

One Kind Of Everything Poem And Person In Contemp

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<i>One Kind Of Everything Poem And Person In Contemp</i>	<i>2020-07-10</i>	he never knew and who died in 2009. In these poems, Chiasson movingly revisits the kind of autobiographical poems he wrote as a young man, but with a new existential awareness that individuals are always vanishing in time, and throughout the collection he ponders time’s conundrums. “All of history, even the Romans, / they happen later, tonight sleep tight,” he tells his sons at bedtime. “You’ll learn this later. Tonight, goodnight.” In the topsy-turvy world of Bicentennial, history has both happened and is waiting to happen; boys grow up to be men; men never forget what it is to be boys; and fatherhood is the best answer to fatherlessness. The Oxford Companion to Modern Poetry in English Little, Brown Books for Young Readers “Explores the vulnerable ways we articulate and reckon with fear: fear of intergenerational trauma and the silent, hidden histories of families. What does it mean to grow up in a take-out restaurant, surrounded by food, just a generation after the Great Leap Forward famine in 1958-62. Full of elegy and resilient joy, these poems speak across generations of survival. How much of the world do we fear? How can we find comfort and ancestral power in this fear?”-- Falling Up HarperCollins The variety of contemporary American poetry leaves many readers overwhelmed. The critic, scholar, and poet Stephen Burt sets out to help. Beginning in the early 1980s, where critical consensus ends, he presents 60 poems, each with an original essay explaining how the poem works, why it matters, and how it speaks to other parts of art and culture. All the World a Poem Random House Trade Paperbacks This superb Pulitzer Prize-winning collection gives voice to failure with a wry, deft touch from one of this country’s most engaging and uncompromising poets. In <i>Failure</i> , Philip Schultz evokes the pleasures of family, marriage, beaches, and dogs; New York City in the 1970s; revolutions both interior and exterior; and the terrors of 9/11 with a compassion that demonstrates he is a master of the bittersweet and fierce, the wondrous and direct, and the brilliantly provocative. Filled with poems of “heartbreaking tenderness that [go] beyond mere pity” (Gerald Stern), <i>Failure</i> is a collection to savor from this major American poet. <i>If</i> - Lulu.Inc Poems tall or short or wide— All are infinite inside. In Gilles Tibo’s wonder-filled tribute to poetry, poems bloom in fields, fly on the wings of birds, and float on the foam of the sea. They are written in the dark of night, in the light of happiness, and in the warmth of the writer’s heart. Each poem is illustrated with Manon Gauthier’s whimsical paper collage art, which is both child-like and sophisticated. Rhymed or unrhymed, regular or irregular, the verses bring not just poems but the very concept of poetry to the level of a child, making them accessible to all. If all the world is a poem, then anyone can be a poet! One Kind of Faith Princeton University Press J. Patrick Lewis did not come under poetry’s spell until late in life—but when it struck, the former college economics professor was entranced.This collection celebrates some of his best poems for children—some silly, some serious, some historical, some invention, but all aimed to delight.The vibrant and playful illustrations of Italian artist Maria Cristina Pritelli lend a sense of vitality to the words, underscoring the idea that Everything Is a Poem. The Collected Poems of Lucille Clifton 1965-2010 Wick Poetry First Book Featuring “Good Bones”—called “Official Poem of 2016” by the BBC/Public Radio International. Maggie Smith writes out of the experience of motherhood, inspired by watching her own children read the world like a book they’ve just opened, knowing nothing of the characters or plot. These are poems that stare down darkness while cultivating and sustaining possibility, poems that have a sense of moral gravitas, personal urgency, and the ability to address a larger world. Maggie Smith’s previous books are <i>The Well Speaks of Its Own Poison</i> (Tupelo, 2015), <i>Lamp of the Body</i> (Red Hen, 2005), and three prize-winning chapbooks: <i>Disasterology</i> (Dream Horse, 2016), <i>The List of Dangers</i> (Kent State, 2010), and <i>Nesting Dolls</i> (Pudding House, 2005). Her poem “Good Bones” has gone viral—tweeted and translated across the world, featured on the TV drama <i>Madam Secretary</i> , and called the “Official Poem of 2016” by the BBC/Public Radio International, earning
MALLORY SAUNDERS		news coverage in the New York Times, Washington Post, Slate, the Guardian, and beyond. Maggie Smith was named the 2016 Ohio Poet of the Year. “Smith’s voice is clear and unmistakable as she unravels the universe, pulls at a loose thread and lets the whole thing tumble around us, sometimes beautiful, sometimes achingly hard. Truthful, tender, and unafraid of the dark....”—Ada Limón “As if lost in the soft, bewitching world of fairy tale, Maggie Smith conceives and brings forth this metaphysical Baedeker, a guidebook for mother and child to lead each other into a hopeful present. Smith’s poems affirm the virtues of humanity: compassion, empathy, and the ability to comfort one another when darkness falls. ‘There is a light,’ she tells us, ‘and the light is good.’”—D. A. Powell “Good Bones is an extraordinary book. Maggie Smith demonstrates what happens when an abundance of heart and intelligence meets the hands of a master craftsman, reminding us again that the world, for a true poet, is blessedly inexhaustible.”—Erin Belieu <i>Post Traumatic Hood Disorder</i> Knopf Provides over 1,700 biographies of influential poets writing in English from 1910 to the present day, exploring the influences, inspirations, and movements that have shaped their works and lives. My Book of Poems for the World BOA Editions, Ltd. One Today is a poem celebrating America. President Barack Obama invited Richard Blanco to write a poem to share at his second presidential inauguration. That poem is <i>One Today</i> , a lush and lyrical, patriotic commemoration of America from dawn to dusk and from coast to coast. Brought to life here by beloved, award-winning artist Dav Pilkey, <i>One Today</i> is a tribute to a nation where the extraordinary happens every single day. Urban Pastoral Chronicle Books (CA) Winner of the 2013 Hurston/Wright Legacy Award for Poetry "The Collected Poems of Lucille Clifton 1965-2010 may be the most important book of poetry to appear in years."--Publishers Weekly "All poetry readers will want to own this book; almost everything is in it."--Publishers Weekly "If you only read one poetry book in 2012, The Collected Poems of Lucille Clifton ought to be it."—NPR "The 'Collected Clifton' is a gift, not just for her fans...but for all of us."--The Washington Post "The love readers feel for Lucille Clifton—both the woman and her poetry—is constant and deeply felt. The lines that surface most frequently in praise of her work and her person are moving declarations of racial pride, courage, steadfastness."—Toni Morrison, from the Foreword The Collected Poems of Lucille Clifton 1965-2010 combines all eleven of Lucille Clifton’s published collections with more than fifty previously unpublished poems. The unpublished poems feature early poems from 1965-1969, a collection-in-progress titled the book of days (2008), and a poignant selection of final poems. An insightful foreword by Nobel Prize-winning author Toni Morrison and comprehensive afterword by noted poet Kevin Young frames Clifton’s lifetime body of work, providing the definitive statement about this major America poet’s career. On February 13, 2010, the poetry world lost one of its most distinguished members with the passing of Lucille Clifton. In the last year of her life, she was named the first African American woman to receive the \$100,000 Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize honoring a US poet whose "lifetime accomplishments warrant extraordinary recognition," and was posthumously awarded the Robert Frost Medal for lifetime achievement from the Poetry Society of America. "mother-tongue: to man-kind" (from the unpublished the book of days): all that I am asking is that you see me as something more than a common occurrence, more than a woman in her ordinary skin. <i>The Philosophy of Love - The Wedding Rings of Glances</i> HarperCollins A lover of strict form, best-selling poet Victoria Chang turns to compact Japanese waka, powerfully innovating on tradition while continuing her pursuit of one of life’s hardest questions: how to let go. In <i>The Trees Witness Everything</i> , Victoria Chang reinvigorates language by way of concentration, using constraint to illuminate and free the wild interior. Largely composed in various Japanese syllabic forms called “wakas,” each poem is shaped by pattern and count. This highly original work innovates inside the lineage of great poets including W.S. Merwin, whose poem titles are repurposed as frames and mirrors for the text, stitching past and present in complex dialogue. Chang depicts the smooth, melancholic isolation of the mind while reaching outward to

