

Poetry Series

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares
Pimenta Bastos
- poems -

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UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos()

A Sale

Solitude!
Blackout!
I try to pull out of my chest
This sad heart.

To place it in a tray
And make a sale,
Who gives more?
Who gives more?
For this heart full of sweetness,
Solitude and memory?

Total silence
Everybody looks at,
They admire it,
They proclaim it,
It is pure, sincere, it dims our eyes,

It is a diamond... it is not for us,
Everybody moves away,
Alone my heart stays,
In a silver tray,
And
Its solitude! ...

(translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade)

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Appeal

I do not want light,
I do not want anything!
I want only solitude.
Silence is my friend,
it is always my preferred.
Alone, always alone,
the solitude my friend.
As the nights badly slept
sometimes reprehended,
for not being understood,
and to want to be friend.
I do not ask for nothing
and nothing I want,
I walk alone,
with my silence,
my secrets,
my desires,
nothing more it matters,
I am just alive! ...
I ask! Support me! ...
Until my death.

Translated by Nelson Fco. Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Challenge

Bitterness of past,
it has been stayed
backward.

The adventures of the future
Will open forward to me
No fear of being happy.
For me a desire,
a challenge, a great jump.
Poetry gives me direction
For my life,
And, that is my life.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Choices

Choices, holy present
granted directly for God.
A thousand of choices, which way to follow?
My choices wound and make me wounded.
As I would always like to be coherent,
therefore this would leave my next more content.
I choose or Am I chosen? !
Which my paper?
I represent or Am I real?
Good or evil, essential item
For my brother feel good
or feel bad.
I always want to be original
But I always see myself in this repetition
Infernal.
I choose the love, the sincerity, loyalty
but I come across myself in the hatred, in the lie in the falseness.
My God I do not know what to make
with the choices which were given me
in a way so angelical.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Cold Dawn

How cold this night makes!
It seems that your absence
Increases the sensation of emptiness
That this dawn brings to me.
Solitude of a life dedicated
To love you, and to adore you.
But in the end I received of you,
Only your absence sharp as a dagger
Stabbing my breast.
Sadness of a bleeding heart
Whose distance only makes
Get worse.
I cry for the end of our love,
That seemed perpetual as
The sun, that every day
Rises in the sky to cheer us.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Dreaming About You

Night, silence, the stars

Scintillate.

I am dreaming about you, I am crying,

dreaming,

running away.

I do not want cry,

I ask to the dream,

crying out,

Why are you run away?

It answers smiling,

singing,

because I do not want cry! ...

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Dying For Love

Don't you see in the sky a star,
That so beautiful, smiles with its glow?
Don't you see that the missed night,
Teary,
Proud you the faces of love?
I gave my soul for you,
I delivered it for you with the most placid calm,
My life, my breast, my love!
What life is this? ! Life to love!
for the world, indifferent already I am.
You are the star that killed the hope
And stole me the faith,
Leaving me to die of love!

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Dying Of Love

Do not you see in the sky a star
What with its beautiful,
Smiling to you with its glow?
Do not you see that nostalgic night,
Lachrymose,
Proud you the faces of love?
To you I gave my soul,
I gave you with the most placid calm,
My life, my heart, my love!
What kind is this life! Life to love!
To the world, indifferent already I am.
You are the star that killed the hope
And my faith you robbed me,
Leaving me die of love!

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Ecstasy

I like to be with myself.
Remembering, dreaming.
To feel your lips.
Your body next to mine
in ecstasy.
Missing you!
Is that sin?
No. It is to dream.
It is to want to love
and to be loved.
To feel what I have never felt.
Inebriating you and to be enebriated
by your kisses in the moonlights.
Our lips going through our sweated bodies,
without fears,
with passion and madness,
forgetting the world outside.
Our bodies becoming only one.
Four walls,
musics, a thousand of secrets.
whispers, sheets in the ground.
Wine, whiskey, champagne.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Fear

I'm afraid of your lips,
Because I love them
The way they are.

