

LONDON GARDENS and other journeys

Márcio Catunda

MEDITATION ON THE TOWER OF LONDON

**The twilight Thames resembles a meadow.
The boats lean like tired animals.
Its even back sheds purple fires,
Sea-gulls void the blue square face of the bridge,
that shivers beneath the burden/load of the busses.
Blue bridge, stamped with mandalas,
garnished with nets of slim supports.
And those mysterious walls, polished by the emery of Time,
how many plots and seizures,
and incest passions they have seen!
And still today they seem to unveil, like ghosts,
amidst the smells and noises of the crowd,
ships full of surprises, between the Tower and the Bridge,
pouring riches from other lands.
How many secrets the ancient walls do still keep:
hung Saxons, beheaded Normans,
Barons and knights tortured in the dungeons,
Richard the II, forced to hand over the crown
to his cousin Henry the IV,
Anne Boleyn and her heart, buried close to a church organ,
Lady Grey in the cruel hands of Mary Tudor,
the three Thomas (Cromwell, Cranner and More)
and other celebrities embittering their share of pain
along with spies and plotters,
from the Traitors Gate to the scaffold,
diamonds falling down from the crowned heads.
An old raven swore to me he saw Thomas Blood stealing the crown**

**and the reckless Guy Fawkes trying to set afire the Parliament,
and the bloodthirsty Edward Plantagenet killing Llewelyn,
and Richard the III slaughtering his nephews,
and Henry the VIII, the horror of wives,
wandering from Tower Green to Wakefield Tower.
How many of these, here today sleepwalkers,
have featured in such indecent deeds?
Or maybe just the ravens, with extra-temporal sensors,
may recognize them in the passing shadows...
What's left are stones and moss over the stones,
and the wandering slumber of passers-by,
the roaming and the mocking glances of those who pass, ?
like William the Conqueror did long ago,
like Henry the II, the murderer of Thomas Becket,
the Crusader Heart of Lion and his brother of No-Land,
like all these guests of Time just walk away,
eating fries and puffing smoke,
like them the Williams, Edwards and Henrys went their way,
Carving effigies that Time fades,
burying victims in the Royal Chapel of St. Peter,
laughing and crying in the Chapel of St. John.
Like them the Tudors and the Stewarts passed
- figures are outlined in the strange scenery,
tortured by mean ambitions.
There remained the old castle that saw the events taking place,
the transition of generations,
the stones that night and day engraved their enigmas.
The former characters vanished in the confusion of centuries.
There are no more curses,
no more tortures between the walls of the White Tower,
but the old raven doesn't lie:
there are ghosts around the battlements.
Time witnesses such evidences...
Or maybe just the ravens
might recognize the characters of that time
reflected on the walls, like sleepwalking souls,
in the shadows that stray around the citadel...**

London, 14.01.99.

THE PARKS ARE ALL I WANT

**I praise the relieves (Victorian Gothic) of St. Pancras
and the Marble Arch
with Greek Gods enclosed.
But I walk gloomy in the crowd.
The city, factory of anguish, spark of the Tartar,
switches on the violence of the machines.
Only in the parks my eyes get full of stars.
The trees are shields against the choke of smokes.
I'm not interested in the underground London,
stairways and movies posters.
Not even in the ragamuffins of the Picadilly Circus
disheveled dwarfs protesting against labor.
My eyes don't fix the advertisements, nor the archangel,
nor the whirlwind of people on the glittering crossroads.
The Caribbean sons swallow leisure, swallow opium,
the jugglers spring out in front of the Criterion,
the crowd babbles beneath the splendour of the buildings,
the red double-deck busses and the black cabs circle around.
the outcasts get entangled in the capitalist insanity,
between the panels of consumption.
But if above the labyrinthine apathies
a purple sky peeps on the lawn of St. James Park
where my heart seeks shelter
amongst geraniums and lavenders, signs of life.
I drink inspiration in a water rearing pond,
among children, pigeons and squirrels.
I despise the clothes from H&M and the sets from Dixon's.
I do without the remedies from Boots, without the ties from TieRac,
the crammed shop windows cannot catch me.
I want birds and people flocked in relief,
weeping willows leaning branches,
children voices on the green lawn,
the children that Blake, the visionary,
glimpsed smiling, among flowers, in a blessed day.**

London, 12.08.98

THE TOWER BRIDGE FROM THE OLD BILLIGSGATE WALK

**Alive into the substance of the wind,
shapes of praise feeding my senses:
the old Tower Bridge – the two square towers,
doors to the splendour,
triumphal arch suspended on the foundations of the past,
floating boats and birds,
I celebrate my winged fellowship with beauty.
Beneath the sapphires sky's treasury
the magic waters, the thrill of the crosses upon the pointed roofs,
up to the high places of the universe.
No one imagines the maze of stairs inside
the arches of glamour and the Thames Path.
My life transfused with bliss...
I wandered in the desert waste,
Now drinking the morning dew,
beholding the wind-winged skies,
the lit waves, the river's secret seals,
I invite the poets for a grant of dusty-brown trees.
Clouds as lilies blooming,
streets and squares resplendent of advertisements,
the green town life breathing
full of shadows and sounds.
The dock-yard glows flow,
the sparkling white-blue unfolds,
and aloof, the lazy river just shine.
The silver glaze of my fancy, so light of cheer...
If I could only marvel at these wonders forever.
And forever wash my eyelids with the balm of a day like this.**

London, 20.09.98

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

**"Nothing ever could break or harm the charm of London Town".
Noel Coward**

**It's not about a common river crossing a city.
A prodigy is whirling
where Nature and mankind dwell together dizzily
in the spiral of meeting.
Westminster Bridge reconciles the antipodes:
waves in a spontaneous uproar.
Not a simple river,
but a spring adorned with signs of haughtiness,
representing the badge of poets,
the exactness of metaphor and the verticality of ideal.
Look at the gold that frames the big chronometer,
the irreproachable design of the rectangles
and the subtlety of the angular spikes.
Look at the river, recipient of all conversions,
winding peacefully amongst colours and shadows.
Listen: the Big Ben strikes the heartless gong
announcing the eternal fluency of life matters.**

TRIBUTE TO THE CHILDREN OF GREEN PARK

In Green Park children find out that water is far more noble than the solemnity of traditions.

