

Talk to Me To Mim

I: --- I know it is difficult for you to explain it, but ... could give a simple reason for the title of this reunion of 'poetry' and not over 'Prose What Versa'?... decided to do poetry?

Me: --- I know ... I explain it has been difficult in recent times ... but the explanation of my person by the books is easier, and perhaps why I am a writer. Now, as the title, it is necessary to note the introduction of the 5 books of Prose What Versa ... and sometimes rhyme, but there is a difference between prose and poetry that versa, and a main factor is the lyricism, the intimacy with which I treat in my prose Versant ... and that the poetry does not come as well, making poetry 'something about' some things that can ... and can not be just my vision and my feelings about the world --- in addition of course, this poetry load more games for the language, have many brands of the sublime, which is a subjective power, rather than objective, served the reader understand if it ... know? As all the poetry ... because in Prose What versa, you read and understand the guy ... here, you must understand to understand then.

I: --- Okay ... I also see that the introduction of 115 Prose What versa, you said to have reached the end of a journey ... we can say that you created a style, an attitude ... or a feature for the verses, and that has always been to demand that?

Me: Yes --- .. look, it was very simple, therefore, to have strengthened my style the most as to be myself and just ... I had only known, that re-read all the poems he had written, and I consider, as a theoretical form of

the letters ... thus able to 'say something', and in a way that takes me out of the 'isms' ... it was not hard not to.

I: --- Really? Can I say one of the conclusions drawn about your cross?

Me: --- Imagine a spirit ... know? As well as those of the films in which the viewer enters the body as the other and finish this and that ... it is, my poetry is more or less well. It is as if I come in the affairs, people in situations ... in feelings, and then make me according to what allows me to do. When talking to someone and for someone ... using what is mine, talking about me for me ... but always in an impersonal that it is not for me, is poetry for the reader.

I: --- E. .. the title ... that: Internal Silence?

Me: --- I had a moment (we are at the end of the book) ... where I had nothing to say, just how to feel ... know? It seemed that nothing I asked to go to the letters ... but I just saw. I saw. And when passed, I felt the cross, as if he had seen a movie, and the end, it had a summary ... or better: a note of the impressions of this film.

I: --- But ... that only 51 poems? If, once in the introduction of 111 Prose What versa, you said that you said that a book of poetry have had more than 100?

Me: Yeah ... --- but it was a feeling ... Silence was the Internal ... yes, imagine that you cry and he feels that while the cries ... and after half an hour just to cry ... there is more to cry, there is also more to write, and if you continue ... will not be a note on a feeling, but only one more book ... then, that durasse 51 or 510 ...

Internal lasted until the Silence where I wrote.

I: --- So?

Me: --- After ... Yes .. are at the end of this book ... I now have accounts to settle with some people who never believed the letters that I wrote ... I also have a poem called: The stroller, which I have a bridge between an I that I am trying to hide ... but we always want to have a voice. This poem has passed the 1000 stanzas, but will only be shown when I die.

I: --- Thank you for answering me ... I have one more question: Do you even know where their letters arrive?

Me: --- I know ... from first to last, my bills come to me ... as if the body was rotting, and each poem takes its place, even when saving my soul ... even when these letters are read, each of which, each poem adds a member to more ... in my body, being the instrument of my soul ... forever.

Death of the Poet.

When Professor: Dorival Caymmi.

Die old,
are new;
tears flow
and I do rust.

I have a tight,
to see you go ...
breaks my heart
to remember your smile.

The poetry is me
from the inside you

and joy entonta me ...
to remember your smile.

I know you left ...
was living in eternity ...
and you, my poetry cries,
because you feel nostalgia.

Vai, my melancholy professor ...
to the stars shine;
taught me about life, love
and poetry, his love.

Someone in the end.

Somebody help me,
I'm lost here
this magnitude
in the dark, you ...
in solitude,
in my heart
I'm crying,
wandering bleeding
broken in disappointment,
I see days falling,
nights are raising
and I'm still here,
everything is sorrow, over me,
tightness in my chest burns ...
everything was nothing left,
everything is pain --- it is ... pain
and the pain I embrace strong
within this empty loneliness
I was guiding me to death
and here, everything went in vain.

Someone help ... --- Yes?
Already died in the beginning,
it saddens me since I

but crying now ... at the end.

Alma Que Chora.

Why look at me smiling
and so happy I applaud?
From rags retatolham me ...
and envy me invade ...
if I am only one heart
that bleeds torn ...
broken of disappointment,
torn and triggered,
evaporates to miscarry
well as fly ash
the murmur of the wind have been
as if the sorrows pile up
one by one, my calm
to see it pass my days
to cry my melancholy
for bringing the soul to solitude preached.

I am a heart;
opaque eyes crying;
funeral face that begs
a second of wilderness ...
Among the bitter loneliness of
always desperate, now
dropped only at the end, a corner
asked to death, one smile,
for even here, in tears
feel for a moment ... in paradise.

Settling of accounts.

