

Poetry Series

João Tomaz Parreira
- poems -

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João Tomaz Parreira(04-04-1947)

ira was born in Lisbon, Portugal, in 1947. Portuguese poet, evangelical poet. alist.

Since 1966.

'My poetry speaks about God and the Humankind. I look for in the deepest of men, his values, his beauty and his suffering.'- he said. In portuguese television(RTP2) , 'Caminhos', em 2002.

A Brasileira Do Chiado

In the cafe A Brasileira do Chiado
sat the plural Pessoa
Fernando with laughter shaking his lips.
They waited for words to pass among them
and the noise of machines
and silence,
the silence that tasted their mouths
on the deserted wharf.

João Tomaz Parreira

America

«When can I go into the supermarket»
Allen Ginsberg

When can I go into the Safeway
with the heart in hands
With my beauty
I will pay wine and milk
I will use the fingers
like
a bar code
which says the truth.

João Tomaz Parreira

America (Ii)

When will I be able to go to Safeway
with this heart in my hand?

I will pay for the wine and the milk
flaunting my boldness.

I will use fingers
as a bar code
that always says the truth.

João Tomaz Parreira

Bird On 52nd Street

The ghost of bebop
from 52nd Street,
left footprints in the snow.

A Cab passed, in the yellowish night,
a drunk volatile
with a goose-step, almost
gave a kick in the stars.

Slid under the door
of the Three Deuces the blues.

The street was a cold mirror
when it rains, now remember
a mantle of ermine
the lap of Lady Day.

2008

João Tomaz Parreira

Everything That Comes

Everything that comes after
the fire, will be the substance
of the ash;
what comes after the storm,
a place
where I will remake the potteries
and will mold the clay;
everything that comes after
the voice, the echo of a name
of a love unexpected.

João Tomaz Parreira

Fernando's Wooden Chest

We shouldn't
let the predictable key
rust in the keyhole

open
the page, expose
the poems

to trade winds

we shouldn't
unlock the winged
drawers

on the wooden chest
we could accidentally
set free ancient

epigones

set free
the sad rose
the lethal rose of his odes.

João Tomaz Parreira

Folies Bergère Mai 68

Our breasts are on strike
Our legs
they do not fly far away
until the man's dream
Even our joy of the white of teeth
The feathers don't fly
in the transparency of the bodies
We, too, have a heart and wings
Our body only will light
the beauty of the soul.

João Tomaz Parreira

Marilyn Monroe

You made your lips more real
with lipstick, your red
lips
swallow a balcony
full of eyes.

João Tomaz Parreira

Mister Lazarus

Dying/Is an art, like everything else.
Sylvia Plath

He sits on ancestral door
from where its eyes
eat a few dreams

can't spring
into streets of world
its weak legs

its
tired eyes
read the Job's book.

João Tomaz Parreira

Nothing, Nobody

«Nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands»
ngs

Nothing, not even the rain
has such small drops
as the tears that move
inside of the heart.
And the small hands that go up
for the face of the mothers? Nobody
like them has the key
for so small clouds.
Nobody, not even the silence
has such small hands
to open so closed domain.

João Tomaz Parreira

Obituary

Fernando Pessoa died
in the Bairro Alto
he put glasses on the table
for ever, three days
before was still seen to bend
a corner downtown Lisbon
laughs loose, a cough
to bend the body forward.

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João Tomaz Parreira

Odysseus Enters Into Ithaca

Odysseus who walked in circles
in the sea and arrested the body
and its ears
to the mast of the ship
not gave its ears to the sirens
holding the helm under the waves
and with a bag of winds
in the swollen sails
to enters into Ithaca
where Penelope waits
for one life.

João Tomaz Parreira

Paris, Inverno De 1994

Paris nessa noite tinha
a luz distribuída pelas gotas da chuva.

Sartre e Beauvoir não estavam lá.

No Café de Flore, três ou quatro
colheres de açúcar afogavam
o amargo do café. Beberam-no
primeiro os meus olhos como um ritual, os lábios
depois, na minha língua
mais tarde escreveria um poema previsível.

Outras vezes, Paris era um bocado
de ar azulado.

João Tomaz Parreira

Picasso

Picasso gives us Things
which disorganize our eyes
The lines fly parallel
but later they break away
The faces begin
suddenly by profile
The olden Demoiselles
a today's shape tomorrow is no more
Picasso leaves the head
our head, irreparable.

