THIS IS JUST TO SAY

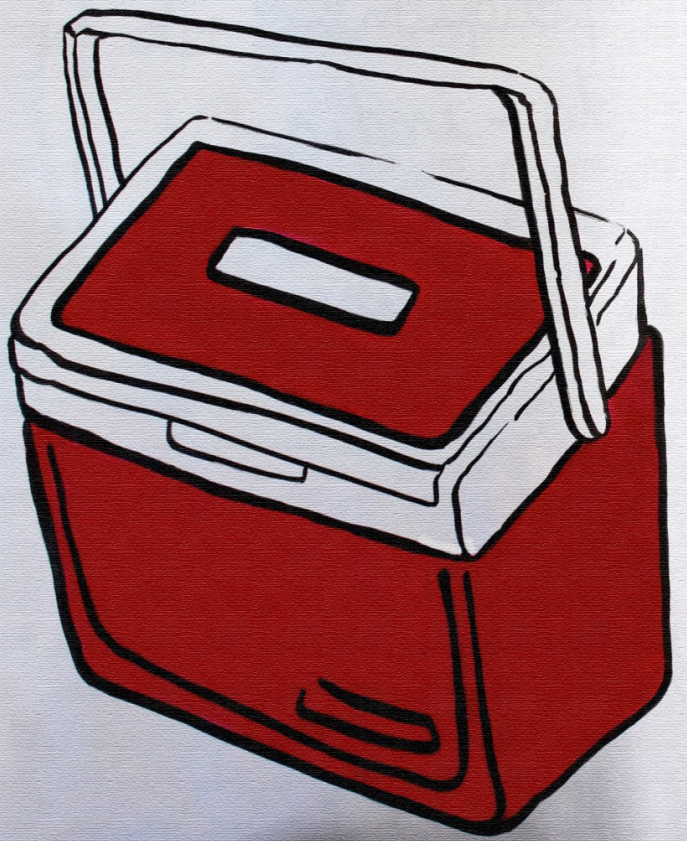
I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold

William Carlos Williams

i have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox



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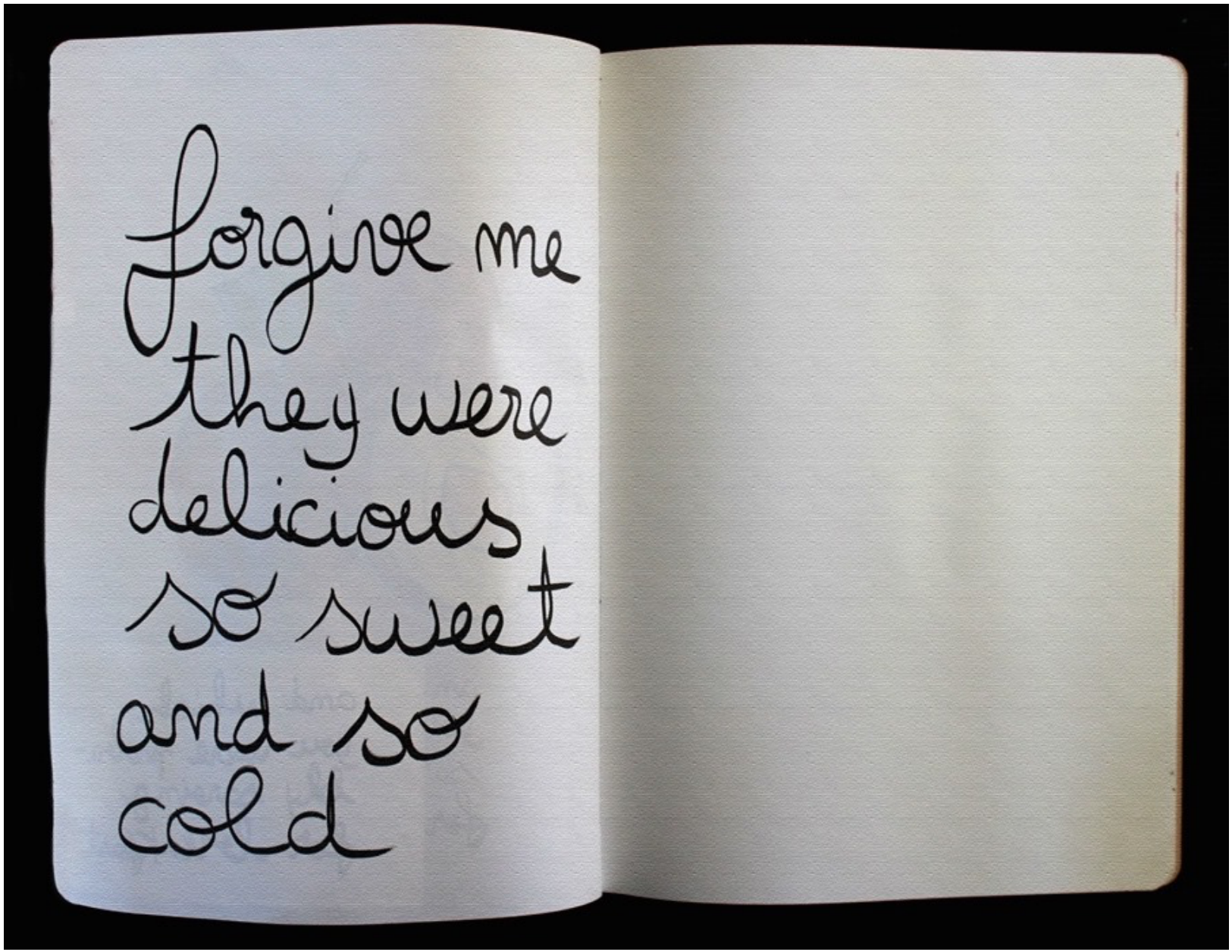
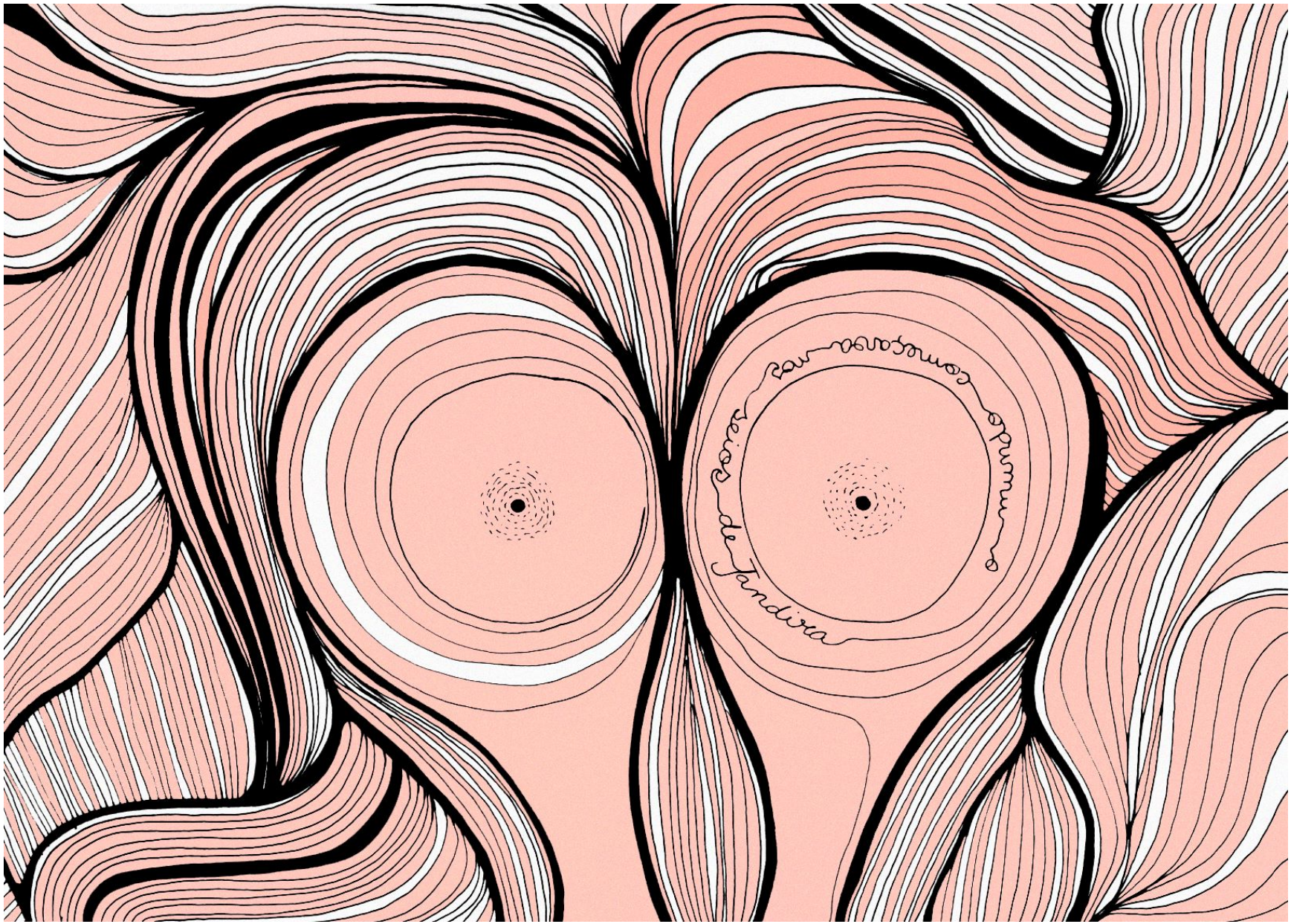