One Kind of Everything Columbia University Press

"We knew Koch, Guest, O'Hara, Ashbery, and Schuyler thrived on the gritty, buoyant clank of city life, but that they drew from a secret fountain there only the Brill Building really let on, until now. In seven crisply argued, essayistic chapters, Gray lets us see and feel the invisible paradise glowing within the visible form of the subway, the skyscraper, the tenement bank, the tattoo parlor, a heaven growing in the street/right up through the concrete, but soft and sweet and dreaming."---Kevin Killian, Author, *Little Men* --Book Jacket.

How to Not Be Afraid of Everything Creative Editions

A cultural “biography” of Robert Frost’s beloved poem, arguably the most popular piece of literature written by an American “Two roads diverged in a yellow wood . . .” One hundred years after its first publication in August 1915, Robert Frost’s poem “The Road Not Taken” is so ubiquitous that it’s easy to forget that it is, in fact, a poem. Yet poetry it is, and Frost’s immortal lines remain unbelievably popular. And yet in spite of this devotion, almost everyone gets the poem hopelessly wrong. David Orr’s *The Road Not Taken* dives directly into the controversy, illuminating the poem’s enduring greatness while revealing its mystifying contradictions. Widely admired as the poetry columnist for *The New York Times Book Review*, Orr is the perfect guide for lay readers and experts alike. Orr offers a lively look at the poem’s cultural influence, its artistic complexity, and its historical journey from the margins of the First World War all the way to its canonical place today as a true masterpiece of American literature. “The Road Not Taken” seems straightforward: a nameless traveler is faced with a choice: two paths forward, with only one to walk. And everyone remembers the traveler taking “the one less traveled by, / And that has made all the difference.” But for a century readers and critics have fought bitterly over what the poem really says. Is it a paean to triumphant self-assertion, where an individual boldly chooses to live outside conformity? Or a biting commentary on human self-deception, where a person chooses between identical roads and yet later romanticizes the decision as life altering? What Orr artfully reveals is that the poem speaks to both of these impulses, and all the possibilities that lie between them. The poem gives us a portrait of choice without making a decision itself. And in this, “The Road Not Taken” is distinctively American, for the United States is the country of choice in all its ambiguous splendor. Published for the poem’s centennial—along with a new Penguin Classics Deluxe Edition of Frost’s poems, edited and introduced by Orr himself—*The Road Not Taken* is a treasure for all readers, a triumph of artistic exploration and cultural investigation that sings with its own unforgettably poetic voice.

Failure Harvard University Press

In this new collection of poems, Gary Soto once again displays his impressive poetic range- funny, sad, urbane, nave. He digs deeply into his California hometown of Fresno and explores the wonder of the everyday in an ever-shifting world. In Soto's poems, precocious Berkeley dogs practice feng shui, raisins march out of a factory under the nose of the night watchman, and shirts are ironed "with the steam of Mother's hate." In the darker second part of the collection, Soto offers 12 "film treatments for David Lynch." What skin-crawling delight Lynch could conjure with the tightwad furniture salesman who meets his death in a pool "blue as toilet wash." Then, back from the brink, Soto presents in the final section a single long poem as graceful and meditative as anything he's written to date.*One Kind of Faith*confirms Gary Soto's immense talent and will bring his voice to an even wider audience.

One Today Penguin

From the acclaimed poet—a refreshing, singular collection of poems about boys and boyhood, historical cycles and personal history, memory and meaning. Bicentennial summons the world of Chiasson’s seventies childhood in Vermont: early VCRs, snow, erections, pizza, snowmobiles, high-school cliques, and the Bicentennial celebration, but his book is also an elegy for his father, whom

name—with reverence, economy, and whimsy—the ache of wanting, the hawk and its shadow, our human urge to hide the minute beneath the light.