And the festival of the innocence shaded all patriotic pride. Celebrating the wedding of the Earth and the Sky, the children changed in toboggan the slope of the Canadian memorial. "As a mark of respect keep off the monument", recommends the stone inscription.

But children, since they don't worry about wars, nor about money, discovered once again the usefulness of the monument.

Sliding in the water mirror, they use the public thing for the benefit of life, in sacrifice to the reason to live.

Light drains from smiles and gestures and the impromptu toy became the altar of Summer.

Granting functionality to a useless thing, children, in harmony with the petals' colours, praise the water as who's smiling.

What a lesson of joy and so unlike the one that comes from perishable things, do children give us playing.

They reveal the secret of water.

Water that gives us life.

Life that comes from water.

Blessed water, free of fear and sorrow.

AT THE DOORWAYS OF WINTER

**The wet feet, avoiding the puddles,
the umbrellas bumping and not just the moistened benches,
but the busy cabs, tiny drops damping everything,
(polyphony of rhythms in the wheels and the motors).
The downpour stopped in the morning,
but the icy fever burns the bones
of who, ex-bohemian
found himself in the uncertainty of wandering at the night.
The weather seems less hostile
when the city opens in bright avenues,
but if at 2 a.m. there's no one to open the hotel door for him,
the night walker rushes to pick a cab,
surrounded by cars that roar with violence,
until someone, that God sent, appears
and guides him from the City of Westminster to Islington,
throughout the outlines of St. Pancras.
It was worth waiting under a flood take-off
and have just three hours of sleep
till seeing the daylight gilding walls and trees.**

MEETING POETRY

**Morning had drawn to a twilight before mid-day,
a magnetic rain in the hair of some women,
to see them means to watch the touch of sky in everything
and a touch of salt and sun in the Nature,
here, as in the South Atlantic Ocean.
A morning of night-falling at the theatre,
and later, at the meeting with the Irish muses,
Over St. Martin Lane, a magic slope to Trafalgar Square,
the National Opera of garnished balconies,
the sparkling globe on the dome.
The tower of St. Martin of the Fields, white mercury light
and the bridge where the poet Joseph Marinus
sharing out a book,
keeps speaking about the poetry of the heart,
under the blessings of the city lit all over.
On the way to Royal Festival Hall,
under the weary aura of the bright buildings,
I listen to the whisper of the Thames.
The roofs of Covent Garden are silver-plated by the moon,
November moon of London,
alive poetry in a brilliance of delight,
airing the columns of the Apple Market.**

THE AIR OF THE PARKS

**In the air of the park there are winged beings
whirling around the pond calm.
Source of silence wherefrom inspiration,
white bird,
teaches me that city poets became sclerotic
for they neither write along with the muses,
nor understand the joy of birds.
In the air of the park the flocks of birds in flight
unfold a festival of sounds.
The composed sliding of the swans, spiritual grace,
hugs in peace, the polychromatic grove.
The green hint vibrates in the alluring sight
and swans, purer white than the gowns of the ladies of the court,
far more solemn than the ambassadors in the reception halls,
such a nobility they wear in their complaisant walk!
The plants with their embroideries,
much more luxurious than glossy chandeliers
would make George the III envious.
And the sky, a primrose texture,
reminds the fable of the Lady, friend of all suffering,
who searched the world for simple people,
compassionate to any human pain.**

PILGRIMAGE IN JANUARY

**I wandered as a collector of solemn places
from the treeless streets around Paddington station
to the leafy regions of Bayswater.
I wandered along North Kensington, along Notting Hill,
as a collector of solemn places, pillars, gateways, churchyards
and labyrinthine strands of lakes marked with the hand of antiquity.
I wandered along Marylebone Road, round Portland Place,
along Regent Street, along Fleet Street,
and there were ornamental buildings,
the Royal Academy of Music, the Saint Paul Cathedral,
among firetrees of advertisements.
But the monoxide and the noise frightened me away,
Yearning for the roses of Regent's Park,
I sought for a refuge in their clarity
A piece of bread was the reason why thirty pigeons came by
and ate up my wheat provisions.
In turn, the squirrels refused bread and banana.
The playground of children led me to a playful contemplation
and now, in front of the boughs of the trees,
the freshness of the grass spread all around,**

the lake is a floating garden with petals flying over.
Far away from the fretful traffic, instead of pavements
I have the flavour of the groves
and I fancy that orchards are abroad in the air.
London's face and relic should be recalled forever:
The Charing Cross, the sun-set over the bridges,
but just here is where I share the company of nightingales
in the shelter of January.
The frost made me wayfarer
and even the roses left from Mary Queen's Garden
(to perfume stone-beds in some other hemisphere,
far away from the frost that damped the fields
and slimmed the trees).
Chin and hands already senseless,
I close myself within the windows of the snack bar
and I supplied myself with calories.
The roses will be back in the underground of April,
that's what Triton told me at his spring.
They will be back driven by the blow of their hydraulic shell.