forgive me
they were
delicious
so sweet
and so
cold

JANDIRA

O mundo começava nos seios de Jandira.

Murilo Mendes


Seios de Tandira

HOMOSSEXUALITY

It’s a summer day,
and I want to be wanted nore than anything in the world.

Frank O’Hara

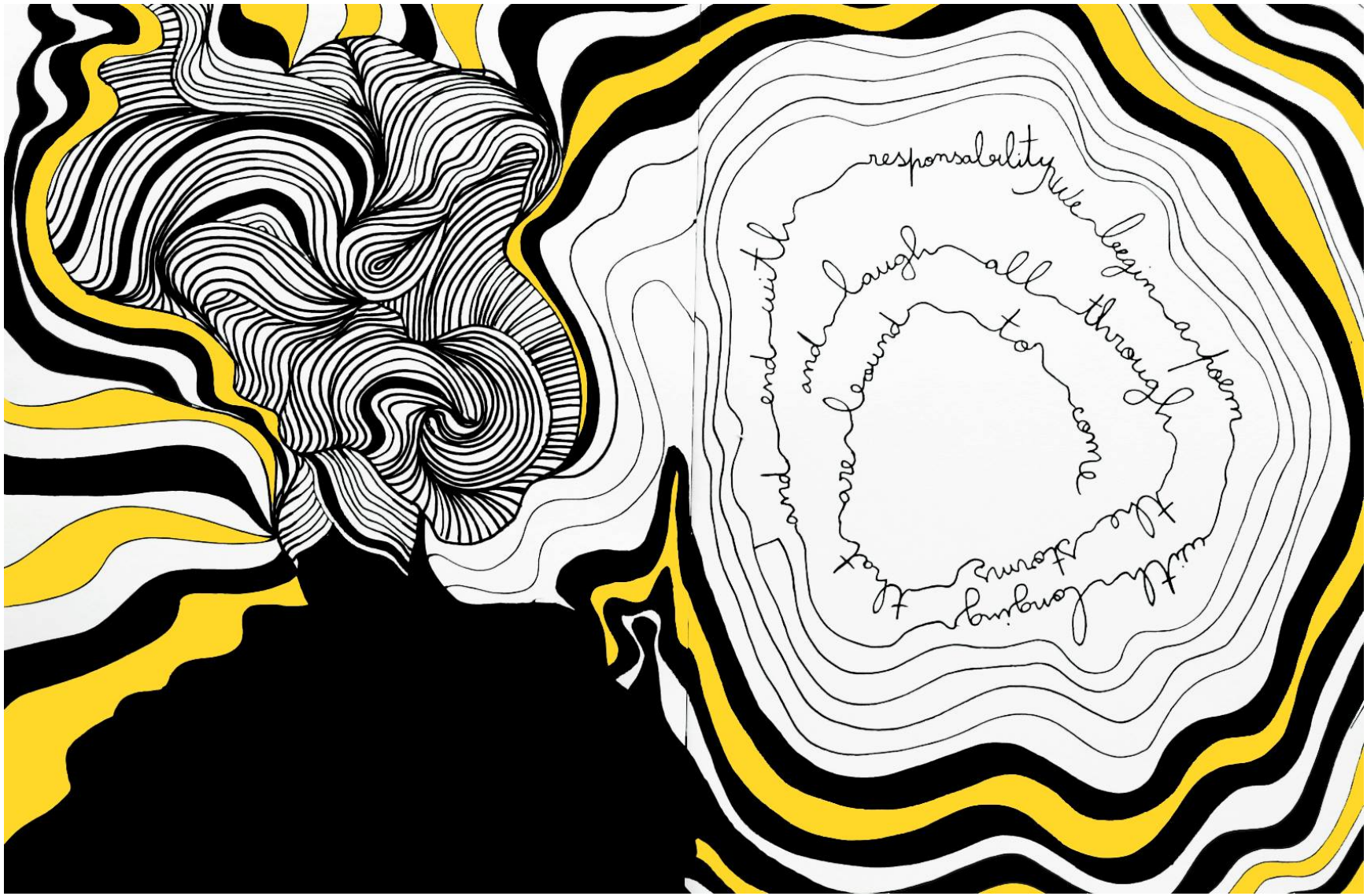
it's a summer day,
and I want to be wanted more than
anything in the world.