All I See Is You Sarabande Books

"Motherhood, the journey where you stop to take in the scenery. And even through the storm, isn't it beautiful?" 'All I See Is You' captures the little but meaningful moments of motherhood as if you're there breathing it all over again. Jessica Urlichs' words encompass the highs and the lows, the raw and the vulnerable and the overwhelming love a mother has for her child. This book of poetry and proses will take mothers on a journey of healing and growth with a powerful affirmation that you are not alone. "Jessica found a way to put into words the very soul of motherhood". "Your words help me feel seen"

The Work of Poetry CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform

I hope this book will touch your heart concerning the many attributes of life I have shared with you. Although I do not have a set style of writing I consider myself as being creative and versatile a God given ability and talent to create words with energy and emotions. The variety of poems that are placed in this book are unique in their own way. I pray which ever poem or prose enlightens your heart that you are able to embrace the words and share them with someone else. I pray this book will help you to be able to encourage the life of someone around you and help to change the course of their life. Poetry is a spiritual gift of love concerning the many evolutions and cycles that this world we call the planet earth evolves around. It is a gift of love shared by the muses of ones connectivity to bring an individual or individuals into a glorifying act of happiness and peace through each word, each line, each stanza and ending. What you choose to grasp and take with you concerning my work I pray it will be with you forever. My Book of Poems for the World is a mixture of my work. According to how you feel at the time you pick up the book to read it. I am certain you will thumb through the pages and say to yourself, I like this one or that one. Just remember that any poem or prose you choose it is definitely up to your liking. You will enjoy them all but everyone has a favorite. I expressed many emotions and feelings in this book concerning the poetry and prose enclosed. You will find poems and prose of, love, romance, humor, spiritual enlightenment, poems and prose for just a little food for thought. On the spiritual side of it all I must say that the prose, Just One More Soul is one of my best works. It deals with the lost soul and how you must seek God for yourself. There is also, A Penny for Your Thoughts quite controversial yet it leads you to a higher power as one would say reminding you in the process of course there is only one true God. If you would go deeper into the book and study it carefully I am certain that you are going to run across what I consider a little food for thought a prose I have written titled, My Shoes, My Bed, My Table if you really have a heart ticking in your body once you finish this one prose I am certain you will become more involved in what is taking place with those who are in need of assistance. Not just the homeless but the widows, orphans and strangers who you turn your backs on daily. I Cry from the Womb is based on the awareness all mothers should have due to their ability to bring life into this world, a child crying for their mothers protection (sensitive and touching). Although I do not consider myself to be a controversial writer I understand that some of my work does take some people into deep thought(meaning critics) and will cause them to think otherwise. I must state because of my love for all mankind I only write what I know to be factual and true, what I have experienced and what I have researched in order that the truth does not get distorted. Prose like The Whip, An Unpaid Debt, The Dim Light of Justice and a few others may spark a few thoughts concerning your creed, color or religious background. I state it is time for a positive change to occur and if my work begins to reopen the doors of concern for everyone to put their cards on the table and show their hands then there is not a need to vote.

The Cambridge Companion to American Poetry and Politics since 1900 Lulu.com

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Being Numerous AuthorHouse

The Work of Poetry is organized into three parts. "Poetic Substance" explores the nature of poetry and the poet, with essays that cover the poet "being-and-feeling-at-home" in his or her work and

the parallels between dreams and poetry.

A LIFE, DEATH & EVERYTHING ELSE INBETWEEN KIND OF POETRY BOOK Harvard University Press

"This book is a document of a particular world, real, wrenched from the poet's life, as if written with a gun to his head or a spike through his heart. Reading it is like opening a damp newspaper wrapped around a big fish just caught, fins glistening, scales shining, one rhymed eye open and looking right at you, daring you to eat the whole thing."--Dorianne Laux, author of *The Book of Men*

"The Dead Eat Everything, Michael Mlekoday's furious first collection, is a cypher of old-school curses, elegy, and wordplay that snaps like gunplay. The book begins with a self-portrait when 'summer was one wet weapon after another' and doesn't stop. Not for a power outage, Catholic mass, or sewer steam. Not for a 'four-finger ring that says DOPE.' Not for the city that repeats itself like breakbeats in the head. The poems in this book are as relentless as a Minneapolis winter. And when the speaker says, 'Scientists have proven that the mouth is the last part of the body to die, ' we understand that the mouth hangs on just to speak poems like these."--Adrian Matejka, author of *The Big Smoke*

"It's easy to forget--because of the brute beauty of the language; because of lines like 'I have made gods / of my skinned hands'; because of the whiplash brilliance roped through these poems--that deeply, ultimately, this is a book of mourning, of sorrow, of loss: for a dad, a Baba, a city, a home. But, to boot, Michael Mlekoday's *The Dead Eat Everything* is a book of magic: watch sorrows be converted to music. And music, don't forget, makes you dance. Makes you move. Moves you." --Ross Gay, author of *Bringing the Shovel Down*

"The Dead Eat Everything is a haunting--an unsharpened visitation of memories. Each poem unfolds itself as if we are just now remembering stories told to us long ago, simultaneously new and exciting while comforting in their familiarity. Mlekoday's debut collection glows. Let it. Let it light the way home."--Sierra DeMulder, author of *New Shoes on a Dead Horse*

