

I have accounts to settle ...

... with you, here in this dark night and insomnia is not ... and not feel the loneliness, do not breathe this sigh ... feel ... feel ... take a deep breath .. feel ... I bring this moment for a channel by the time the mark in the paper this pulsar ... I have bills to settle! ... with whom I have looked in the eyes, prophesied that one day ... that one day I would be great, when my letters now conceal all the corners where your sadness may cry ... and all that glare where your happiness can smile, thus permeating all seconds of your life ... my poetry is there ... is, and yet not be. This reunion of poetry, over on me with the wings of egocentrism, painting, and a blind painter, my self-portrait, trying to see from within my own ways ... because only thus can identify me as one among many different versadores that humanity has been producing for centuries. I have a set ... but only to show you, so I have accounts ... Yes ... I have accounts with you to set ... you, who doubted of my letters, putting me among the forgers or poor literati ... you, who discredited the view that little boy magrelo and dentuço, turning its about ... Pen between the fingers of pain, the poet is saying ... I have accounts ... yes, I Hiago Rodrigues Reis de Queiroz! And I set my accounts myself, as were the many times that of myself discredit ... but now no more, now settled accounts.

São Paulo, 01 November 2008.

IDENTITY.

Why can not I be sad?
Because we have our 'this' freedom?
Because we have a 'this' democracy?
Because our president 'has been' poor?
Because we are not at war extranacional?
--- Why can not I be sad?
Because you ... you love me?
Because all life smile?
Because all, sad when I listen?
Because I clarifies this your sadness ...
passenger?
Why bring in the pocket of his bright eyes?
--- Why can not I ... be sad?
Because Mom has not died?
Because the pastor said that God loves me?
Because I still feel fear of death?
Because ... I still see in life?
--- Why? ... says that can not be sad?
Because I can finally say a citizen?
Because the police can not beat me, because I have RG?
Increased because the 'this' minimum wage?
Why pay all accounts Delayed?
--- Why can not I be sad?
Because the melancholy is something old disappointed?
Because these flowers are beautiful shit?
Because these birds as an alarm sirens?
Because that 'this' kind is not only pragmatic?
Because ... because you're reading this? ---
That is why?
--- Why can not I be sad?
Since I am only free to be who I am ...
and I say this not give me smiles,
I offer a Sunday family ...
a walk by the beauty of the park,
listening to the birds, smell flowers and say

that those who can not see the reality
can be sold ... innocent ...
but ... I crossed the dark and silence
I see that those who pretend not to see the
reality
slide in their own tears ... and cries,
cries have cried for just yet,
by drowning of both cry ... cry by cry ...
cry ... by crying?

I laugh, yes, I derrisar me like crazy
all of my sadness ... that 'this' reality,
but then I have to cry ...
by sadly have ... distracted.

SPEAKING OF FLOWERS.

My love, I do not know about flowers
when I see the silent
to listen in the dark
the touch of time
go through my days.

My love, I do not know about flowers
when travel on paper,
courting the crown
head shining in the other ...
no ... no, no ...
or that the sun frozen ...
and the world goes off ...
I would not be a star

Well, my love, I do not know about flowers,
when so much beauty distracts and dizzy ...
intelligence and so ignores and sulk ...
when the palms echoing
and the heels are starting to fall
and where a smile no more fools
and when naked, my fear ... yes,

my fear of crying in men
will not let me talk about flowers.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow who knows, I die
and my letters will shine,
alone, they will seek
other eyes to tear,
other breast to tremelicar ...
another silence to elucidate,
another depression to music,
another agony to bleed ...
--- Yes, who knows if tomorrow I die,
maybe tomorrow I will kill
and my letters will shine
alone, wanting to hide
eyes smiling, biting them,
burning of the lips, to tell them
of the afflicted hearts beat so ...
sweaty hands on them have ...
in the early verses of suffering ...
the posthumous tributes to my rot ...
--- Yes, who knows if I die tomorrow ...
and all hearts will recognize me,
when broken, bled alone,
when torn, the pieces fall
the clogs, the many ways ...
by so many past without feeling anything
than a quarter empty locked ...
addition to the wick quick gloss ... deleted.
Tomorrow I might die ... and will be
crowned.
And be reminded, and will be mourned ...
and be immortalized ... and be taught ...
tomorrow will be both
Yes, I will
dead and buried.

LACK OF TIME.

This rain feverously
exciting
rips the silence of the dead
innocence
who left to create
love,
locked into a dull
melancholy
not blood
writes itself
word other than the lack
lack
lack you make me.

The time wet
go ... the afternoon thunder
and I sat in this ladder
I only cry
and regret ... draft
the sound of drops of rain,
the pain of the drops of my tears
to make my sadness
burning of tears
gusts of icy rain
for your absence and inside
the suffocation of the end time ...
I am an ass.

Moça Find in the Garo.

From smiles matte
are made internal agony ...
locked by your repression gloomy ...

--- I'm the cold drizzle, serene ...
it will break between the morning
without even a hiccup that elucidate
beyond this lacuneiro silence ...
steps break the lethargy wet ...
and only a light you can see the center
of your eyes.

Step by so many smiling,
many smiles polished
plumes with synthetic
of both dense blush
rebocante of jaws,
of wrinkles and deformities
fosca of falsehood,
fosca of unfairly
fosca ... of themselves ...
a joy mandatory
Every smile and millimeters ...
--- I move in the corner, crestfallen ...
I see your eyes trapped
the grids of greed
subdued that your innocence ...
overcome your illusions of ambition
splashing the gall jorrante
the bile silent ...
only the silence in between ... silence
ratoon that the mirror
of your eyes
--- I see them so sad ...
that drop your suffering
this face so beautiful,
I leave wanting to stay,
wanting to get you out, you start
--- Somehow ---
of martyrdom, but I ...
leaving you still broken
like a porcelain doll
... to pieces ... let you
because I know that letters
only and do not represent ...
the joy you both demand ..

I leave you only because I follow ...
only the empty corners
lonely street
of verses repicantes
a heart that does not exist,
just hit ... to traverse,
such as solitary cold
dawn that follows
by which I follow as the drizzle
friamente versa.

ANYONE.

My place is no place that is
my state is always between ...
disgust poverty, misery mock ...
nauseate the wealth, luxury mock the
minimum ...
so, to spin and fall
always in myself;
where I came from and where I,
I am to always, always
be anything, incabível
anywhere in
incolocável always
in any medium.

I am not going to hell
I hope in heaven,
or above, who had below
the eyes of many people ...
--- Not gay or homophobic,
neither player nor conqueror born ...
neither liberal nor prejudiced,
I am not neutral, not neutral, not ...
I am far beyond the yes or maybe ...
but I am not anyone who is ...
I am not who is being,
I am not lost on me,

neither the world nor
to be in doubt
that erode both
my smile so innocent ...
--- How much hope there burned ...
without trauma, without resentment;
not enter, but from everything ...
I am nothing, no one but ...
to be nothing, a being that is not to be.

Lack.

That tears
ripping my face
missing you;
this silence
devouring my hiccups
missing you;
this sadness
reflux muted,
this morning
cleared of sorrows;
walk in the road
desilusiva life ...
missing you
desabraçados these arms,
those cracked lips of pain,
eye drop in ... tears ...
missing you
in my life.

LACIDÊNCIA.

And it is because he will not not have ...
not cut, not hurt,
offends the soul, ripping

in silence, accurate cuts,
hurt by the morning ...
and that there will not cut away
offensive is beginning,
afflicting to the chest,
ripping up the eyes,
you trigger the soul
and hurts are far ...
to cut a quiet ...
a breath of tears,
a coughing gagging,
dizziness a look ...
and lips cut bled ...
hurt your illusions,
I go to far by all ...
distressed and cried in silence ...
nationalize of melancholy ...
--- But only via ... via ... ---,
here inside me
latent beat out their sorrows
spent almost ... --- I cried ...
cried until calm was going to ...
and sad, slept for a few ...
solution.

So when Mom ...
when I get up?

Shortcomings of hurt.

Even in the absence
come visit me love,
with your memories easier,
Your malicious smile,
Your touch creepy ...
Your groans acute, thin,
strident, wet of pleasure,
aspersion burning passion ...
seething with desire tremelicante ...

on my weak body ... writer,
that even in the absence
still can talk about the sadness ...
--- Just, yet it versa the agony
the silent tears closed
about my smile now flaccid,
worn out by dawn
empty, rain, crying
which overshadowed fallen vacant
my soul is inoculating
bleeding, tear
the center to ends
is a striking gap icy ...
no words to remind you,
just ... just, just ... without you
to embrace me and among tremeliques
of my despair ...
make my pain.

HUMAN.

Ask us who we are
and now we do not know who ...

We are tears that drip and dry,
that carry the pain that evaporates ...
sparks of light that shine and to erase
doing the whole, when the last time ...
we, humans who ask,
invent sins and that they pay ...
we as humans, to the point of animals
human only because we know love,
the human point of being unfair,
human only by knowing killing,
human to the point of being mortal,
so we want to love us ...
thus we are to the point of being superficial,
we therefore want us to invent,
and being so well ... as identical as unequal.

We are human, able to laugh than it hurts ...
so happy, able to kill by laughter,
so sentimental that love destroys love in
and pathetic as that staged by the laughter ...
That explains all our mofada sensitivity,
where, in desperation, to laugh cry of
sadness,
sad pathetic to the point of being poetic
sadness ...
sadness without being really sad,
feigned sorrow, sadness staged,
evaded sorrow, sadness masked ...
sadness ... to be falsely congratulating
insanity by having a conscious,
asshole by being friendly ...
humans, living happily sadly
human, not even acknowledging us more
that bright gaze and deep
us all, never really stupid,
we are human, and the clock in the world
for incredible as it may seem, only the
pointers.

Frieze EXTREME-MELANCOLÉRICA
Lirico ..

We ... Give me a smile,
a hug, a kiss ...
I say that this pain
well ... going,
the extreme cold
lyric-melancolérica
not only kill me
I look for you.

We ... tells me that life
is only one way
the eternal love ...

and dead,
I maybe drunk
so much happiness
until I throw up all
of all this my bitterness,
to feel disgusted me ...
of all these poeminhas
labored with love.

Lamentations.

"How sad that that was not around ...
because that was ... was the love ...
and not back ...
is my desire to live without love "

How sad that in the afternoons
vagarei on Sunday ... alone
since this is my way ...
to live without you love.

How sad that I know everything,
my love, I know I will cry ...
yet so often, when
of us when I remember ...

How sad that you do not love me ...
and the saddest is that I do not ...
I love me without you,
... both feel their lack.

How sad it is the hope
gotta find the next
corner, look ... next
time to love ... and there have ...

How sad to be so ...
always end with me crying ...
collapse and other top ... to his memory;

you want to be ... and can not love more.

How sad that you will always be
the love of my life ...
the landmark, which made me the wound
the bleeding that is life ... to death.

How sad that every second
teaches us about life ...
only learn ...
what love is with you.

Born - SE.

Lets see the day
this bright smile ...
come, go, go ...
my love, life
is smiles in dreams ...
brings sadness in their disillusionment,
but only a smile
can get ...
pass, pass ... is ...
now is the time
between this silence penumbrante,
and you will not penetrate it,
within it, look at me
where there is
among all these faces pale ...
looks scattered, matte ...
my love, smile and shine
so I ...
I'm lost as usual
can take the next step
and die in peace.

Meeting with the sadness.

I found an old raped ...
was crying,
cried bleeding,
from the cold night ...
where I went ...
sadly wandering.

I watched your state ...
nauseate me anxious,
asking him what happened ...
replied to me sadly,
speaking to me slowly
of how the rape happened.

Socaram his face wrinkled,
rip your clothes smelly ...
stretch it on the sidewalk to the shoots
and penetrated it to you to look staring ...
smiling, as is more fun
than as a seat saciassem carnal ...
even kissed your mouth to see all ...
how was the romantic moment desvirginal.

He told me that we all saw ... all smile ...
celebrating all that much experience ...
seemed until all spectators wanted
build on it ... and to swoon ...
pulse until a cut to the bottom ...
a breath of deep resentment in tears,
heard a bang all the deaths come
and almost made it on ... the old raped
the bastards decided to abandon fun
dropped her crying, almost cadaverizada ...
and were dancing, enjoying the blood spilled,
were smiling, as yet there was to be
celebrated.