WHERE DO YOU ENTER

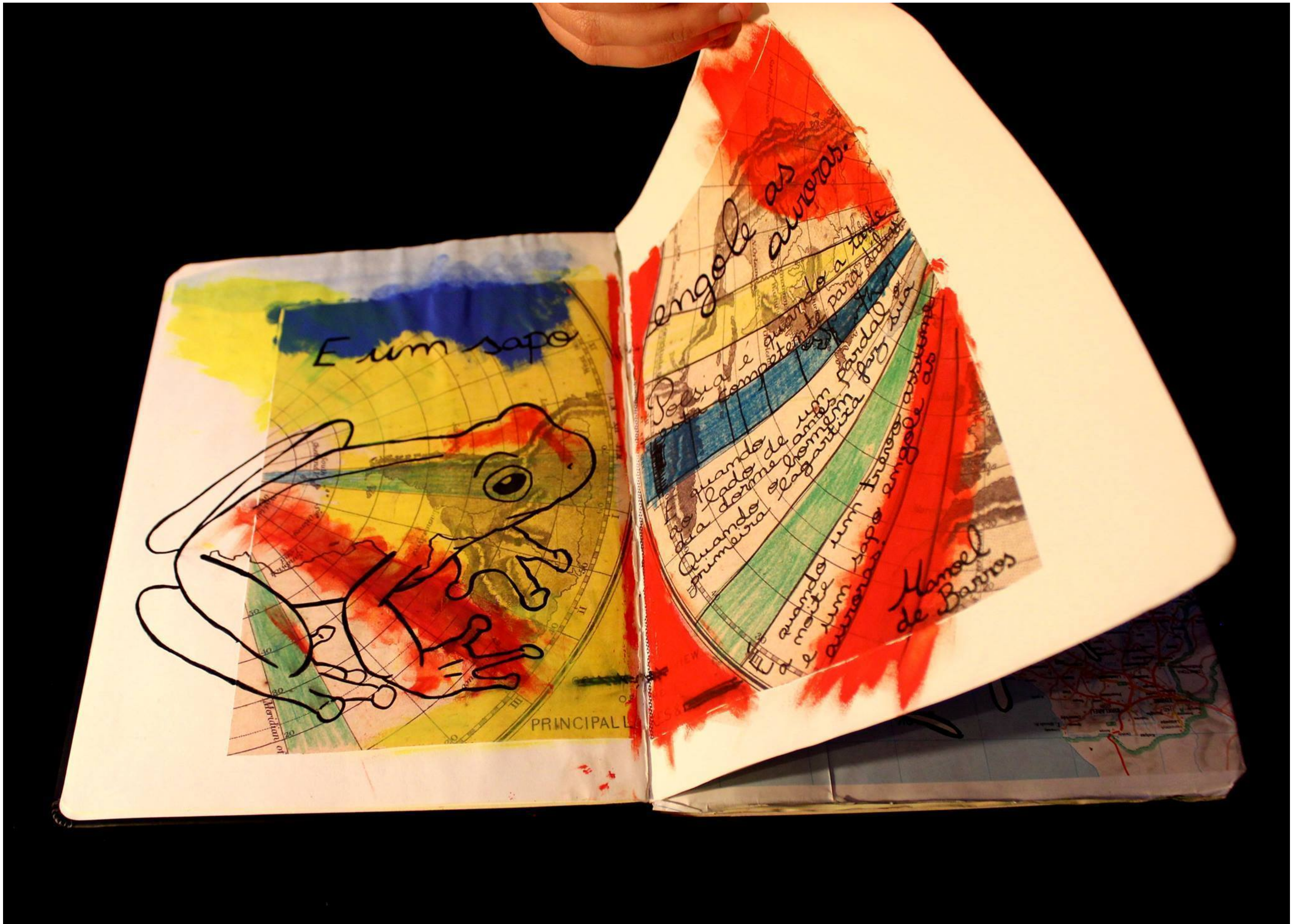
We begin a poem
with longing
and end with
responsibility

