scars for you back
and liquor for your tired tongue...
you always tell me it's just flesh
but we die faster when we're naked.

I'm so thrilled by your thoughts
cause my mind hides behind them
when it runs out of reality and sense



and starves full nothingness, full moons.

why won't I let you be?
why won't you let me not?
we think we both forgot
the lie we have been told.

What Does It Mean to Be?

this road I'm walking hides spirits,
who have voices and hearts
that I've never paid attention to
because I've lived in a rush
with the dust
that quietly sits
behind the bars
of my mind.

I hope I make sense to you
and I beg myself
to never be such fragile
again
cause saints don't take
scared little girls



home
and kids never care
about their mother's
cheap ugly flower vase.

I hope I'm mysterious and soft,
I hope you never get to hear my thoughts,
I hope I'll be dead ten years from now,
I hope I'm good enough
for every kind of love
I wish I had.

this mind is a prison.
those spirits are real.
the monster under my old bed
never wanted to be my friend.
maybe that is the reason
I now smoke as much
as needed
to keep you awake.

My Sanity

I'm talking and talking and talking,
and you're just standing there, looking at me
behind warm shards of mirror
I impulsively cut my fingers into,
trying to get in touch
with the idea of you.

we met when there was still hope for me
to dislike the monster under my bed;
and to never think or ask myself
what a nightmare smells like;
how black holes can be heavy
when sheltered by a heart.

you used to take my ribs into your palms
and command them to come closer to each other
each time I remembered your name.
I used to keep you in circle-shaped cages
and lie to you it was my heart
each time you wanted us to play inside.

you were the colors I could never see,
my fragile mind, my armored sanity.
oh, how I wanted you to get scared
of the blood, my soul cried into tears
every night, behind my mother's back,
when I was ten.

I know it doesn't make sense to you
because the part of me that understands
is gone for good and lost for bad,
bad fairytales which I wrote
when my mirror was round.

I'm trying and trying and dying.
would you wait for me to lose
my voice in the echo of your favorite song?
could you be patient enough
until I realize you're missing?
and should I advise you not to?

I'm hating and failing and loving
that I won't look out for you.



because you soaked my soul
in pure, bitterly-sweet tragedy
which I used to adore,
my dear friend and enemy.



Andrei Rotaru

Twins of Freedom

To Kill a Caterpillar – Part 1

“The caterpillar is a prisoner to his peculiar creation

And ceaseless search for significance.

Staggered by The Garden’s credentials of depicting the ineffable,

He ends up consuming it without a deplore

And decay into the dreadful eternal earth-worm.

When finally regressed, The Garden that conceived it

Will be filled with wickedness, weakness and iniquity,

And he will smite himself with wayward wildness, blindness

And calamity of heart.

Out of desperation and resentment, he breaks the commitment

As the isolation caves in.

He adores being a prisoner to this dream of walls.

He adores it, the sound of his skin,

The sound of a thrall of his own.

And slowly, the bottoms and roots of his reality and consciousness

Decay into mortality and pure nothingness.

The Garden (A Mortal Flower) – Part 2

Everything is rotting, nothing is standing still.

Everything is crumbling under his stone-blind will

Only into desolation and madding affliction.

His fond-fulfill is fading away in an apocalyptical depiction.

His antennas are nowhere to be found, neither are his demands,

And everything is flown out, out of his hands.

And he cannot hit the brake.

He doesn't want to feel like this anymore

But if he does not that's fake.

He doesn't feel anything,

He doesn't feel anything where that childish liberty should be.

He doesn't feel that wild authenticity, because it's not here.

He doesn't feel anything where this lonely love should be,

Because this spirit is begging to be free

From this cycle of feeling stagnant,

From this chase of a missing fragment.

Meant to suffer

From this race of carrying burdens full of struggle.

From this fear of stepping-up the pace and running off the track

Without a single trace, without a buckle up,

Further down the spiral.
He gathers his wit and takes the last in stride,
Ready soon for deep dive inside
The cocoon made of trodden flesh and split skin.
The only transition from a world built within
Deadly sins and perdition.
The Garden's inherent volition
To suffer for the desire of change.
He's trapped...