I cried two tears and realized in the third
what shocked me most of what

put my eyes in that old saw in me and
Sadness
that came before it ... would also raped.

Contemporânea.

Today I do not want freedom,
not crying by the constitution;
I cry for today ladies
suffering in the novel ... I ...
I mourn today to buy ... buy,
rather 'to give me' for sure 'my' freedom,
I have to choose my brand ...
no more to die of love,
no longer able to think and say what I think
...
I think today, restrict themselves to choose ...

between price and quality of this outfit ...
--- I now have depressions so sad
I am fun to see the cartoons
that pass through the morning of the second
...
I am today without link, 'I am' without
reason,
I have no more passionate speeches,
I have no more for us, just for me ...
I have a goal right ... addition
of death that I will fall
any one day, I trap
a common tombstone, the stone
with a message ... cute
calling me an angel ... I ... I ...
I now can be as futile
do not need more drugs ...
Today river all, smile for all,
even knowing that crying
'I' should spend the afternoon
lonely and sad, for nothing ...

nothing but nothing I have to do,
have to be, having to defend
not to recognize me ...
for nothing but nothing ... I be ...
--- Today I want to be all ...
but nothing that tells me everything I am ...
Today I am nothing ... subsextrado,
subexistente ...
I am not fighting for me desentediado ...
no flags and no revolutions for faith ...
I made me proud of myself.

EMOTION.

Every time runs,
enter the flanks,
blows to the heart,
shock to the eyes
dilated of melancholy
--- And all these silences! ---;
then the corresponding time,
rescues was here a moment,
around me every letter ...
my, my ... my!
So many movements
between the air cut
of latent passion and pulsating ...
and there only a chest --- ---,
then cut it, hurt me
and drop it so many hours ...
the music radiating
the comic tragedy
in cone has spread,
pointed to the chest,
tore my soul,
penetrating it to you and me
--- Broke so many fingers ...

Today, the pen tears

this paper alone ...
it scratched my pain,
--- Yes, and bleed lyrics ...
but I sat
only the lines ...
all empty!

THE MIRROR.

Vai laugh of sadness ...
and create a reality
warm for you
walk the streets
love as the love,
as if beauty were beautiful,
as if a dream was ... was ... was ... were,
as if life were only
stumble into a smile,
cutting to bleed for love ...
get drunk in the beauty of life.

Vai do that,
to yell the punch
hunger ripping your stomach?

Vai ... look where,
to tear out the
aerating your shoes?

Vai feel that
to grope for the breast
and still find ... the heart?

Vai salivary what
to swallow the tongue
and remember that dehydration?

Vai laugh than
since you live to regret ..
while the death asked for a hug?

IN Memorium.

Remind me of
in solutions of crying,
repeat in the drip
of tears on the floor ...
the drag of the feet
voices in the choir,
following in the procession
taking my body ...
--- I remember when they are alone ...
in the shadow of the corner
the empty room,
candle in the center ...
in darkness for around ...
hear the murmur of loneliness ...
--- Yes .. remember me.

Among the hits of moaning
hearts of the lightning ...
of storms in the afternoon ... remember ...
in the early hours of cold drizzle,
cloudy and windy in the morning,
sad days ... In Memorium of ...
in seconds of goodbye ..
No gnashing of teeth
the revolt of life ...
rajares on the lips
dried, purple of death
--- Remind me of ...

No sound of silence
the inner voice of verses,
because each poem ...
is my grave,
and each reading ...
is my evoking ...

--- Find me in these letters
... always be here.

The PUSH.

I live
as Diogenes ...
--- Only the light
of poetry, only,
without clothes or fear,
without cold or dream
without tears ... without
or a sad
to explain this
--- Such
my loneliness.

I want a sky
clouds of rain
a storm
cutting letters,
lapidantes acid,
bloody e. ..
--- scented if possible ...
flowers of cherry ...
--- I want to cry
without having to look
of around
and see how
I want to hug ...
not have.

CERTRISTEZAS.

I love life;
have love

that cry for love,
unintentionally;
love want
have so much love
can not have.

I love all memories
to miss;
I love the disappointments ...
the hopelessness
my fears,
love all
those who still have.

I love my solitude;
this melancholy;
I love the sadness,
that insomnia,
this feeling ... --- Suicidal ...
I love my love
you never loved me.

MY.

Alma bleeding,
penando, torn,
torn by tears
in the quiet dawn,
falling to the corners
triggered with his calm,
lunt, if mope
rendered by loneliness.

Alma turvante sweetly,
delusional, I trap,
showing its face
radiant, agoniante
crying diamond
a glaring look, I

contemplating the desperate
sonhante ... bleeding.

Alma cleared,
desperate to die,
to suffer stunted,
hopeless to live.

Soul lover,
Creeper, departure,
lost, delusional ...
the errant life.

MADROGADA.

Dreams are made in vain
of tragedy;
the tears that drip,
the smile that hangs,
the look that breaks
is just a dream ...
des-pe-daçado.

And it sparks off,
the tears are dry,
the blood is flowing
--- --- Only with the death
my suicide is sold,
My love, I'm dead
if dreaming is living,
beats expectations are
and heart have
a broken heart,
bleeding, wanting
explode with love.

The echoes leave my smile,
reflexes of regret,
rather, reflections of sorrow

cut one more night ...
and there I come home ...
the solitary corners, dirty ...
--- Look, and there comes the sun ...
shiver with his clear, flamoroso ...
so beautiful that I do not see beauty ...
just sad ... can not cry ...
--- Ah, there a smile cutting e. ...
bring me a cup ...
of a large coffee.

AUGUSTO ANJOS POS.

Augusto has his Angels
on my soul;
kissed my hands
and a strong hug ...
that lasted a blizzard,
handed me his pen,
drawing it from my ...
--- My pen of pain.

Augusto has his angels,
spent alone in that corner,
and I hear their whispers,
came by way relevant ...
crying until I realized ...
wandering by drizzling madrugada
only with a pen in hand ...
--- My pen of pain.

Augusto has his angels,
in my already blurred vision of the world ...
dispirited and I came walking
out here for life ... alone,
smile of the beauty of sadness,
turning pen between my fingers ...
--- My pen of pain.

Augusto has his Angels
on the headboard of my bed
I understand and agree to me alive ...
another day ... another day ... one more day!
To traverse the shadow of your smile ...
sliding the samplings in pale paper ...
my pen of pain.

The EU on the other.

What is poetry,
Without your heart?
What is beauty
With your look?
What is happiness,
Without your smile?
What is loneliness
Not your fault?
The sadness is that
Without your goodbye?
What is passion
Without your meeting
What is nostalgia
Without your memory?
What is the agony
Without you crying?

What are you ...
If not me?

TO FOLLOW?

After counting
minutes to go
the second cut,
now, my love,

all long gone,
are pieces of my
lost soul and cut
the rags of your kiss,
--- Ah, run away,
oh, love of my ...
life.

Run away and forget
as these other
tears in the wind gusts
a morbid silence
to look draft
--- Oh, my love, cutting
smooth these pulses,
red pain,
was, my love ...
I loved both,
so that deleted
that picture there
the wall of your heart
--- --- His heart;
here all laugh,
applaud salivating ...
so much agony,
so melancholy ...
that is all so sad?
Why sad I have to follow?
Why do I have to follow, if sad?

Chor.

I know I know
and cried to know
that 'all' will
well 'as' all
'will' of everything
so 'to' all
everything everything

for all pass.

So just know that,
kiss each tombstone;
bedtime each pink,
each tear fall
I remember that the years
the agony that agoniei ...
and happiness ... to congratulate;
without fear of dying before ...
without fear of not being loved.

The rape.

The blurred vision.
The Rip of the soul.
The Flower of the skin.
The Blood jorrante.

The Innocence triggered.
The fright in the dark.
The evil planted.
The muted cry.

Violence Done.
The balance tumbled.
The Agony cried.
Breasts Party.

The Tongue bite.
The corner Torture.
The headquarters of suffering.
The Illusion of the dying.

The rape.

EXPLAINING VERSOS VERSOS.

I am the voice of the center of nowhere ...
the denial that both want to say ...
I even deleted a star ...
tried in this world ... tried to shine.

And I'm not ... I'm being ...
I am the poet of velinha ...
in that dark corner where asozinha,
looking back I tried the.

I am only one and my lonely ...
crying clinging to my
pen of pain, that with greediness ...
tears and the role of agony on you if you die.

I'm just gonna go where ...
home to the streets by night ...
I catando sad torn apart in the wind
poetry that only tries to ... I try to explain.

MOTION of lights.

"--- What need have I
to play or that of your glance
look brilliant, pointed,
avid, reflecting a change
to enter the colors my eyes ...
dissipating passion in my solitude ...
to invade my chest ripping
and rip my heart in rags ...?"

You silly of fever
every street corner by
're untouchable ... your skin this fine ...
desire to fund someone to break
This silent pulse
this heart flamoroso

that moans of loneliness in quiet.

So ... have the hands to infinity!
Oh, go to the storm,
my love, life is a maze --- desbonito ...
and lose it is to test the reality,
when browsing in the heart ... lost
and before him, this sublime delivery ...
than cry ... to be broken ...

So ... jumping to the seven winds!
Yes .. bled, cry ...
my love in the burst,
but we recover and again ...
(ever) try!
Well, be happy and live to torment ...
the sighs of crying ... sad ...
dilation of the eyes ... to dreams.

THE FOOT OF LIFE.

I just sat at the feet of life
--- My friend, I felt ...
and cried like an old
disconsolate, disappointed ...
I saw it on your nails
that dirt ...
I am.

I just sat ... feet to life!
--- Cried for days ...
raped as a little girl ..
I felt it robbed me
the soul, a slap,
ripping my smile ...
I saw it ... I saw those nails
the dirt that I am.

I just sat at the feet of life ...

and dirt was just what I saw ...
no innocent smile of a child ...
no look of old wisdom ...
I saw only dirt.

ONLY YOU CAN.

Show me smell
of fear of hatred;
defile the flesh
in cold blood ...
matraque me your silence
the fall of water burning
that jumps from your eyes ...
Sad eyes --- --- everything is pain,
hug me, free me,
seconds of the dawn,
save me in my smile,
because the hope is to end,
it drops to drip, thaw
from a wind of mercy ...
--- Come to me, hug me, free me ...
only you can resuscitate ... go bottom
and bring back my humanity
who drowned
in tears of disappointment ...
the icy sea of despair
painful in Ocean ... of love.

ONLY WORDS.

Are just the words ...
just what I have;
Nothing soothes me,
nobody hugs me
this vacuum ...

anyone I feel,
are just the words.

Distract me, portray,
paint at least
the colors of pain
lonely, melancholy,
tedious ... repentance;
are only the pain;
I have only the words.

I see so many in so many
smiles, looks, thoughts,
so much emotion false, cheap ...
and no pungency,
total no delivery ...
no open heart
the whole vision whining ... no ...

--- Yes, I am melancholy,
bucolic averse to ...
I am depressed, lonely ...
locked in a room empty eescuro ...
--- Yes, I am a sad nato!
I bring my pen in hand ...
--- My pen of pain!
Yes, dishonor in sorrow ...
but I really
I am crying tears
and not change my sorrow,
not off my words
by these 'false friendly' ...
these masks-of-all-well
this alienation asshole ...
this art for art ...
this love for love ...
and pain ... for entertainment.
I have only the words,
my love.

If I do not suffer ...
versed only you ...

its joy, its beauty!
but ... you were ...
I have only words
and the whole night ...
pain to traverse.

PEOPLE.

I hate you both
that it is impossible to love me,
it is impossible to smile,
impossible not cry ...
I hate you so much and
to take his blood,
eat your heart ...
and write my poetry
all the streets ...
crossing the walls
using your liver.

... I hate you both
that it is impossible to love me,
impossible not nauseate me
to remember your smile ...
I hate you so much and
which take the liquid from your eyes,
eat your language
and write my poetry
striking in deep
your meat with a knife.

SALE ALWAYS LÁGRIMAS.

It was seeing the freedom to fly
who noticed that the sadness
cries only when notice

it both is and always love me
I live to be impersonal.

