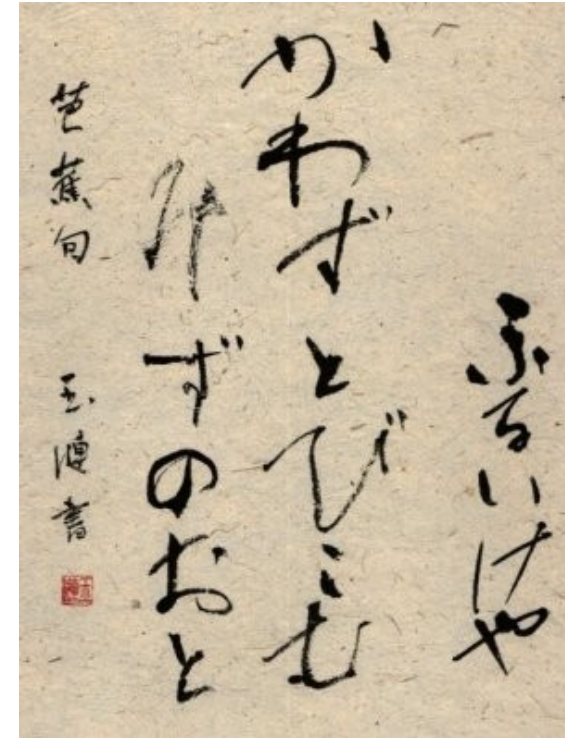


# POETRY READING

Carlos Cezar Sato &  
Gustavo Santoro Camargo

*Matsuo Bashō, 1686*



*furuike ya / kawazu tobikomu / mizu no oto*

*an ancient pond / a frog jumps in / the splash of water*

velho lago  
mergulha a rã  
fragor d'água  
(tradutor: Alberto Marsicano)

# POETRY READING

**Carlos Cezar Sato  
&  
Gustavo Santoro  
Camargo**

Santoka Taneda

山あれば山を観る  
雨の日は雨を聴く  
春夏秋冬  
あしたもよろし  
ゆふべもよろし

Yama areba yama o miru  
ame no hi ame o kiku  
haru natsu aki fuyu  
ashita mo yoroshi  
yûbe mo yoroshi

" If there are mountains, I look at the mountains;  
On rainy days I listen to the rain.  
Spring, summer, autumn, winter.  
Tomorrow too will be good.  
Tonight too is good "

Paulo Leminski

viver é super difícil  
o mais fundo  
está sempre na superfície

Ezra Pound  
In a Station of the Metro

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;  
Petals on a wet, black bough

# POETRY READING

**Lucas Cardoso  
Miquelon  
&  
Thatiana  
Munhoz de  
Oliveira**

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.  
Whatever I see I swallow immediately  
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.  
I am not cruel, just truthful -  
The eye of a little god, four cournered.  
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.  
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long  
I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.  
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,  
Searching my reaches for what she really is.  
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.  
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.  
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands  
I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.  
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman  
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

# POETRY READING

Lucas Cardoso

Miquelon

&

Thatiana

Munhoz de

Oliveira

Sou prateado e exato. Não tenho preconceitos.  
Tudo o que vejo engulo imediatamente  
Do jeito que for, desembaçado de amor ou aversão.  
Não sou cruel, apenas verdadeiro -  
O olho de um pequeno deus, de quatro cantos.  
Na maior parte do tempo medito sobre a parede em frente.  
Ela é rosa, pontilhada. Já olhei para ela tanto tempo,  
Eu acho que ela é parte do meu coração. Mas ela oscila.  
Rostos e escuridão nos separam toda hora.

Agora sou um lago. Uma mulher se dobra sobre mim,  
Buscando na minha superfície o que ela realmente é.  
Então ela se vira para aquelas mentirosas, as velas ou a lua.  
Vejo suas costas, e as reflito fielmente.  
Ela me recompensa com lágrimas e um agitar das mãos.  
Sou importante para ela. Ela vem e vai.  
A cada manhã é o seu rosto que substitui a escuridão.  
Em mim ela afogou uma menina, e em mim uma velha  
Se ergue em direção a ela dia após dia, como um peixe terrível.

*translated by André Cardoso*

*(in 34 LETRAS, issue 5/6, Ed. 34 Literatura and Nova Fronteira, Brazil, 1989)*

# POETRY READING

**Aione Simões  
Sérgio**

***Reads  
Emily Bronte***

**The night is darkening round me**

by Emily Brontë

The night is darkening round me,  
The wild winds coldly blow;  
But a tyrant spell has bound me,  
And I cannot, cannot go.

The giant trees are bending  
Their bare boughs weighed with snow;  
The storm is fast descending,  
And yet I cannot go.