I'm afraid of your hips,
Because they are
The way I love.

I'm afraid of every part of you,
Because of the lovely way you are.

(Renato Macayba)

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Fidelity

Like the other months
May already came. What matter
Its flowers,
What matter its singers and
Its party nights and desires!
May already came... You were not here
You had gone and you left me!
Left a river of pain
A river deep and eternally full.
When the roses May fade
When this may have gone away
And others also come you will not see
Unfortunately!
How much I suffered by knowing you away,
With God!
Leaving my soul forever
Needy!

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Fire Of Love

In my world
I only knew how to love.
I ran looking for my ways,
I breathed love and poetry.
I ventured trying dangerous feelings,
I trusted only in love, in passion and
in my feelings.
At nightfall full of stars
we spread in our bodies
lay in grass, the heat and the dawns,
disguising by nervous laughs and
simulating know how are my limits, my madness.
Inventing, no fear for lose
shades, of the shades
fire, madness of love.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Fountain

As a fountain that goes
sad and crying
it goes down from the mount
running looking for the sea.
life I am going in this descending
crying and descending
poor fountain, always crying,
runs...runs...
to the sea
no matter how long it went down
the fountain is going to stop,
it arrives at the side of the beach
and dies in the wave of the sea! ...

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Friend Poetry

In a beautiful day
the poetry complained
of me its portion,
after many years together.
It said me:
Poet, do not leave alone.
What are you doing?
You do not search me anymore.
in thought I answered:
Calm! Be quiet!
Poets never go sleep early,
and do not forget
your great friend,
that you are...
poetry! ...

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Green Eyes

Green and sad eyes,
Green colors of the emerald,
And of the sea,
As my tears are rolling,
As the shining stars,
Green eyes!
Adding hope,
Dividing the joys,
Deducting the sadness,
Hiding,
Leaving doubt
With all certainty,
As the sea,
And all its largeness.

OLHOS VERDES

Olhos verdes e tristes,
Verdes cor da esmeralda,
E do mar,
Como minhas lágrimas a rolar,
Como as estrelas a brilhar,
Na solidão do luar.
Olhos verdes!
Somando esperança,
Dividindo a alegria,
Subtraindo a tristeza,
Escondendo,
Deixando dúvida
Com toda certeza,
Como o mar,
E toda sua grandeza.

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Half Of Me

Half of me,
smile, silence,
half of me,
hope,
half of me,
longing for you.
reminds,
half of me,
solitude, fatigue,
half of me
you
and all my life.
half of me
is my whole another half:
song, poetry, love!

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Heart Torn Into Pieces

never more
I want look at you
never more
I want to find you.
I have suffered a lot,
you did not understand my love.
My heart died,
never more
you will have something of me
even my perdon
Never more!

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Infinite

As a sailing boat,
Lost in high sea,
Without sail,
Without route,
Without compass!
My thought becomes vacant,
Only the infinite, the moonlight.

My heart beats strong,
Immense is my will to fight
Against the fury of the waves
At high sea.

Cold, wind whistling as wanting
To blow my sobbing heart,
I am kneeling!
I am begging!
Jesus! ...Jesus! ...
Where are you?
Help me! ...
I am strong! I want to live, to smile,
No matter if I have no
Compass, no sail, no route.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Inhumas

Inhumas, you are my world

My refuge, my life

My safe harbour

My sky, my shelter,

Of a tired sea-gull for flying,

Inhumas,

You are the sun that shine

The air that I breath

The river Half Bridge

With its copious stream

Wounding its way

With its jungles to celebrate us.