KEW GARDENS

Watching the green explosion that stands out as a flood of ecstasy,
I hold within my heart the expansion of the harmony
that birds announce,
sensual balms and sonorous delight that seduce me.
I reach utterly exhausted, stateless pilgrim
and suddenly, cheerful once again,
I drink the promises of this flash of emerald,
a flourishing flood over Rock Garden, the Woodland Garden
and between the Gallery and Palm House.
The luxurious cedar stretching out its hegemonic branches
is not far richer
than the weary tulip bent by the wind,
Neither the mirror pond in front of the mansion has more splendour
(the wave-like blazing friezes)
than the magnolia breathing its lilac on the lawn.
The velvet road draws out in spell...
bringing to the feeble human life a minute of eternity.
The bunches of rosy prime fruit, chromatic solaces
cast from the sky,
how they delight both sight and heart,
acquainted with harshness, and the senses,
hostile to the austere services of life!
And what a bath of crystal health for the soul is the air over here!
The source of most delightful scents
made all perfumery shops needless!

**The prodigy of satisfaction whispers in the foliage,
the festival of life grows out of the monuments of leaves,
marvelously planted,
spreading a myriad of still shadows.**

FROM OVER THE SALISBURY CRAGS

**To behold the ocean lights,
the mountains coloured by the divine hand,
The isthmus, and the island merged/dipped in the distance.
Sheep like pearls in the carpet of grass,
the swarm of birds, a circle of grains in the air,
vehicles gliding in a sea of calm, flowing between gardens.
To climb up the peaks of fortune, with eyes fixed in the sacred sight.
Emerald needles piercing the wind.
A gold-green cloak in the layers of relief.
I placed myself in the observatory of eagles.
There's a lake of fire in the plain of clouds.
The bubbling of the Clyde is by my side.
Gold in the sea, archipelagoes of foam,
ecstatic waves in the fog.
A crystal ship is resting between pillars.
A crown of burning petals.
The agape of gods upon the towers,
the wind comes with glacial perfumes,
emptying castles of eternity.
My heart gets drunk with the sight of cattle in the farms,
with the effigies of the sea field.
Lavenders in the flower farms.
The thin mist starts growing blue.**

LOFTY TOWERS LOST IN THE MIST

**"I sit within a blaze of Light
held high above the dusky sea"
Robert Louis Stevenson**

**Amidst the ivies, old castles in the grip of mystery are sprouting.
I watch those shrines stained by Time,
the walls wrapped up in the mist,
flaunting heraldic ideals.
The fluid view enfolds the High Lands,
the heart sings in all plans of the city.
A splendid glimpse, the castle inlaid in the crag,
the towers in the grip of grass:
the enigma of the ancient stones.**

**flowing as the birds in the lake,
as the greenery of the trees of St. Stephen's Green.
All I have to keep inside forever.**

15.08.98

A MEDITATION ON THE HOPKINS' PRAYERS

**"God takes more interest in our salvation that we ourselves"
Gerard Manley Hopkins**

**Our prayer won't be lost in desert ways.
In high flood the adored King makes mercy in all of us,
mercy that outrides all of the water.
Let us sail to the bay of his blessing.
Our ransom and rescue,
the hand that wrought the glories of the Earth,
Master of all the tides, his world-wielding shoulder,
King of this lighted Hall,
giver of breath and bread,
broods with bright wings over wood and thorp,
like beams of spring, all things rising with delight,
wind wandering over the growing green.
And over the infinite abysses from which we gaze,
we hope to hear his voice of truth,
his sovereignty that heeds and bodes
to give us that sense beyond,
until He broods, until our grain lie, sheer and clear.
Patience shall dispel the doubt and lead us,
child-like without fear, no horror of hoary-glow height.
Patience that plumes to Peace, thereafter
and brings the rapture of inspiration.
Let us wait until morn eternal breaks.
The heart rears wings.
No steep, neither whirlwind, nor wrecked pangs,
but relief and comfort let us hope from God's smile.
Let us, dovewinged heart, flash from the grace to the grace.
Roped with a vein of Christ's gift,
Father and founder of heart, the heaven-flung,
the stroke that stars and storms deliver,
the river where the faithful waiver,
let Him easter in us.
The Windhover who comes from the center of the rainbow,
his gliding flaming out.
Should hoar the word the heart breeds,
should He send our roots rain.**

IN THE SHADOW OF ELIOT

**Bewildered between fog and soot,
watching the rustling shelters of the evening,
lamps that vanish at the extinction of day-light,
gusts whirling burnt leaves,
I cross nightly avenues,
writing rhapsodies of sorrow.**

**Will there be time for the yellow smoke to flee in the streets
and for the hundreds of indecisions to stock Prufroek's mind,
made senseless by melancholy?**

**My hair getting entangled,
my life measured in coffee-spoons,
an anachronistic romantic, walking aimlessly, at twilight,
along the narrow streets,
waiting for the mist that's growing even toward the sky.**

**Amazed at the beauty,
my mind blurred as the windows of the basement flats,
nomad in the lines of the underground
while the evening falls asleep,
I cross avenues of penance
writing nocturnal rhapsodies.**

**My nerves projected over a screen of spleen,
sordid images hesitating towards the ceiling,
a light flickering in the curtains,
my soul fades out like the sky behind the buildings.**

**In the fancy of the images I read the Preludes,
wandering along the stations:**

**from Euston to Bond Street through Charing Cross,
women decorating the brick of the subway,
Waste Land – stone and metal,
scarlet flowers, the parched roses of the garland of life.
Central Line will lead me to Tottenham Court Road,
by Northern Line**

**I reach the cinematic space of Leicester Square,
the glittering advertisements and the smell of the restaurants,
the bookshops at Charing Cross, a clutter of people and cars
at the crossing with Shaftesbury Avenue,
Chemist's shops full of elixirs (from Taiwan or Calcutta, maybe).
Poetry is alive in the streets, in every single face,
in each translucent image,
in the half-cut phrases caught passing by,
in everything coming, like the Invisible Light,
to the intellectual pleasure of senses.**

MEMORY OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

**On the grassy road the rose of world,
the muse of eagle-sight
still thrills his heart.**

The same one for whom he worked in ecstasy.