Gave the best of me,
but ... always waiting

worst of all --- including me.

not disputed concepts, without
has not had a night
from insomnia to reflect ...

not discredit, do not scoff ...
even smiles of stupidity
others unconscious, as always

I always lost in my ...
hysteria of the real flight, this
wash your face in the morning ...

not lied, not wrong
who asked me truths;
yes ... who sees only a single ...

possibility to happen ...
by this never cried, not cry ...
the expectations have to destroy

I is not created ...
not, I regretted
it was not to be wrong again ...

and have the wisdom not to disappoint
never ... for having the vision that all error
is a tear in the most dignified

to make us the right ... being the hit,
not to talk to the wind --- for nothing ...
because all the empty words ...

these are the best companies ...
where they only lead the gestures,
and the fact ... is that I died. I know. I did.

All fell from the sun
cried the morning ...
all moons pale, my love ...

I miss all this his,
his sad puff ...
I was, I know ... I died.

Sometimes ...

Sometimes I know there ...
between the darkness of the night and the
brightness of moonlight ..
between my sadness and the beauty of life ...
between depression and a desire to kill me ...
I find I have a word for
within me, in me and only me alone,
with a single tear sting of pain ...
as a walk, a single path
the path of suffering and live ... and die for
love.

Sometimes I do ...
everything and everyone will be and will be
the end ...
the whole beginning is roily of uncertainties,
but the kiss in each hand so ...
like so many roses parade their beauty
the wistful and bled killer thorn ...
but we always want to bleed ...
tear, and served to us in education ...
listening to the sonar of the gleaming sound of
the bell love ...
and released in this river ...
and the heats of all our cold ...
and as we navigate this sea ...
without end to the beginning ...
without having a fear of pain more ...
without fear, without a slip in itself ...
only one heart to two, the middle ...
a hit ... beats ... beats ... beats ... and love,
of love, life ... it ignites a light ...
and the life no longer cry ...

and the move is what we have now ...
a move so happy as never seen ...
a feel like never felt before ...
--- Look, open the window .. feel the wind,
feel that takes away your pain ...
oh ... killed my poor soul ...
that both cry of pain ...
and both regretted it for you ...
and today is the love of your life ...
in death ... that finally led you.

Poetry Amiga.

Oh, poetry
I did not want
that that was so sad,
oh, my beloved
my dear
the dawn
is painful
and I am now coming to an end.

Oh, poetry
I hear background
the melody
which distracted me so much,
I am glad
in agony
I have my hand
the fantasy
not to have to think at the end.

Oh, my love
thank you very much
out by the pain
be embraced in
and help me a bit like ...
know that when
I love you

that even among
my cry
be grateful for me to go to the end.

Shone overshadowed it.

My life is paying
and I just need to dream;
smile to see me bleeding
and tell me that everything will improve.

Must give you a hug
before that time I disappear,
and death until a loop
and you always forget me.

But I have only dreamed
not to go see your smile is erasing
I was wrong and that everything will improve
to see you smiling, and I am bleeding.

I want the sadness away
when I only, and remember your hug,
before me, its brightness disappears
and off of life, my family soon.

For crying that passes, passed.

I promise never see me cry
for love, because sad ...
you never have to explain
letters in so much pain, if there is
I love something to love me ...
worth of this life, I say
oh, time for everything that is ...
of my ways, seduce me ...

and I will go, alone vague ...
the silence of my intrigue,
turning there in my misery ...
tell me what this life,
go, walk, run, show and tell me ...
if it is not made of dreams
errant, sometimes very sad,
flashing now ... Come on, tell me ...
my life that outcome ...
if you smile, cry to be free,
if both have to see ... or if not see,
pass the love around here, all amazing ...
create everything, everything everything up ...
an explanation for what I do not know ...
if I see I cried ...
everything will be crying ...
everything will pass.

Heart.

I am your breath
dream of life
his touch
ice in the wind
your move
to cross it,
her fear
everything to come,
not see their
of what has not,
his beat,
your cry
their despair.

I am their collapse,
collapse of tears,
experienced pain,
dishevel in melancholy
and rebirth of love.

I confessed his sin,
his smile fool,
I embrace you strong,
pump to your chest,
their hope, their faith,
I am your agoniar
a new morning,
I lost her,
its not seen
and always loved,
your broken heart.

Definition.

Do not play with dreams,
feelings do not lie,
not speak to the winds,
not beat half-tones,
the keyboard, I cry,
aspersion cold blood,
sorrows I deflower
look at bringing in a river.

Threshing melancholy,
depression in essence,
in crisis of existence
quiet moans of agony,
curve is the smile of pain,
walking alone, lost ...
another broken heart,
without having any love.

Beiro and fall almost to madness,
me the cold eye of the fund
more than in the deep ...
brightness of the light dark;
vegetation agoniantes daydreams,
bleed in torment, with letters,

bring the sadness in tubes filled ...
to draw as many ... black poetry.

Let you Go.

All times
I remember
of our times;
both wanted to change them,
smile more, say
things not said ...
and everything is, everything
static, and cold
and empty and not
way it is ...
my love, now,
my love ... rose
nothing changes nothing,
everything has been,
left behind
those moments
which although not
I had the best
today are the best ...
the best I have.