Inhumas,

You are the light, the peace that I am looking for

You are the blue of the sky in the moonlight,

Scintillating stars,

Inhumas,

You are everything,

My world,

My home.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Light Of Seduction

I beat my wings
wanting to run away,
as a stunned beetle
seduced by light!
I fly, I get desoriented for nothing...
For nothing my soul flies!
I hear a humming,
stuned, growing
of my tired wings,
beating in a invisible window glass

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Love

I see you, I feel your kisses ,
Your body trembles,
Your lips murmur:
I love you, I want you,
I am yours, I desire you.
Around everything get gloomy.
We illuminate ourselves,
We overflow of love
Only you and me.
Your lips,
Your body,
Everything in you belong to me.
Your smell, your breast,
Everything on me.
You feel, you smile,
You cry.
Your body already is not yours,
Your life and happiness,
Everything is mine and yours.

AMOR

Te vejo, sinto os teus beijos,
Teu corpo treme,
Teus lábios murmuram:
Amo, te quero,
Sou teu, te desejo.
Tudo em volta escurece.
Nós nos iluminamos,
Transbordamos de amor
Só tu e eu.
Teus lábios,
Teu corpo,
Tudo em ti me pertence.
Teu cheiro, teus seios,
Tudo isto em mim
Tu sentes, sorris,
Tu choras.
O teu corpo já não é teu,
A tua vida, felicidade,

Tudo isto é teu e meu.

Translation: Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Love And Passion

Love is a breeze
of the dawn caressing our skin,
Passion is a fire
which melts our heart.

Love is kindness
that touch and does not get aged,
Passion is a volcano
that blows up in eruption.

Love is a
lasting feeling,
Passion is a
transitory alienation.

Love is peace,
serenity,
complicity.
Passion is affliction,
suspicion,
desillusion.

Love is union
of two human beings
in communion,
Passion is conjunction
of bodies in ecstasy
and possession.

.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Love Magic

Love tenderness
love madness
love passion
I continue without pressure
your love is magic
I feel perfume,
I see flowers
love affairs have thousand flavors
I hear your name in the wind
in the sing of the birds
in the cry of the rivers
in the dark and cold nights
in full light of the day.
Time passes
love passion
love magic
I still keep your promise
come soon.

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Love Of My Life

Love of my life,
you are the dawn
more beautiful
which enchants
and hallucinates me.

Love of my life,
you are the sun ray
which illuminates my being.

Love of my life,
you are the night mist
which caresses
and calms my soul.

Love of my life,
you are the moonlight
which every night
brightens my way.

Love of my life,
you are my perpetual enchantment
reason of my existence.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Lust And Sadness

As I have thought about you!
In the cold nights! the wind blowing,
your longing, your being of lust and sadness,
for your kisses.
Moonlight was a soft fondles, and
at the same time serious.
As I wanted to live with you
all the instants.
silence, if was alone silence!
my life runs away...runs away
and I feel that it runs away uselessly.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Madness

Desires, follies,
Passion,
Your eyes seduces me,
Your kisses, like honey,
Passionate.
Moonlit night,
Our bodies trembling,
My hands in your hands,
Our hearts palpitating
Full of desires.
We embrace,
We make love
The cold wind blowing,
The moon hides,
I hear only our whisper,
Our kisses,
Our sweaty bodies
Like this,
We love under
The moonlight.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Madness To Love

Madness is love,
It is to want to find
Dreaming, smiling,
To be happy.
I do not want run away,
I want to feel,
To touch your body,
To love...
I know you do too.
I want feel your lips
Next to mine
Kissing me madly
Hugging me,
Each time more
Next to you,
Even suffocating all your lack,
Wild desire,
Endless love,
Taking us
to the other side of the mystery,
madness of love
desire, longing you!