**In a daydream I visit the Island of Innisfree,
the peace that drips from the veils of dawn,
in the sunset with the robins and the hubbub of the lake.**

**Like a pilgrim soul in the dusky sky,
I see the loving swans in the relief,
the mysterious swans in the wandering water.**

In the woods of Coole

bewildered and rash by expectations,

I walked along with him and I saw lifeless portraits,

the image of Philip Sidney,

the one that loved the old trees cracked by the tempest,

the one who used to greet the birds, the bridges

and the tower right by the current.

Suffering from the love to cruelty...

Maud Gone's look of savage summer under the frozen sky.

The Easter of 1916, the birth of the terrible beauty,

the enchanted hearts in stone.

In the Lake of Coole I saw the swans waiting for the final flight.

In my dreams

I heard the poet pitying the no-space world for the wise.

On my way, listening to the shouts of the gale,

He prayed a mighty ghost could defend the adored Michael,

fearing of the cruel Advent,

the sphinx of unforgiving look.

By human love was protected as well

the one that shaped everything out of nothing

and taught the stars to sing.

What to do with the feebleness he was bound to?

Is the time of supreme delight already gone?

Everything will be back in immortal turns.

While the wind is crying upon the tower,

the stream's foam darkens the bright stone...

A WALK WITH DYLAN THOMAS

Whispering betwixt the trees we enter the film of Spring.

The branches bending like eyelids,

green fire, the grass in the rejoicing fields.

He spoke to me about the power that stirs the water

between the rocks

and drives the flower to the beams of rain.

He showed me the spring sipping light from the mountain,
the waters of the heart expanding tides,
the sea whirlwind beating in the cyclone of the solar wing.
We whispered amid the trees for the magpies were sleeping.
He told me there are seeds of salt in the respiration seasons.
That people will have stars and that they will rise from the sea.
Happy about the flight of the sea-gulls,
he spoke to me about the water that sneaks in the shadow,
about the rustling sea that flows under the ground.
About the endless night falling over the wound of the world.
The mystery sings in the water and in the song-birds.
Time is burning and spinning,
lighting up the spiral of dawn.
(His voice was burning in the hands of the sun).
A falcon all in flames, suspending in the clouds,
was sparkling stars in every grain.
The dizzy windows of sunset were sighing.
He told me that Time left him shine
in the compassion of its meanders.
A still dawn, light in the perfumed thoughts.
He spoke to me about the first vision that set the stars on fire,
about the birds and the winged trees
that flew his name upon the farms.
Then, still a boy, he saw himself beside his mother
through the parables of solar light,
legends of green chapels, gardens in high fables.
The joy of the bygone days' child sung, burning at the sun.
If we were children, we would climb the trees
to surprise the indescribable stars.
But I guessed that his voice was the trace of wind,
coming up through the chains of the sea,
in the stormy silence of God.
Then I understood that people do have stars,
that they will rise from the sea
and that death will have no power.

W. H. AUDEN IN FRONT OF NATURE

**We have to pray for good luck to the goddess of the winds:
harmony in the lawn and in the lake.
A world of shadows is heard in the sound of (the) water.
We have to pray for the oldest joy,
to infer from the trees the soul of a country,
to judge the level of society by the condition of the woods.
A forest is far more worth than any culture.
Let winds favour the verbal rites.
The swindles of frowning scowl,
picking up pansies, climbing mountains,
unconscious of what that gesture means.
Rather the company of a goats shepherd,
far away from the bourgeois invention and its snooty style.
The atmosphere of the lake suggests that ministers of Foreign Affairs
should gather nearby a lake.
Far better is the fancy of imagining an island inside out,
where no one dares to disturb the poet...
Not the monotonous plains but a desolate coast
for a last days' rest.
Nothing like the motion of water,
the perfect music that brings from the far-away
the missing one
and speaks about another world and stirs up illuminated dreams.
The voice of water makes one wish splendours for the human race
and saint places for people.
The clear sight of Nature awakes the thirst of eternal life,
(a theme that most people,
for being absent-minded or resigned, refuse to discuss).**

TO GEORGE HARRISON

**Have you ever dreamed being an outcast, deported from Hamburg,
and afterwards Lord on Abbey Road?
Have you ever dreamed being a minstrel
in the evenings of Penny Lane
and with three insolent Fab smoke ganja in the Queen's toilet?
Have you ever dreamed of overflying strawberry fields
in the journey of consecration?
Archangel of apocalypse, anarchist of sensuality,
giving somersaults over the solemnity of the empire,
singing within you without you,
something, here comes the sun and other fables?
You cried, all these years ago, when the voice
that exorcised the distresses of Armageddon was silenced.
The boy of luxuriant sideburns who admitted you in Quarry Man
is not loathing any more the scoundrels from Wall Street.
Sad destiny is the one of a prince slaughtered by a psychopath.
It broke the heart of the Geisha
who used to understand the "little child inside one man" .
It was time to spread wings and fly.
We sing with the irreverent magician, watching the wheels,
watching shadows on the wall,
(just watch the river flow, as you told)
and playing mind games forever,
raising the spirit of peace and love.
He wished to make the poets working class heroes
and with him you cried out
against "the old fools who are governing us".
You denounced the ridiculous leaders acting as big girls.
In the desolate nights
we sing "nobody loves you when you're down".
Amazed at the strange days
when everybody's flying, no one leaves the ground.
It's just the echo of "Love is all you need" left,
and "in love our problems disappear".
Beyond the ruins of the world,
in transient sensations,
silk voices echoe daggers of light,
beyond Hard Day's Night.
With the one that dreamed being a magnate of fortune,
black bird of the caverns of Mathew Street,
you bewitched the women on Baker Street
and you smoked pipes of peace,
doing things they said were impossible.
Love has the power to turn on the light,
he stated, protesting against the slaughter of lambs,
with him you travelled touching all the girls with the eyes.**

