

WILD INK

A WILDFLOWER'S
JOURNEY
INTO
WATERCOLOR
LIGHTS

YOUNG WRITERS



A Wild Flower's Journey into Watercolor Lights

**Colegiul Național "Ion Luca Caragiale" Ploiești
Wild Ink Creative Writing Club**

Prof. Coordonatori: Silvia Cristina Filoneanu, Loredana Speranța Mușetoiu, Laura Elena Pandelache.

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Cuprins

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FOREWORD

Dear Reader,

Have you ever felt like you belonged nowhere? Have you ever been overwhelmed with both pain and happiness at the sight of real beauty? Have you ever craved to let your inner voice be heard not just by all people but by the whole universe? Have you ever been so alone that you started talking to the sky? Have you ever looked at your own emotions with the curious eyes of your inner child? Well, have you ever felt like you were wild? But let me rehash "wild" a little before you answer.

When they think of the meaning of the word "wild", most people imagine something that is either fierce and powerful, rebellious in nature, untamed, if you will, or even insane. And it does mean all that, but it also contains a lot more substance and meaning.

To us, Wild Ink Writers, the word "wild" means having the courage to see yourself for who you really are, to accept both your bright light and your shadow, to speak with truth, kindness and purpose, to have space within you for art, beauty and love in all its wild colors, to cry, to laugh, to scream, to rest, to feel all your feelings and emotions and then choose what to do with them without holding on to them, to look deeply into the true nature of the human heart, to allow your mind to both speak up on its own and also get quiet and still, to not try to force yourself and other people to fit into boxes or situations, to allow life to unfold in all its beauty, complexity and unpredictability. Wilderness is a state of being natural, free, and happy.

As you dive into our writings, you'll come across an expansive collection of emotions, thoughts, moods, sensations, intensities, and reactions that will carry you into inner and fantasy worlds and show what wilderness feels like to other people. They are all different, bizarre, striking, contradictory, and beautiful. They are profoundly unique, but they do have one thing in common with each other and you: authenticity. And with that in mind, remember to treat these writings with the same kindness you treat your own being when it is vulnerable and exposed.

Dear reader, take this book as an invitation to live in tune with your heart, with your own wilderness, and not fear what may come. There's an artist within each human, and we're here to support and encourage your efforts to become your most authentic and flourishing self.

Yours forever and always,

Daisy



WHAT IS WILD INK CREATIVE WRITING CLUB?





A wildflower is a symbol for beauty and growth despite adverse situations, it stands for freedom, courage, individuality and authenticity, joy, regeneration and pure emotion.

To us, wildflowers also became the image of a free-spirit, an independent thinker, someone who can express their own creativity bravely growing wild and free wherever they find themselves.



Many of you may wonder what **Wild Ink** actually is. Well, we were not quite sure at first, but as we progressed it became different things to different members.

Family

Ana Maria Negroiu

“It always scared me, showing who I really was, truly being myself. It truly was the one thing I always wanted to do, but never had the courage to. Wild Ink was my salvation, the reason why I can still love, why I can still feel, why I can still be myself. It truly is everything to me. It gave me the best friends I could ever wish for, it gave me, as one of my best friends would put it, my soul family and for that I would always be grateful.”

Why do you keep going there?

Ştefan Cristian Petre

“I’m a Wild Ink member because I trust these people and I love sharing my emotions and thoughts with them, as well as listening to them and watching the garden grow.

After finally hugging them before leaving, I’d only say “Thank you”. And probably... suddenly start crying, without any sort of intention, because this is the place where I learned a lot of values and felt so many emotions that I can’t just leave behind now. We would surely stay friends, mates, wildflowers.



To me, Wild Ink is more than just a Creative Writing Club - it symbolizes courage, peace, liberty and freedom of speech in the purest way, communication between beautiful souls. It's a big piece of my soul, a new part of my mind that improves every day, changing my perceptions and letting me dream. As you should."

Free

Maria Mihai

"To me, Wild Ink is not just a creative writing club, it's a family and a state of mind I keep coming back to."

Safety

Teodora Letiția Enache

"Wild Ink is the club I randomly stumbled upon while browsing the school's club list and somehow ended up becoming a safe place to express my thoughts and feelings. It became a healthy way for me to cope with everything in my life and gave me a new perspective on writing as a whole!"

Color

Cătălina Dumitrache

"Wild Ink was a safe space at first, where I could express my feelings, but now it became my family.

The word that describes Wild Ink the best is color."

Organized-Chaos

**Andrei Cosmin Rotaru**

*“A world that's so small,
Until it breaks down.”*

Inspirational**Crina Gabriela Neagu**

“Wild Ink is a safe space to write and feel heard when you have a messy mind.”

