

Poetry Series

**Wagner Hertzog De
Oliveira
- poems -**

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Wagner Hertzog De Oliveira(19 November,1983)

I am a poet, writer, editor, publisher and translator from Caxias do Sul, Rio Grande do Sul, south of Brazil. I am a professional writer, that loves to write in both the Portuguese and the English languages. I think that, if you take the time to read my poems, you may like it.

Abomination

Unbearable words of cruelty
And sorrow along the way,
Can we feel the unease
of the striking doom
Right behind the gloom
of our sad, but sincere apathy?

Pale grey skies tells me nothing
and amazingly
no truth will sell us today
the conveniences of lethargy
The grey sorrow today
We simply don't sell
And the understanding of the greater truths
I just simply can't keep
below those sights of painful insensitivity

Those dark shadows of disbelief
apprehensively shattered by loneliness
We are lost in the profound depths of despair
buried in ourselves

So darkness could be.

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Darkness

Over the shadows
of your personal ruins
I can't see nothing behind your eyes
I'm not able to keep
The insincere shallow remarks
of your past glories
apparently doomed by ordinary fallacies

I just observe
these freezing days
Behind windows
And I pray to keep
my sadness to myself

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Darkness (2)

The morbidity of sick days
I behold, but
I'm not allowed to keep -
It is a form of pure glory
Human beings are not able to understand.

But about this truth you can be certain:
It is only by staying here
That you will be able to seek
the dark triumphs that hides
in the fragility of my soul

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Emptiness

The frozen winds that change
Those colours in your eyes
All that they can see
Are lazy streets in black and white
Distracting all of the forgotten realms
That hides behind your eyes

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One Day, Yes Darkness Will Come

One day, yes darkness will come
To close the night
On me
And night overcomes
What exists inside myself
and I'll never really be
the light
that hides
inside of me

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Reminders Of Vain Glories

If the truth is what you want
You have to ask yourself serious questions
Stay completely nude
before yourself
all alone

Before dawn, your eyes will be shattered
And the ashes of your shadows will not rebuild the past
That your empty vanities used to glorify
Your dubious thoughts will vanish
When the day finally consumes your soul
The path of labor
Finishes your ultimate breath
Conspires and disappears
As in fact, your reward will be dust
or, at best,
a wreckage
of worthless tears

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