Fugitive, we sung band on the run.
Illuminated, convinced that
"should the sand of time run out on,
up and down your carousel will go,
don't let it bring you down",
Mull of Kintyre, the enchanted image,
oh mist rolling in front of the sea,
smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain,
hymns of enthusiasm that guided our steps
with the shaky path of so many grown-ups.
We consoled ourselves with "willow, hold on tight".
Now, already without the guarding Angel that always followed him,
"time will heal the wounds?"
You do remember that, in a white suit and unshaved,
the king of broken hearts
was flowing in the Yellow Submarine.
It's all in the name of love, he stated in the apogee of brotherhood,
singing the precious help of the friends,
after all these years, in a heart beat,
bewildered, smelling the roses in the parks.
You never dreamed, oracle of Vedanta,
in shepherd's contemplation, to tell the four gnomes
All things must pass
and teach the world how to sing with the sitar players?
The surprise of your slide guitar, extra texture,
is crying in the hearts, balm of ecstasy.
Who have never travelled, tired of midnight blue,
in that sky cleared up, day turned to bright,
that you saw in the shrubs of the Friar Park?
"All it's got to take is some warmth to blow away",
these vows and this dream that doesn't grow old.
Who doesn't dream to wake up to the love that flows on?
Though you put a disguise of hermit of Henley,
the world witnessed the indulgence of yours with the old Prabhupada
and with the suffering from Bangladesh,
when, sad eyes, Ravi Shankar made use of your favours.
I imagine how blessed out you wrote Here comes the Moon,
dazzled by the colours of the Pacific sun-set.
Do you still wake up the mystical one,
happier than a willow tree by a stream,
breathing the breath of life itself?
Travelling wilbury, do you still know the unknown delight,
and are you still convinced that
since our problems have been our own creation,
they also can be all overcome?

ST. PETER'S PATH

To Laudicia Holanda

**The slimy blossom grows green,
that precious green the wind enlightens.
Harmonies of peppermint soothing in the thought.
A grass of nectar
chlorophyll's enamel vibrates in the foliage.
I drink the fresh perfume and the refreshment of silence.
I feel so close to the bushy emanation,
so equal in its wishing for the sun
that my poetry's branched in flowers.
Quietness in the statue of the trees.
Mildness in the floating boughs.**

UNDER THE MOON OF LONDON

**"the mystical I knew is returned"
George Harrison**

**The moon made me mystical again.
It brought back the enchantment of levitating in refulgence.
How the roses drink the wavering flood
and the pines breathe the incense that delights me.
God diluted in Heaven's blazon.
The Regent in the tides is evoking another time
that now is rising again in the perfume.
The yards greet me with petals
and the memory grows in revived joy,
renewing the mystical flame of the imaginary of yore.**

Walthamstow, the 9th of July, 1995

ALONGSIDE THE THAMES

To Tara Lamont and Humberto Mafra

**The Hungerfold Bridge reveals a lyrical vision:
beyond the boats and Cleopatra's Needle,
The Royal Courts of Justice,
and Saint Paul's Cathedral of handsome cupola,
the Thames travels softly.
Observing the trains that tear the spaces on the iron structures,**

**I look at the texture of the water curled by the ripples
and the slowness of its waving,
and I feel the great relief
that came to appease the torments of my day.
I drink with joy the balms of evening
when birds overfly whirls on the stream.
The night falls as a shroud of dew which revives me.
Bright shreds sparkle in the sward.
The Thames slides like a veil of mystery,
draining the waters of the night.
Through reflections that drive like swords of light,
in dull fluency pass the images of destiny.
My thoughts turn with the foams of the stream
and while the city frightens me with its turbulent machines,
I am stirred up by the power of the old river,
An esplanade of benevolent fluids,
A warm nocturne of August
with imperishable fantasies.
The diadem of Westminster Bridge girds the profile of the Big Ben
that watches the Temple Bar Memorial.
Minarets of exactitude,
thoughtful summits of thin luminosity,
the Houses of Parliament
display the treasures of their lengthy filaments,
carved in slender grooves.**

London, the 17th of August, 1996

INSIDE A CAB IN LONDON

**I wake up by the columns of the National Gallery,
Contemplating old gothic churches and marble palaces.
The symmetrical structures in brownish brick
In Westminster's inexorable arches,
Constructions washed by clarity.
A stone temple
Interrupts the continuity of white buildings
On the adjacencies of a park
Light-hearted by the North sea's breeze.
Fascinated by the ancient mystery
I glide in the cab of serenity
Observing the steep roofs.
I dream of living in a bungalow with glass windows
And a garden of blue hydrangeas.
(The Thames is the gift of the day).**

ON A JOHN DONNE'S PRAYER

**The blowing child and his sparks of wit,
the wonders he spoke, his morning miracles.
He whose blood drop moist our dry soul.
For our soul, in extreme degree he frees from being starved
and bring us to salute the everlasting day.
In his thorny crown our always crown of glory.**

**He whose Grace wing us to prevent despair
And by repaying our pains made us a temple of his divine Spirit.
Wonder of Greater wonder,
He knows our true grief, the all-healing Spirit
whose law's abridgment is all but love.
The only salvation is the temple of his breast:
If mercy threatens with wrath,
his bless preserve us from falling,
and if the bell tolls for us,
affliction is a treasure when we secure ourselves
by making resource to his grace.
His streams of love our morn make fruitful.
In his thorny crown our always crown of glory.**