Poetry 180 Copper Canyon Press

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL CRITICISM AT SORIN CERIN CRITICICISM ABOUT PHILOSOPHICAL

POEMS PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély, emphasizes in the Romanian magazine *Contemporanul* (Contemporary), no. 10, October 2020, on page 5, under the title *Gnosés of Sorin Cerin*, that: The multitude of phrases written in capital letters (Nobody's World; The Deep Trace of Pain; The Darkness of Loneliness; The Labyrinth of the Absurd, etc.) indicate the existence of a precise conceptual system within the religious-philosophical poetry of Sorin Cerin, which obviously draws its sap from an ethos, of Christian-Gnostic essence, with the remark that, the canonical protagonists of classical Christianity (Jesus, Mary, the Devil, etc.) do not appear in the soteriological discourse of the volume, although the spiritual finality of the approach is beyond any doubt, because the poet constantly invokes, as the final target of his aspiration, Love, the Eye of Dream, of the Perfection or the Path to Absolute, of the Future. The dichotomous regime of the keywords of the volume is also of Christian origin, because within them the Absolute and the Absurd face, as in Manichaeism, for example, the fate of the world is decided by the battle between the Being of the Light and the Prince of the Darkness. I have deliberately mentioned Manichaeism as a possible source of inspiration for the cosmology created by Sorin Cerin, because, like the ancient apocalypse (that is, of the texts-revelation), the poet opposes the dispersion induced by materiality by building his own mythology, very carefully conceptualized. This is what the great masters of early Christianity did, taking over a tradition that came from pre-Christian times, when, caught in the illusions of the versatile, metamorphic worlds (The Prince of Darkness in Manichaeism is also a metamorphic demiurge, able to give Matter the most attractive forms, not to mention the Maya to the Hindus), the scholar built an independent autarchic universe (or myth), which being of spiritual (crystalline) origin, offered him the "temple" necessary for the soteriological exercise. Carefully, then, at every detail of this "temple" (which could be a bamboo grove, a monastery in newer times or even a Book), the scholar purified himself with each pebble he placed on the wall of his edifice, finally covering himself with it as if he were doing it with a halo of light. Sorin Cerin's poetry contributes, through each new verse, through each new poem or collection, to the construction of such an autarchic spiritual system. Therefore, the poet's terminology has a precise intrinsic logic: when he says that any Cathedral of the Absurd is built with matter taken from death, when he writes about the Subconscious Stranger or the Frozen Words floating around us like thorns of ice, the meaning of these phrases must be sought within the mythographic system created by the poet, and not interpreted by extrapolation. Let us try, therefore, to decrypt the symbolic and narrative structure of this myth, in order to understand its meaning. The universe that the poet evokes in his verses is one of the endings of cosmic cycle, being, therefore, one of eschatological origin. There are, in it, "cemeteries of words ," "ruined

cathedrals," cluttered dawns, which "crumble," or "broken windows of Heaven," in which "it rains with sharp shards, of moments." We will not find anywhere in the perimeter of this universe, which seems inspired by the ruins suspended in ether, of the Piranesi, no space of compensation or refuge, the ruin and the dispersion being ubiquitous. Thus, the black, hopeless geography of the volume suggests bringing the faith into an extreme state, of maceration (Thomas d'Aquino's *acedia*, also interpreted as a torpor), a stage of annulment of being, from which start, further, two alternative paths: that of renunciation and death, respectively that of courage and hope, the purpose of extreme dispersion being to suggest that even in the most prejudicial situations, the life of faith has sufficient inner resources for ascension and "rebirth," because no matter how opaque the world around us would be, there are still, in its deep texture, enough "seeds of love", which to we gather them to build a salvation. Sorin Cerin's poetry appears to us, therefore, as one marked by a paradoxical spiritualist optimism, functioning with the logic of an inverted world. The poet constructs, with fervor and syntactic skill, an anti-world (the world of "cemeteries of words", of frozen meanings, the world of "sharp shards" and the Absurd), which, in the end, is meant to test his faith and to turn him to the redemptive horizon of the Absolute. In quantitative terms, the words and images of the volume belong mainly to the dispersed world, to "loss, cold and indifferent forgetfulness", to the Absurd, that is, to an eschatological climate, which the Faith has the call to transcend and correct. The poet goes, however, even further, proposing a cosmology, of the dualistic type, from the category of those used in Gnosis. Let's try to understand it, starting from the poem in the volume, entitled *Where we will be forced to stay*: We embarked, on the ship of the Vanity, with the name of Happiness, without we knowing, that the ports in which will dock, are those of the Pain and Absurd, followed in the end, by the one called, Death, where we will be forced to stay, forever, separated from the identity of Love, what will be stolen from us, by another Destiny, what will no longer belong to us, for to be carried in the distances, of the Heart of Fire, of the Eternity of the Moment, given somewhere sometime, by your Glances, now lost, among the Flowers of Tears, of the Memories. It is not the only place where Sorin Cerin talks about an aboulic, deceptive destiny, in which humanity was "closed", cloistered against its will. In this case, the "ship of vanity" docks in ports with exclusively negative connotations, but it is not at all certain that the passengers wanted such a "cruise", their destiny carrying them adrift, against their own will, for superior reasons, which they cannot control. In another poem in the volume there is a "God of No One", who made the world (or at least part of it) "without understanding" that it must be composed (and) of love. This "careless" demiurge has operated, from the very beginning on a negative axiological selection, stopping people from reaching the values of the Good directly or hiding the positive ones. The axial term of the whole complex is the Subconscious Stranger, "which - the poet writes - we have been forbidden to know". Consequently, mankind let itself caught in a premeditated cosmic "mistake," which hindered its path to fulfillment, that is, to Love. The Subconscious Stranger appears in several of Sorin Cerin's poems, he having the force of an obsession, with recuperative value. Living in the torn, dispersed universe of "absurd" materiality, the poet does nothing but move away from the Subconscious Stranger, salvation demanding, on the contrary, a path in the opposite direction, towards the recovery of the Subconscious and its putting in harmony with the Absolute. The precondition of "return" (an essential term for Gnosis) represents it, the internalization of Love: the sharing, from its substance, the preparation of transfiguration. Thus, having all the constitutive elements of the poet's personal poetic mythology, we can only reconstruct it. The starting point is, as in Gnosis, the existence of a "Foreign God" (called by the poet, the God of No One), who mispronounced, "carelessly" the Words of Genesis, revealing - without wanting, probably - a world unilaterally abstract, "absurd," in which the human spirit is put to the test. The will does not help them either, as we have seen that it happens with the metaphor of the drifting ship, because the world was created from the beginning wrong, with the normal meanings reversed. The major symbol of the volume expresses, therefore, a metaphysical trap: the human being is caught in an ironic "game", of eschatological type, from which, apparently, he has no way out. But the impasse turns out to be only apparent, because the builder of his own sublime edifice, that is, the poet, has specific, soteriological powers, through which the gate of salvation opens. All these powers are anti-systemic, ie anti-eschatological. Did "God of No One" put wrong words in the world which he created? The poet's purpose is to find the true ones - and to write them, in order to make them accessible and to those around him. Has the world headed, unknowingly, to wandering, dryness, and dispersion?: the poet's purpose is to find meanings, significations and sources of energy, and to show them and to others, in order to replace the fragmented world with the promise of a beautiful, whole, bright one. Did the forces of