I have every morning
I find your smile ...
your hug me tight
and have my love,
I have ... my love,
I have your remembrance,
I no longer have the hope,
but do not feel pain,
I do not regret ...
but wanted to return ...
wanted another kiss ...
I no longer have anyone else ...
no, I have ... nobody
wanted someone to be

love, embrace me ...
I bear these memories,
but you will ... is yes,
always be, go, but is ...
always with me
at each step, each morning ...
each love I miss.

Two Eyes.

I will invade their quiet,
musica its quiet
to tearing your suffering ...
broken your kisses
in semi-tones of wishes
in your body, I lose ...

Tear your gaze,
with a turvante of terror
bleed your shine
overshadowed it with my love ...
and all ... because nobody,
--- Just be somebody ...
perdidamente who loves you,
that you only want to see well ...
perdidamente that it ignites
sorrows in the morning
dilated with sadness ...
to lose in this bed,
the fallen soul, torn apart
delirious, between the sheets ...
two eyes crying ...
both eyes bleeding ...
two sad ... alone.

Pain of Love What It Vai.

My soul cut in half
breaks the barriers of pain,
turbid me, fool me to dream,
I love both of dizzy.

As bleeding, devours me
the silence of his departure,
limited to sorrow, my heart cries
and in my heart burns a wound.

Just as burning my soul,
I suffocate, I Rally, it hurts me
of desperation, I took away the calm
thousand debris and my hope is destroyed.

If you ... I love to death ...
I see your eyes turns off of me
about my agony, makes a cut,
to this novel, a tragic end.

Effect of Death.

I wish I could find you
this moment in silence,
you kiss in the free air
tightening in this sense ...
of love that makes me bleed ...
that makes me the pain ... I shroud

Why there is fall in love ...
if not leave the melancholy?
--- It had to be me?
The cry at night ... to break the day?
that joy because today
I do not come with its
Flesh to touch lips,
move from wet eyes ...
pulsar of looks dumb,

kiss kisses to my cry ...
tombantes to dance, mortalhudos ...

Why not spin and fall, stopped?
Why dizzy with your memory?
If lonely, I feel helpless
the crying, wailing like a child ...
to lose myself in the shining moon ...
cold to drink your tears,
play this mournful face, penumbrante ...
to experience the last drop, rest of your life ...
between dawn abandoned
of acute grief ... heady
to see you, beautiful, mortalhecida.

Eternal Poverty.

We are poor,
and our fight is live,
Our pride is that we live
independently of their alms.

We are torn
and talk wrong
not only speak
what they want to hear.

We are ignorant
and subordinates,
but even with both
we dream ... yes,
and much better than you,
dream is because you envy
and you do not have so much envy.

We are poor yes ...
and our power is
in our callus,
our strength is

in our back pain ...
and our revolt, this
is to look at you
smile in your car,
you see the sweaty glass
the crowded bus ...
and know that will always be so ...
we know that
always here ... always do ...
always poor.

Etude Versus.

I sent study,
I was cross ...
and see the colors
than not to paint
pain and crying
and to paint them ...

Oh, I sent study,
and I ... I was cross,
read in his soul curves,
his turbid miseries,
of sadness,
of beauty,
everything that is not seen
if you do not have the magnitude
a flower to die ...
it does not feel quite sure
of that life has to be ...
blowing in the wind,
the collapse of the sense
broken in the paper ...
bleeding without pain
tear in gall.

But send me study
to know the laws of man

and I, I was even cross
and their sentences, I write.

In Essence.

Your taste
smell
his touch ...
I will lose,
my love
inside me ...
I will find you
in close
my eyes
mad with desire,
tremelicante passion.

Your skin
your mouth
your belly
the curves of your navel
rhyme the outcome
of your lips,
wet, silky,
I dive,
at each corner
of your body
I will hold,
every hair
I will crawl
your slide
I suck
the puff,
lick your jingle
I sleep
embraced to your
respiration,
tied to your fingers,
over your

joy of living ...
I will be your day,
I weep every rebirth,
and dying in every smile,
be yours, only your love.

Of Mice and Men.

Men come, mice will ...
each flash is a crying
conscious and melancholy,
you know that for more than smile
one more day does not blink.

Mice come, men go,
one hundred arms are a building
and only does this verse;
everything is, everyone will ... in vain
as there will never
spleens enough to exist.

Men come, rats vain,
is as if the only bright lighting
to be repaired when you delete;
is as if the clock just tell
the second that just passed ...
as if all the blood went
already know where to stop.

Mice come, men go,
everything that is not what love is,
all that remains is loved,
--- Nobody hates cars, jewelry ...
men were killed because they love and hate it
...
rats are killed because they do not know love.

The Flower Espinho.

Your smile does not hurt me more,
I now cry for the time,
my love, I still love you,
te amo, te amo, te amo,
that I lie?
Why lie to me
if tears are only what I have ...
not hug her, not you ...
kiss touch look ... your heart
its not only my own,
my love died,
live out of my chest,
the corners will bleed ...
Why not see it?