A PLACE TO BE HAPPY

**God opened the window of the world
and lightened up the blue diamond of the day
In the esplanade of destiny.
The Moon is a bird of cloud
In the fluttering texture.
One can rest on the cement bench,
in the thick of sultry weather
looking at the South Wing's traffic,
in the shade of the hours,
in the freedom of life out of danger.
No one will ask me where I live
and what I do in this square of Brasilia,
In front of a library
in the free space of life.**

SUMMER AFTERNOON IN THE MONASTERY

To Marco Daniel

**In this monastery aired by the meek noon,
under the sky, dizzying of excessive azure,
we restore life defiled in the compartments,
inhaling a sweet harmony.
Brothers, accomplices in the pleasure offered by peace,
relaxing the eyes with the view of the green ridge of mountains,
we leave the wind to drift its balms
and we smile with satisfaction.
Withdrawn from the degrading chaos,
peaceful in our movements,
we wash the eyelids,
ravished by the beatitude of the gardens.
Relieving from the heaviness of the chains of the shoes,
I walk barefooted with friends:
Friends -- spiritual islands in the ocean of pain,
enchanted seashores of paradise.
The view, the brotherhood and the harmony are my fortunes.**

DUSKY

**Magical hour when the indefinite nature
is thinking over the metamorphosis of the moment.
It isn't night, it isn't day
and the trees participate in this indecision
-- dew refreshing the bush.
Time transforming itself:
Tenderness of the shadow serenity.
Two minutes and the night takes on the day,
The time is different,
but the day resists to the vapour that disperses
and dims the clarity with a turbid, dense layer.
The afternoon has changed itself inside the moment,
Orchards, groves, flower beds are dreaming
under the processions that bring
a sleeping cloak of evening dissonance.
Filigrees, migrations, circles, transparent mirrors,
icy liveliness floating over the shiny hill,
the fascinating blossoming of clouds disappears.
Night is coming.**

DREAMY ELEGY

**I dreamed the city without people, the fallen houses ,
rain repressing the silence,
heaviness of gray desolation
as some night's spell.
I saw the decaying monument in the middle of the square,
the streets impregnated with idle opium,
that a melancholic mould fills with hallucinations.
In my dream, dim remembrance from the immemorial times,
phantasmagoric street corners in mist frightened me
and I was bearing along the pains of my astonishment,
tormented by shadows grief,
walking thoughtful towards the sea.**

Cayenne, April 1990

PASTORAL

**The cows with peaceful eyes,
meditate in silence.
They say good bye to the Sun.
The foam trees bubble,
blazing in the blossom of space.
Quadrant of sparks:
the tree of life
has leaves of light.
That tree is different
from that one which ever existed
planted in Eternity.**

A NIGHT IN CEARA

To Tarcisio Barros Leal

**The joy of feeling the equatorial night
and knowing that behind this darkness
the day of fullness exists and kindles shining pearls.
The sheets of the wind
are covering the palms of the grove.
Beyond the town's noise,
to think about our home in heavenly fields.
The joy of knowing that over this night,
besides the earthly human's misery,
there is a garden of light**

that kindles the fragrance of the origins.
To walk between the flower beds
watched by Nature.
To raise the arms and receive the gift of the wind,
pure air washing the body
and filling the spirit with harmony.
Night's air with peaceful offerings,
sweet as the lovers' caress
and as friends' goodness.
The wind, brother from childhood,
tender fellow of the night's lover,
Southern hemisphere sailor, sea angel,
secret deciphered through the key of love.

DISCOVERY

To discover that each minute can be a moment of discovery.
To discover the future, reinvent the past
and the secret of each second.
To discover the inner land and the flora inside oneself,
and brain's celestial share.
To discover the vastness of love,
which always is a new discovery.
We live with the hope for plentiful life
and this is to discover the hidden thrill in consciousness.
God's shape in birds and clarity.
The strength of Sun and Time.
To understand that the discovery would be the opposite
of what we have thought,
and admit the expectation of the discovery.
This is also a discovery.
To discover in nature's indivisibility
the wholeness of things
and to stand in the middle of the Universe.
To discover the everyday objects
and how to make them useful for evolution.

NIGHT'S VEIL

I like the world when the night is dense
and the silence watches over the dreamy creatures.
When dawn blows over the despair of the breathing souls
and night's veil, smoothing the waves,
numbs the magnetic web of dimensions.
The thought is a roaming cloud in the quietness of the dark.
Successive labyrinths of secret.

**I like the tenderness laid on the iridized whiffs,
in the flows of slim silver
unthreading from the weavers of the enigma.**

THE PLANISPHERE OF BRASILIA

**Late afternoon painted in yellow
the August gray air.
The sparrows are charming the peacefulness of the hour.
In the wasteland, dried by the summer,
between the buildings and tracks which cars challenge,
one beholds the distorted trees uphill,
the flashing valley with the Lake
and far away adjacent city,
shedding lights over the upland wall.
Horizon, rust eaten by the acid winds,
motionless ocean of bristling branches,
the steel of superimposed walls,
The esplanade with elongated buildings,
quadrilateral blocs, window-panes between the trees.
Windows opening towards the buildings.
Squares where life is closed without horizons.**

MEDITATION IN RILA MONASTERY

**Forged between the light of glaciers,
cloister with amazing tower,
you are like a braid of hope that comforts me.
There is a spring growing moon over the steep slopes.
Silence in the domains of flowers.
In the bushy hills the monks reject the world.
In the dignity of stones they search for truth which guides them.
As an hermit thirsty of a place of ecstasy,
far from the fever of remorse,
and not corroded by hostile degradation,
I'm a pilgrim who expects God's providence.
I pray for the peace of secret fires
floating crystals over the azure steps.
Pines of streamed emerald,
snows illumined by the Sun's cracks of clarity,
Here I am at the your majesty's foot:
I'm the minstrel without fatherland
who converted himself to the religion of nature.**