LOUCURAS DE AMAR

Loucura é amar,
É querer encontrar
Sonhar, sorrir,
Ser feliz.
Não quero fugir,
Quero sentir,
Tocar seu corpo,
Amar...
Sei que tu também.
Quero sentir teus lábios
Junto aos meus
Beijando-me
Com toda loucura,

Abraçando-me,
Cada vez mais
Junto de ti,
Até sufocarmos toda a saudade,
Desejo louco, amor sem fim
Levando-nos para
O outro lado do mistério,
Loucura de amor
Desejo, saudade!

translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Mirror

I saw the sea, saw the dawn
The sunrise,
I saw the evening, the sunset,
I saw the crowds
I saw bunches of grapes, snow,
I saw deserts and their grains of sand,
I saw women that I will never forget,
I saw the slanting shadows of ferns,
I saw armies, saw all the animals
Which exist on Earth,
I saw the circulation of my blood
And I cried because my eyes saw the Universe
I saw holy figures in old paintings,
I saw a bright light
Involving people in harmony
With the world
Then I cried, I just have not seen
Who I am, or will be.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Mound, Mount, Open Pasture

Rain, wind

Sun, moon, starry sky

Difficult to understanding

With its young deer and maned wolf running through

Whirlwinds, twisted trees,

Fired forest, cattle dealer, cowboys

Horseman

Oxen, herd of oxen

Flowers, jatobas, footpath

Lobeiras, guariroba

Bacuri, mangaba

Buriti, murici

Remembrance of my beloved open pasture

And like a cowboy I dragged,

I galloped, singing

Crying out, pressing

In the chest the homesickness

Umbelina Frota – IWA

Writer, poetess

President Academy of letters and arts

Of Inhumas-Go.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Mysteries Of The Perpetual

The mysteries of the Perpetual
are the epic of the ephemeral world! ...
the millenarian night of cosmos
fugacious flashing of our history! ...
The stranger school of light and shades
that shaped human being.
Sobbing homesickness of the souls
exiled of their faraway land! ...
Pictures of beaches,
vibrating, singing and crying
in the pages which for your eyes
are opening;
you will find yourself in this book!
Poet is only interpreter and
speaker of your unconscious!
It speaks of the great day that
will come after this night!
For this, my beloved friend,
read this book as yours,
not as mine!
Read it as yourself voice,
awaked for you!
Be it your companion
and friend! ...
in a day's work of life, in suffering lonely!
In silence, of final victory.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Oaths Of Love

Yes! I swear, I swear,
my love, for the first
moment that we live
for the glory of delicious
dreams that you dreamed!
I swear for our burning history.
I want to love, I want to believe
in the hope!
I want the blue of the sky,
all the universe!
This love that never
sleeps is yours.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Only You And Me

We blow up
for too much pleasure,
I do not want sadness,
I do not want suffer
I only want you.
Our wet bodies,
no hurry,
only you and me,
the time stopped,
I only wish to want,
no regret.
What it matters,
Only you and me.

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Passion And Risks

Magic, glamor,
Doubts, conflicts
Love, with no guarantee
At first, only pleasure,
Poetry, illusion,
Balance of emotions
Difficult to balance,
Dance of Kisses
Each look and kisses,
Spotlights illuminate,
Disappear and fade
Like lightning that strikes
borders
Looking for yourself
Passion, like fire,
Turns off
Staying tears,
disillusion
loneliness
This is passion.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Perpetual Love

To love is not just say,
To love is to live
All the afflictions and sufferings
That love imposes.
To love is not keep silent
To love is to cry out
I do not know to live without you.
Love martyrdom, love sublime,
Love torment, love paradisiacal
The eternity be the idyllic dwelling
Of our tumultuated love.

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Please

Hold my hand,
Please, hold it,
I feel lonely, very lonely,
I want a friend hand, confident,
So that I can go ahead.
Hold me!
Hug me!
Sometimes I feel myself falling down,
Twisting with my solitude,
I shout, nobody answers,
Only the night, with its silence
And its darkness
Just a star shining,
As wanting to show,
The way to tread.
I walk lonely, as in the past,
Sobbing as always.
I feel cold in my soul,
Just a tear calm me down.
Lonely, very lonely! ...
My heart complains
Please! Listen to my scream!
Hold my hand,
Please, hold it! ...