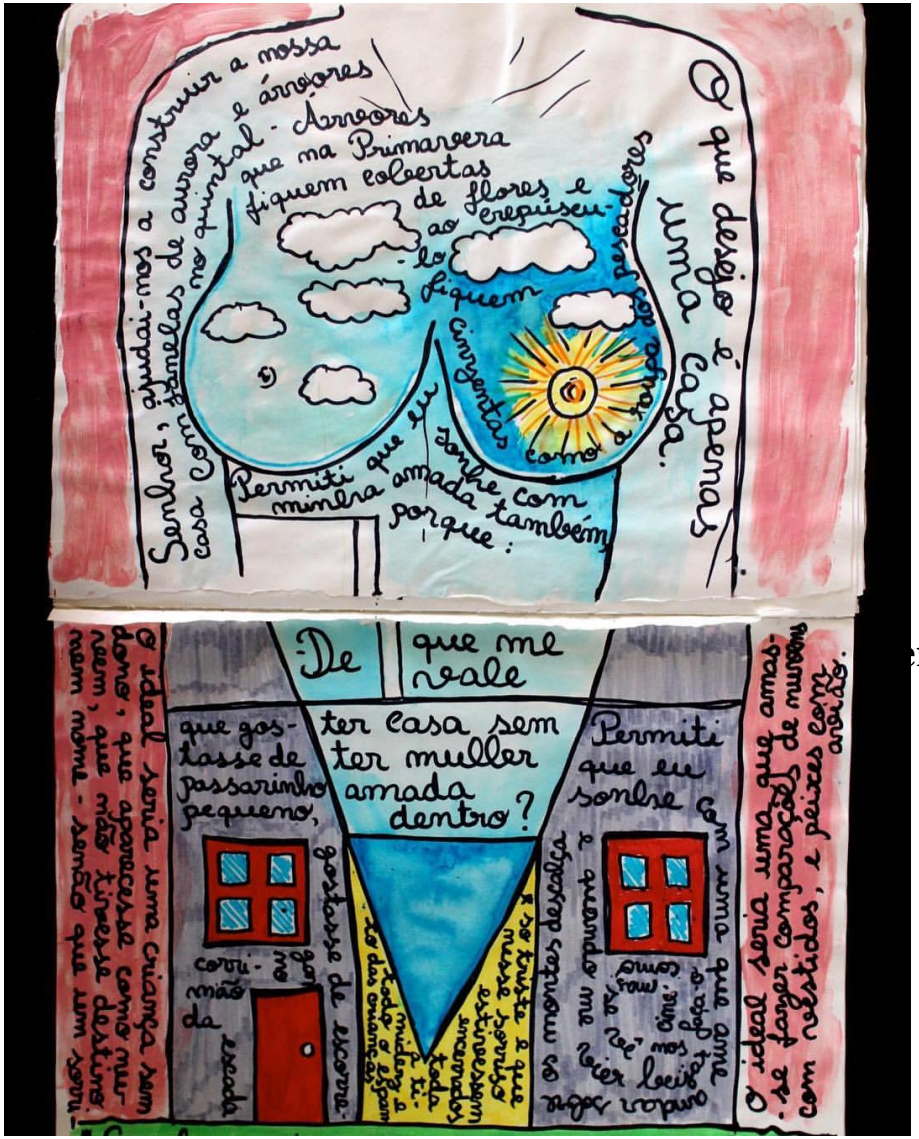
And laugh
all through the storms
that are bound
to come

Nikki Giovanni


responsability
we begin a poem
with longing
the storms
that are bound to come
and laugh all through
and end with

Manoel de Barros


E um sapo
engole as auroras.
Manoel de Barros
PRINCIPAL


Sonhar, ajudai-nos a construir a nossa casa com janelas de aurora no quintal - Árvores que na Primavera fiquem cobertas de flores e ao crepúsculo fiquem cirgentas como a roupa dos pescadores
O que desejo é apenas uma casa.
Permiti que eu sonhe com minha amada também porque:
De que me vale
que gostasse de passarinho pequeno,
ter casa sem ter mulher amada dentro?
Permiti que eu sonhe com uma que
O ideal seria uma que amasse fazer comparações de nuvens com vestidos, e peixes com anéis.

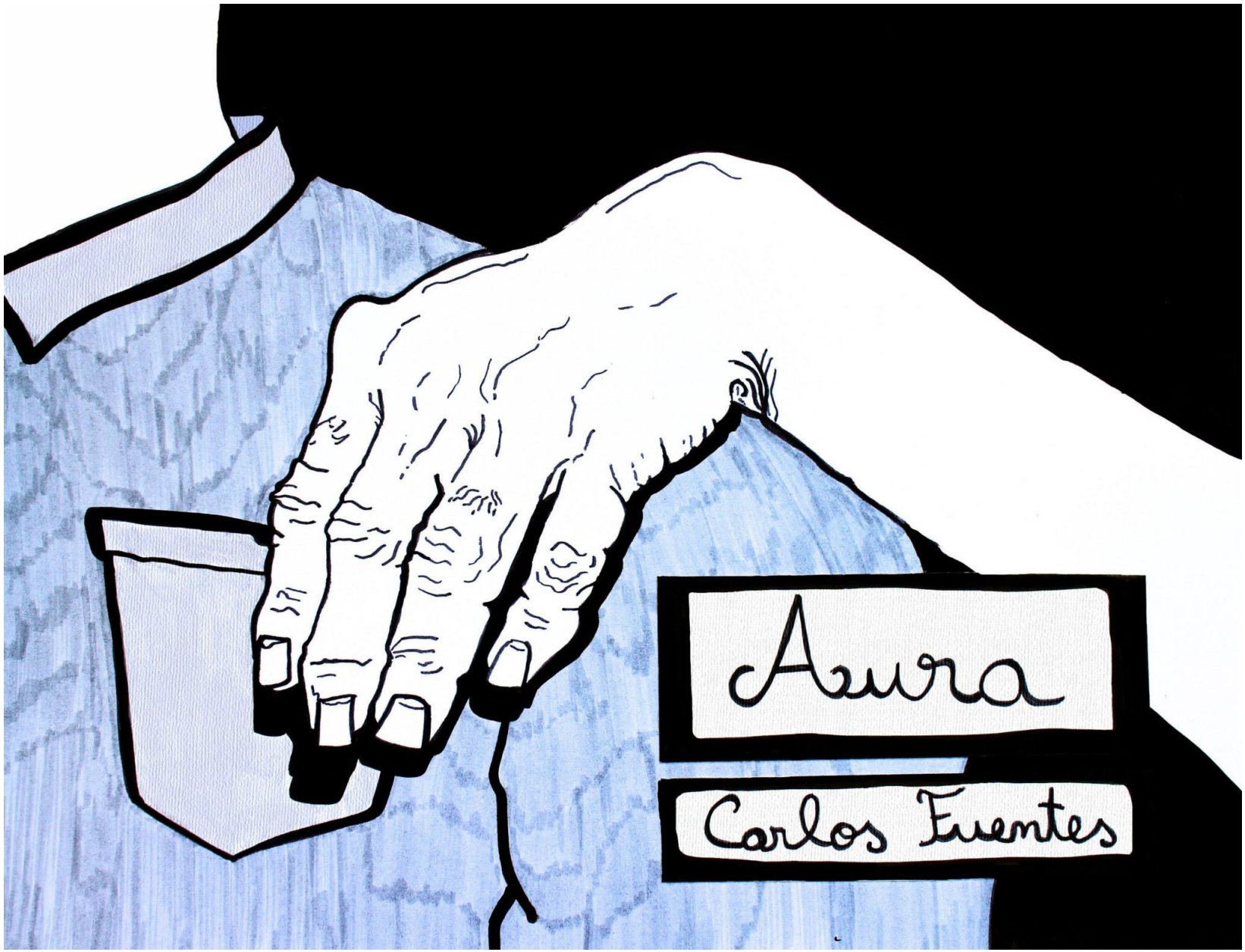
Um girassol se apropriou de Deus:
foi em Van Gogh
Intemporal