If he strangle the chest,
makes me dizzy dance
loneliness in this heady ...
and so many smiles,
many hugs to embrace me,
many eyes make for me,
my love, I love you, love you and only ...
I do not live, I do not know how to be
so sad without you
and your smile no more, never
will never hurt me ...
cry just for this moment
and for all, (your) to remember
Your smile, it will not ... can no longer
Your smile does not hurt me more ...
My love.

The Being Alone.

You are so incomplete,
so incomplegado,

that he sees nothing but
of your dizziness in itself,
see lost, it is ... only;
if you think where you lose
so much confidence ... just
you in this world, for nothing,
lost, walking in the drizzle,
the night and lie down ... you walk
you go, you come ... you.

Look in the mirror and sees the time
everything passes, and your heart
lonely ... where to walk,
to drop a cliff,
or if you close a room
and among all a dark,
squeezed into a moaning cry
choky of pain and wondering ...
that everything is lonely ...
that all you are
and only you can ... and back
always go home alone ...
when you embrace the solitude
and takes you to the request of the end ...
you do not understand,
see if lost ... but you see ...
and seeing realizes that only
you see.

Look.

You look at me ...
and many hours
looking past
those tears
of me rolling
and so much pain
chest latent
tinindo of sorrows

I can not heal.

You look at me
and all for this
silence, this emptiness,
everything is nothing now,
was always just
a reason to follow ...
and so life goes
outside ... free, pass;
is going to go next
with my days.

You look at me
and for so long I
to wait a day,
it did not rain
Sweet tears
of bitter melancholy,
and both reasons
I have to stop;
to leave and go
outside play
and so many verses,
many sigh ...
and what to say ...
so, I look to you.

Life of Letters.

Life is not
by clock, calendar,
days to go
by hugs, tears
everything is for books
pass the second
letters, words,
hours per paragraphs ...
Chapters days ...

is the life of letters
life that need to paint
sneeze on paper ...
cries verses
tinkle and contexts
happy, tragic, sad ...
aspersion the plot ...
life is a blast
the will of a aste
a typewriter
the fragments of ideas
beating on tape
black ink on paper ...

Life is just that my love ...
this is my love, my life ...
live in eternity, so subexisto
among so many guys, so many legs
walking the road of life ...
a white sheet ... virgin
reflects my life dark ...
it is only a sunny day ...
where birds sing and fly ...
to take me to infinity
among so many letters
from eternity to hug me
the shrill ringing of the pen
dancing, rasgante ... pingante of pain
cross on his soul.

I ...
purchasing corner crying
because my experience
I know only cut
and it does not see
see my love for you.

Yes, I ...
I now it is late,

because both the love
I burn in my chest,
my chest is the pain
that both pushes me
of eyes as vacant
that afflicting the soul ...

I will now ...
you, my beautiful,
I find a grave
I fall in tontela,
I leave the penumbra,
because the pain is what defines me,
and both make me want to die
it depresses me to a smile
and the sadness ... I showed my being.

Empty Empty the pain.

The drops in the morning empty
drip was empty silence,
spend me a break in love
a melancholy and agony empty,
a striking empty bar
to transform the pain in seconds.

The dark shadow on all empty,
wander the debris vacuum
that demolished my smile in pain,
lay down my address on faith empty,
cut my heart that was empty
and dragged to the paths of pain.

The penumbra of eternity is empty,
passes between the time in a bright empty,
I hear crackling, sparks fly from pain,
echoes me as a sad and empty raw
I lost in a labyrinth vacuum,
that every curve I lost in more pain.

Vai Embrace Your Love.

Vai embrace love
the tearing of pain
by the time you spend
both he and suffering,
both the whining
for whom long-lost ...

Vai ... go ... come on!
Embrace your love,
your heart tells you,
will experience the splendor
to touch your heart
who both loved
but you left
and now, is you look.

Run ... forget your sorrows ...
sunrise is the dawn
have to pass all water
that both of you crying
did you suffer
and almost give up ...
I asked to die
you asking for the time from
but now see ... everything went
and your love again
only to their being
who makes you both smile.

Last Letter to the Moon

Remember your smile today ...
how was your radiant glow,

I did my world of paradise
to remember the dream as I did.

I remembered from my tatters ...
I wait for my love,
I do my chest in rags
burp the sadness and sleep
chic taste to the dishes
and roam the corners lit ...
take all night
to gnaw the living and the rats
crawl and abound ... the end
as a dance of eternity ...
the false cry of happiness ...
and I just ... only then.

Do not worry about me,
here, you can not see me;
no, I never have as a friend ...
not only estimates only you ...

Like everything you always remember ---
it makes me hate me,
I regret that, among
I repent of my love ...
but one day you just want to find ...
touch your pretty little hand and ...
and so I have to show you ...
and buy your heart,
for me, you stay.

But see ... I have my light ...
my brilliance, my fame ...
which leads me to solitude
while it ignites my chest

--- I have your money ...
reason to always smile;
--- cry cry with loneliness ...
reason to never give up
and continue to bleed ...
make a fortune for nothing,

and buy my sweet love ...
but, I regret my here ...
watered and suffering of revolt
without food for hunger,
for having no heart to love ...
for the void, a wound ...
by love ... bleeding ... and crying.