It gave me that account, to see
many couples are kissing,
many weeping widows,
and so much loneliness saddens me,
yes ... noticed that it will ...
born perhaps only,
to just being alone,
alone sad, lonely ...
alone happy, lonely ...
alone, always alone,
no tours on Sunday afternoon,
without tears dripping on the pink
wilting on the headstone of marble,
heated by two widows knees ...
who mourn ... alone.

I noticed that when the silence is ...
erraja in the sound that comes from within,
and we no longer hear saves ... to cry,
collapses because there so much loneliness,
Tremolo to feel that in the vision ...
that covers up the bottom and just ...
the only hiccup, nothing more,
say that everything will be fine ...
when we know it ... again
yes, we'll cry again,
the same loneliness, the sadness
same life, even as we are.

I was watching this loneliness smile,
to open our arms to life
and I have to cry all the tears
to me that even the tears tumble ...
was seeing the life ... Yes, seeing it empty,
Give me an afternoon of crying Finados
I discovered that day was done to me ...
a loner.

A POETRY.

It is futile to look,
just that he loses
a prosodic rhetoric,
a rattle of all sorrow;
--- Ah, get out there and cutting
this light that there Pung,
beggar and the melancholy,
detract their lives,
depredate the arrogance of smiles
and drowns the heart in death;
--- Celebrate the life! ---,
do not lock us there,
in the darkness of the opt
to close the eyes
for such beauty before, and
than we could see.

And then peace breaks away;
is slow and enter
the window, silent;
--- Always in silence ---
the darkness was taken,
rajou are clearly
and just this immensity
is what rescues,
cutting all the blood
--- I just think about it ---
only that I am, everything will ...
and I still here,
swimming in nadedade
of anything and everything so
this game is done
scenes of melancholy,
shadows sneering,
laughter between sleep and hatred,
a poor ensurdecência --- ---
that of the, get this: that in ...
I am there in the middle

lost, falling
at dawn
and the shock cut
the hours, I then
my love, I am there ...

Me and my
"Pen of Pain,"
I am here,
smiling the whole tragedy
and crying only, this comedy
of my derrisível
im-po-ten-tion!
Facing so many words,
lost boy,
found an old
crazy in seconds
of an idea without letters,
a fascination with image ...
choke a dry,
a cough without air ...
a sense, just ...
poetry to me a cross.

HAVE YOU.

You have dry lips
distraction for the eye,
of eyes in alleys,
glance at the search ...
many reasons vigilant,
brilliant in so many attempts
only that can explain your flash.

You have smooth hands
the skin by passing ... the creepy,
Riff them up in glass,
here I come on your air dance
the beauty reflex

the complex nature
extended ... your touch;
--- Embarrassed ... the intimate gaze;
--- Sadly impasse, to note
my eyes on you dispersed,
my pen verses on dead ...
trying to find you.

You have all eyes
that in this life I can see;
have you all Amares
that a heart may want to hurt;
--- Sorry, that I faithfully
already married to the letters;
--- Sorry, that life I premeditate
to be loved only by the pens.

MEMORANDUM NO.

I need
an identity;
please,
someone donate me
a dream;
someone invent
some reason
to live;
some hope
some love,
please, someone,
create me
be a new
for me to be.

Perhaps, the silence
explain
the pain that pours
these tears;

maybe a cry
clarify, perhaps
this huge gap
who knows if
it
is only, only
I
who knows ... who
know?

ROLDERLIN.

And his days are no more colors,
charged are trademarks of loneliness,
is a matrix splendent
a dense and dark night ...
and empty ... empty cry.

The corresponding night in banderole far,
sank up these steps,
and I there to see me close out
this empty silence
ecoôso.

The voices become ink ...
and, throughout
remains in
a joy
--- Pure thrill.

Who goes on
their misery
is higher ...
--- And it is wonderful to know
that only the pain
--- feel gloriously ... well
the freedom of the soul.

The blood is dripping,

ripping the sheet ...
--- Run, my pen of pain!,
appreciated by to pick up the cut,
between life and dream,
the real place and not seen;
accelerate its gusts,
before the death take me.

LAST POETRY.

Will cut my dreams
the rhetoric of life,
where the silence is a smile ...
and tears pour to the bottom,
asking me the reasons
I encourage those of seconds ...
--- Runs the anguish, lunt
the sighs, my eyes
tears a lack
and away I see a light
another there and another here ...
rest in the shade ...
but I know that the end
all ... todinhas these
lights will flash
and the blatant rip
the ray of courage ...
extinguishing the last spark
I was still
scratch one more letter ...

--- Applause, please.

DREAM in verse.

I look like ...

these tears
are you ...
this moaning,
these hiccups
remember your smile,
clarify your wishes,
squeezing my heart ...
bleeding, I do not look like ...
touch my lips
with your fingers,
to cut my
sadness triggered
this impotence,
this desire to fly,
and lose myself in the soul lucid
of human cruelty ...
from there to smile
I can look at your eyes ...
and I can say
dreaming again ...
with the ringing of the pen
dancing on the plain paper ...
--- Yes ... I can dream!
with silence making crack
the sound of the verses of his life ...

I can still dream ... with you!

Got DEATH.

Brought death,
with its rain
the tears of shame,
she brought with her
collapse of worm
stomach,
brought yes,
a look off,
a healthy ice cream ...

brought death
your heart.

Brought their pain
tremeliosa the flanks,
brought a sneeze
of land in the mouth,
a spit of dew
eyes and brought ...
brought death,
my love, yes,
brought the worms
in career, the smell,
touch the thrill,
brought tears
the corpse dropped
of the choices available ...
brought death
and was the life.

TRISTE FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

I miss you,
to love me,
when you loved;
how life
was complicated
and unexplained e. ...
--- --- Why so magnificent, that ...
Now I see the simplicity
of being alone, there is nothing
to cheer me ...
and if smile is to try
so remember
that I was happy ... e. ...
dispute fatally
which should never
I have loved,
as if I could

choose not to love ...
... ever love.

SOU.

I'm a bee
zombante,
tinidente,
zumbidante,
impertinent
dancing,
sliding in air
Among the tapas of death
until ... a splaft!
There goes my tinnitus
echo to eternity
a fiery sting
on the back that throb
in my wake.

I am a child
innocence
catatonic
so short of boredom
forth the reasons
--- Reasons to live,
so anachronistic to want to
nothing to see everything,
that runs in the park
and turns, spins and rotates and revolves
until you miss the sight,
and fall in a manhole
--- --- A cartridge
and also to feel
everything to run giréu,
there is to vomit ...
on paper.

I am a shame that flies

and drip blood ... of sadness
the tears of loneliness;
I am a break of magnitude ...
their verses to sing groaning
from a pequenininho heart.

YOUR EXPIRE.

Locked me alone,
cried without pity
my sorrow,
sang the beauty
node in the neck
I forgot to color,
remembered in uncertainty
than both m
the tears that spilled
the sadness that dried
the beauty ... that look ...

So beautiful it was,
beautiful to infect ...
was both beautiful
was that the ugliness is decorate ...
that the world was contemplating ...
soon as its brightness,
its so intense fuse,
that is so beautiful lit ...
but that has been ended,
immediately prior to perpetuate.

Was so beautiful ... was both beautiful
the beauty ...
Your eyes ...
that locked me only ... cried without pity
the sadness
Of its expiry.

RESULT OF DAYS.

There is more
that body tumbled
that ran loose, no peace ...
look of dense, tears.

The remains of the soul
cut disruptive dreams ...
were masters of all the calm
whinny my current.

And everything that he cried
melancolizou up in laughter ...
the sorrow flew away
and it was only me smile.

Laughing smile a smile jerk-winner,
that everything is brightly colored ...
but my all ... radiates in the line of the knife
and comes ... cutting has hurt me.

My sadness is a chronic disease ...
is melancholy with nuts of tragedy;
my life is just ... in disagreement,
where all the end is still average,
where all the smile is the rattle of disbelief
and all the sadness is like a comedy.

SOLE PARAGRAPH.

That I advance
the sound musicante
which are these words,
talk to you,
if the silence --- only the silence,
to say ... explain to the show ...

how much I love you?

The Literate.

I am not a writer
--- I am poet;
I am not a translator
--- I am poet;
I was not child
--- I was poet;
I am not her husband
--- I am poet;
I am not a teacher
--- I am poet;
I was not student
--- I was poet ...
I am nothing
--- Besides poet.

I'm not graduated
--- I am literate;
I have Masters
--- I have the literature;
I am not a man
--- I am literate;
I have no life
--- I have the literature.

ATTACKS Poetics.

I see my sorrows
cut ... I rather talk
of happiness, love,
your lips cracked ..
Your shining eyes ...
your chest pulse ... yours, yours yours ..

I am yours, your sad
Your feelings ... your heart ...
and the melancholy me loose
because now, until the tears
I left ...

Te amo, te amo ...
the sun is frozen,
the birds died,
the trees are dry,
the moon killed himself,
the sky is dark,
he cried the stars ... dripping ..
and ... there is my love
still shining
I cry for just ...
--- Amazing.

And much shadow shines,
I see no more sorrow;
between the remnants of tears
spring flowers ...
cry love,
melancholy cry,
depression locked
confined by your
pathetic smile.

Crying all in a breath
smiling to the end ...
and see that everything
no one besides
of me that started and ended ...
the clown that is sticking ...
the worm that broke ...
the pen that dorificou ...
the poem, which deplored
and sadly is composed.

ARTEÍSMO.

Everyone is human ...
... --- silence is always silence.

The pantheism
and its indiscriminate;
the political
and its tontismo;
the atheism
and the hopeless;
the monotheism
and its centrico ...

... --- silence is always quiet

The Catholicism
and its dogmatism;
Judaism
and their separatism;
the Muslims
and their terrorism;
the Buddhism
and its tediísmo;
the evangelism
and its castricismo;
the Pentecostals
exceptional and I know ...

all are human ...
all are true
and all wrong for the faith ...
everything is a silence
around the voice of the man ...
alone, in silence ...
trying to say
only the lost
the humanism of men
feels.

THE RIGHT WAY.

In a way,
the couples
all look like,
not physically,
between simple synonyms
comical and antonyms:
the blonde with black,
blond with blond;
fat with lean
and thin with thin ...
we have a yes, also:
the personality
in the same slot:
between a dominant
and a persuasive ...
between a mother-to-sun,
and an adult problem ...
always has a hole
to put one foot is
and the whole body falls ...
a harmonious happiness;
always has a hug
sadness for others
be stagnated ...
--- We? No. ..
I do not have.

The Form One
is the recognition
to be deeper
which defines a poetry,
but that is
only in the other.

The Form One is alterEgoricidade;
tastes have divided and disgusted,
but among themselves, each to his,
the balance to the brightness of the eyes
loved the heart, which merged,

pulse in one brightness ...
in a certain way.

In a way,
the souls natural
if pluralificam;
In a way,
the odd
if Empar, --- yes,
an overdose,
in an alcoholic coma,
a gutter,
a suicide,
in poetry,
at the end.

In a way,
poets and suicide
are not ...
and drug addicts and beggars
does not recognize ...
unless, when
are alone.

That, somehow ...
while clicking
your lips
the kiss
your love,
look to the side ...
that, somehow ...
you'll see one of us.

STILL Chor.

Know that the sadness
is the beginning for life
is only cry at the end ..
and to become of you ...

the refuge itself ...
is to cry in silence
reassuring and following ...

have a joy in life,
the only living, only ...
listening to ... i love you!
Rain in the afternoons,
the shout of disappointment ...
cried a hug,
a smiling look,
a passionate kiss ...
a heart ... tight
and the sadness ... him to contemplate
of strident smile
and his look depressing
watching you cry.

Only the end,
the life is gone ...
land birds
on his statue
e. ... you still cry,
asking themselves
the end of this trouble
be immortal
with bronze, with ink
on your breasts on the role ...
with honors ... yes, tributes ...
--- Posthumous! To ... you mention!

And you still cry
to cry cry cry ...
--- Yes, crying always
cry on the day of my death ...
because, even dead
be a dead ... sad still ...
still crying.

The metaphor of LEAF.

The thing
most important
in life
a sheet
is dancing on the waves
wind.

So,
whole sheet
said to be:
a sheet,
has only
a choice
in your life
to:
or dance in the wind
secure and private
attached to the branch
the tree ...
or, if off -
and makes the flight
in dance
more splendid,
more beautiful,
but the only
throughout
your life.