Familiarity**Francesca Della Vedova**

“Wild Ink represents a familiar place, familiar people and familiar sensations. Every two weeks, on Saturday mornings, it doesn't matter if it's a sunny or a rainy day, I'm in a room with amazingly talented writers who happen to also have the kindest souls on the planet, and I feel like I've been there before. It's like we're all at some kind of a spiritual family gathering, where we laugh together, cry together, and get to truly know ourselves more.

I think the most important thing about Wild Ink is that it gave me the opportunity to learn so many lessons from others, but also from myself, and since I've joined, I feel like I've been so much more like my true self, and I've truly missed her.

Therefore, I'll always love these little Saturday family gatherings.”

Safety

Ioana Polifrone

“Most of my life I’ve searched for places and spaces that feel safe for me to open up in, to be my most creative, inspired self and to write what I want to write shamelessly and without regrets. This place to me is Wild Ink, and within its peaceful atmosphere I found friends, an amazing teacher that guides us and encourages me to be myself, to share and to improve my writing skills, in one-word Wild Ink is: safety.”

Harmony

Enache Ioana Maria

“Wild Ink is a place which developed my brain according to what my heart dictated. Also, every other organ participates to that symphony, playing music in my head whenever I lose myself.”

Passion

Alexia-Loredana Buruleanu

“Wild Ink represents the place where I unraveled my passion for writing, where I started transmuting my feelings into words on paper and just creating.”

Fulfillment



**Maria Delia Voiculescu**

“Since I started searching for that missing thing, I’ve come across many obstacles and I began giving up on hope. That was until I found the one and only: The Big Family of Wild Ink and it was like all my worries flew away and I was finally free. Not only closure, but also my whole universe. And believe me, I will forever cling to this universe”

Magic**Stefan Cristian Petre**

“Wild Ink is my second family, one of the best safe spaces I’ve ever entered and a large group of non-judgmental people, of open-minded youngsters and loving souls, of feelings, ideas and creativity.

It’s not just a club or a concept, not even a group of friends, it’s a state of mind, it’s that beautiful Saturday, that feeling that you wait for all the time and a great release. It’s a way to escape the outer world, which might be cruel sometimes, and to achieve the fulfillment of the inner.”

Cosmos**Corina Elena Constantin**

“Wild Ink is a safe space, it is where my personality can fly in ways that I never believed I would feel or see. It is a chance to discover how our mind can be at peace just by writing and imagining. It is a place where we all know it is ok to show your emotions and be vulnerable.”

Warm Awakening

Maria Roberta Virghileanu

“Wild Ink is, to me, a safe place. Somewhere I've always loved to be, adored to think about and enjoyed to discuss. One word to describe it is definitely "coffee", as it gives me the same warm awakening.”

Acceptance

Bianca Maria Jalba

“Wild Ink is the place that helped me get out of my comfort zone, express myself freely and not be afraid to speak in public about the subjects I was really passionate about. This experience is truly unique and so refreshing, because after each seminar I feel that I am the most authentic version of myself, and the energy and emotion that is established between the group members is so strong that we manage to heal each other. At least, that's how I see Wild Ink, a space full of positivism, warmth, understanding and healing.”

Safety

Maria Raluca Pitulice



“In my opinion, Wild Ink represents an opportunity to improve my writing skills using some techniques our lovely writing tutor teaches us, to interact with people with whom I share the same passions and to express my feelings freely.”

Adventure

Maria-Rebeca Gălățanu

“Wild Ink is one of the places I feel truly safe and where I can open up without fearing judgement. It helped me discover myself a lot more and be braver. If I were to describe it in a word, it would be "adventurous". ”

Oasis

Diana Georgiana Dumitrache

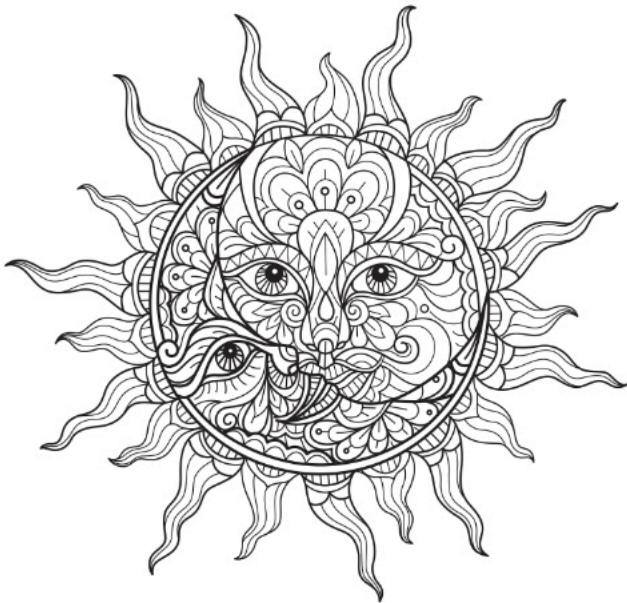
“Wild Ink is an oasis. An oasis that gives me hope that someday, my talent will save me from the ugliness of this world, exactly like water in the desert. If I were to describe it in one word, that would be peace.”