What planto
just walk to weigh ...
and my tears
it is to remember.

Just ... my love ...
here everything is pain ...
for anything than I have
I have today, here ...
but, yes I know that I will win;
I can see me on arrival ...
I reached without you,
and among the stars shine;
sorry, me no longer
you're more ...
only in my heart
only, to leave me,
that had
to take another life
not with the poeinha
letter suffered.

But go, my love ... will ...
chasing your dream,
leave here this poor and sad,
because the splendor you out ...

Your memory sometimes distracted me ...
and are with them, sometimes that dream,
and then, I cry a little
to remember those day ...
without pain or melancholy
of which today I deflorated
and I just passed ...

not the end of my begging,
but back to prayer
me in the eyes of happiness,
since my soul is out,
lickerish almost dead ...
between the penumbra it slowly
and loneliness she cuts,
is twist of nostalgia,
it kills the will
to embrace your hug
to shake your kiss ...
to lose the whole bar
this is the life I want.

All Pass.

For so many positions?
Smiles facades?
Listen to extremasuras
drafts and thoughts
so that they belezuras?

We are all children ...
petals of roses loose in the wind;
our hopes and dreams
last a tear, a moment,
before all this falsehood ...
this interest and chronic disgusting
everything is ... throughout our vanity
of our increased amount.

We are an icy blast,
light, which passes and returns,
to be only your past
and our truth in revolt ...
everything is gone, we are here, lost
among many vain desires
parties and by our hearts
we cry, we say healthy,
while everything is ...

everything is gone, everything is nothing!
Whether morning or afternoon
romance or disaster
my love ... everything passes.

All For You

Every day I lose myself in me,
every day I get in the end,
by not you meet me,
this is more than punishment ...
is yes, oh, well I want to,
around the dawn
cleared with the soul
wanting to die.

All afternoon I kill myself ...
I am just in the way
in the pain that I will ...
I will without your love ...
I do not want to go,
but you get ...
but can finally smile ...
look to your eyes.

Every night I suffocation,
and I do miss you,
lonely in a corner to cry ...
only you remember
a silent groan,
with the chest in a lap
with the broken heart
begging for her hug ...
and without him ... I stay.

Why I Love Being Poet Poet alone.

I am a poet because I just felt,
I just say the both smile,
full and beautiful, intensely
disturbing look at the nature ...
remaining and relevant ...
all beautiful in itself and beauty,
I blurred the sadness, I hide the pain ...
the poetry is my heat, my love,
under my control myself ...
I stifle the air of injuries ...
views of past haphazard ...
I do, I am poet, because I love ...
as a bird to launch
to infinity, to break free
of his empty, his corner
rid the world of tears
of your eternal cry ...
Chronic if your destroy
its sad disappoint ...
and sell its so blind ...
I am poet, because I love
and I cry ... and I know
that nothing is just
and that the beginning is that collapses
to a new view of you being born ...
born of darkness to intense light ...
forth of light, a murmur gloomy ...
a heat tremivel leading ...
a shiver of cold sweat ...
by fear of death reach for me ...
by fear of being late last longer
my love and not feel ...
on their lips to flow
a desire to sting, gallop ...
among many tortuous paths ...
where both alone and cried vagues ...
by painful feelings
that by the end ... only he begged me ...
had not the kiss of my love ...
get me out of the waters of agony
overjoy me to your sweet fantasy

to live only in its splendor ...
and the letters and leave them, this horror,
this silence makes me knot
this silence makes me suffering ...
I said and I says,
afflicting me and I confirmed
I am poet as poet only.

Internal silence.

This silence deflagrate my smile,
burn my hope ...
destroys my paradise ...
and kills my sweet child ...

This erodes silence me
I enforce a agony
and a second destroys
my sweet fantasy.

This silence devours me ...
brings joy to my little ...
smile on my chest crying ...
and let my sweet crazy to live ...

This silence saddens me,
I drowned in despair and pain ...
of solitude me tingle ...
and is to be sweet, my anger.

This silence ... makes me darling ...
stifles both suffer in my chest ...
I always accompanies ... I always alone ...
and I know I have ... to have to die.

Sit the curb.

I talk about pain
love to come,
I cry in flowers
for water to my chest.

I will poison
hatred of the world,
I try not to cry
I look at the bottom.

I lose myself in the dark
to not only find me
and not as a wall collapse
not feel pity for me.

I pray to heaven verses
to have faith that everything is ...
and I do not drown in this gall,
or cry my misery.

Without Sense.

Why so much love ...
So?

Why is cheating ...
So?

It is so painful ...
So?

It is so unfortunate ...
So?

It is so sad ...
So?

And both stand ...
So?

The try me ...
So?

The I love ...
So?

And if I have ...

So?

I know I live ...

So?

Prefer is dreaming ...

So?

And I cheat ...

So?

And both cry ...

So?

And if anyone I have ...