AI in YOU.

And you crying
this song off ...
many smiles,
so many issues ...
--- And then you ... there.

And you tears

it backwards ...
so many tears,
so insomnia
--- You there ... you there ...

And you penando
this lacerating anguish ...
many, many days,
so much silence
--- There ... you ai ...

And you topando
on top of anguish,
many empty eyes,
many hidden desires ...
--- There ... you there.

THE LIGHT OF POETRY.

How can
in the middle of the night
traverse lines
--- --- Without burning,
cross here as much joy,
in a dark empty room,
a candle in the center to the ground ...
melancholia sintaxi ...
an online ... trembling hands ...
if my pen,
my pen to pain
bleeds sad, lonely
among fingers, peel,
aspersion my sorrows,
--- How can I?

If I hurt bleeding,
sadness versus back pain,
a cry for another ... --- The rhyme is lost ...
oh, my love, lost me

between both regret,
my weight is multiplied,
I fly the wings,
--- --- I see them,
my wings have been ...
letter by letter,
words crumble,
my tears
I'm sad wash ...
I'm sad ... I am ..
I'm sad,
I'm sad ...
sad? And so?
So sad ...

These days you have Why?
Why do you rip a ...
a parabola cut,
where everything loses meaning,
my love ... lost?
My love, I cry so much ... both ... fool
there are no icons on the wall!
And, always alone alone --- ---
have the emblem of sorrow:
a tear,
one drop red,
a black ...
encouraged by a sharp band of light
of darkness ...
cut and the light is shown ...
the light of poetry.

This face I have collected,
I have this attitude shows ...
I just ... only will the I
here in there in the sorrow and reflection ...
--- I see it there in the background ... yes, I
see ...

I see he is going there,
many days falling
--- Conquer, subjugate, submit ---

there s the question ...
if this all was perfect,
my love, why cry?
Tears are fewer children,
peran-des-es-es-co ...
that the more empty and futile melancholy
blind:
a drunk of passion,
bleeding of disappointment ...
start of an epic,
sequence of seconds vain ...
applause throughout the audience ...
ahead of all the comedy ...
the end of my tragedy ...
verse there and cried here ... my loneliness.

Alone.

I look deep
and is in touch
the shadow of fear
both the cloud,
this second ...
this moment bleak,
I feel that
I want to see
wetting of the tear,
the spilling of silence
skipping of breath
pounding in my chest ...
I want it,
I want to die
I look in your heart,
pulse of nostalgia
so much silence
of landslides, refluxes
of my passion
on your skin horrified ...
I want to kiss,

I want ... hug me,
calm me down in your pack,
mute my hiccups
with your look sleepy
your light air of calm
quietly saying my name
as I sad crying,
watch you watching me bleed.

Wanted to be cynical.

I never wanted these roses;
never wanted you in this burial;
never wanted the parade, never wanted to ...
these words, these tributes.

I never wanted this position, the look,
voice of this man, this literate cry ...
this posture, this seriously,
this narcissistic ego impressionistic.

--- No. .. never wanted to love,
never wanted to be loved;
never wanted the crown ...
never ... wanted to be reminded.

I never wanted to have children,
have family, have a mother ...
never wanted these dreams ...
never ... never wanted to win.

Never wanted this life;
never wanted to end happily ...
never wanted anything in this world ...
that had the explanation of the accident.

Frankness FALSE.

The irony
eye-held
peal to the chest
sprung of love ...
of love ... love!

This rot your
burying the smile
those lips trembling,
arroxeados of pain ...
of pain ... pain!

How do you feel this heart?
What these eyes cry?
What clarifies this silence?
If the life that pulsates
pungency in the details
the touch of fingers
the chills of hair
sacrifice sincerity
of your cold ... as,
I said as tears
It seeks to smile ... as,
say that all is well
this heart of ice?
Where is empty, and nothing ...
when there is nothing.

Pulpit.

I see laughter incendiary
erasing an emotion repicante ...
short-winded for a hug,
a kiss, a touch ...
something that connect the eye to the
emotion
and away from all this horror everyday ...

--- Lies between sincere
and secrets of liquefier,
there is a truth aidéticos,
crying, latent.

The dark of the soul
hide the miseries
the shame of wanting to dream
and ever more forward,
hide themselves in darkness
a pulsed agony, disguised
the brightness of your eyes ...
--- From a sweaty forehead
and a tear pingante
believe there is a suburban,
with its Sacolinha a game of Búzios.

There are no heroes crowned live,
no faith in it is not likely ...
there is no love in that is not purchase,
there is no victory for those who still struggle
...
just create a constant
the values of the paths of life ...
--- Between a poetry desnexada
and a stuttering cataléptica ...
there is perhaps a balanced voice, always
changing ..
wanting to deafen your heart. Feel.

THE LAST LOOK.

I look for
many workers cut,
that the dripping corners,
following washing them
around my sadness,
flooding throughout the agony ...
natural in tone of sepia ...

cry ... chora peito chora,
without air, which is faint ...
chokes up in solitude,
stumbled tremelicante voice,
wailing of the silence ...
the beats of my heart.

E. .. is cutting out
shed tears of the breast
inside, the bottom shows me
the mirror, looking ...
dazzled my eyes
red, wet, silent
lacidante a pain ...
corrosive to both slow and
that stupid, I am going
me droop to the ground when
dripping of my life
the last straw.

LITTLE ME IMPORT YOUR IMPORTANT POETS.

I care little these idiots poetontos
that are making music
and even drawings with a lot
line of letters on paper.
... as if poetry was just that.

I care little these idiots poetapados
unoccupied bored and Sons,
What risks verses as breathing
and are without air when read in the paper.
... realizing how are meaningless.

I care little these idiots poetartufos
to see the extreme poverty
with a fountain pen with gold,
to take writing, on paper, cotton.

... as if everything was just poetry.

I care little these idiots poetadinhos
that the unconditional love poetry
and only know what is love to write
this role as a lover love higiêncio
... browsing magazines in the bathroom.

I care little these idiots poetrouxas,
assholes, drunks optimism,
enthusiasts of all the joy of poetry ...
who think that life is a role.
... versa and if a Lero-Lero of life beautiful
and eternal love.

I care little these idiots poetristes
clarify that all the sadness
and when they aspire to inspire
of suicide is making the paper.
... and sorry for themselves only.

I care little these idiots poetagarelas,
NERD's, CDF's, and other letter-stalker ...
analyze and make out that there ...
teorificando the vacuum and the white paper.

... and creating what is "meant to say."

I care little these idiots poetabanídeos
barking at people who scream ...
that relevant, afiam the guillotine of corrupt,
but who are also citizens of paper.
... sit and expect the blood shed and
drying.

I care little poets such idiots
who believe that poetry is
for something beyond the never to
blank ... this paper.

ITEM NO.

I'm at the point,
 the touch of tears,
 at the end of the breath,
 drop in life ...
 --- I'm at the point,
 the goodbye look,
 the silence of the kiss,
 No rubbing of desire ...
 --- I'm at the point,
 in the open smile,
 in the blink of eye,
 the tearing of crying ...
 --- I'm at the point,
 in the absence of vacuum,
 the hurt of grief,
 the breathing of hug ...
 --- I'm at the point,
 in the sweat of the hands,
 shaking in the legs ...
 wrinkle in the nozzles,
 found in languages,
 slide in the hands ...
 --- I'm at the point ...
 the cool skin,
 stalled in the pulsar ...
 the curve of dizziness ..
 --- I'm at the point ...
 ... the point of death.

On the balcony.

The afternoon is just one more day
 disconsolate, decanted, sad
 by shrapnel in the morning
 that will break the hour,

away from the sun in your eyes.

Life is just a blink
 of your eyes to see
 my heart for this shine
 pulsed, puff, but,
 nothing but a look to the cross
 The risk of the horizon
 as it goes further away,
 the late going, as life ...
 passing.

His eyes static,
 for an hour did the half day,
 divide my life into two ...
 two bright and extremes:
 the birth and death ...
 to recover to the everlasting shine.

--- I have all the time, my love,
 I have it all at the tip of my fingers,
 dripping, every drop of ink,
 is ripping the paper,
 is striking, two seconds per letter,
 decassegundo by verse,
 half-minute per stanza ...
 going to bed late,
 life is going through,
 is the brightness of your eyes leaving
 the poem ... that is done.

MY POETRY.

My poetry
 I anesthesia
 the euphoria of my
 sad pain of living.

My poetry

is my cloudy melancholy
of my cry that asozinha
to be understood in silence.

My poetry
My company is solitary,
that sorrows are emaciate
the verses to die.

My poetry
is shameful and sad my fantasy
that the dream goes
to Tronche, in itself is lost.

MY LOVE IS ONLY.

These eyes
its, becados
the attention
in my eyes
torn to rags
of dripping
of tears
this solitude, my ...
my love is only,
goes through corners
where silence is
pains to broken
by grinding of teeth
that before either ... both,
both smile
glowed ... beautiful,
as death
was a dream
and the life ... reality.

As my hug
was under ...
and this distance

a punishment ...
a dream of happiness.

INTRA-KATABASIS.

I'm not sleeping,
I will not touch this silence
with only a grunt
this pain lacidante
erraja that my heart
empty, no, I will not sleep.

This silence hurts this
tearing it overflows
pain bleeding in this mirror,
showing me so sad,
that scared the life
I see the agony stunted,
in a corner, cheating is
a smile flaccid
to look pale, false ...
saying it is broken,
telling me locked
at times crying, following,
plain of a drip
a second end, past,
lost, looking for one ...
only one reason to continue
to live.

But no, I will not sleep ...
afraid to tell me
I am dying
every awakening,
every second, every year,
each birthday is a burial
and my hope is buried
precedence of death ...
with a pen in hand,

a role on the look
the pulsar tremelicante
a new poetry.

FINAL WITHOUT KISS.

Ruckle of sadness
the rest of your neck ...
I cry
draft me
and the doubt
silence of the cold
to say goodbye
without kissing ...
the hit of your heart.

Exude nostalgia
without the blink your eyes ...
I touch your hand
with the breath of death
would have a child ...
smile for life,
silence among the cold
to say goodbye
without kissing ...
the peak of your heart.

Crying blood
tears of burning
your broken heart ...
cry the silence
that reflux
all your sadness ...
the melancholy cry
that reflects in your eyes
say goodbye to me ...
no kiss
the suffering of my heart.

Cry ... --- Yes, cry
to smile
're always ...
--- I weep ...
so that the brightness
I love to see
always radiate from you ...
cry ... --- I weep
you smile
this clown chorante,
flagellate with heart ...
I cry for not crying
this clown never coraçante
flagellant of having to tear
to say goodbye ...
without kissing ...
your heart from me lover.

FANOLOGOPÉIA.

Organ Writer weak,
Lírica inflamed gland;
Blank Verse, from Homer,
Free verse of Baudelaire,
Verso Transgressor of Piva,
Inside Love, De Moraes,
Verso Attack of Jomard,
Sharp reverse of Cabral,
Broken Verse of Gullar,
Dry back of Drummond,
Intimate back of Ana C.
Verso lurid, Dos Anjos,
Verso sounding of Cecilia,
Denso back of Maiakovski,
Honest Verse of Leminski,
Dark verse of Poe,
Straight back in Bash,
Fixed Verse of Mallarmé
Reflexive back in Quintana,

Verso Pérola of Flag,
Back all ... In Versus.

"For use in the office,
at school or at home. "

Written media;
in 4 colors;
smooth flow of ink,
without blots;
comfortable support
--- --- For the fingers,
writes more than 2,000 meters;
sphere of Tunsgênio:
90 cents ... just.

The belly, a dry bread
swimming in coffee sour;
eyes, a role
that white, show me life
where I versa.

"Guarantee"

This product is carefully
inspected during the
manufacturing, and its
quality assured.
However, if not
satisfied with it,
appreciate that the return
for their replacement,
together with an indication
the date and place of purchase.

The eyes grow damp
the end of the end point,
wet the page of the day ...
--- There was a life here,
versa, seated, silent ... dead.

FOR PASSAGE.

I see these guys rotten
labored with lipstick,
towed from falsehood ...
these yellow smiles,
that the audience applaud me ...