UMBELINA FROTA

Tradução – Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Poets' Food

I find poetry in my life
In my smiles
In my tears
In my day to day sufferings
I find poetry in my sadnesses
Humiliations, disillusionments
I find poetry from the night badly slept
From my dreams badly dreamed,
Lost in the blackout of my life
I find poetry of what I could have lived
And I didn't.
I find poetry from everything I have lost,
Of what I tried to give but I couldn't
I find poetry from my soul,
from my viscera so that everybody
Can smile.

.

ALIMENTO DOS POETAS

Tiro a poesia
de minha vida
dos meus sorrisos
de minhas lágrimas
de meus sofrimentos
do dia a dia.
tiro a poesia,
das minhas tristezas
humilhações, decepções
tiro a poesia
das noites mal dormidas
dos meus sonhos
mal sonhados, perdidos
na escuridão de minha vida
tiro a poesia
daquilo que poderia
ter vivido e não vivi.
tiro a poesia de tudo que perdi,
daquilo que tentei dar e não consegui

tiro a poesia
da minha alma,
das minhas entranhas
para que todos possam sorrir.

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Reminds

Forgetting only can kills the past.
Reminds are always coming back,
Past, reminds,
have never been erased.
The sadness of hours,
the seconds,
minutes that are passing,
your hands,
your fingers
and kisses
looking for me.
The rocks, the sun, the moonlight,
did not love our lives.
There is not in sepulture
Lovers.
But reminds.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Sailing In This Passion

Philosophize is not sin
your sweet way
when looking at me, and
talk to me is pretty!
Be welcome
all affection you give to me.
Sailing I am
in this insinuating passion
that makes me to dream.
For both of us
there isn't time,
place either,
to make love.
Only the heat of your love
burns my body.

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Sand Castles

Sandy beach,

Wind.

I make sandcastle,

I planted your body

Silent.

The anguish of your absence,

I stayed with the flowers

And leaves worn by the time.

Sand castles

scattered

By the wind.

Only secret,

Memories, loneliness,

And the silence.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Suffered Tears

The rain felt slowly,
as well as my suffered tears,
for you not to know to wait
who loves you madly!
It had been only five minutes
that made a castle of dreams
to pull down,
Taking together with rain
all desire of love!
And you ran away to not cry out
and for you not to feel
that silently the drops of rain
asked you to come back
to a perpetual love,
for they confound themselves with my tears,
which are yours,
as yours is my life!
It had been only five minutes!
for you not to know still to trust,
we have lost one life!
we have left to love, dreaming!
Know to wait!
It had been only five minutes!

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

The Mystery

You are a mystery which involve
And hallucinate me
I do not know If I want you
Or if you want me,
For to me, you are not life,
You are a martyrdom.

I look at the world
And see nothing.

And you, life,
Nothing has said to me,
I live because you are with me,
But I have been never with you.

O MISTÉRIO

Vida,
tu és mistério que me envolve
e alucina.
não sei se te quero
ou és tu que me queres, pois
para mim, não és vida, és um martírio.

Olho o mundo
e nada vejo.

E tu vida,
nada me dizes, como nunca me disseste...
vivo porque estás comigo,
mas nunca estive contigo.

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Thief Of Illusion

You have stolen my life,
You have stolen my spirit,
my soul, my youth.
You have stolen my smiles,
my peace, my songs.
You have stolen my kisses,
my yearnings my desires.
You have stolen everything, everything!
You have left only disillusion,
distress and disappointments.
You have not got to steal, merely,
My immense and illuminated heart,
My handsome and kind thief.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Things Of The Heart

Angel or demon
weight without measure,
I called you because
I love you.
They are things of the heart,
explicit love.
Obsession to possess,
throw it outside.
Messages, oaths of love.
Tomorrow only tomorrow,
One for the other, our love.
Invent with sugar, honey or poison.