So?

Nor will I ...

So?

So I prefer to have ...

So?

Do not try to see that without

So?

Time passed and I die.

So ...

Meaningless.

If you have.

If I am, nobody goes,
if I suffer, no one cries,
a solitary drop fell,
and so much sadness devours me.

If I miss the hours,
you look inside the ...
ask me? Why are you crying?
I tremble inside.

If I see you smiling,
I hug you and shove you,
but then, I see you on ...
the loneliness and being here.

If you find in death
I know that there will be happy,
if life had no luck ...
was because people had not wanted.

If I lie and you forget
I look at you and I in you,
slip on your steps ...
because I'm inside you.

If you can see in my eyes ...
hug me in your link,
kiss me in your joke ...
my pain and lose the bar ...

But if this pain does not come here ...
cry more than the eternity ...
it was me all the love ...
and led him to happiness.

If not for love.

If not for love
then the pain ...
and you there with this hose,
reused this syringe,
the contaminated needle,
this bottle is empty,
is his life in melancholy,
its wake madrugada
just seeing figures
this broken mirror
just making educated
God to a high ...
a radio in psychosis
wanting another shot
not seeing their damage
to overturn the overdose ...
the corridor dropped by dribbling ...

be taxed to bum a junkie
just want to enjoy it,
it does everything to smile
and dance and party ...
to commemorate its destruction ...
trigger, press and finishing
with this as its radiant shine.

If not for love
but the pain is ...
even if this is not your ...
even the street vagues
looking for your body ...
played in the gutter ... found
indigent and robbed a corpse
a mother who cries alone
brightness without a soul ...
a mother without her son
have chosen the wrong path
and now goes to Hell.

Reflections of Blood

Few eyes
sad and spend
we do see
the life that goes on;
in trying to understand;
in short of misery
not to try ... no
cry my love for death,
not drown your heart ...
I see the chance, I see here are lucky;
close my eyes and I go
the wind to my soul dilate
being the brightness of life roar
to make me cry with sadness.

I open my arms

and feel the pain;
I leave my footsteps
marked in love
as a trace,
a tear mark,
wireless, or ballast
I break, I soak
makes me from ... I
asozinha, I hear the sound
agoniante a smile ... I
cooled, while no tone
desconserta my chest
a bitter and mild tightness
and make me love you ... and hurt ... me.

First Reading.

It is gibberish that I do my day,
beat the heart of tears,
with sharp pens and impavid
to humiliate my melancholy.

Shadow detail each with three points ...
Details in fingering fingering
cutting of verses fool
versed the quiet night.

I lose myself in the quiet end
scares me to feel the rip
the pen on the paper, I train
to make my emotions bleed.

And so, my chest is empty of pain ...
well, my love, I follow always go forward,
The lyrics of passion a shadow, a flower ...
and be of my verses, the only lover.

So Pra Que.

I traverse a poem
that show will have the theme
that my loneliness ...
you she is a dilemma
you see it without penalty
how hurt is my heart.

To do so ...
you are to me,
my love ...
you so,
perhaps come to an end ...
this pain.

I bleed my rhymes,
I wander the corner,
to find a beautiful verse in the air ...
and even in the finest game of pain,
I am in the horrors of the ruins ...
bring the verses of your beautiful eyes.

So that ...
you like me,
my love ...
you so,
perhaps come to an end ...
this pain.

I cry for nostalgia
to traverse the happiness
I remember that makes us ...
I walk alone, in the afternoon
and beneficial to the extreme fanfare
if you think I heard your voice.

To do so
you is always on me
my love ...
for so

perhaps come to an end ...
this pain.

Dead Poet.

I am not a poet,
shag only pain;
I have no goal,
lost love;
I regret the shag,
metrifico water
that roll from my eyes
so that defile
both dishevel
I try to go,
to hide it from me,
escape from the melancholy
and walk to the end
the agony of bleeding ...
this bleeding is well ...

I am broken
I shattered all
I am torn
I have my mirrors:
my eyes red
me dizzy,
I stiffen,
until I fall asleep ...
and even sad
I stride in a dream
where no more panting
I am in your kiss
and who knows ... by smiley
smile on my luck,
and even death of delirious
got the rhymes that both wanted ...
yes you got a dead poet, dead ... and happy.

Originally Rimando.

Just your face with tears
and divides your chest from loneliness;
it is regret impavid
pain and plunges into his heart ...
and all this only to have nothing
and cry only by night.

And all day ... is empty if
life gets felt
and crying will lose the grace
and a coward at heart party
is what we have here in the coffin;
afraid of love and suffering
afraid of them, the passion
and lonely he decided to die.

Life is a resplendence,
a miracle in itself and in us;
learn at each experiment
but always cry alone,
has been the greatest love of grace,
but the reason so many ACAMY us;
has been one of excitement ensurdecência,
but the passion it stifles the voice ...
there is so much that you live and see
but is afraid to get hurt,
has as much to suffer for love ...
but know not what love is.