ASEMIC WRITING



Crina Gabriela Neagu

Neurodiversity

There is a quiet piece of chaotic poetry
Regressing from the walls of my throat
And I can't let it beautifully bloom in a voice
So, I'll scratch it madly on an empty paper
Cause my mind is exactly like my room
And my doubtful words run directionless
A madly blind world around an amorist
Perceived as an absurdity.
Dancing in the euphony of being a fool
All over a crowd, feeling unconscious
Romantic full of blackness in a corner
My heavy tears absorb into my fingers
And endlessly I can exhaustingly desire
Tell me I'm worthy in my apprehensive look
And I can finally fall sleep peacefully
Undisturbed by my stabbing fears.
With a regretful feeling of melancholy
Persistent like a stain of cherry red wine



I rush for a homelike sense of warmth
I fight to fade the dirt everybody left behind
While my unicity shows more importance
Even if I'm the first choice to nobody
My eyeliner falls apart and the tears turn black
I still crave to belong to somebody.

Ștefan Cristian Petre

Who am I? What am I?

I'm the candle which enlightens the darkest corners of the sky, the fire set on heavy souls, able to stop rains and make any sea disappear, the sparkle that makes worlds, orders and universes burn together and become a unique roaring flame.

But I'm also the wax flowing under that candle, the darkness itself or the clouds covering the sun on a foggy day, and a burnt universe made out of my imagination. Because I had to die and rise again, like the phoenix bird, before defining my personality and being who I am now.

The fact that I can change some things still wouldn't make me proud - I'm not proud yet and I won't be proud until my own existence turns to a rain of planets messing around the same star, born from that little flame and growing with no fear. Until then, I'm not a planet, but an empty shell pretending to have gravitation and to be able to keep its own. I'm separated from my own senses and feelings, but I'll pretend I'm already in that phase of the shining star.



And I won't stop, I'll continuously seek for those rays of mine which will cover the entire universe and move it, for my moment of glory hidden now under this wet skin. I smell rain, but I want it to rain oceans for me. I'm sick of all these tears flowing, so I'd rather not have enough room for them in my world.





***WHITE HOT BLOOD AND PERIL IN THE
NIGHT***



Andreea Magdalena Enache

Unacceptance

From time to time, I think about being somebody else

Or maybe something else,

Just craving to stop being a mess

While trying to not fall apart at every step.

It would be cool to be a paper air plane,

Flying around without a shame.

But what if it starts to rain?

That would have to end the game.

Sounds good to become a train

Which travels and has no chain

But what if the railroad's end came?

Some reason to start complain.

What about a lollipop?

That any kid would cry for at a shop.

But they'd eat it as fast as you say raindrop

So maybe it's time to stop.

I'm not good in every way,

That would be such a cliché,

Maybe I should hit the highway,



Leave behind what's yesterday.
I should go look in the mirror
And start seeing it much clearer,
I won't ever like myself
If I'm looking at me like something on a shelf.
I'm not a painting on a museum's wall,
I'm not likeable at all,
But just wanting some control
Overall.
From time to time, I think about being somebody else
Or maybe something else,
Unless...

Linked Souls

I was running through my life
Looking for that soulmate of mine
But what is a soulmate for real?
I've never even seen a soul for real.
I know, we all have it,
It's somewhere buried inside our bodies,
I wish I could rip mine out
Because what my soul feels
Hurts my body
And when my body hurts
My heart does too.
And it's so much pain
That never seems to get enough from me
And what do I gain?
Nothing.
I just break.
At some point in my life, I had you
And I knew it from the start
You were not my soulmate
But how did I know?
If I don't even know what a soulmate is?



How did I not know
That all these differences made us alike?
How did I not know
That every time you closed your eyes
I was in your mind too?
How did I not know
I was not looking for quietness
But choosing to stay after every fight?
How did I not know
That the fight between the heart and mind
Meant that I loved you?
And if I did
Why weren't you my soulmate?
Is it because you didn't love me back?
Is it because there is no such thing as soulmates?
Or maybe we never tried hard enough.
But still...

How did I know you weren't my soulmate?

Because maybe you were

And we couldn't see it.

Maybe you are,

Now I can see it.

But now you are gone

I've lost half of my soul.



Don` t Rush the Changes

A late night in cold dark September
That was the moment I started to believe
That a heart can restart to beat
After being still for a bit.

Some minutes after midnight
The only time I allow myself to feel
That's when I cry and cry and think
Because being alone makes me feel weak.

And coldness makes the quietness louder
Intrusive thoughts find their escape,
And he is here and there and nowhere,
But having him I do not need.



I do not need, but I do want
Because my brain is such a wreck
It never gives time for my heart to heal
It just continues to reveal.