OS CARACÓIS

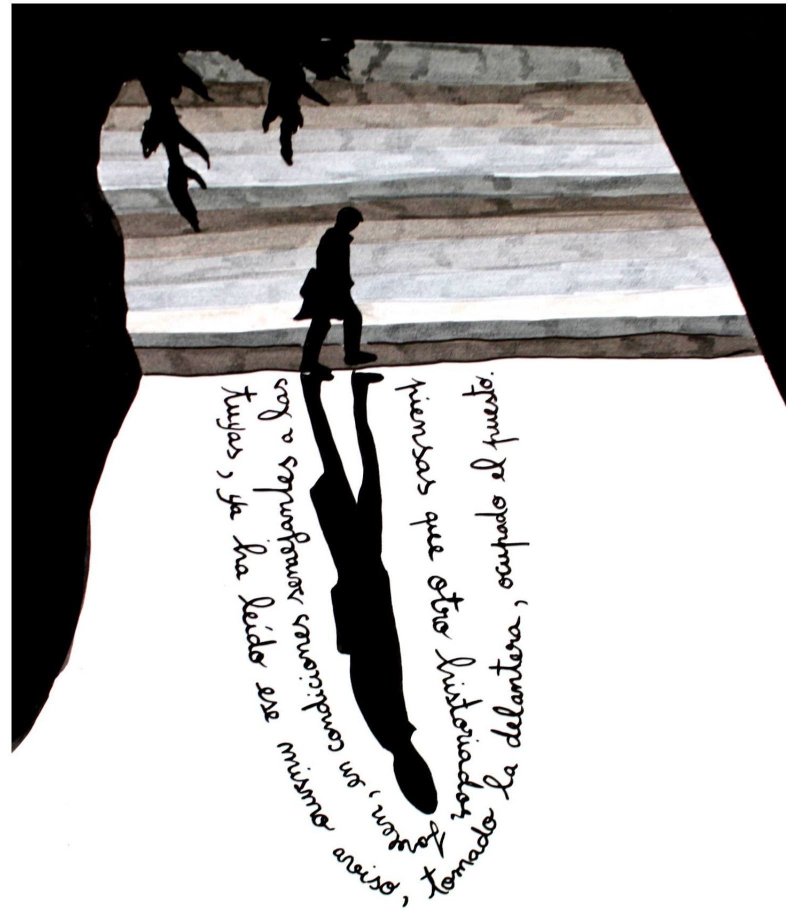
Só os caracóis conhecem a causa primeira
e sabem a origem de tudo desde a grande explosão
que criou o universo que ainda nos aturdem.
Por mais que perguntemos, eles nada nos dizem
passam o dia inteiro parados na grama e nem sequer nos contemplam.

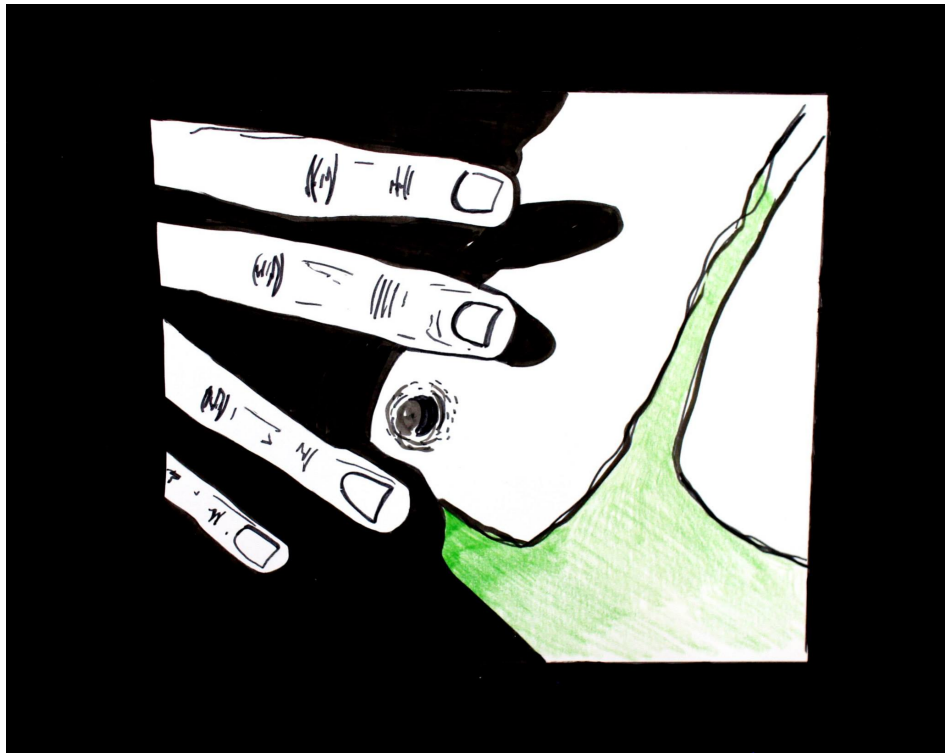
Lêdo Ivo

só os caracóis conhecem a causa
os caracóis
primeira e sabem a origem de tudo
desde a grande explosão que criou o universo
lêdo que ainda nos aturdem.
ivo por mais que per-
-guntemos, eles
nada nos dizem
passam o dia in-
-teiro parados
grama e na
nem
sequer
nos contemplam.