"... I'm just passing through,
I just want your blood
to write one more poem
the walls of my heart ...
and follow my path. "

I feel the smell of your perfume;
such as washing your refined;
cool me like a clown of the letters;
squeeze the hand of those worms are ...
can traverse the gross of the feelings of each,
I can tell a story to tell of all ...

"... I am the way,
and I just want your blood
to write one more poem
the walls of my heart ...
and so follow my path. "

I love your back with vomiting;
I love your back with a spit;
loving your back with a shit ...
I got sick of what you love.
I back your joy with falsehood;
I back your joy with envy;
back your brightened with conspiring ...
I hate what you are pleased ...

"... and I am not contaminated with your
values fummy
I just want your blood
to write one more poem

the walls of my heart
and so ... follow my path. "

DAR AS MÃOS. Bem que podíamos dar as mãos... e andar de peito erguido pelas esquinas da memória que nos dobra de vergonha por tanta guerra e escravidão. Bem que podíamos dar as mãos... e nos olhar com sinceridade, nos acompanhar sem a máscara pragmática da tolerância e dizer-nos um só... coração, povo, nação... em vez de 'vermo-nos' como vários iguais... cidadãos. Bem que podíamos dar as mãos... e chorar juntos por nossas saudades e agradecer sorrindo ao Tempo, que passa e nos proporciona a proeza de fazer do nosso agora sempre o melhor que podemos viver. Bem que podíamos dar as mãos... e demolir esta tal postura formal... de doutores de um mundo... --- de mentirinha... onde, uma pessoa resume-se a números, e sentimentos... a valores monetários corrigidos diariamente, ao fim do pregão. Bem que podíamos dar as mãos... e estilhaçar este silêncio ao reconhecermos o quanto precisamos um do outro, de todos juntos num só... num só sorriso, numa só união... num abraço cordialmente caloroso... nesta rua ecoosa, do som do silêncio, neste ônibus cheio, do preencher do vazio... desta solidão... torturosamente coletiva. Bem que podíamos dar as mãos... mas somos humanos demais ... para nos auto-mutilar.

***** COMPÊNDIO. O povo não pensa, o povo não tem voz o povo é desavença... o povo somos nós. Eu triste, vejo testas sebosas, rachadas, queimadas, testas brilhosas de sal de suor... vejo testas seguindo pela manhã ao trabalho, pela noite à desilusão, ao tombo da esperança, a ver-se

sempre assim, no sempre assim que nada muda. Vejo o povo, vejo a dor, mãos calejadas de manejarem a derrota seqüente da vida; cabeças vazias de pensamentos, sobre o que são, o que tanto fazem... cheias de contas, de dívidas... como se viver fosse uma obrigação... vejo costas estaladas, curvadas, acostumadas a se reclinarem ao sofrimento, como se viver fosse-lhes ainda um favor. O povo somos nós... o povo é desavença... este povo não pensa, este povo... não tem voz. Baratas de cá pra lá fogem desatinadas das chineladas da morte... Interruptores brilham-se, aos estalos, tictam até o apagar-se da morte... Velas pela escuridão luzem irradiam-se até o derreter-se da morte... Vejo o povo não pensando em si como um povo, um só... e se desavençando por querer ter voz.. vejo o povo nos meus olhos, é o que sou; vejo nos teus, és também, tenho a morte... tenho a morte a cada segundo, mas não, passe o tempo que se passar pelo tempo... que passe o que tiver que por ele passar, mas... a esperança de um povo sem placas, sem rótulos, sem classes... --- um povo... é o que não morre... --- quero um povo de dores e odores unidos, unido por si. Mas o povo é desavença... o povo individualista não pensa e ainda pensa que dividido terá voz... este povo é um todo... este povo... somos todos nós!

***** COMO MORRER. Morrer é simples como te dar um beijo e acordar chorando numa manhã fria de inverno. Morrer é triste como fingir não sentir teus olhos passarem brilhantes, chorantes pela insônia da vida. Morrer é solitário como passar toda uma tarde procurando no papel uma poesia noturna. Morrer é doloroso como deixar o amor ir embora, enquanto o peito ofegante, pede mais um abraço. Morrer é

viver procurando na vida um motivo para se viver além de vivo estar.

***** CARTA AO VINÍCIUS ---

2008. Vem-me você falar de amor e não vê esta solidão angustiante comendo-me aos flancos, adentrando-me o peito, dilacerando-me, picadilhando o meu coração... --- Mas vem... Vem-me você falar de amor... e não nota esta tristeza angustiante, letargiando em agonia lacidante meus segundos de vida, todos... como se cada um sangrasse, chorasse, a morrer-se... --- Mas vem... Vem-me você falar de amor... e não escuta este ronco de fome, angustiante, não treme a esse frio rachante, não, não sabe você quem sou eu... e o que me tornei frente à vida... que vida?... que pra você foi um sonho... uma garrafa vazia sem ressaca, um carreira cheirada sem depressão... vida que flagela a cada bater do peito, não, minha Garota não é de Ipanema minha musa inspiradora desfila nua pelas praias de asfalto num mar de suor, canta ela o coro do medo aos berros de terror com a cabeça do filho nas mãos, rodeando o olhar, a procurar o corpo... --- Mas vem... Vem-me você falar de amor... como um mauricinho alienado, angustiante, como um viciado dopado --- drogado, um desiludido, desenganado... bêbedo... deste lero-lero de vida bela e amor eterno, assim versando, seria eu sim um grande poeta... mas não o dono da minha poética verdade, desta mentira que tornou-se a vida, onde... a vergonha é a única entusiasmo... a miséria é a única ironia, e a fé... é quase suicida... --- Mas vem... vem-me você com esse seu amor nojento, atravessando o tempo, vem pelo rádio, vem você encobrando os gritos daquela mãe lá na esquina... enquanto eu... termino mais uma poesia.

***** AO ANOITECER. Este fogo que queima na luz dos teus olhos, este fogo que queima distante, não ilumina nem aquece --- queima distante, queima distante... é a lágrima que tomba do meu olhar gritante, clamante por um abraço. Este sopro arrepiante que ressombra nos cantos desesperados da minha solidão.... --- este sopro é um apertar do abraço da morte, vindo-me calma, sorridente ao fim de mais um dia... dizendo-me que se foi mais uma chance, mais uma... chance de mostrar-me que a vida vale a pena. --- Mesmo longe de você.

***** AMOR DESAMOROSO.

Cortei fundo no sorriso sua caridade exemplar ao ver este preconceito de unhas de metal olhar cerrado e fugido... --- sim... vi tua bondade, a caloria da tua alma brilhou no sorriso daquele pulsar gritante entrecortado de assalto enquanto me beijava... --- vi no barulho do fundo dos teus olhos o teu nojo pela humanidade teu desprezo pelo sentimento, tua encenação de mágoa... --- vi a claridade de teu toque e implorei para dormir, orando, clamando ajoelhado sobre teu sangue... --- derramado, sua plasta grudada sobre minhas mãos... diluí ali meu chorar, mas a chuva continuava; eu ali já via o rasgo do vazio que veio ecoar toda a melancolia do instante. A alma secava... teu corpo flácido chorava ao silêncio... --- e eu com aquela faca, sentia os picados do meu coração ainda pulsando, fumegando entre tuas narinas. Meus dedos enrugaram-se, eu senti o frio da carne cortada aos pedaços do teu olhar, teu sorrir, teu abraçar tremível a me dizer que não vai embora do meu olhar que vai sempre me amar... quando... o nojo revolta e se revolta em teu estômago... --- eu sentia que podia voar pelos ares da tua

respiração... respira... respira... --- olha, meu amor, pode ir embora, já não te preciso em meus lábios, em minhas noites, minhas tardes de domingo chuvoso... --- vai... vai e deixa-me ao silêncio das lágrimas. Antes ter a solidão do que esta mendicância, este amor por favor... por favor... vai embora; feche a porta, do meu coração, deixe-me chorar sem ti; deixe-me no sufoco martirizante da tristeza que não dói mais do que este teu olhar, teu abraçar e beijar por amor desamoroso... --- vai... vai embora e deixa eu chorar, deixe-me, pois sempre aqui... sei que sempre estarás, mas... não, nunca por obrigação, nunca por pena e nem admiração... apenas por amor, apenas na lembrança, no sonhar.

***** ALÉM DAS LÁGRIMAS.

Vejo quanto barulho faz em meu peito quando assim estou, triste, a chorar de canto, como se o mundo hoje acabasse, e... ainda houvesse muito o que lhe chorar. Vai uma lágrima para cada canto --- ah, o que me resta? Além... além desta dor desencantada, desesperançada das rosas, dos versos apaixonados, das paisagens magníficas projetadas pela minha... a minha imaginação... o que é ela além destas lágrimas?

***** À SOMBRA. Uma fruta podre que nunca amadureceu uma flor murcha que nunca floresceu, um ofuscando-se que nunca se acendeu, um chorando-se que nunca se entristeceu. Não aprendi a sorrir. Choro para passar tempo. Tenho o coração podre, corroído por vermes como a Melancolia, a Solidão, a Tristeza, a Agonia e a Angústia. Tenho o olhar opaco, doente cronicamente de insônia; tenho o hálito ardido, fritante em febre; tenho um posturar

recaído, molenga, de pressão baixa; tenho um respirar pausado como de quem dorme aos sonhos... tenho um corpo de cadáver, frio... tenho uma mente paranóide, flamejante... e, na ação deste conjunto, só mesmo presto para amar.

***** A POESIA CADÁVER.

Posso aqui ficar mais uma hora, versando-te. Este teu sorriso gemente, teu arrepiar ardente, teu ofegar flamejante suando frio nesta cama... sentindo a dor da morte tremelicar-me dos ossos às articulações da alma. Posso aqui ficar mais uma hora... versando-te. Pinga uma, duas, a terceira vem junto da quarta e da quinta; seu sangue doce se espalha, diluindo-se sobre a minha pele, ao teu suor salgado, febrilmente ebulido... você chora, você grita, sofre, geme... agonizando ao meu silêncio. Eu posso aqui ficar mais uma hora, versando-te. A vida deixa-te, és já um cadáver, carne branca e fria... és já só a alma, és a lembrança da emoção... és não mais aqui, de longe vejo vermes, farejando-te, vêm... e eu aqui, trancado sentado nesta cama, posturando-me a este papel, podendo assim ficar mais uma hora... admirando-te, a te versar.

***** A MORTE. Há uma

sombra sua em cada canto que juntos passamos abraçados, lembrando do quanto estávamos tristes antes por ali passando sozinhos. Ando indiferente pelas ruas, como se de longe assistisse a um filme; vejo nós dois em cada casal, sinto que o tempo é o vento que me traz teu perfume em cada nova esquina, passando-me, por onde passo, só, pelos dias --- todos iguais. Você foi e foi como se tudo em mim morresse, embora ainda viva, viva ainda em mim o teu amor por viver, a tua coragem de sofrer, e de errar

nunca se arrepender. Você se foi e o que ficou foi a tua lembrança... --- matando-me aos poucos, pelas tardes tristes, vazias, pelas madrugadas tristes, vazias, sem o teu abraço ao meu abraçar, só, com meu tanto teu... lembrar para por ti sofrer e chorar, procurando nesta falta um motivo para viver: sofrer e só sofrer por tentar te esquecer e tentar voltar a me amar.

***** À FOLHA DA VIDA. É no papel que faço minha vida; vida que fora dele é tapada, vesga, e rasgada é a minha Metanóia Invertida aos Vinte Anos, estilhaçados de mágoas e dúvidas do porque verso ainda de mim --- como se eu existisse além desta folha. É no papel que faço minha vida; cá choro e me aqueço, cá me lembro ou me esqueço, cá sou o que consigo, cá crio o inédito recriado na vida, voando sem asas nem vento, nadando sem barbatanas nem água, cá sou o que verso inverso além da margem desta folha. É no papel que faço minha vida; é nele que verso minha humanidade, ao invejar o amor alheio, dizendo... que sonho e nada invejo, que anseio e nada invejo, além da própria inveja de ansiar um sonho e rir da vida ao fim da tarde, que deita-se calma, sobre mais uma folha, que cai desprendendo-se da árvore da eternidade, levando ao vento... frio e passativo a minha existência.