Clouds beyond clouds above me,  
Wastes beyond wastes below;  
But nothing drear can move me;  
I will not, cannot go.

**A noite se torna mais escura...**

Emily Brontë / Tradução de Lúcio Cardoso

Diante de mim a noite se torna mais escura,  
As rajadas do vento são mais frias e selvagens.  
E eu, aprisionada a este sortilégio,  
Não posso mais partir.

Gigantes, as árvores se arqueiam,  
Galhos nus sob a pesada neve;  
Já a tempestade inclina mais baixo a sua frente,  
Por isto não posso mais partir.

Sobre mim o espaço e as nuvens;  
Os desertos desaguam aos meus pés.  
As solidões não me comovem mais;  
A vontade se acha extinta,

Não posso mas partir.

# POETRY READING

## Mariana de Carvalho Oliveira

*reads*

*Warsan Shire*

### Home, by Warsan Shire (*British-Somali poet*)

no one leaves home unless  
home is the mouth of a shark.

you only run for the border  
when you see the whole city  
running as well.

your neighbours running faster  
than you, the boy you went to school with  
who kissed you dizzy behind  
the old tin factory is  
holding a gun bigger than his body,  
you only leave home  
when home won't let you stay.

no one would leave home unless home  
chased you, fire under feet,  
hot blood in your belly.

it's not something you ever thought about  
doing, and so when you did -  
you carried the anthem under your breath,  
waiting until the airport toilet  
to tear up the passport and swallow,  
each mouthful of paper making it clear that  
you would not be going back.

you have to understand,  
no one puts their children in a boat  
unless the water is safer than the land.

who would choose to spend days  
and nights in the stomach of a truck  
unless the miles travelled  
meant something more than journey.

no one would choose to crawl under fences,  
be beaten until your shadow leaves you,  
raped, then drowned, forced to the bottom of  
the boat because you are darker, be sold,  
starved, shot at the border like a sick animal,  
be pitied, lose your name, lose your family,  
make a refugee camp a home for a year or two or ten,  
stripped and searched, find prison everywhere  
and if you survive and you are greeted on the other side  
with go home blacks, refugees  
dirty immigrants, asylum seekers  
sucking our country dry of milk,  
dark, with their hands out  
smell strange, savage -  
look what they've done to their own countries,  
what will they do to ours?

the dirty looks in the street  
softer than a limb torn off,  
the indignity of everyday life  
more tender than fourteen men who  
look like your father, between  
your legs, insults easier to swallow  
than rubble, than your child's body  
in pieces - for now, forget about pride  
your survival is more important.

i want to go home, but home is the mouth of a shark  
home is the barrel of the gun  
and no one would leave home  
unless home chased you to the shore  
unless home tells you to  
leave what you could not behind,  
even if it was human.

no one leaves home until home  
is a damp voice in your ear saying  
leave, run now, i don't know what  
i've become.

# POETRY READING

**Ana Cristina  
Bonchristiano**

*reads*

***Derek Walcott***

"Paramim"

She loved to say it and I loved to  
Hear it,

"Paramin", it had the scent of  
cocoa in it,  
the criss-crossing trunks of leafy  
goomiers straight  
out of Cézanne and Sisley, the  
road rose then fell fast  
into the lush valley where my  
daughters live.

The name said by itself could  
make us laugh  
as if some deep, deep secret was  
hidden there.

I see it through crossing tree  
trunks framed with love  
and she is gone but the hill is still  
there

and when I join her it will be

Paramin

for both of us and the children, the  
mountain air

and music with no hint of what  
the name could mean,  
rocking gently by itself, "Paramin",  
"Paramin."

# POETRY READING

**Ana Carolina  
Carlovich**

***reads***

***Walt Whitman***

## O Me! O Life!

O Me! O life!... of the questions of these recurring;  
Of the endless trains of the faithless—of cities fill'd with the foolish;

Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more foolish than I, and who more  
faithless?)

Of eyes that vainly crave the light—of the objects mean—of the struggle ever  
renew'd;

Of the poor results of all—of the plodding and sordid crowds I see around me;

Of the empty and useless years of the rest—with the rest me intertwined;

The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me, O life?

*Answer.*

That you are here—that life exists, and identity;

That the powerful play goes on, and you will contribute a verse.



POETRY  
READING

**Caroline  
Policarpo**

*reads*

*Hilda Hilst*

# POETRY READING

**Fernanda  
Rodrigues  
Comenda**

*reads*

*Cecília Meireles*

## 4º Motivo da Rosa

Não te aflijas com a pétala que voa:  
também é ser, deixar de ser assim.  
Rosas verá, só de cinzas franzida,  
mortas, intactas pelo teu jardim.  
Eu deixo aroma até nos meus espinhos  
ao longe, o vento vai falando de mim.  
E por perder-me é que vão me lembrando,  
por desfolhar-me é que não tenho fim.