ADVENTURES

**My way is this straight line
Leading from my forehead to the kernel of Infinite.
Iranildo Sampaio**

**Without crafts I am in life.
My work is to listen to the silence of the centuries.
Rebellious I live.
I am an incendiary of my own feelings,
engineer of nothingness
and that's why I raised the universe around myself.
The silence dances over my expectations.
I cross the dimensions of fortune
with the same security that makes me repent of my incoherence.
And then nervously affirm it
with the persistence of the whispering water.
I teach myself the sunrise
and weep the sand rain forgotten by the wind.
In vain I struggle with the whirlwind of Time
and my sad figure is projected on outlooks of dissonance.
Where do I have to remain?
The night is heavy to me as a cross,
an albatross carried my songs away
in the ellipse of distressing waters.
Sprouts the interlude of my disappointment:
Around the street corners I recognize myself in the Light
and in the whirls of the body.
I am dangerously aerial as any lunatic.
Beyond myself the setbacks my yearning for perfection.**

HEAVENLY RELIEF

**The Sun revealed the eternal snows
and the bird overflies according to the pipes of the Andes.
In the waterfall of grass the beauty is indefinable.
The heights show the purest blue.
What more tender rug than the velvet carpet of the mountain?
Hills gilded by the sky of the Hemisphere,
magnificence of green opulence,
Granite sculptured by all mighty fingers:
cylindrical rocks covered with ivy.
From the highest stone of Huayna Picchu
is easier to understand the mystery of the clouds.
In the reverent silence of the green hills
Machu Picchu is a miniature,
The Urubamba is a water string
and man seems to be insignificant
In front of the illimitable.**

SERENISIMA LAGUNA

**"M'illumino d'immenso
Giuseppe Ungaretti**

**In pure sweetness my anguish disappears,
languid lightness.
From distance I gather images,
islands simmering on the wharfs.
August sparkles in green vaults.
Peacefulness in the immanent whispers,
The sloppy curls of inmost afternoon.
I hear shell's sounds in the voice of memory.
The glow of worries has ceased in me.
I infuse transparencies in myself.
In the iris of Neptunian horizon
I paint the gondolas of my fancy.
Serenissima Laguna:
I devote myself to the liturgy of the tides
with the enchantment of floating between palaces.**

LIBERATION

**I don't want those nights,
I want silence as a defense.
Silence in me.
I don't want the former fright,
nor the labyrinths...
I want petals of diamonds,
flowering springs of joy.
I don't want buildings like caverns,
breathtaking rooms, tons of revolt,
the storms of the mundane tragedy,
circus of terror turning round my steps.
I don't want traumatic dreams anymore.
I just want the solution of the crisis!**

A BUCOLIC WALK

**Cheerful I walk in peaceful morning.
Under the shadows of cajueiros,
listening to the birds and dogs barks.
The canaries perched in the garden of my life,
fill the sunny day with purity.
I walk, treading on the dry twigs,
butterflies play, small reptiles run,
ants eat branches.
A tender breeze refreshes my face.
speaking with birds and trees,
inhaling happiness,
this walk is my richness.**

THE HEIGHTS OF BOROVETZ

**Softness in the velvet threads,
living moss over the risen branches,
the fine hands of the plants offering life to the mortals of the world.
Contrite as me, and anointed with high straightness,
they drink light from the desert sky
and distribute it between all living creatures.
Only the wise are conscious about their benevolent labour.
All people enjoy the rare atmosphere of the mountains,
but not all partake of the peace of the brotherly vegetation.
Only the thirsty for light can penetrate into the universal heart.
As the leaves piled up over the white valley,
and as the lake that reclines on its blueness,
devoting itself to all possible nuances,**

**the spirit can also spread itself on the blossoming of the good.
and shine in the endless space,
In the absolute roundness
and in the glacial, ethereal purity.**

EXPOSED TO THE WINDS

**I inhale a gloomy breath over the deck of wideness.
Still unrest lies on the inmost leaf
where I write myself exposed to the winds.
Who am I before the immensity?
On the surface of the sea, the foam of waves,
transient sparkle, the magnitude twinkles,
distance from the spirit to the mineral phosphorescence.
Crystalline castles of the eternal day.
Thoughts glow in the spheres of Time,
a flowing substance in the dream of God.
While hobgoblins and the legions of Cain pass by,
the frightful drama glides along the dark hours.
The world is the icy road over which I meditate:
the wind of emotion chills the exile in myself,
a gust drags me in the cyclone of tribulations.**

ASPIRATION

**The matter dissolves into powder,
life springs into new bodies:
I want the unchangeable.
The leaf falls, burned by the autumns,
we, animals, grow old:
I want the imperishable.
Even the wind changes
in the anger of the storms.
Even the sea rebels
in awful convulsions.
I want the imperturbable.**

VESPER

**Gray afternoon.
The Sun dissolves
in the aluminium of the clouds.
Afternoon fragrance:
Birds floating
Between Earth and Sky.
Icy window
Snow petals
Transient garlands.
Dreamy whisper
In the evening space:
voluptuousness of wind.
Whirlwinds shed vastness.
The vessels' sails slide.**

FLOW

**As the river feeds on the water that runs for itself
and always flows into the sea,
nothing impedes or stops it,
so I cross life.
If an obstacle appears,
I detour it and go on.
If Earth oppress me,
I sprout elsewhere,
always faithful to my destiny.
As the river burst, elapses, escapes
over the stones shaping its rhythm,
so I travel over plateaus and valleys,
fearless as Nature's streams,
quick as God's silence.
If there are obstacles I am waterfall,
walking upright like someone who answers the calls of Being.
I drink from the springs of love.
As water I am a I go on swift, untamed,
towards my own infinite.**