The Earthmover – Part 3

...eating all reality.
The last drop of control
Has been drained out of his conflicted soul.
The Garden is lying dead at his feet
And there's nobody left to compete with.
The death grip, had worn away.
Now nothing hurts him in any way.
Nothing gets under his stone skin.
And when his earthen mouth will move within
Eternal conceal, just what words should it reveal? But –
<<Once more into the fray.
Into the last fight I'll ever know



A fate that cannot be changed
Is a challenge of self-growth.
Wander with me on this sorrowful way,
Cause I know meaning will never gray
Out
Live and die on this day.
Live and die on this day

The Butterfly – Part 4

...He can no longer see past his own thoughts.
He doubts the surface of The Garden.
He questions the purpose that he marched on
The world with such a tooth and nail,
This world that affirms in detail,
All of his responses with perfect wordless truth.
All that he'd been through,
All that he'd been searching for
Was never outside the mirror.
And the line that's passing his heart
Was getting thinner and thinner.
It's crystal clear, how much of a prisoner he used to be,
How much pain he used to contain
But now, he can consider that being free



Is a boon and a bane.

As he feels the beauty within The Butterfly,

Rushing through his blood-moon vein.

Deep down inside the tomb of gloom and vain,

Certain ideas take roots,

Such as finding new routes to his ardent adept

And bringing back new concepts

To The Garden that kept

Him away from accepting his true self.

The result?

He breaks free and starts finding faith, inspiration and contentment

In the creation he was consuming out of envy and resentment.

It makes him more complacent,

Now he can finally embrace it.

He breaks the boundaries that seemed to be immortal

And impossible to erase with

Skin-deep actions and depictions that have no effects on

This boundaries and defects, illusions and regrets,

Strife that only reflect his harsh outlook on life.

The wings begin to arise

And the four corners to collide.

He slips through the ties

And dives in hope to survive.



It's time to meet the skies,
It's freedom or demise.

And the blinded eyes by the tunnel lights will see...

Silence in the ears

Infinity of the mind

Where words are restrained

And the heart undefined,

Far from this earth.

Being stuck in the oblivion

Is a liberating feeling,

And the sweet release of death

An exhilarating rebirth.

...It's all a blessing in disguise.

He awakes.

Welcome, The Butterfly.

Twins of freedom / Slight Return – Part 5

Finally free, The Butterfly sheds light on

Glades the caterpillar only made light of

Ending the internal fight.

In the top-flight, he's free to explore the outside

And have an insight on his four callings.

Starting to right, a new life,



And to turn night into dawn.
But just when he was on the verge to settle down
A surge of homesickness washed his mind
And made him turn around.
Diverting the flow back in The Garden,
Where his loved ones were still fighting the continuous war
Against the eternal worm.
But he couldn't bring a sparkle
Out of their black heart behavior.
Black as the heart of their enslaver.
Black as the moon, it's a part and a parcel.
No curry favor, he is not their savior
Breaking on marble floors.
Just an intrepid sailor that cannot open their doors.
They couldn't see outside their bubble.
They had to fend their struggle until the bitter end.
No matter how many signals he was trying to send.
They couldn't comprehend,
The antennas were absent.
Just as he was.
But he just doesn't accept this at all.
Those trials brought up the survivor's guilt,
As he just escaped by the skin of that cycle's teeth



He was entering a new hall.
Put in the fears, fallen on deaf ears.
Is the butterfly honest or do they bask in sin?
Pass the gin, mix it with fragrant tears
Put it in the flask, then take a sip
And bash him in.
Ask the wind, can he take over those weak wings
And dash the spin?
Garden's reflections of him,
That's what a mirror does.
But this is a different river
Because he is not terrified anymore.
He sees faith and beauty in the unknown.
Just like The Earthmover.
They both are depictions of the imprisoned caterpillar
They both represent the freedom,
Free-doom.
And they both, see the same flower
From womb to tomb.
Although The Butterfly
And The Earthmover
Are completely different...
They are one and the same. “



Damn...And that's all I wrote!

I hope that you're still with me.

I was going end it there but I just felt like there's something more to it.

More than a poem, something that you probably could relate to.

Other than that, now that I've got a chance to talk with you

I always wanted to embrace with you

A certain situa-, an idea actually that I've been going through lately.

That someday there will come a point in your life

Where you will ask yourself a series of questions:

“Am I happy with who I am?

Am I happy with the people around me?

Am I happy with the way my life is going?

Do I have a life? Or am I just living?

Am I willing to change?

Or just when I have no other option.”

And there will be people who will say you can't.

There will be people who will say:

“You can't go from this to that.”

Do not let these questions restrain you.

Or down yourself more than the world already does.

And it's normal to feel weakness.

It's normal to show vulnerability.

Nobody is strong all the time.



Stop restraining all that emotion.

Don't live like a dead man!

Many tend to overlook because they think it sounds too simple

Or too childish.

That things like that don't even happen in the real world.

But it's really that simple.

Why? Because you create your own reality.

Life is perspective.

And my perspective may differ from yours.

And there's nothing wrong with that,

But if we understand that and forgive all the pain we caused each other in this world,

We unify and stop the enemy from killing us.