And beautiful birds resound
their joy in the dense air;
the leaves pile up and rock it
their sadness in healthy green ...
on their skill sentimental ...
chore, or your poor you coward
is your life going, and no kiss at the end ...
is only in your chest pain that burns
and only your fear ... you are immortal.

These are the choices ... are the dreams
you are be who you are
times would have not so sad
if you were not a setback ...
if not implored him to address grief
and the night crying and sad
vagastes so not to hurt you amaze ...
only you who is afflicted both you ...
is only one choice, my suffering ...
and optastes by loading a broken heart ...
finds easier cry and feel pain
than to rush to the abyss unknown.

Silence.

I have to say
silence on this
I do not see how
the color that has this silence
I have no pain
is not this silence
I have the pulse of love
and only what the silence is cloudy
I have no regret as
I have lost nothing and only this silence
I do not cry so
nothing and I just felt this silence
I have to go
is not this silence
I have so smile
if only I penetrate this silence
I have not run away as
is this silence in me
I have not set as
the voice that I speak of this silent
I have to leave
now that makes me, me in silence
I have at least as mute
I just got into me, the silence.

Tremunção.

The eyes were stars
in a dark corner of the empty,
of sadness, to see them both
wear it for both cold
on the sound of muted pain
a silent cry and moan,
one that bends the corner,
or do you see this roof ...
was locked alone and hiding
of himself tried to flee,
sought to be free but hit
See to that could not stop there.

And a painful and mysterious air he feels
which is nothing beyond what had
that the past is not the only mind
and that the future is that he has not lived.

So, resigned themselves, and looked his soul
taken up the courage to die without love ...
took over all the calm of hope ...
and wave us today ... trying ... he tries
learn and not suffer ... just do not feel pain
and a poor old man and it seems wise
but his soul is so lost
as the first day that it would
what did you be so throughout his wound ...
said he was the feeling that time he would
and that eternity is your companion,
and the sadness is his loneliness
this painful and life desgraçadeira ...
he says that overwhelm with their heart,
and a blast fool to feel alive
not feel the death, do not feel the fear ...
just feel that life is your reason
and his passing is his secret for us,
which teaches us, afflicting us and hurts ...
the secret that falls in the depression ...

at the same time the beauty of life resounds
and shows us to our soul .. an immense
multitude.

The Day of Poetry.

Today is the day of poetry ...
day, smile and rejoice,
and forget the melancholy
that makes us fall in
the fear of no longer exists,
not play more of the look
the joys that make us smile ...
life in each demonstration
of how everything turns,
and everything is, and not in vain ...
is the masks will not, but it
where our, my and your
way to see all this beauty
on a day that empranteceu ...
a fine night of sadness
where you received a hug
I strengthened and brought you
back to the incessant fighting,
cruelly that you showed up
unsettling, even disturbing,
the tearful side of pain
tear of your shiny,
innocent and flamorosa ...
where, crying for life,
where, my love, it was nothing ...
and I just wanted to be dear,
and is loved,
where it was lost
You have been Acalanto and the poetry ...
and that both smiled as fl
was their sorrow that has exingua ...
it would ... their lives no longer be depressed
...

and therefore this is the day of poetry ...
can fly ... make it owner of the world,
can dream ... build you a sweet fantasy
and get lost in the bottom of the deep
to forget their agony,
to kiss the lips of death ...
to leave it in your anger ...
ripping it to the chest, a deep cut ...
to leave her crying and alone, in solitude ...
today is yes, my love, the day of poetry ...
mate of love your heart,
because today is the day for all the joy
to shine where you live all the pain ...
and give relief to those suffering ...
reborn from the blood of terror ...
and stop all this bleeding ...
so smile, my love ...
smile!

Weep Not For Nós.

Do not cry, my love,
is all education, all
that serves for life,
everything is a comedy suffered
this silent film,
who tells us where the pain is
that for mor ... you were born,
just want to love,
only because we wanted to be happy
and only for wanting to have suffered
we are trying to forget.

Do not cry, my love ...
Tomaras tears of your days,
cry every morning,
trying to hide from your agony,
drops of staining your loneliness
smile on your face will ...

away they are taking you
and you out of darkness
as a gloss black creepy ...
brings you to death, post in your face,
and disappointment of life distracts you.

Do not weep for what could still change ...
smile, and your life will be forever
a whirlwind in itself, to become
a break of sorrows and happiness among,
to your chest, you do so with a dream.

My Life.

My life is an agony
which calls for its end;
my wound is a melancholy
bleeds so that the hiccups
as likely to cry
its beauty to swoon,
its sad to delete
only after the death luster.

My life is lost,
my heart is broken ...
and my despair prevailed ...
I bring tragedy to an end ...
cry some more rhymes ...
to wander in every corner
leaving the sadness I eat ...
letting life pass without end
I regret to leave ...
cut so that my agony ...
the rags as my chest ...
the patches, either to cry
this evening, where I lie
on the funeral and sea ice,
only, to navigate between hope
only, and I drown in remembrance

of us, wrapped in the embrace us,
me, happy, crying and swearing to always love
you.

My City.