***** O CANTO. O canto me é refúgio do ódio que sinto da humanidade que vejo em mim e sinto em ti; o canto me é um soco na cara estupefada da alegria insana, idiota, alienada de si... --- sorrindo, sorrindo... sorrindo, só... rindo; o canto é a liberdade de ser mau sem temer essa tal causa-e-efeito, esse meu Deus que amo tanto, amo até no meu canto, pois lá ele não entra,

deixa-me comigo, só, para mergulhar-me em mim e sentir a intensidade da lamentação de uma lágrima, fervilhando de Angústia inexplicável por si. O canto me é um labirinto, onde caminho nos olhares, de tantos que cruzo... --- trago cada um, comigo cada canto é um abrigo para a solidão pulsante, lagrimante de um grito, elucidante da tristeza de estar dentre todos os seres mais tristes deste mundo de papel. O Canto me é o encontro da parede da memória com a parede do sonho, ao chão frio... da vida... --- sentado nele eu choro, vendo, no puro escuro meus dias fugirem-me a cada expiração.

***** ALTER EGO MORTO.

Meu alter ego está morto, morreu por amor, por tanto amar a si mesmo, que amar além de si foi mortal. Matou-se. Meu alter ego está morto, enforcou-se no meu olhar, que lhe fez ver-se só, lhe quebrou o espelho da vida, e, estilhaçado... morreu. Meu alter ego está morto, enterrou-se no meu sorriso, fez de lápide o meu olhar brilhante, lhe dizendo: “--- Eu te amo.” Morreu.

***** ERRO. Não perdão nem me vingou; cada palavra dita foi dita, cada feito foi feito... cada lágrima rolada foi marcada... a vida não volta, por que o sentimento tem de voltar e ser perdoado, e esquecido? Para que se continue... errando? Convivo sempre e sempre choro por meus erros --- todos imperdoáveis!, não os esqueço, são o que sou, tornaram-me vivente, consciente de que se errar... não terei perdão, o meu perdão. Deus é grande, faz Ele milagres... --- eu não ---, sou pequeno, e não te perdôo, não esqueço nada, lembro tudo ao te olhar de novo e sempre, vendo os teus erros virando-se em acertos no presente... mas, no passado ainda estás errado. O

homem pode errar, pois tem memória, tem sua história para se contar, tem sua trajetória para se explicar... dos seus tantos erros inerentes e perenes. --- Hoje choremos pelo passado, mas não te perdôo pelo que passou.

***** OLHARES EM ECLIPSE.

Dois olhares em eclipse, Duas almas a brilhar: Amor e ódio numa só elipse Onde o limite é ao ultrapassar: Dois olhares em eclipse, em Dois extremos ao se chocarem Como se os anos é que não vissem Dois corações em um se transformar... em: Dois olhares em eclipse, Dois vazios a transbordar Como se o fim não existisse Ao vir da nascente e desaguar no mar... De dois olhares em eclipse, em Dois horizontes ao se tocarem Como se todas as belezas se fundissem Entre o céu e o mar... em: Dois olhares em eclipse: Um motivo apenas para continuar... Como se o próximo segundo só se seguisse Para contar com este profundo e último abraçar.

***** LUANA. Luana, era viver somente pelo amor, que transbordava pelo meu olhar, que enxergava a luz entre a turva dor que de tanto sofrimento veio me arrebatara. Luana era o sentido da vida, que me desviou da agonia, que me guiou à alegria, que já me era desiludida. Luana era o maior, o único e simples existir que podia fazer meu coração disparadamente bater, meu sorriso choroso felizmente sorrir minha alma gelada apagada, brilhar e encandecer. Luana era o silêncio do beijo, o barulho do calor do abraço, era da fantasia, um delicado gracejo, e da realidade, um apaixonante embaraço. Luana era a cura da ferida, que me rasgou a dor da solidão, era... era o amor da minha vida, que para a minha vida deu toda a razão. Dedicado a Luana Landini. Que esteja feliz, onde, além de dentro de mim, estiver.

***** ENCONTRO NOTURNO.

Caminhou até ele, bem de perto, como nunca antes estiveram um do outro... e ainda em silêncio, olhavam-se; ela procurando o que dizer... ele, procurado o que escutar... para ambos se abraçarem dali... e fizeram ainda em silêncio, saltaram os dois ao mesmo tempo, olhando-se nos olhos um do outro, de braços abertos, um ao abraço do outro, apertando firme corpo contra corpo, sentindo seus corações saltarem numa força tão violenta, tão pulsantemente explosiva, que mal podiam se apertar e respirar ao mesmo tempo, e afastaram-se, ainda abraçados, voltando de boca a boca, nariz a nariz, olho no olho, com um olhar de surpresa pelo outro e sobretudo por si mesmos, por se entregarem assim, daquele jeito; em silêncio, olhavam-se e sentiam os olhos irradiarem um brilho sem fonte, somente olhando... olhando um aos olhos do outro, até que ela tirou o olhar daqueles olhos negros, que agora tanto brilhavam, para marcar aquela boca carnuda, os lábios secos, competindo com o nariz pela respiração; a boca estática, meio aberta... rachada de desejo estático... que ele só de olhar sentiu-se tonto, o corpo perdeu os sentidos por um breve instante, somente por perder a direção dos olhos dela... e num risco de segundo, bem após as mãos dele suarem ao apertar com um toque suave, mas desesperado os panos de trás do vestido dela, para assim se segurar... assim que foi se pôs firme; a moça fechou os olhos lentamente, virou-se só um pouco de lado, e beijou-o, sem língua, sem avanço, apenas tocou os lábios dele, secos, parados e tremidos... sentia frio no momento exato daquele leve toque... e todo o calor de seu corpo se concentrou em sua boca... Ele ainda de olhos abertos, ficou parado, estático e sem reação,

mas no segundo movimento que ela fez para mover os lábios, ele não conseguiu mais tomar conta de si, tomou força nos braços e apertou desesperadamente a moça contra o seu peito, colando ainda mais seus lábios nos dela, o que a fez virar-se e desvirar, num deslize de lábios já molhados, duas bocas se encontrando a cada deslizar, estalavam-se, repicando-se aos beijos... ele parado, abraçando-a forte, enquanto ela se movia de um lado ao outro, em silêncio, mas repentina, a respirar fundo, tomando todo o corpo dele para si, começou a passear os braços por todo o corpo, as costas, os ombros, a cintura, o cabelo, o pescoço... até que parou no rosto, e massageando-o afastou-se do beijo, a encontrar o molhar de lágrimas salgadas, geladas, mas ardentes o bastante para mostrar os olhos negros e fortes de seu amado tão pulsantes como um vulcão explodindo, espirrando lava flamejante... ao meio das trevas da noite.

***** FÚNEBRE INSTANTE.

Sou verme, e não homem... sou opróbrio dos homens e desprezado do povo. Mas tu és o que me tiraste do ventre: o que me preservaste estando ainda aos seios de minha mãe. Sobre ti fui lançado desde a madre; tu és o meu Deus de agora e desde o ventre de minha mãe. Não te alongues de mim, pois a angústia está perto, e não há quem me ajude. Ela morreu. Com o seu sangue me derramei, e todos os meus ossos se desconjuntaram. O meu coração é como cera, derreteu-se de tristeza no meio do meu orgulho. Minha força se estilhaçou em cacos e minha língua pegou-se de sangue em todo o meu paladar... vem, Senhor, a mim... acalante minha alma de tantas mágoas... Venha-me para que ainda que eu ande no vale agonizante da sombra da morte... E que lá não tema mal algum por tu

estar comigo, em meu coração. Por mais frio e cruel que ele tenha sido caracterizado e assim findado... que se liberte. Que o brilho deste sofrimento lave minha alma apagada e me acalante... aonde quer que eu daqui me vá. Tome-me em teus braços... e leve-me para longe desta dor, que me turva de desesperança. Seque minhas lágrimas e ilumine meu olhar neste fúnebre instante.

***** DOM. Os primeiros olhos que vi na minha vida eram de uma chama tão forte, que somente a luz branca me foi sentida, e nada mais vi de em volta, somente aquele clarão... tendo a certeza de quem eram os olhos só pela significação; como se sente a alma da pessoa, ao penetrar sua íris, senti que estava dentro dos olhos de alguém extremamente poderoso ao ver aquela forte chama... sentia-me também forte, como se todos os meus pequeninos músculos se ativassem... e o corpo sem peso, me ilimitasse de sentimentos. Até que senti o balanço do colo de minha mãe, para dele me perceber sendo tirado... tomado em seguida por uma frescura obscura... gélida e tão furtiva, que mal pensei em procurar aquela tal chama que me iluminara... eu via apenas o frio, e todo aquele medo me fascinava... tanto que deixei minha mãe, somente na atenção, esqueci-me completamente dela... não lembrando, inclusive, que estava vivo... para quando ir notar-me, ninguém mais estava por perto... tudo era gelado... e eu tinha aquela chama flamejando na ponta de cada um... dos meus débeis dedos magrelos.

DAR HANDS.

Well we could take your hands ...
and floor of chest lifted

the corners of memory
that the bending of shame
for so much war and slavery.

Well we could take your hands ...
and look with honesty,
the monitor without the mask
pragmatic tolerance
and tell us one ... heart, people, nation ...
instead of 'see us' as more equal ... citizens.

Well we could take your hands ...
and crying together by our longing
smiling and thanking the time,
passing and provides
to the achievement of our now
always the best we can live.

Well we could take your hands ...
and demolish the formal position that ...
a world of doctors ... --- Of mentirinha ...
where a person comes down to numbers,
and feelings ... the monetary values
fixed daily at the end of the session.

Well we could take your hands ...
this silence and splinter
to recognize how much we need
of each other, all together in one ...
a single smile, just a union ...
a warm hug warmly ...
ecoósa this street, the sound of silence,
this bus full of filling the void ...
this loneliness ... collective tortured.

Well we could take your hands ...
but we are human too
... for the self-mutilation.

Compendium.

The people do not think,
the people have no voice
disagreement is the people ...
the people we are.

I sad, I Fascias
tallowy, cracked, burned,
Fascias bright salt of sweat ...
I followed Fascias
morning to work,
the night of disappointment,
the fall of hope,
the view is always so
in that nothing ever changes.

I see the people I see the pain,
calloused hands to handle
the sequential loss of life;
head empty of thoughts,
about what they are, which are both ...
full of accounts of debts ...
as if live was an obligation ...
I backs cracked, bent,
used to sustain the suffering,
live as if you were still a favor.

The people we are ...
disagreement is the people ...
these people do not think,
this people ... has no voice.

Cheap to go here fleeing
desatinadas of slippers
of death ...
Switches shine is
to crack, tictam to delete it
of death ...
Candles by darkness Luzem
radiate out to the melt
of death ...

I see people not thinking
itself as a nation, one ...
and if want to voice disagreement ..
I see people in my eyes, is what I am;
I see in yours, you also have the death ...
I have a death every second, but not,
pass the time as time passes by ...
to pass what he has to pass,
but ... the hope of a people without cards,
without labels, without classes ... --- A
people ...
is not dead ... --- I want a people
of odor and pain together, united by
themselves.

But the people is disagreement ...
people do not think the individualistic
and still think that voice will split ...
this people is a whole ...
this people ... we all of us!

HOW TO DIE.

Dying is easy
and give you a kiss
and agree crying
a cold winter morning.

Death is sad
and pretend not to feel
move your eyes bright,
chorantes by insomnia life.

Dying is lonely
how to pass a whole afternoon
looking at the role
a poetry night.

Dying is painful

how to make love
go, while the chest
wheezing, ask one more hug.

Death is life looking
a reason in life
to live
addition to being alive.

LETTER TO THE VINICIUS --- 2008.

Come to me you speak of love
and do not see this agonizing loneliness
me eating the flanks,
me entering the chest, torn me,
picadilhando my heart ...
--- But is ...

Come talk to me you love ...
rather sad note this distressing,
letargiando in agony lacidante
seconds of my life, all ...
as each bleeding,
cry, to die is ...
--- But is ...

Come talk to me you love ...
and not listening to the snoring hunger,
anguish,
treme not the cold that rachante,
no, you do not know who I am ...
and that became forward to life ...
that life ... that was a dream for you ...
an empty bottle with no hangover,
smelled a career without depression ...
life that plagues every beat of the heart, no,
My Girl from Ipanema is not
my muse inspiring gorges naked
the beaches of asphalt in a sea of sweat,

she sings the chorus to shout of fear of terror
with the child's head in hands,
surrounding the eye, searching for the body
...
--- But is ...