João Tomaz Parreira

Piet Mondrian

The lines produce
the simple things
the world
Its lines are not
delineating anything
known out
of the world
simple things
as if they had
not been before
the complex metaphor
for the encounters: trees,
houses, fields
connections, that have never
had a name.

João Tomaz Parreira

Short Tale

A car door slamming in the night
John Ashbery

Your noise
reached the house

the house filled
of light
the windows

It was opened curtains

flew
in the wind

when
you left

your noise.

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Steinway & Sons

Three legs of the Steinway
raise a symphony of birds
in the veins above of the floor

the elegant legs
of the Steinway
as a woman

whom we listened
slowly
in its black dress.

João Tomaz Parreira

Subject For A Haiku

All the branches that I observe
lie

Lying today in the wind

Are prepared already
as a road for the Autumn

for the nudity

they wait under the dust
that will remain of the Summer.

João Tomaz Parreira

Sylvia And Ted

When you were with me
I never could die

My eyes wandered
without you, my fear had noises
all the steps, the shadows
were solid things

when I wrote the death
it scratched out sheets of paper
but when you were with me
I was for lasting the entire life

Your legs
supported my falls.

João Tomaz Parreira

The Bullfight

Man and bull disarm
one another
bodies touch
as arrows
reach their targets
touching his suit of lights
and the bull's dark hide
coloring the wind
and the soil of bullring
man and bull
do not deny the contest
until blood
soaks the sand.

João Tomaz Parreira

The Cock

A cock
sang and other answered
that is there
in the wind
at is mobile place
something dark
starts undoing itself
in clarity, the night
goes for other latitudes
something began
is restored at the windows
the houses answer
other animals retake in
the backyards
the domesticated life
repeating without joy
in tedium
A cock
started with the routine
in all his chant
from the silence
proceeding.

João Tomaz Parreira

The Fire That Sleeps

The fire that sleeps
in my heart's volcano
began rising
like a rose,
like a Stravinsky's bird,
the fire that crowns
my cardiac crater
until my lips burn
the heavy silence.

João Tomaz Parreira

The Flamenco Dancer

She pours water in its feet.
When she dances with her flames
puts out of her mouth
the tired heart.
Her fingers like sparrows
want to flee
like the flamenco shoes
on wooden floor.

João Tomaz Parreira

The Hand To The Way Of ngs

the hand slips(in the love things
the same hand that it dries the tears) and
to do to explode the silence
the hand(that invents new rhythms
the hand
that guides a child until the its house) tightens
an other hand.

João Tomaz Parreira

The Millennium

The lion will not be quicker than the ox
in pasture search,
the lamb and the bird
will be a poetical form,
the wolf
will have the kiss in its mouth.
The dove and the eagle
will sail in waters
of white silt.
Then an angel will make
of the Earth a lyric state.

João Tomaz Parreira

The River

I listen to this river
seated
in the border
I wash my feet
in the sadness
my reflex
printed in the silk of the water? I reunite
with the glass of the hands
the foam of my face.

João Tomaz Parreira

Villegiatura

We wait for to cross the crowd
on the beach, we cross arms
photographic legs, breasts
raised for the fire of the beauty
we pass over sand castles, and the air
does not support our body
we fall in the sea
soon we will walk across the Atlantic.

João Tomaz Parreira

Whore

First, the depths of her eyes
let the night in. Then the body
turns the corners as if passing through walls
of crystal, the hair trembles
on the shoulders, the lips
smile behind a crimson
flower, the legs climb steeply
from the high heels;
finally, the breasts that shield
the cold against itself
let go of the world that always falls to her feet:
the stockings, the intimate
rose,
the dress.

João Tomaz Parreira

Wind's Arabesque

I like what you're trying to do –
this one
is a few drafts away from
being finished, I'd say.

The sally tree went pale
in every touch
I was standing watching you
take the leaves

as if your fingers
were walking on the ground.

Arabescos do Vento
Eu gosto do que estás a tentar fazer-
isto é
algum esboço longe de
estar terminado, digo eu.

O salgueiro fica pálido
a cada toque
eu estou sentado a observar-te
tomas as folhas

como se teus dedos
andassem pelo chão.

João Tomaz Parreira