Translated by Nelson Fco. Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Thinking About You

It was thinking about you
That I made my first poetry,
That I swallowed my pride
In the illusion
That you were mine.

It was thinking about you
That I found my smile,
And I learned to dissimulate
That I did not see
Nor did not hear.

It was thinking about you
That I forget you
And I start to LIVE.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

To Love Entirely

I want this love,
It does not matter what they say,
I want see we both rolling in the bed.

I close my eyes,
I still see me prisoner
of my memories.

I want to be born,
to die,
always loving you.

My interior voice:
intuition,
to love entirely.

I want to live the life!
Life adores who adores to live,
who knows to love at every moment.

To love and to be loved
are the meaning of the life.

I close my eyes,
I still see you
rolling in the bed.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Vast Plenitude

From sun to sun,
until the night is arrived ,
flies the little bird for obscure spaces,
full of homesickness,
sometimes it stops exhausted,
men, these naive men,
say this little bird,
have left of being what they were,
to be what they were not.
No, they don't know, these ingenuos,
that my soul went down from the heights ,
return to my heart, normal energy from my being,
I already do not suffer
homesickness!
Stronger is my being,
it fills me of vast plenitude.
Nothing lacks to me of tangible things,
I suffer the thirstness of intangible ones.
Only in anguish prostration,
when to my pleni-I follow my semi-I
or my pseudo-I,
It leaves my soul flies in demand for
my longique land.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Why Do I Love You?

I would like, at least,
In my dreams to see
You.

I would like, in
my dreams, at least,
to drink the nectar
of your eyes blazing.

I would like
you had no ambition,
and no anger for
power, comfort and beauty.

I would like
you filled of emotions
my silly heart but full
of kindness.

Because I love you
in such a way
I love my own life.

Because I love you
In a such way
the flower
loves the sun.

Because I love you
In a such way
The bird loves
It nest..

(translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade)

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Woman Girl

Girl, when you have known me, I put me in your hands,
These hands had taken me to discover everything
and took me to distant ways.

For your hands, I met affection, passion and love,
in your hands, I discovered the pride and the certainty when you said:
" I will never forget you ".

Interlaced, our lover souls, our present hands,
Heating the tomorrow, and for a few seconds,
Forgetting it.

You became yourself a handsome man,
You freed my girl hands,
Assassinating my woman heart.

Translated by Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

You Are An Angel Who Have Fallen From The Sky

Sometimes I think
You are an angel who have fallen
From sky.

Your presence supports me
Fortifies me
And guide me, like a mother
Towards her children.

I cannot explain your beauty.
It comes from your heart, from your soul,
From your kind gesture,
From your tone voice and affection
You dedicate to me.

Silky and black hair,
As a night without stars,
And moonlights, Eyes colored
Like honey, whose brightness
Dims sky light.

Red and sensuous lips,
Like a cherry, sweet, succulent
And tasting I want more.

Passion of my life, loved and friend gift
I received from God.
I live every day in paradise, as Adam,
Happy and thankful to the Creator,
For this pure love, kind and necessary
As a piece of bread for the beggar.

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos

Your Skin

Your body, your skin,
Your emotions,
It was everything I wanted.
Today I feel your absence
It is true I have loved you.
Today I have shame
Of desire you.
I cannot deny
I have loved you, I have illusions,
I dream waked up with you
It is difficult to live.
Look inside of my eyes
Say you have left to want me
Just in this case I Will forget you.

TUA PELE

Teu corpo, tua pele,
Tuas emoções,
Era tudo que eu queria.
Hoje sinto tua falta
É verdade que te amei.
Hoje tenho vergonha
De querer te.
A saudade dói em ti.
Não posso negar
Que te amei, tenho ilusões,
Sonho acordado contigo
É difícil viver.
Olha dentro dos meus olhos
Diz que deixaste de me querer
Só assim irei te esquecer

Translation – Nelson Francisco de Andrade

UMBELINA FROTA Linhares Pimenta Bastos