Aura
Carlos Fuentes

tú,
tú,
tú
al despertar, buscas otra presencia en el cuarto
no es la de Aura la que te inquieta
de algo que fue
— ¿ me querrás siempre?
— siempre, Aura, te
para siempre.
— ¿ siempre? ¿ me lo
— te lo juro.
— ¿ aunque envejezca?
¿ aunque pierda mi
belleza?
¿ aunque tenga el
blanco?
— siempre, mi amor,
— ¿ aunque muera,
¿ me amarás

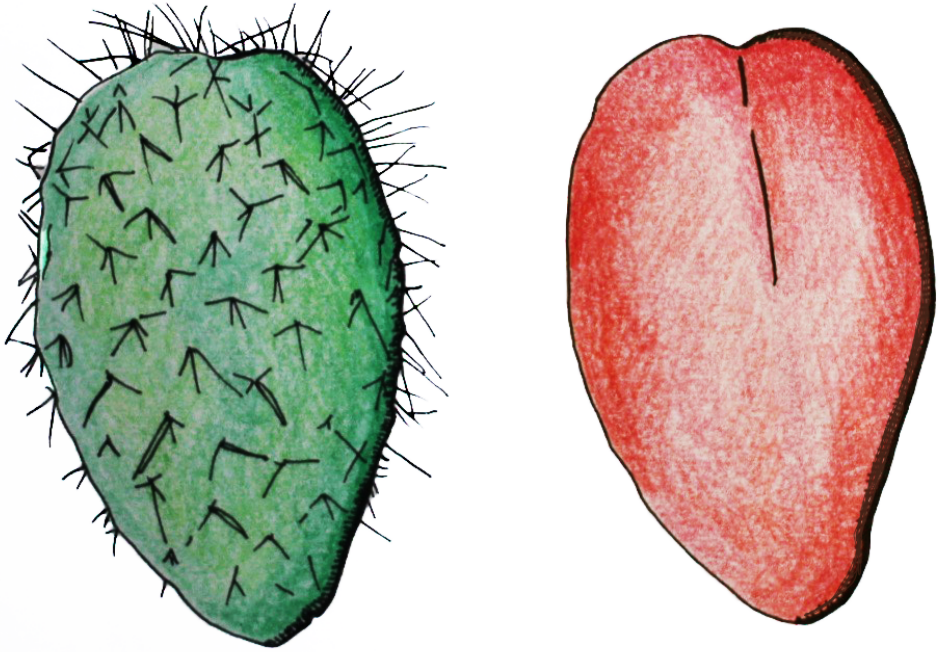

piensas que otro historiador, joven, en condiciones semejantes a las tuyas, ya ha leído ese mismo aviso, tomado la delantera, ocupado el puesto.



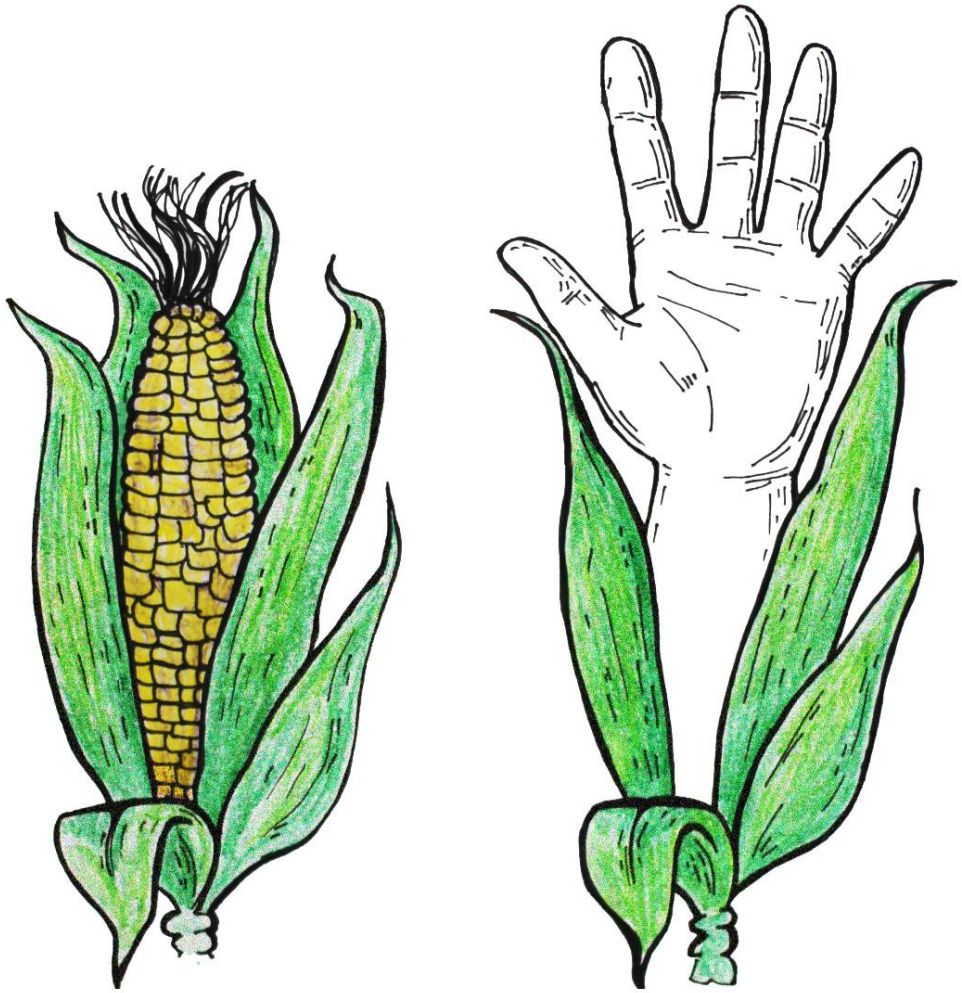
VIAJE

Los nopales nos sacan la lengua;
pero los maizales por estaturas
—con su copetito mal rapado
y su cuaderno debajo del brazo—
nos saludan con sus mangas rotas.

Salvador Novo



CÓMO ILUSTRAR EL PRIMER VERSO DEL POEMA "VIAJE" (VEINTE POEMAS, 1925) DE SALVADOR NOVO A PARTIR DE UNA ANALOGÍA VISUAL CUYA CONCLUSIÓN DEPENDE EXCLUSIVAMENTE DEL LECTOR(A).



CÓMO ILUSTRAR EL SEGUNDO VERSO DEL POEMA "VIAJE" (VEINTE POEMAS, 1925) DE SALVADOR NOVO A PARTIR DE UNA ANALOGÍA VISUAL CUYA CONCLUSIÓN DEPENDE EXCLUSIVAMENTE DEL LECTOR(A).

THE LANYARD

The other day I was ricocheting slowly
off the blue walls of this room,
moving as if underwater from typewriter to piano,
from bookshelf to an envelope lying on the floor,
when I found myself in the L section of the dictionary
where my eyes fell upon the word lanyard.