matter stand in the way of the Absurd and of opacity? The purpose of the poet - and, implicitly, of man - is to plant Love in souls and to return toward the Absolute. Anyone can operate these essentialized retroversions, because, in the end, poet and man mean, in Sorin Cerin's system of thinking, about the same thing: two qualitatively related hypostases of the religious man, of the One who Believes. PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading *Avant la lettre*, under the title *Between reflection and attitude*, appeared in the magazine *Familia* nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that: "From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the *Non-sense of the Existence*, from here the poems "of meditation". One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality. Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual. Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passionate, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to exorcise, and to sublimate, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies. Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations). But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions. They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified. Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyricism. One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized, or panic in front of majesty of the word. Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert. It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence. The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation. It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant. How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical. But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," "the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification. On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity. Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such. But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism). On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates. Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions). The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions. Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its

components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again). The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence". It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation. So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today. Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and "infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism. For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ". It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems. From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. " PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that: Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain. Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking." Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three). The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation. It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation. Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration. I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces? And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ". We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made. The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist. I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest. After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters. It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems. Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new. And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny. It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*. He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind". What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been

intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances. A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self. It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration. Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas. But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet. Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church. Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another. The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric. Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged. At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin". It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails". The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases. The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life". Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence". Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity," "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others. The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society". Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea. Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside. Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter. Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems. And more there's a particularity, the punctuation. After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse. Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas. The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like Hierarchy of the Vanity. But it's not the only one. Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility. The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", *à la Sartre*, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence. I sent at the poem, *Industry Meat Existential*: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes. If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry. Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says. At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics. Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories". In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...". Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of

Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...". And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence. Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ... ". Here the words came back to poetry. But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less. From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging. The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament. He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self. In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd. It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread." The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self. || Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness, / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ... Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities? Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral. It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in. Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ". Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle. Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ". Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard. After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel. Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness. Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery". Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God. The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?" The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom

of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd. Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books. Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity". Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case. But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time. Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an artifex, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess. Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. " PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams". PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. " PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican: [...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation, on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil, If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ". PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured." "Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire". PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand

properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. " PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ". Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu: "Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, ` a rebours, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love". PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. " PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... " PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu: "Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. " PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, poeta vates, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ". PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look " Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his

poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality" Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... " Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. " CRITICISM ABOUT PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS The Coaxialism, book review by Henrieta Anisoara Serban, PhD in philosophy, Researcher, Institute of Political Science and International Relations of the Romanian Academy, written in 2007 : "This book represents an audacious contribution to contemporary philosophy. Not a mere synthesis, the volume brings to the fore a original vision concerning the truth (and the illusion), the absolut and the life, into the philosophical conversation of humanity. "What else are we, but a mad dream of an angel, taken up with himself, lost somewhere within the hierarchy of numerology?" (p.5), asks the author, triggering a captivating odyssey, with an opening towards the philosophy of conscience, contextualism and mind philosophy, that is relevant for the critique of the representationalism and postmodernism. Coaxialism is structured in 11 chapters. They may be interpreted in triads. Therefore, the first three chapters could stand as an introduction to the thematic realm of coaxiology. The first chapter is concerned with "The purpose, the hierarchy, the birth of numerology and of the Primordial Factor ONE", the second chapter treats "The Instinct, the Matrix, the Order and Disorder, the Dogma", and the third chapter "The State of the fact, the Opened Knowledge and the Closed Knowledge, the Coaxialism and the Coaxiology". Then, the next triad would be constituted by the interpretation of three aspects related to human exemplarity, via the chapters entitled "The Print and the Karmic Print, the Geniality", "Love or the individual Conscience of the Human Being" and "Consciousness or the knowledge in Coaxiology". And, the last triad, say, of a semantical and hermeneutical nature, approaches "Reflections on philosophy, the Alien within the Being, the Dimension of Life", "The Semantical Coaxiology" and "The Semantical Truth, the Semantical Knowledge, the Semantical Mirror and the Reason of Creation". The tenth chapter, named "Semantical Ontology, Neoontology, and Coaxiology, the Semantical Structuring of Our Matrix", capitalizes on the ideas from the preceding philosophical architecture. Eventually, the last chapter offers specific mathematical models of the ideas and concepts that are exposed within the book, along with the relationships among them. In a Schopenhauerian, Nietzschean and Wittgensteinian architectonics of the philosophical ideas, the author states the principles of what he labels as the "coaxialism": 1. The only true philosophy is the one accepting that Man does neither know the Truth, and implicitly, nor philosophy, 2. Man shall never neither know the Absolute Truth nor the Absolute Knowledge, for his entire existence is based on the Illusion of Life, 3. Any philosophical system or philosopher pretending that he or she speaks the Truth is a liar, 4. The Coaxialism is, by excellence, a philosophy that does NOT pretend that it speaks the Truth, yet accepting certain applications sustaining the reference of the Illusion of Life to the Truth, 5. The Essence of the Truth consists in its reflection in the Elements appeared before it, as there are the elements of the Opened Knowledge deriving from the Current Situation, 6. The Coaxialism accepts the operations with the opposites of the opposites of the Existence, with or without a compulsory reference to such opposites, determining the coaxiology, 7. Each Antithetical has, to the Infinity,