That being said...

What's your perspective on that?

...

Hello?

Hello?!

Brother!



Antonia Solcan

“if you love them, you’ll let them go”

but what if I don’t want to lose them

it’s not selfishness

it’s love

it’s attachment

that feeling in your stomach

that something is missing

when you can’t have them

∞

Yes, she is beautiful

But did you know

That she cries uncontrollably over that one song,

That she ties her shoes like a 2-year-old,

That she still watches cartoons,

How she loves dancing in the rain

And she has that one cactus in her room she talks to as if it was
human?

∞

You didn’t know it?

Then fall in love with that





Her personality,
Her laughter,
Her name,
Her passions
And the things she would die for.

∞

You know how
The moon and the sun
Are complete opposites
Yet they dance together so beautifully

Around our earth
Making peace
And keeping us in harmony

They are not twins
They are brothers

So

Two bodies of light
So different yet so alike
Keep the world together
How funny is that?

∞

Neither of us are happy
We both want to call it an end



And walk away from all the pain
But we can't.
The thought of leaving
Breaks us in half
So, we keep breaking one another
Until there is nothing left of us

Diana-Alexandra Bușilă

Hand in Hand

I take your hand in mine
And you take mine in yours
And as we dance around,
Butterflies are flying by.

And, as we are laying down
On half-dried grass, an ant
Has got on your face, my dear,
The one I fell in love with.

I remember, in freezing darkness,
How warm your heartbeat was
And your raspy voice, too,
As, late enough, I was drifting off.

And I remember, I remember it all
Sweet memories us remain
And you go on with your life
Because the Earth still spins around.

MEET THE WILD INK CREATIVE WRITING CLUB MEMBERS



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VLAD GUȘTER





Cuprins autori

ANDREEA-DIANA FĂLCESCU - POETRY	5
ANDREEA MATEI - POETRY	10
ANDREI ROTARU - POETRY	16
ANTONIA SOLCAN - POETRY	26
DIANA-ALEXANDRA BUȘILĂ - POETRY	29
BEATRICE BRUJBAN - POETRY	31
BIANCA DRĂCEA - POETRY	34
IOANA ENACHE - POETRY	37
IOANA-MIHAELA BRĂNESCU - POETRY	42
MARA MACOVEI - POETRY	44
MARIA TEODORA BĂDICIOIU POETRY	48
ȘTEFAN-CRISTIAN PETRE - POETRY	51
APOSTOL ADINA MIHAELA - POETRY	53
TEODOR GABRIEL IONIȚĂ - POETRY	58
DIȚU TEEA IOANA - POETRY	60
ANDREI-VLADUȚ GUȘTER - POETRY	64

ANDREEA ENACHE - POETRY	69
SILVIA-CRISTINA FILONEANU - POETRY	80
ANDREEA DUMITRESCU - POETRY	83
ALEXANDRA NEAMTU-RIZEA - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	91
ANDREEA ENACHE - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	97
IOANA BRĂNESCU - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	100
MARIA TEODORA BĂDICIOIU - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	103
MARIA MIHAI - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	108
ALEXANDRA NEAMȚU-RIZEA - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	118
SARA CĂLIN - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	120
ANDREEA-DIANA FĂLCESCU - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	136
IOANA-SOFIA ALDEA - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	138
DIANA-ALEXANDRA BUȘILĂ - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	140
TEODOR IONIȚĂ - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	142
ANTONIA ADRIANA PANDELE - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	145
ȘTEFAN-CRISTIAN PETRE - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	146
ANONYMOUS - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	147
ANDREEA ENACHE - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	148
IULIA MIHĂILESCU - DIARY ENTRIES & LETTERS	150
ANDREI DUȘMĂNESCU - STORIES	153
COLLABORATIVE STORY - STORIES	185

BY PETRE ȘTEFAN-CRISTIAN; DRĂCEA BIANCA; BRUJBAN BEATRICE; MIHĂILESCU IULIA; APOSTOL SID - STORIES	185
ANDREEA DIANA FĂLCESCU - STORIES	187
IOANA MIHAELA BRĂNESCU - STORIES	191
IOANA ENACHE - STORIES	197
DIANA-ALEXANDRA BUȘILĂ - STORIES	212
CRISTINA ROTARU - STORIES	217
ANA MARIA NEGROIU - STORIES	227





MULȚUMIRI

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Dnei. Director Laura Pandelache

Dnei. Director Adj. Irina Popescu

Dnei. Director Adj. Gabriela Ioan

Dnei. Prof. Ioana Constantin, responsabil catedră de limba engleză

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Mariana Negoită