No cookie nibbled by a French novelist
could send one into the past more suddenly—
a past where I sat at a workbench at a camp
by a deep Adirondack lake
learning how to braid long thin plastic strips
into a lanyard, a gift for my mother.

I had never seen anyone use a lanyard
or wear one, if that's what you did with them,
but that did not keep me from crossing
strand over strand again and again
until I had made a boxy
red and white lanyard for my mother.

She gave me life and milk from her breasts,
and I gave her a lanyard.
She nursed me in many a sick room,
lifted spoons of medicine to my lips,
laid cold face-cloths on my forehead,
and then led me out into the airy light

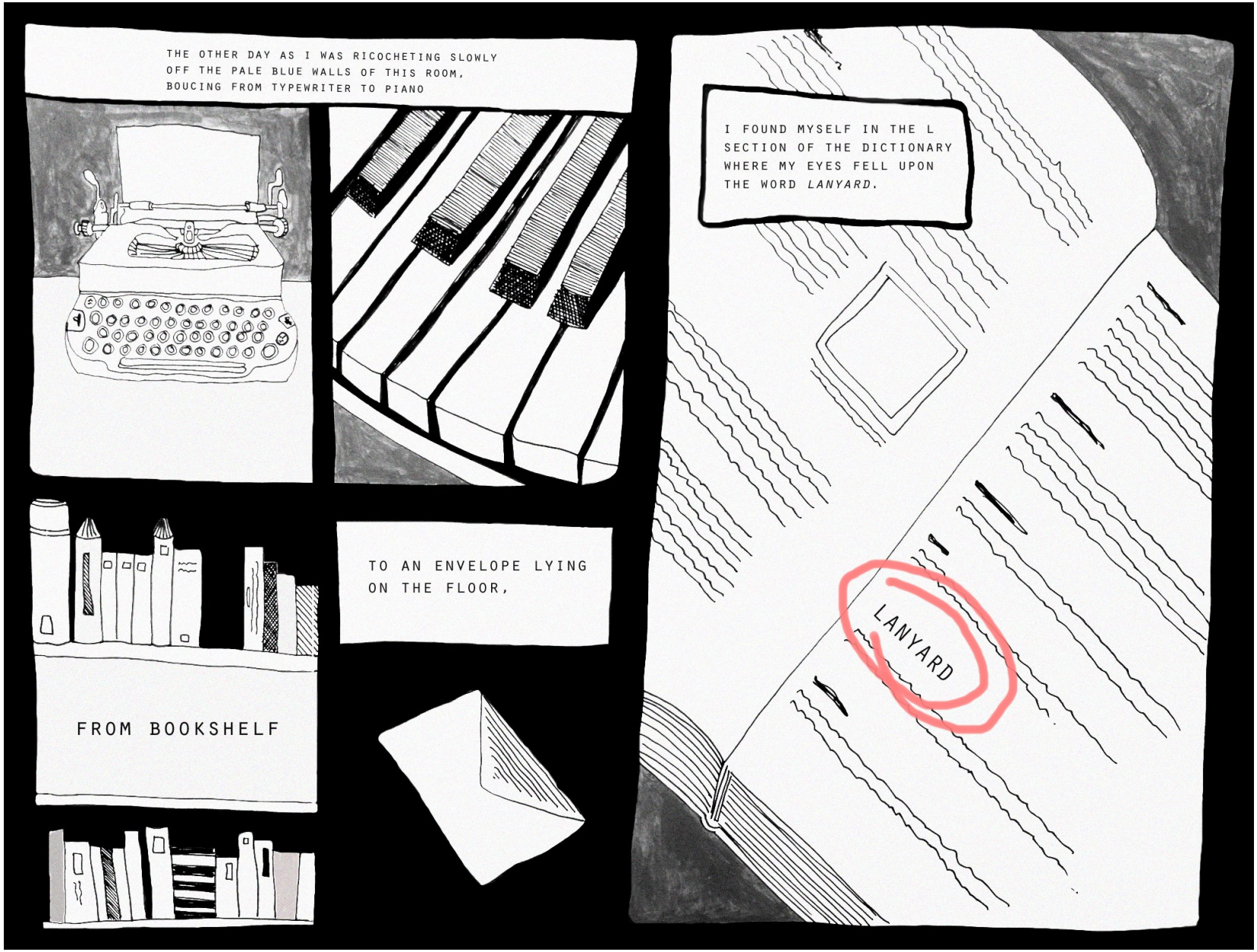
and taught me to walk and swim,
and I, in turn, presented her with a lanyard.
Here are thousands of meals, she said,
and here is clothing and a good education.

And here is your lanyard, I replied,
which I made with a little help from a counselor.

Here is a breathing body and a beating heart,
strong legs, bones and teeth,
and two clear eyes to read the world, she whispered,
and here, I said, is the lanyard I made at camp.
And here, I wish to say to her now,
is a smaller gift—not the archaic truth

that you can never repay your mother,
but the rueful admission that when she took
the two-tone lanyard from my hand,
I was as sure as a boy could be
that this useless, worthless thing I wove
out of boredom would be enough to make us even.

Billy Collins

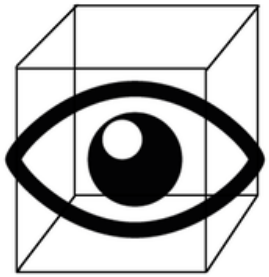

THE OTHER DAY AS I WAS RICOCHETING SLOWLY
OFF THE PALE BLUE WALLS OF THIS ROOM,
BOUCING FROM TYPEWRITER TO PIANO
FROM BOOKSHELF
TO AN ENVELOPE LYING
ON THE FLOOR,
I FOUND MYSELF IN THE L
SECTION OF THE DICTIONARY
WHERE MY EYES FELL UPON
THE WORD *LANYARD*.
LANYARD

NO COOKIE NIBBLED BY A FRENCH NOVELIST
COULD SEND ONE MORE SUDDENLY INTO THE PAST —
A PAST WHERE I SAT AT A WORKBENCH AT A CAMP
BY A DEEP ADIRONDACK LAKE
LEARNING HOW TO BRAID THIN PLASTIC STRIPS
INTO A LANYARD, A GIFT FOR MY MOTHER.