another Antithetical, which is identical to it, 8. The farther is an Antithetical situated, that is the more opposites are intercalated (between itself and its Antithetical), the more accentuated the similarities, and the less opposites are intercalated between the two Elements, the more accentuated the dissimilarities, 9. As well as we can conceive Universes without a corresponding substrate into the Existence, we can conceive Knowledge without a corresponding substrate into the essence, that is, without a subject, 10. The Factor is going to be always the opposite of the infinity to which it would relate as a finite quantity, the same way as the Knowledge relates to the lack of knowledge, and Life, to Death. Within a Coaxial perspective, the Factor shall be an equivalent to God, the Unique Creator, and yet Aleatory in relationship with its worlds 11. Within the Worlds of each Creator, unique and Aleatory Factor are to be reflected all the other Creators, all the unique and Aleatory Factors, as numbers, starting from ONE, that is the Primordial Factor, all the way to the Infinite minus ONE Factors of Creation, all Unique and Aleatory. (p.5-7) Certainly, someone may ask how is such a unitary cuantics going to be sustained? But to rise seriously such a question would mean to miss the point that here we have mathematical metaphors, suggestive models, and not a calculus leading to the Metaphysical Truth (which would at the same time contradict the very coaxiological principles). The bounty of capital letters and underlining in the text speak volumes of the American experience of the author, emphasising as well, with a certain irony, the endeavour to capture meaning, the thirst for absolute, for perfection, for the Truth and for the pure idea, central to all philosophies. Thus, given the following quote, I can at once offer exemplification for the above observation and clarify a column-idea of this intriguing work: "The Coaxiology is a philosophy capable of determining in depth the importance of the Factor (...) - which is also a number, I have to note, among other aspects it provided. It is produced by the Essence of an Element of the Matrix Status Quo, or by the Instinct. (...) The Factor is going to be the demiurge who, via his own capacity of consciousness should include in himself always new and newer Elements of the Closed Knowledge, also assessing, though, without knowing them into detail, Elements of the Opened Knowledge. (...) Man is such a Factor despite the fact that he is situated hierarchically much lower in comparison to the Great Creators." (p.51-2) The author explains the coaxial (and eventually, structuralist) manner to investigate the world, as a paradoxical mix of good and evil, divine and demonic, humane and rational, a mix giving birth to the Illusion of Life and being sustained, grace of a feed-back, precisely by this Illusion of Life. (P.53 sq.) "Don't you know that only in the lakes with muddy bottom the water-lily blossom?" was asking, the 20th century Romanian philosopher, Lucian Blaga, rhetorically, and already "coaxial". The philosophical poetry of Mihai Eminescu is consecrated to the illusion of life. It reflects, as an illustration, in the poem "Floare albastr?" ("Blue Flower", a Romantic motive, and yet, a coaxial motive, that appears within the German literature, at Novalis, or at Leopardi) the paradoxical marriage of the infinite with the wishes. This is a metaphor for the paradoxical marriage between the philosophical Knowledge, aiming at the absolute and the terrestrial Knowledge, through love, afflicting human's heart, as a creative factor, stimulated by affection. As well as in his literature, Sorin Cerin accomplishes to express himself capitalizing at once the universal philosophy and on the great Romanian philosophical successes. For example, as she turns the pages of the book, the reader may have glimpses of Schopenhauer's philosophy - let us recall that the human being, as a knowing subject, knows himself as a subject, endowed with a will and that he cannot become pure subject of knowledge unless his will vanishes, in order to eliminate the reference to what one can wish in relationship with the knowledge, since the representation is maimed by desire (The World as Will and Representation). The book sends to Nietzsche's philosophy - see for instance the idea that "The apparent world is the only True one; the 'real' world is sheer lie", from The Twilight of the Idols, ch. 3, aphorism 2. A more sensitive reader would find analogies with the philosophy of Emil Cioran, in The Trouble with Being Born. Coaxialism may recall Wittgenstein II in that philosophy represents the (re)organisation of what we have always known, while language is to be considered an "activity", a "game" framed into certain "forms of life", a summation of different phenomena, maybe related to one another, but in very different manners. As for the "Truth" one may associate the following suggestive line from the Philosophical Investigations, Oxford, 1953, 9, § 68: the strength of the thread does not rely in the fact that each fibre goes from end to end but in the overlapping of many fibres. At the same time, the idea of a creative factor "struggling" with the world to draw forth only partial and paradoxical Truths has from the very beginning strong echoes with the philosophy of mystery, as it appears within the work of Lucian Blaga. A similar analogy may be made with the figure of the "ironist" (proposed by Richard Rorty), at her turn, "struggling" with the world, in order to educate herself into the various vocabularies (read "parallel

cultural realities"). The comparison with Blaga does not stop here, the researcher connoisseur identifying avenues of investigation towards the "Luciferic" versus "Paradisic" Knowledge dichotomy, in analogy with the closed - opened Knowledge, with the Matrix, with the creative factor, etc. The work is also remarkable given its distinct literary qualities, the intriguing specific philosophical language developed in close relationship to the literary print, a distinguishing note for an interesting philosophical debut." CRITICISM ABOUT WORKS OF APHORISMS One of the most prestigious and selective Romanian publishing house Eminescu in the Library of Philosophy published in autumn 2009 its entire sapiential works including all volumes of aphorisms published before and other volumes that have not seen the light to that date, in Romanian language. Romanian academician Gheorghe Vladutescu, University Professor, D.Phil., philosopher, one of the biggest Romanian celebrity in the philosophy of culture and humanism believes about sapiential works of Sorin Cerin in Wisdom Collection: " Sapiential literature has a history perhaps as old writing itself. Not only in the Middle Ancient, but in ancient Greece "wise men" were chosen as apoftegmatic (sententiar) constitute, easily memorable, to do, which is traditionally called the ancient Greeks, Paideia, education of the soul for one's training. And in Romanian culture is rich tradition. Mr. Sorin Cerin is part of it doing a remarkable work of all. Quotes - focuses his reflections of life and cultural experience and its overflow the shares of others. All those who will open this book of teaching, like any good book, it will reward them by participation in wisdom, good thought of reading them." This consideration about cerinian sapiential works appeared in: Literary Destiny from Canada pages 26 și 27, nr.8, December 2009, Oglinda literară (Literary Mirror) nr.97, January 2010, page 5296 and Zona interzisă (Forbidden Zone) Publications Nordlitera and Zona interzisă (The Forbidden Zone) recorded first in developing this collection of wisdom." The Bucharest prestigious publishing house recently released book entitled: Collection of Wisdom by Sorin Cerin. Find it on the cover of the following: " It is a reference edition of the cerinian sapiential work. 7012 totaling aphorisms. Appear for the first time works of aphorisms: Wisdom, Passion, Illusion and reality and revised editions: Revelations December 21, 2012, Immortality and Learn to die." Reviews and events in the press, Romanian Chronicle:- More than a "Wisdom collection" Altermedia Romania - Wisdom collection by Sorin Cerin. One of the most representative Romanian literary critic, Ion Dodu Balan, University Professor, D.Lit. considered that Sorin Cerin " Modern poet and prosiest, essays and philosophic study's author on daring and ambitious themes like immortality, ephemerid and eternity, on death, naught, life, faith, spleen. Sorin Cerin has lately approached similar fundamental themes, in the genre of aphorisms, in the volumes: Revelations December 21, 2012, and Immortality. Creations that, through the language of literary theory, are part of the sapient creation, containing aphorisms, proverbs, maxims etc. which „sont les echos de l'expérience", that makes you wonder how such a young author can have such a vast and varied life experience, transfigured with talent in hundreds of copies of wisdom. As to fairly appreciate the sapient literature in this two volumes of Sorin Cerin, I find it necessary to specify, at all pedantically and tutoring, that the sapient creation aphorism is related if not perfectly synonymous, in certain cases to the proverb, maxim, thinking, words with hidden meaning, as they are ... in the Romanian Language and Literature. Standing in front of such a creation, we owe it to establish some hues, to give the genre her place in history. The so-called sapient genre knows a long tradition in the universal literature, since Homer up to Marc Aurelius, Rochefoucauld, Baltasar Gracian, Schopenhauer and many others, while in Romanian literature since the chroniclers of the XVII and XVIII century, to Anton Pann, C. Negruzzi, Eminescu, Iorga, Ibrăileanu, L. Blaga, and G. Călinescu up to C.V. Tudor in the present times. The great critic and literary historical, Eugen Lovinescu, once expressed his opinion and underlined "the sapient aphoristic character", as one of the characteristics that creates the originality of Romanian literature, finding its explanation in the nature of the Romanian people, as lovers of peerless proverbs. Even if he has lived a time abroad, Sorin Cerin has carried, as he tells us through his aphorisms, his home country in his heart, as the illustrious poet Octavian Goga said, „ wherever we go we are home because in the end all roads meet inside us". In Sorin Cerin's aphorisms, we discover his own experience of a fragile soul and a lucid mind, but also the Weltanschauung of his people, expressed through a concentrated and dense form. Philosophical, social, psychological and moral observations. Sorin Cerin is a "moralist" with a contemporary thinking and sensibility. Some of his aphorisms, which are concentrated just like energy in an atom, are real poems in one single verse. Many of his gnomic formulations are the expression of an ever-searching mind, of a penetrating, equilibrated way of thinking, based on the pertinent observation of the human being and of life, but also of rich bookish information. Thus, he dears to define immortality as "moment's eternity" and admits to "destiny's freedom to admit