Come talk to me you love ...
as a mauricinho alienated, anxious,
--- dope addict and a junkie,
a disappointment, disillusion ... drunk ...
Lero-Lero of this beautiful life and eternal
love,
so relevant, I would be rather a great poet ...
but not the owner of my poetic truth,
this lie that has become a living, where ...
the shame is the only thrill ...
poverty is the only irony,
and the faith ... is almost suicidal ... --- But is
...
come with me you love this disgusting,
over time, comes on the radio,
will you cover the screams
that mother back in the corner ...
while I ... finish one more poetry.

At dusk.

This fire that burns
in light of your eyes,
this fire that burns away,
no lights or heat
--- Burning far, burning
away ...
is the tear that falls
in my eyes glaring,
clamant for a hug.

This blast chilling
ressombra that in the corners

of my desperate loneliness
--- This is a blow tighten
the embrace of death,
Welcome me calm, smiling
the end of another day ...
telling me that it was
one more chance, one more ...
chance to show me
that life is worth.

--- Even far from you.

Unlove LOVE.

Cut bottom
smile on his exemplary charity
to see this bias
of nails, metal
eyes closed and fled ...
--- Yes ... I saw your kindness,
the warmth of your soul
smile shone in
pulsar that blatantly
hacking assault
while I kiss ...
--- I saw the noise
the bottom of your eyes
your sick for humanity
your contempt for the feelings,
your stage of grief ...
--- I saw the clarity of your tap
and begged to sleep,
praying, crying kneeling
on your blood ... --- Spilled,
its valve stuck
on my hands ...
there diluted my cry,
but the rain continued;
I already saw the feature there

the vacuum that has echo
all the melancholy of the moment.

The soul secura ...
your body flaccid
cried the silence ...
--- And I with that knife,
felt the minced
of my heart
still clicking,
smoke from your nostrils.

My fingers shrink,
I felt the cold beef
cut into pieces
Your look, your smile,
embrace your tremível
to say that will not
but in my eyes
that will always love me ...
when ... the sick revolt
and to revolt on your stomach ...
--- I felt I could fly
the air of your breath ...
breathe ... breathe ... --- Look,
my love, you can go,
no longer need you in my lips,
in my nights, my afternoons
of rainy Sunday ... --- Will ...
let me go and the silence of tears.

Prior to the loneliness
than this begging,
this love please ...
please ... leaves;
close the door of my heart,
let me cry without you;
let me in suffocation martirizante
sadness than it hurts the most
your look than this,
your hug and kiss for love
unlove ... --- Will ...

go away and let me cry,
let me, as always here ...
I know I always will, but ...
no, not by obligation,
never for punishment and not wonder ...
only by love,
only in memory, in the dream.

ADDITION OF LÁGRIMAS.

I can see how noise
is in my chest
so when I am
sad, to cry in the corner,
as if the world
now finished, e. ...
were still very
what you cry.

Vai a tear to every corner
--- Ah, what remains? In addition ...
beyond this pain disenchantment,
hopeless of roses,
verses of love,
magnificent landscapes
designed by my ...
my imagination ...
what is it beyond these tears?

THE SHADOW.

A rotten fruit
that never matured
a flower wilt
it never flourished,
an offset is

that is never lit,
It is a crying
that never overcast.

Not learned to smile.
To spend time crying.
I have a rotten heart,
corroded by worms
as Melancholy, loneliness,
the sadness, the agony and anguish.

I am looking opaque,
chronically ill of insomnia;
I burnt the breath,
fritante in fever;
I have fallen posture,
molenga of low pressure;
I paused a breath
as to who sleeps to dream ...
I have a dead body, cold ...
I have a paranoid mind, flashy ...
and this set in action,
presto even just for love.

POETRY The Cadaver.

Can I stay here
one more time,
relevant to you.

That your smile agement,
your creepy burning,
puff your flaming
cold sweat in bed ...
feeling the pain of death
tremelicar me of bones
the joints of the soul.

Can I stay here

one more time ...
relevant to you.

Drip one, two,
the third is attached
the fourth and fifth;
their blood sweet spreads,
diluting it about my skin,
your salty sweat,
feverously ebulido ...
you cry, you shout, suffering, groaning ...
dying to my silence.

I can stay here
one more time,
relevant to you.

Life leaves you,
're already a corpse,
white and cold ...
you have only the soul,
are the memory of emotion ...
are no longer here,
by far see worms,
sniffing you, come ...
and me here, locked
sitting in bed,
me to this position paper,
may well be
one more time ...
admiring you, you to cross.

DEATH.

There is a shadow their
at each corner which together
we embraced,
reminiscent of how
we were sad

before going there
alone.

'm Indifferent
the streets,
as by far
watch a movie;
see nois two each couple,
I feel that time is the wind
I bring your perfume
at each new corner,
through me, where I, alone,
for days --- all the same.

You were and was like
if everything in me died,
while still alive,
still alive in me
your love for live,
your courage to suffer,
and never regret mistakes.

You were and what was
was your memory ...
--- Killing me little by little,
the afternoons sad, empty,
the morning sad, empty,
without your embrace my embrace,
only with my both your ... remember
for you to suffer and cry,
looking for this missing
a reason to live:
suffer and suffer only
to try to forget you
and try to love me back.

THE LEAF OF LIFE.

It is the role that I my life;

that life outside is covered,
cockeyed and torn is my
Reverse the metanoia Twenty Years,
fragments of sorrows
and doubts because of back
yet to me --- as if I existed
beyond this paper.

It is the role that I my life;
crying here and warm me,
here I remember or forget,
am here I can,
create the unique recreated here in life,
flying without wings or wind,
swimming without fins or water,
here I am back to the opposite
beyond the scope of this paper.

It is the role that I my life;
is it back to my humanity,
to envy the love others, saying ...
that dream and nothing envy,
that desire and not envy,
beyond the envy
of a long dream
laugh and life in the evening,
to lie down easy,
on another sheet, which falls
loosening up the tree
of eternity,
leading to the wind ... cold and passat
my existence.

THE CORNER.

The singing is my refuge
I feel the hate
of humanity
I see in me

and I in you;
the song is a punch me
stupor in the face
the joy insane,
stupid, alienated from you ...
--- Smiling, smiling ...
smiling, just ... laughing;
the song is freedom
without fear of being poor
such as cause-and-effect,
God I love this so much,
love to my song,
there because he did not enter,
let me me, only,
to immerse myself in my
and feel the intensity
the lament of a tear,
hive of Anguish
unexplained by it.

The song is a maze I,
where the road looks,
so many that cross ...
--- Each bring with me
each corner is a virtue
for pulsed loneliness,
lagrimante a scream,
plain of sorrow
from among all
they are more sad
this world of paper.

The corner is the meeting I
the wall of memory
with the wall of the dream,
the cold ground ... Life ...
--- I sat there crying,
seeing in the pure dark
My days escaped me
with each expiration.

ALTER EGO DEAD.

My alter ego is dead,
died for love, for
much love to yourself,
to love than you
was fatal. Killed themselves.

My alter ego is dead,
hanged up in my eyes,
he did not see it,
you broke the mirror of life,
and shattering ... died.

My alter ego is dead,
buried it in my smile,
tombstone made my eyes
bright, he said:
"--- I love you." Died.

ERROR.

Not forgive
I do not revenge;
every word said
been said,
each done
was done ...
each tear roll
was marked ...
life does not return,
that feeling
must return
and be forgiven,
and forget?
In order to continue ...
missing?

Always live
and always crying
by my mistakes
--- All unforgivable!,
do not forget,
are what I am,
have me living,
aware that wrong ...
I will not have forgiveness,
my forgiveness.

God is great,
He does miracles ...
--- I ---,
I am small, and
not forgive you,
do not forget anything,
I remember everything
to look at you
again and always,
seeing your mistakes
turning up in Hits
in this ... but,
in the past are still
wrong.

The man may err,
it has memory,
has its history
to date,
has its trajectory
to explain ...
of its many errors
inherent and perennial.

--- Today we weep for the past,
but not forgive you for what happened.

LOOK IN ECLIPSE.

Two eyes in eclipse,
Two souls to shine:
Love and hate in one ellipse
Where the limit is to exceed:

Two eyes in eclipse, in
Two extremes when shocked
As the years can not see
Two hearts become one in ... in:

Two eyes in eclipse,
Two empty tranship
As the order did not exist
When you see the source and recede into the
sea ...

Of two eyes in eclipse, in
Two horizons to be hit
As if all beauty merge
Between the sky and the sea ... in:

Two eyes in eclipse:
Only a reason to continue ...
As the next second only follow
To have this deep and last embrace.

Luana.

Luana was living only for love,
that transhipped by my gaze,
to see the light of the cloudy pain
that I was suffering so much thrill.

Luana was the meaning of life,
I deviated from agony,
I am guided to happiness,
I was already disappointed.

Luana was the largest, single and simple
there
I could make my heart beat disparities,
I smile happily tearful smile
my soul iced out, shine and encandecer.

Luana was the silence of the kiss,
the noise from the hot embrace,
age of fantasy, a delicate joke,
and reality, an exciting embarrassment.

Luana was the healing of the wound,
I tore the pain of loneliness,
was ... was the love of my life,
that for my whole life was the reason.

Dedicated to Luana Landini.

That is happy, where
in addition to me, is.

MEETING night.

Walked up to him,
very closely, as
never before been
of each other ... and
in silence, looked up;
she trying to say ...
him, trying to hear what ...
to embrace both if there ...
and they still in silence,
both jumped at the same time,
looking in the eyes
of each other,
with open arms,
a hug to the other,
tight
body against body,

feeling their hearts
jump into a force
so violent, so pulsed
explosive, which could hardly
is squeezing and breathing at the same time,
away and was also affected,
back of mouth to mouth,
nose to nose, eye in eye,
with a look of surprise
and the other mainly by themselves,
because they deliver so
that way, in silence, looked up
and felt the eyes irradiaram
brightness without a source,
just looking ... looking
the eyes of one another,
until she got the look
those black eyes,
now both glowed,
to mark that fleshy mouth,
dry lips, competing
with the nose for breathing;
static mouth, half open ...
Split of desire static ...
he only felt to look stupid,
the body has lost the senses
for a brief moment, only
by losing the direction of her eyes ...
and a risk of a second,
well as his hands sweat
by pressing with a soft touch,
but the desperate panels
the back of her dress,
so is holding ...
so if he was strong;
the girl slowly closed his eyes,
turned up only a little part,
and kissed him, without language, without
advancing,
only touched his lips, dry,
stopped and train ... felt cold
the timing of that light touch ...

and the heat of his body
focused on his mouth ...

He still with open eyes,
was stopped, static and without reaction,
but in the second movement
she has to move the lips,
he failed to take more account of them,
has strength in arms
and pressed desperately
the girl against his chest,
further pasting it in your lips,
what did turn up and untapped,
a slide of lips already wet,
two mouths meeting to each slide,
sprung up, peal to the kissing ...
he stopped, the strong-embracing,
as she moved from one side
the other, in silence, but suddenly,
a deep breath, taking the whole body
it for themselves, began to walk the arms
throughout the body, the back, shoulder,
the waist, hair, neck ...
until it stopped in front, and massaging it
moved away from the kiss, to find the wet
of tears salted, frozen,
but keen enough
to show the black eyes
and strong pulse of his beloved as
like a volcano exploding,
lava splashing flaming ...
the middle of the darkness of night.

INSTANT funeral.

Am a worm and no man ...
I am shame of men
and despised of the people.

But you are what got me the womb:
preserve what is
even the breasts of my mother.

About you from the mother was released;
you are my God from now
and from the womb of my mother.

Alongues not let me,
because the anxiety is near,
and there are those who help me.

She died.
With your blood I shed,
and all my bones are disjoin.

My heart is like wax,
melt of sadness
in the middle of my pride.

My strength is in shrapnel shards
and my tongue got up blood
throughout my taste ...

come, Lord, to me ...
Acalanto my soul
of so many sorrows ...

Come to me yet
I walk in the valley agonizing
the shadow of death ...

And there not a bad theme
for you to me,
in my heart.