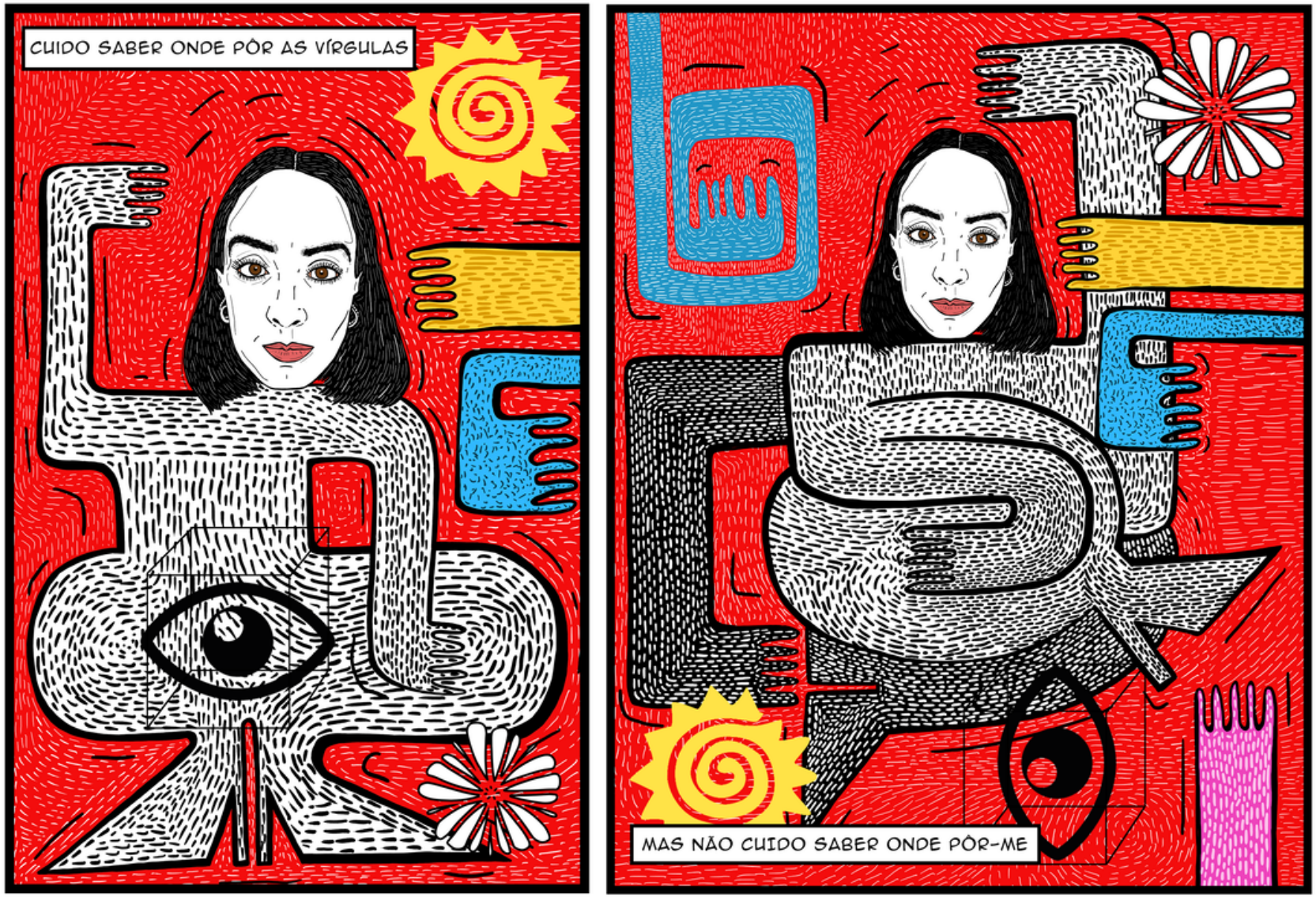
I HAD NEVER SEEN
ANYONE USE A LANYARD
OR WEAR ONE, IF THAT'S
WHAT YOU DID WITH THEM,
BUT THAT DID NOT
KEEP ME FROM CROSSING
STRAND OVER STRAND
AGAIN AND AGAIN
UNTIL I HAD MADE A
BOXY
RED AND WHITE LANYARD
FOR MY MOTHER.

PREOCUPAÇÃO

Cuido saber onde pôr as vírgulas
mas não cuido saber onde pôr-me



preocupação


CUIDO SABER ONDE PÔR AS VÍRGULAS
MAS NÃO CUIDO SABER ONDE PÔR-ME

O meu braço translúcido
e plagiotrópico
reescreve a tradição
obliquamente

Chegará ainda o dia em que me elogiarão de torta
e em que eu poderei finalmente dizer

Que dores terríveis de costas

O MEU BRAÇO TRANSLÚCIDO

E PLAGIOTRÓPICO

REESCREVE A TRADIÇÃO

OBLIQUAMENTE

CHEGARÁ AINDA O DIA EM QUE ME ELOGIARÃO DE TORTA
VOCÊ É EXCEPCIONALMENTE TORTA

E EM QUE EU PODEREI FINALMENTE DIZER

QUE DORES TERRÍVEIS DE COSTAS

AULA DE MÚSICA

Héracles chegou atrasado carregando a lira pelo jugo.
Expirava furioso ao pousá-la sobre o colo
quando Lino o repreendeu. Héracles endireitou-se e
repetindo os gestos dos companheiros
tocou o primeiro acorde.

A lira vibrava em desespero
Orfeu e Tâmiris suspiraram.

Lino interrompeu a pequena orquestra e
depois de encaminhar-se sorridente para Héracles
acomodou-lhe os enormes e desastrosos dedos entre as seis cordas.

Pediu-lhe que tocasse de novo.
Héracles tocou.

Lino, filho de Urânia e Apolo
inventor da melodia
vencedor dos jogos dos Argivos
o primeiro a cantar ao som da harpa
moveu então para cima o indicador mastodôntico do filho de Zeus
sem antecipar
porém
que o estudante se levantaria.

Héracles levantou-se, o professor encolheu-se

perante o seu braço musculado erguendo a pequena lira no ar.

Lino pôde soltar três lamentos inaudíveis até que Héracles o esmagasse.

Orfeu e Tâmiris correram em seu socorro
lira e cabeça abertas ao meio
pois não perde sempre a delicadeza para a força bruta?
E a Grécia chorava.

PATRÍCIA LINO

AULA DE MÚSICA