his own death facing eternity”, “God’s moment of eternity which mirrors for eternity in Knowledge, thus becoming transient, thus Destiny which is the mirror imagine of immortality”. “Immortality is desolated only for those who do not love”, “immortality is the being’s play of light with Destiny, so both of them understand the importance of love”. Nevertheless, the gnostic, sapient literature is difficult to achieve, but Sorin Cerin has the resources to accomplish for the highest exigency. He has proved it in his ability to correlate The Absolute with Truth, Hope, Faith, Sin, Falsehood, Illusion, Vanity, Destiny, The Absurd, Happiness, etc. A good example of logic correlation of such notions and attributes of The Being and Existence, is offered by the Spleen aphorisms from the Revelations December 21, 2012 volume. Rich and varied in expression and content, the definitions, valued judgments on one of the most characteristics state of the Romanian soul, The Spleen, a notion hard to translate, as it is different from the Portuguese “saudode”, the Spanish “soledad”, the German “zeenzug”, the French “melancolie” and even the English “spleen”. Naturally, there is room for improving regarding this aspect, but what has been achieved until now is very good. Here are some examples which can be presumed to be „pars pro toto” for both of his books: „Through spleen we will always be slapped by the waves of Destiny which desire to separate immortality from the eternity of our tear”, „The spleen, is the one that throws aside an entire eternity for your eyes to be borne one day”, „The spleen is love’s freedom”, „The spleen is the fire that burns life as to prepare it for death”. (Fragments of the review published in the Literary Mirror (Oglinda Literara) no. 88, Napoca News March 26, 2009, Romanian North Star (Lucafarul Romanaesc), April 2009, and Literary Destinies (Destine Literare), Canada, April 2009)) Adrian Dinu Rachieru, University Professor, D.Lit. states: "...we may, of course, mention worth quoting, even memorable wordings. For example, Life is the "epos of the soal", future is defined as " the father of death". Finally, after leaving "the world of dust", we are entering the virtual space, into the "eternity of the moment"(which was given to us)(Fragments of the review published in the Literary Mirror (Oglinda Literara) no.89 and the Romanian North Star (Lucafarul Romanaesc), May 2009. Ion Pachia Tatomiurescu, University Professor, D.Lit states: "a volume of aphorisms, Revelations - December 21, 2012, mainly paradoxes, saving themselves through a "rainbow" of thirty six "theme colors" - his own rainbow - as a flag dangling in the sky, in the sight of the Being (taking into account Platon's acceptation on the collocation, from Phaedrus, 248-b), or from Her glimpsing edge, for the author, at the same time poet, novelist and sophist, "the father of coaxialism", lirosoph, as VI. Streinu would have named him (during the period of researching Lucian Blaga's works), knows how to exercise thereupon catharsis on the horizon arch of the metaphorical knowledge from the complementarily of the old, eternal Field of Truth " or of the sixth cover of the Revelation... volume, written by Sorin Cerin, we take notice of fundamental presentation signed by the poet and literary critic Al. Florin Ţene: «Sorin Cerin's reflection are thinkings, aphorisms or apothegms, ordered by theme and alphabetically, having philosophical essence, on which the writer leans on like on a balcony placed above the world to see the immediate, through the field glass turned to himself, and with the help of wisdom to discover the vocation of distance. This book's author's meditation embraces reflections that open the way towards the philosophy's deeps, expressed through a précis and beautiful style, which is unseparated from perfection and the power of interpreting the thought that he expresses. As a wise man once said, Philosophy exists where an object is neither a thing, nor an event, but an idea. ». The paradox condensing of Sorin Cerin's aphorisms in a "rainbow" of thirty six "theme colors"- as I said above - tried to give the "sacred date" of 21 December 2012: the absolute («Human's absolute is only his God»), the absurd («The absurd of the Creation is the World borne to die »), the truth («The Truth is the melted snow of Knowledge, from which the illusion of light will rise»), the recollection («The recollection is the tear of Destiny »), knowledge («Knowledge is limited to not have limits »), the word («The word is the fundament of the pace made by God with Himself, realizing it is the lack of nought: the spleen of nought»), destiny («Destiny is the trace left by God's thought in our soul's world »), vanity («Vanity revives only at the maternity of the dream of life »), Spleen («Within the spleen sits the entire essence of the world»), Supreme Divinity / God («God cannot be missing from the soul of the one who loves, as Love is God Itself »), existence («Existence feeds on death to give birth to life »), happiness («Happiness is the Fata Morgana of this world »), the being («The being and the non-