I love you, my São Paulo.
I love the smell of your smoke ...
your taste for this disgusting grease
it shows all its splendor ...
I love you, my São Paulo.
I love his tone gray multicolor,
that its people and put Fedida,
the empty belly of their children,
that arise from the darkness of walking ...
through its icy drizzle, his morning ...
I love you, my St. Paul.
Because among all their violence
I still love it that his innocence ...
their need to feel with faith
not afraid to go to work ...
I love you, my São Paulo.
I love all its dark corners,
all your disgusting bars,
their disillusioned drunk, smelly,
their legs from dirty prostitutes fine ...
I love you, my São Paulo.
And I love you with their lies, their truths ...
its miseries, its most infamous inequalities ...
their love junkies, bored, their tinnitus,
I love its people, lambs, their civil ...
I love this chronic pathetic, this sad disease ...
that among all our battle resist
to make us dream, but also the envy ...
drunk in so much crying in cheating ...
by not wanting power, and still can smile
without realizing that we sell, even to repeat:
I .. love you! My sweet and bitter São Paulo!
Why do the beggar be soulless boss ...

because they already have hurry in the dark,
but clearly this quiet ...
hopeful, we embrace every waking ...
each drop of sweat on the asphalt, to enslave
us ...
each tear of injustice in crates, in the revolt.
And I love, my São Paulo ...
because in the drizzle, crying, while his people
...
wake up, work and sleep, wake up and work
again ...
without time to think about crying.
No time for whining from you.

My Pen Color.

With my pen to pain
I risk flowers
I love trace
never dreamed that love

I do a sea
I cry
my heart to break
do you smile
to want to leave,
ding of both
I exist
both smile

both inebria
my melancholy,
go with the agony
take me away

I will fly
each letter in dreaming,
on each line create
a simple sensitivity

of all the beauty
of all the love
of all flowers
with my pen to pain

Still I love you.

Much as there is suffering,
smiling all the time,
to see you in my dreams ...
wake crying and hurt ...
and be sad sighs,
dreaming dumb, agreed ...
dreaming of your mouth wet,
its embrace of love tremível
your skin smooth and chills
a sentir-se ao fundo de minha dor.

Much as today has finished ...
all that love in your heart ...
in my silent cries and he suffers ...
and a choking on tears of loneliness
wanting to touch your little hand ...
touching your eyes with my eyes
and see the brightness of its host,
see how the love is exalting
in your smile, in both love
find me on my internal will ...
the simplest things of life,
the quieter moments
that it be shown to be baby
you look between the tortuous
emprantecida paths of sorrow,
and cries clamorosos
a lone suicide ...
I found you, my love ...
I found out all my pain,
for I have never ...

to love the life I have
and fighting and always follow,
even crying,
and still suffering
alone and regretting
and bleeding from chest hurts
I remember just loving you
his beautiful smile.

Lyrics Lost.

Oh, my love ...
cate these lyrics
made of pain
curves in black
Among the clear splendor
versed this wind
in the frosty smile
pass burning of suffering
pass from the funeral paradise,
to landslides, to remember
lembrantes to my dismay ...
the glare in your eyes.

Came to me to cut ...
to bring me back
to my regret
my anger
gotta love without,
like without power
you look again.

Touch your lips wet ...
warm your frozen fingers,
while I feel your heartbeat
and my companion is delivered
to my tight hug
his heart is Acalanto
cloud of love and ... your look.

What memories of Will.

You to read this ...
and remember the life,
that is wound tight,
that flows every day ...
go see the bleeding
time passing
with your melancholy,
down to drain the sink,
the ruddle
the white of agony
to show himself in the mirror
and show you ... that smile.

What is read in your soul ...
to chide you calm
the dead flowers of spring
coming weeks which will
that you never expected,
but its already has
a tragedy to each flower ...
flowering as the love ...
so ... cold blast of pain ...
each dead rose,
each cut prose
a silence of splendor
the end of afternoon sad
where the shadow master
all the past abominates
and this emphasizes
to the future ... a cina.

Remembrance of Death.

Dip a face
pale, a smile
of vague sadness,
Acalanto with rattle,
a breath of beauty,
a fall, a taste,
a tear ... fever
not lie down to luck
and yes, surrender to death
the pain it delivered.

Stumble in the stars
is lost in the night ...
and hope ... --- Better not take them ...
therefore, life is only the love
and death is the scourge
that makes us feel pain
and lie down in the morning ...
crying by now
and it is depressing to see
and see the shadow it has become.

And crying is not a hug
smiles and become empty ...
look up the chest and there is a lap,
Look up the veins blossomed two rivers:
one which is dull and enlouquece of pain,
second, that suicide, and elucidadea is terror.

And life is gone ...
and the sadness was
and death was ...
which in life to worry.

I swear that I will forget.

I swear that I will forget you;
interest play in the wind
those moments

that taught me life.

I have to kill my love,
consume me from loneliness;
bite me so much pain,
to get you out of my heart.

But believe me, my love,
I'll stop loving you
and I may also die
with that in me you get.

Maybe a life is lost;
got the pain, lost love,
got the will to die ...
lost forever ... its splendor.