For more cold and cruel
he has been characterized
and thus ending ... that release.

That the brightness of this suffering
wash my soul out and I Acalanto ...

where you want me here I go.

Take me in your arms ...
and take me away this pain,
I blurred the hopelessness.

Dry my tears
and enlighten my eyes
funeral this time.

DOM.

The first sight I saw in my life
were of a flame so strong,
that only the white light I was perceived,
and saw nothing in the back,
only one flash ...
being sure of who were the eyes
only by the meaning;
how you feel the soul of the person,
to penetrate the iris,
I felt that was inside of the eye
of someone very powerful
to see that strong flame ...
I also felt strong,
as all my little
muscles become active ...
and without body weight
I limit of feelings.

Until I felt the balance
the neck of my mother,
I understand him to be taken ...
then taken by an obscure freshness ...
icy and as stealth,
that evil thought in seeking
that this flame I lit ...
I saw only the cold,
and all that fascinated me scared ...

so I left my mother,
only in attention,
I forgot it completely ...
not remembering even that was alive ...
when going out for me,
nobody else was around ...
everything was cold ...
and I had known that
flare at the tip of each ...
of my feeble fingers magrelos.

DEIXA your look.

Let your gaze ...
I leave it now ...
to stop no longer wash
the face in the morning and see
between my gum and the marks
baba's dry I'm still alive ...
everything was a dream ...
and not have another nightmare
beyond what has already staged ...
to put the feet out from home
and see nothing ... anything that is not
a candle to burn ... melting
until you delete ...

Every day I look in the mirror,
and in the reflection of light projected
for my eyes, I see, yes ...
I see what I am.

"I, who slept only to try to
doing this is that within me
lives are changing, I see all
the morning ... all, a falling
the other on the same track
of scintillating brilliance, where basically,
the risk of thin light,
I shows a burning desert,

where the wind is furious,
debate and beats itself against the remnants
Rocket of sand, making the syrup
I felt for my slab,
me back inside of me,
thus leaving the desert that shakes
on my mind, my way
internally to be ... empty ...

Ah ... as I wanted
only one flower in this desert ...!
A drop of water, or even ...
a tear, that all this white sand,
thin and burning did not suck,
did not disappear,
was equal to my dreams ...
evaporating so, my hope
to see life in an oasis ...
a reason to live and always on ...
always and forever - even limping,
falling to pieces ... I follow firm
and strong to look Acalanto of death ...
because today, everything after that, I
that all ... All the same I
I could not do in my life ...
my life ... my life ...
I came, this is my life ...
--- This is my life!

When there is more we believe in,
death is no longer a certainty,
but now has become a reality.

Even walking the streets
rushed, even kissing
the love of our life ...
is stealing or donating ...
is losing or gaining ... if,
to make, ask ourselves the reason
and look around, nothing to see beyond
of ourselves ... farmers
their own reasons ... to donate,

to steal, kiss, hurry ... if,
not see beyond ... addition
each of these verbs ...
toparemos meeting with the look,
tocaremos of confrontation with the embrace
...
hug the eyes of Death.

DIE BACK.

That God created the heaven and the earth,
the seas and the animals,
plants and diseases ...
God who created man
and gave him the love ...
gave him the ability to sin ...
God who makes miracles
and ignores the rejection of men
and collects their prayers ...
God that allowed the churches of salt;
allowing the development of science ...
God allowed a mother
cry for her son bleeding,
nailed on a cross ... God ...
the same as that now I can
both suffering and delivered my soul
the tray, rendered for the purpose of fate ...
--- Oh, God, that everything has
and discards everything to your taste and
desire ...
God that made men like puppets
thinking, sonhantes and sentimental ...
weak, powerless and mequetrefes;
MontaVista, detachable, self-destructive,
educated and ignorant exterminantes
and extermináveis ... God, my father ... let
me ...
I therefore relevant, humbly ... die.

THIS IS THE LIFE.

Who has not come headquarters: bebe.
Who is hungry not dreaming: delira.
Who does not fear: reacts.
Who has not cried pain: moans.
Who is not sure truths: dreams.
And when you have nothing ... there is death.

Because all life is ... all ...
... we know of,
what we see, we have created
and to think ... to our
vision of how the death we
created based on life!

All we know,
we know, and what
say ascertain
as such ... is life.
Nothing is death ...
nothing of what we
namely, any of which can
imagine ... if we live ...
nothing is death!

I have everything, but nothing
that I have to explain,
'I explained ... " nothing I
I conceptualized and conception;
is all this and that,
but not me ... I never ...
I have nothing,
or to myself ...
label me anything,
me nothing substantive,
I only have the adjective.

I am a nobody with nothing ...
this is my life ...
this flash is empty
we talk to the love ...
is this dark empty
that the cry in regret ...
this is always empty
that depends only
of our creation.

This is life.

BUSTO OF BRONZE.

I can look
eye of death
and read to her
a poetry
I was sad that
to Acalanto
tears
of my love ...
well, who knows
it does not have to cry
to extend me a hand
asking me to accompany
for all corners
sustained and tearful
of life.

I see the tear
a same sad smile --- ---,
and, in some way ...
take me from the pain of power,
can no longer love
still live in suffering
seeking the death ...
the corners
that you find.

I can
feel the light slide
the touch of my fingers,
on his cold face,
a jar
gelidamente gray ...
me smiling between the tears,
trying so if ... lie,
is convinced that it is better ...
I go off without me,
listening only to the fund,
almost silent now, the echoes ...
the applause of all these people.

I accept this point
this sad counterpoint
funeral of Comrade ...
that I am the only messenger
the second step,
affairs by broken
dilapidated in letters ...
it still tells me that ...
yes, there is the cross,
even among so many rotten ...
decomposed corpses ...
splashing ink on worms,
on the role of life ...
to love, live, eat ...
where there which is ...
is only a bust in bronze.

Desengano.

The leaves of these trees
are rotten to my eyes;
a candle burning inside,
burning, trying to finish;
outside the time passes quickly ...

here within the time or be killed;
crying is everything is going
to be crying all over again;
cloud in the sky is defined
the dense air of lightness ...
air we breath in the cold streak
the timbre of fine bristle
the solitude that the song is emaciate
looking up to you eventually;
the pain of the dark hurt
only my sad tears;
the rain is that trace
closed its ballast to experienced;
accurate wire in the blood
cut, pulled out my pulse ...

... showed me a picture to cry:
two dead birds,
hanging in sheets, to sing
podreza in the nature
dead in your sweet eyes
funeral of so much nostalgia
the will of the time --- leave ---
to break the dreams
catatundidos to create
a reason other than
so the dead to kill ...

... to kill both of dreaming ...
calm before the storm
Your fiery glow
Your experienced rasgante
Your smile to me --- calm crying.

The leaves are rotten ... will soon dry
life is so sad ... so sad: sad
that of love, I soon kill me,
loving me in the mirror, silly, sad
drooling me, trap me, to my surprise ...
I will make me crazy,
iriei for me ... --- Yes, I love me,
well, just know your life to where rotten

There will be pulsed, the tear
that makes me a being amandonado,
devours me, tempting me to take me ...
but that'll be though ... in my eyes,
goes away with the end of another evening,
as an empty feeling to ...
become the beautiful leaves ... the rotten
undeceive.

The agony of the world.

The agony of the world
is in turn,
all lead,
all pass
leading the eye
yesterday's past
the same line
the tears of today ...
spilled haphazard.

The agony of the world
is in nihilism
men pessimistic,
of fatalistic clowns ...
dolls of extremes,
allegory that stages
for the sun coming up ...
deleting from the window
--- life ... life

the agony of the world
is painted cake
information on cards
suggest that direct
and finally reach
and twist the blind
the path as follows.

The agony of the world
pisares is on the soles
spent the dirty shoes
pierced, ignorant of their destination
rubbish ... pointed the way without seeing
that followed the toc-tocs ...
by tic-TAC endless,
incontantes with death.

THE MIND OF A POET.

The mind dyslexia
stuck in one eye,
crying with joy
so many letters ...
--- Your ... yours, all yours!

The mind cataléptica
vocabulary of a freak
made the ashes of the Hours
The turning Flores September ...
Wind chorante, on the coast.

The mind devaneante
a drop of blood
dilapidating of dreams ...
see that the fund will ...
the life of a poem.

The poetic mind
a blank paper
the outbreak is repicante
property of a pen
infarction, dry ink
wanting to traverse.

ABORTION.

The night was coming
like a child wailing,
dying, breastfeeding within
the mother who aborted her.

--- A spit in the face
is the force that arreventa,
little time is high,
is bleeding stagnated
of suicide.

The mother cried, the baby died,
birth, was born ... and pain
have to say goodbye
something that did not, but ...
and there have now been loved
--- Just to see how was your ---,
his work, its form,
their blood ... its creation,
its meleca deformed,
life pre-matura
aborted, guilt ...
who died.

CLASS POÉTICA.

Deleting the second
the walls cry
the agony broken,
torn apart in pieces,
it is sharp ...
crying by pain;
the lament is only hours.

I stopped here
between the heads
silly, empty, fly ...

so trying to focus on
fish do poetic ...
--- Sick ... sick ... disgusting ... ---,
only a theory,
readers have submitted,
we rear square ...
and, outside, poetry ... --- Yes,
the poetry is slow,
smiling at the window.

I am still here ...
much attention in here,
only I see that smile,
beckons me, flashes me, tells me
I expect that out there
for moving together
to silence, to my loneliness:
my corner.

I stopped here
between the voice center
that makes me go in front
a path to reach,
touches the sublime with the pen
and to strike a poem ...
learned.

I am still here ...
I wonder which ...
in which silence iran
when there all out
for eternity.

I stopped feeling here ...
the pulse of what I speak both
that voice in the center, in front ...
the echoes rather reflect it, not to do ...
Puulsa, pulls ... Pulssaando
is it me, are the second ...
--- I said: the walls weep,
time bleeds ... were is the time
in lamentation.

SPEAKING FOR ME,

I have difficult words ...
hate other languages
I am not tipomúsico,
nor letrartistaplástico ...
adjetivismos fun with me,
to avoid my letter-stuttering ...
not reverse my di-a-day,
back all day-diatodo ...
I am not bucolic,
back feelings
I am not a genius
not reflect my cross ...
I feel just a pulsar
like a longing
the middle of the street to sleep,
the unusual moment.

Not back speeches,
populist or political:
do not blame anyone ...
not reverse shields:
I am more than selfish
I am not advocating anyone.

I have no rule,
not rule my be ...
even the free
both of which I dream ...
dream to cross without dying
not play with letters,
stanzas not miss
making filthy beauty.

I have a profile poetic,
my love, I am ...
the narcissist impressionistic

the anarchist of itself
the queue of men with sick
and weighed by women ... I
the male who cries and smell flowers,
the drug addict in the smile
to death for the past,
spitting them in the face ...
saying that I lived, and won
myself, a suicide.

I am bored with surprises,
the usual me desatina
thinking about me to change me
for something fabulous
and has given up as dead-fly
even bother trying:
Zzzzzzzzi. --- Tuc, look to dream,
dream with the stars every night,
crying in front of the candle
lamenting that the lost
another day ... talking about me.

Bring the sadness in your pocket.

The sadness
is a box of matches;
bring it in your pocket ...
--- Batuco it at your fingertips,
Fast, Re, wicked ...
ripping the paper.

The sadness
is a box of matches;
bring it in your pocket ...
--- I open it and risk a toothpick,
flared my heart ...
the sandpaper rough life
I scrape out of my existence
and set fire all my life

in one euphoric movement.

The sadness
is a box of matches;
bring it in your pocket ...
ready, the way I
cold and drunk of joy,
I ready for it to ignite
a cube of ice
I want to try ...
I ready for it to dry
melted any heart
I wanted to try I love.

Word Magic.

--- Hello!
Good morning!
--- You all right?
How can I help you?

--- Good night!
Good luck!
--- Thank you!
No to what?

Excuse me!
--- Good afternoon!
I'm sorry for the inconvenience!
--- Welcome!

Have a nice end of week!
--- Good job!
Good rest!
--- Sleep Well!

Congratulations!
--- You are served?
Enjoy!

--- It was a pleasure to meet you!

That is our humanity?

Thank you, humbly, for the attention devoted
to the reading of my poems.