being are the two ways known of God, from an infinite number of ways »), philosophy («Philosophy is the perfection of the beauty of the human spirit towards existence»), beauty («Beauty is the open gate towards the heaven's graces»), thought («The thought has given birth to the world »), giftedness («Giftedness is the flower which grows only when sprinkled with the water of perfection») / genius («The genius understands that the world's only beauty is love»), mistake («The mistake can never make a mistake»), chaos («Chaos is the meaning of the being towards the perfection of non-being»), illusion («The illusion is the essence of being oneself again in the nought»), infinity («Infinity is the guard of the entire existence»), instinct («The instinct is when the non-being senses the being »), love («Love is the only overture of fulfilling from the symphony of absurd»), light («Light is the great revelation of God towards Himself»), death («Death cannot die»), the eye / eyes («Behind the eyes the soul lie »), politics («The trash of humanity, finds his own place: they are rich!»), evilness («Evilness is the basis size of the humanity, in the name of good or love»), religion («Religion is indoctrinated hope»), Satan («Satan is the greatest way leader for mankind»), suicide («Society is the structure of collective suicide most often unconsciously or rarely consciously»), hope («Hope is the closest partner»), time (« Time receives death, making Destiny a recollection»), life («Life is the shipwreck of time on the land of death»), future of mankind and 21 December 2012 («Future is God's agreement with life» / «Starting with 12 December 2012 you will realize that death is eternal life cleaned of the dirt of this world»), and the dream («he dream is the fulfilling of the non-sense »).(Fragments from the review published in The Forbidden Zone (Zona Interzisa) from August 30, 2009 and Nordlitera September 2009) CEIRTICAL REFERENCES Ștefan Borbély [204] Contemporanul (Contemporary), no. 10, October 2020, on page 5, under the title Gnoses of Sorin Cerin, Oglinda literară nr. 162, iunie 2015, pag.10977 [205] · Elvira Sorohan [171] Convorbiri literare, paginile 25-28, nr.9 (237), septembrie 2015 · Alexandru Cistelean [172] revista Familia nr. 11-12 noiembrie-decembrie 2015, paginile 16-18 · Laura Lazar ZAVALEANU [173] revista Familia nr.7-8, iulie-august, pagina 242, 2015 · Ana Blandiana -[174] Oglinda literară nr. 163, iulie 2015, pag. 10998 [175] · Ioan Holban [176] Oglinda literară nr. 162, iunie 2015, pag.10977 [177] · Maria Ana Tupan [178] Oglinda literară nr. 162, iunie 2015, pag.10977 [179] · Cornel Ungureanu [180] Oglinda literară nr. 162, iunie 2015, pag.10977 [181] · Mircea Muthu [182] Oglinda literară nr. 162, iunie 2015, pag.10977 [183] · Ion Vlad [184] Oglinda literară nr. 162, iunie 2015, pag.10977 [185] · Cornel Moraru [186] Oglinda literară nr. 163, iulie 2015, pag. 10998 [187] · Marian Odangiu [188] Oglinda literară nr. 162, iunie 2015, pag.10977[189] · Fabrizio CARAMAGNA - [190][191],[192][193][194][195][196][197][198][199][200] · Acad.Gheorghe Vlăduțescu - [201][202] paginile 26 și 27, nr.8, Decembrie 2009, Oglinda literară nr.97, ianuarie 2010, pagina 5296 [203] · Călin Teuțișan [206] Oglinda literară nr. 163, iulie 2015, pag. 10998 [207] · Ovidiu Moceanu [208] Oglinda literară nr. 163, iulie 2015, pag. 10998 [209] · Gheorghe Andrei Neagu [210] Oglinda literară nr. 163, iulie 2015, pag. 10998 · Ion Dodu Bălan :Sorin Cerin-Despre creația sapiențială [211][212][213], Oglinda literară nr. 88 din anul 2009, Lucafarul românesc și Destine literare din Canada, numărul din aprilie - mai 2009. · Theodor Codreanu [214] Oglinda literară nr. 162, iunie 2015, pag.10977 [215], Dualismul ca ispită a raționalismului, Oglinda literară nr.167, noiembrie 2015, pag.11283-11284-11285 [216] · Florentin SMARANDACHE: Un Expatriat și Repatriat Scriitor Român, Destine literare, revistă a Asociației Canadiene a Scriitorilor Români, nr. 39, pag.92, iulie-octombrie 2016 [217] · Ion Pachia-Tatomiurescu :Aforismele revelării sacralului dienoc de 21 Decembrie 2012, in cerul lui Sorin Cerin: Oglinda literară nr.97, ianuarie 2010, pagina 5296 [218] · Eugen Evu - Fulgurante la Sorin Cerin[219] · Dumitru CHIOARU [220] · Al Florin ŢENE: Sorin Cerin un filozof al metaforei și un poet al cuvântului [221] Napoca News · Henrieta Anișoara ȘERBAN, Revista Kogaion Review [222] și Revista Lucafarul Românesc [223] · Adrian Dinu Rachieru : [224][225] Revista Lucafarul românesc, Oglinda literară, nr. 89 din 2009 · Elisabeta Iosif, Mircea Alexandru Pop, Revista Zona Interzisă: Note critice asupra aforismelor și cugetărilor din „Revelații 21 Decembrie 2012” [226] · Denis Buican, Elisabeta Iosif, „revelatii-21-decembrie-2012” - de-sorin-cerin BIBLIOGRAPHY OF LITERARY CRITICISM · Theodor Codreanu, Anamorfoze, editura Scara, București, pag. 130-148, anul 2017, [227] · Ion Pachia-Tatomiurescu Pagini de istorie literara

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