

Poetry Series

sílvia oliveira
- poems -

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A Watery Poem

these watery days
have been the most rapid
and meaningful days
man can ever say...

times of waters
surging from sources
like rain and the rivers
the tears and some trees
some fruits and flowers
from lands and lovers...

both threatening and true
these days of water
have been the deepest matter
mankind have passed through...

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Addict

Have become
Kind of addicted
To your caress
Cased in words
& attractive poems

Type of a good
Catching ill
- You -
Lodged in my core
& inner body home
With a view to be cured
Less
&
Less

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Ever-Ever Land

There
where a breeze
before a tempest
is felt differently

When the storm ´s brewing
the color is light
and threat means nothing
but blessing

What is this land like?
Who ´s ever seen
this place in time?

Why has it been
from one ´s eyes and soul
for so long hidden -
this, the ever-ever
land of bliss?

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Frog Bog

And then a frog sang before the bog in that late afternoon.

All of a sudden, its first loud song struck my ear, deaf for nature that day in particular.

Even if the rhythm was dreary, I could feel something unusual surging from that kind of surreptitious soul of mine...

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Hai Ku In The Brazilian Way

The old sugar mill
The sharp and silent eyewitness
Of passion love crime

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Humanity

There will be some rain
On arid lands
Of minds and hearts...
A little more splendor
There will be
On those stars
Of circumspect eyes...

There will be some breeze
Tonight
As well as a tree
Longing for a windy kiss...

When hands shake hands
And eyes meet eyes,
And when people are linked
With other peoples,
There will be in the world
Some mistery, some peace -
A sentiment of humanity...

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La Niña

Under 'La Niña' effect
That's me these days...

Raining inside and outside
In the form of fluids -
Sweat, blood and tears -
Nature's most natural liquids
Not supposed to cause harm
But huge amounts in the count
May flood and fear...

Life urges, though,
Under this 'Olive Tree Mount'.

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Lovesick

Lovesick

I still house that virus (you) in me
that has slowed me down on daydreams
that has joined my whole blood
that has driven me kind of tipsy...

In the wee hours
the virus has woken me up.
Very early in the morning
it has showed up.
At noon safe and sound
it suddenly appears!
Mostly at night
it's there to remind me
it's present and powerful.
No need to

I've been already taken
by its invisible-tangible presence...
Its virulence is so attractive
that I've simply abandoned myself
to its comprehensive catching charm...

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Present Legacy

Half past midnight
And I know of stars
Shining outside...

And if by a reason
I just die tonight
I 'll have then left -

Tears on the pillow
Unreached dreams
The most fraction
Of a myself un-
done

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Terrenais

madrugada

quieta

e

calma

de noite estrelada

em alto -

verão

mas de repente à distância um pássaro

pia

só por uma vez

e se vai...

e pela fresta da janela

uma brisa

que de tão fina

parece im per cep ti vel

então

em seguida

o ladrar de um cão

ruídos de rodas

e até de roseira

ruindo pé

ta

las

ouvidas apenas

no reino elemental...

mais tarde

uma garagem se abre

um olho se demora

após noite de aragem

amor ou temor...

quase amanhecer agora

quase alvorada

quem sabe um albor

sanguíneo

e

alaranjado

espetáculo contínuo em ares e ais...

mi(ni) stério perfeito
de manhãs
 terrenais

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