INVENTORY

**In my soul love plays its twilight lute.
Francisco Alvim.**

**While the day trembles on verandas
no careless walk,
only time flowing between window glasses,
the clock pendulum, the clocks' eye
And the corridor stalking the run of the hours.
Trained dogs sniff the day of the dead,
nightmare day in the retina and exhausted gasping
under the scaffold's pilaster.
Dryness, agonized movements morning without horizons,
restlessness, colourless corridors,
spoiled gestures with aspect of rough objects:
catalogues, files, typing machines, exhausters
and roaming deads between walls of danger.
Functional hands between the battles and shelters,
the jailer owls in the tunnel
and I the labyrinth the survivals walk,
Troubled gaze, rigged harnessed cold expressions.
There remains the green that will not fade away.
I have the refuge of the heart left,
the garden of the exile,
the orchard of the summer evenings.
I have the diving in the wind shades left,
the green time outside the corridors,
the springs of the estuary
beyond the sleep-walkers' underground.**

NOON

**The sea is foaming under the long hair clouds.
The misty-diluted carriage
going beyond the mirror of the sands.
A flutter over the waves' crust.
I wash my lungs in the bubbling rhythm of the space
fickle, the dunes move,
meandering with the work of time,
corroding sequence of everything.
Endless hour, fine moment, huge secret.**

IN THE SKY OF SAFETY

**Love the green, the light, wind and life
and awake for the new day
that announces the angel of love
and behold the colour of renewing hope
and feel the bliss!
In the blue of harmony
build your future in a safe place.
Fly high in the sky of safety.
Nature shows the peace
that beauty brings now.**

DUSK OVER THE LAKE PARANOA

To Henrique Mesquita

**There rests the Lake -- peacefully flowing its spiritual body
green-azure bed in the afternoon of stirred birds.
Shadowy flora, roofs and walls winding surface
going round the town, joyful tonalities, purple evasion,
clarity pouring out colours in the waters.
Dark and transparent density
trembling of fragrances,
livid gray red sky in spread calmness.
Icy fire place on the horizon
flowing, bubbling in spiritual ether,
trembling moon-glowing-azure,
whispers of light.
There rests and floats the lake
between the brilliance,
the motionless boiling of the vegetation,
a forest dream,
sanctifying the night.**

Amazement, quietness, harmony, fine clarity.

IDEAL

**The day is long just to show its enchanted silence:
beams, cicadas, clouds dragged by the blackness...
I would like always to live like this:
free through the Brazilian gardens
in the shade of leaves reflecting the Sun.
Brightness insists through lights of all spectral hues.
The day is long and I think of being transformed into that blue,
happy to listen to the warbles
and to watch this creatures of cloud.
Serene freshness in flickering haze
and in the density of the Earth.
Inspired by the green peace
to live tranquil, monk without desires,
in the distance of that mist
as a bird singing my whole life.**

THE WINTER

To Nirton Venancio

**The trees are thoughtful in the wet afternoon.
The winter have frozen the heart of the travelers
and the breeze brings a nostalgic coolness.
What a beauty in dewy leaves!
How my eyes feel glad with the palm's joy.
The green view spreads through the horizon.
I immerse the surroundings in the ocean of the soul.
Meditative hour of the day twilight.
After the rain the ground is decorated with lullabies,
the sand wet by the breeze.
The land washed by Nature.
Fine will come to blossom,
time for harvest.**

A REST

**The Sun lights its matches in the windows.
In the azure of the islands
there are ancient marvels.
By fortune I am saved by the air of the sea.
All the gold of the world worth less than a seaside walk
and now the sea is not conceptual:
it became visible from Chorrillos to Callao.
I have cried in the deck of the miserables,
but in this haven the circumstances are not unfavorable.
I come to drink serene mist.
I will suffer no harm if I stay here breathing music.
I know that fortune lives in me.
In the calmness of the 25th December,
with these 35 years of mine
could I say now:
it is time to breath a drop of freedom.**

RECOLLECTION FROM THE SEA OF FORTALEZA

To Francisco Mauro Brasil de Holanda

**This is how I want my life:
bright horizons, breeze coming from waves,
sunrise of rafts.
Every sunshine glow is a reward of dream.
Waves caressing crags,
white sheets through the wind of happiness.
Weathercocks in the gardens
with diadems, amphora and mirages.
Jandaias, emerald sea, life sprinkling foam.
This is how I want always my life:
Glassy necklace of reflections,
Surge of draught.
Earthly blowing in the confines' edge,
Salt-pits of lullabies.
Fortaleza, garden of hope,
Festive rafts in sapphires' panorama.
Flowers of alacrity.
From the roaring sea along the dunes fringes,
The sobbing ravishment.
each wave is a song of my history.
And if I want my life like this,**

**That's because this is worth's life:
Sea of curly abysses, evening sea, fluttering in the hands of destiny
That afternoon of my flitted worries
Filtered by the gale.
I have not seen around the world boats such as in Mucuripe.**

WINTER NIGHT IN SOFIA

**Over a desolate bridge such as my heart
the gloomy snow falling, darkening the hemisphere.
People walking, hand sin the pockets,
freezing from cold as I am from sorrow,
the Moon delays and the snow covers the street.
The cold is an invisible fire
that burns my thoughts with anguish.
People passing by know nothing
about the poetry which saves the world.
They don't know the visionary bards,
don't understand the arts that enchant life.
Poor creatures who don't travel in the country of imagination,
Don't fell the brotherly yearn for communion.
Passers by are dead of cold,
slipping over the polished icy road.
They know nothing about themselves,
nor about nature nor about destiny.
In the night of helpless trees,
the memories of the poets pass by.
The pain of loneliness attacked me in the back
and I remember an old friend
who, being so gentle, healed with hands of alchemist
these pains which suddenly come over us.
Where could be now the invisible friend?
Where are the poets,
so missing and so close,
so lost in time and so present in myself?**