# POETRY READING

**Giovana Dias**

**Jorge**

***reads***

***Langston Hughes***

## **[The Negro Mother - Poem by Langston Hughes**

Children, I come back today  
To tell you a story of the long dark way  
That I had to climb, that I had to know  
In order that the race might live and grow.  
Look at my face - dark as the night -  
Yet shining like the sun with love's true light.  
I am the dark girl who crossed the red sea  
Carrying in my body the seed of the free.  
I am the woman who worked in the field  
Bringing the cotton and the corn to yield.  
I am the one who labored as a slave,  
Beaten and mistreated for the work that I gave -  
Children sold away from me, I'm husband sold, too.  
No safety, no love, no respect was I due.

Three hundred years in the deepest South:  
But God put a song and a prayer in my mouth.  
God put a dream like steel in my soul.  
Now, through my children, I'm reaching the goal.

# POETRY READING

**Giovana Dias**

**Jorge**

***reads***

***Langston Hughes***

Now, through my children, young and free,  
I realized the blessing deed to me.  
I couldn't read then. I couldn't write.  
I had nothing, back there in the night.  
Sometimes, the valley was filled with tears,  
But I kept trudging on through the lonely years.  
Sometimes, the road was hot with the sun,  
But I had to keep on till my work was done:  
I had to keep on! No stopping for me -  
I was the seed of the coming Free.  
I nourished the dream that nothing could smother  
Deep in my breast - the Negro mother.  
I had only hope then, but now through you,  
Dark ones of today, my dreams must come true:  
All you dark children in the world out there,  
Remember my sweat, my pain, my despair.

# POETRY READING

**Giovana Dias**

**Jorge**

***reads***

***Langston Hughes***

Remember my years, heavy with sorrow -  
And make of those years a torch for tomorrow.  
Make of my pass a road to the light  
Out of the darkness, the ignorance, the night.  
Lift high my banner out of the dust.  
Stand like free men supporting my trust.  
Believe in the right, let none push you back.  
Remember the whip and the slaver's track.  
Remember how the strong in struggle and strife  
Still bar you the way, and deny you life -  
But march ever forward, breaking down bars.  
Look ever upward at the sun and the stars.  
Oh, my dark children, may my dreams and my prayers  
Impel you forever up the great stairs -  
For I will be with you till no white brother  
Dares keep down the children of the Negro Mother.

# POETRY READING

**Raphael Valim**

***reads***

***Mario de  
Andrade***

Transcrição do poema “O rebanho”, selecionado do livro *Pauliceia desvairada*.

## **O REBANHO<sup>1</sup>**

Oh! minhas alucinações!  
Vi os deputados, chapéus altos,  
sob o pálio vespéral, feito de mangas-rosas,  
saírem de mãos dadas do Congresso...  
Como um possesso num acesso em meus aplausos  
aos salvadores do meu estado amado!...

Desciam, inteligentes, de mãos dadas,  
entre o trepidar dos táxis vascolejantes,  
a rua Marechal Deodoro...  
Oh! minhas alucinações!  
Como um possesso num acesso em meus aplausos  
aos heróis do meu estado amado!...

# POETRY READING

**Helena de Luna  
Mendes**

***reads***

***Elizabeth Bishop***

## One Art

Elizabeth Bishop, 1911 – 1979

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.

The art of losing isn't hard to master.

# POETRY READING

**Helena de Luna  
Mendes**

***reads***

***Elizabeth Bishop***

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or  
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.

The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.

I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.



# POETRY READING

**Helena de Luna  
Mendes**

***reads***

***Elizabeth Bishop***

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

# POETRY READING

**Patricia K.  
Romero**

***reads***

***Sappho***

## *Poem of Jealousy – Sappho*

Godlike the man  
who sits at her side, who  
watches and catches  
the laughter  
which (softly) tears me  
to tatters: nothing is  
left of me, each time  
I see her,  
. . . tongue numbed; arms, legs  
melting, on fire; drum  
drumming in ears; head-  
lights gone black.

# POETRY READING

**Patricia K.  
Romero**

***reads***

***Adrienne Rich***

***Power, by Adrienne Rich***

Living in the earth-deposits of our history

Today a backhoe divulged out of a crumbling flank of earth  
one bottle amber perfect a hundred-year-old  
cure for fever or melancholy a tonic  
for living on this earth in the winters of this climate

Today I was reading about Marie Curie:  
she must have known she suffered from radiation sickness  
her body bombarded for years by the element  
she had purified

It seems she denied to the end  
the source of the cataracts on her eyes  
the cracked and suppurating skin of her finger-ends  
till she could no longer hold a test-tube or a pencil

She died a famous woman denying  
her wounds  
denying  
her wounds came from the same source as her power