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L O S
O S
T U G H T
H O S

Poesias 1983-1990

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THE SANE (REFERENCES)

The sheep quietly marched down the street
 while I gazed astonished at that unusual sight.
 But suddenly, while the monotonous buzz of a bee kept me distracted for
 some time,

I met the demoniac look of a tall, sensuous brunette,
 who looked at me from below;

but how could I kiss her from this decaying place?

And the bee started flying once again,

but that didn't shock me, just made me wonder:

what does a bee like you do in here...

Some minutes later I was jumping off the wall of a graveyard,
 when I heard my mother saying

that I had forgotten to brush my teeth.

I was going to tell her that that was because of the bee,

but my head hit the grass so strongly that I fainted.

And one week later I woke up in the arms of a pregnant nurse that was
 trying to rub a blood stain from my forehead.

Then I asked if she could kill the bee, but the effect of the narcotic the
 hippy physician had injected me began lifting me higher and higher until I met
 the buzz of the bee.

Crazily I jumped into the swimming-pool, but the water was too cold for a
 bath,

so I took off my pants and went home in underpants
 to shock my grandfather.

I was fired for that, but, wounded, I was taken to the Christian hospital in
 a red pick-up truck.

And I screamed, shouted, twisted my hands in despair,
 while the bee softly trodded the transparent space around her,
 singing her majestic tone.

And then I fell off the truck,
 and when I woke up you had gone.

You and the bee.

But on the note you left, my insomnia-blurred eyes could still detect some
 "when you leave, please hide the bee under the carpet."

Puno, 1983.

HALLUCINATION (FOR POE)

The man in the corner is still looking in my direction, I sense it. He is standing there in a black suit, his stern countenance searching the air around him. And he bothers me. From time to time I take a quick look at him, as if I were looking for a friend whom I am supposed to meet, and whenever I do it, I find out that he is still looking at me, or at least in my direction. As I said before, I am short-sighted, and I do not really see his eyes or his mouth or the lines in his face, but I have an idea of what it is all like, that is, I just feel the general impression his features would cause upon me in case I gazed straight at him. It is just a feeling after all; I might be wrong.

The point is, though: he bothers me. It is as if I had once killed his wife and children, and he had spent all his life looking for me to take revenge. Now he has found me and is just waiting for the right time to gun me down. Or perhaps he does not want to kill me; only, which would be worse, he may want to upset me to death; he may want to follow me forever, just to stand in a dark corner watching me from a distance, making me have the most different kinds of thoughts, that is, to die internally, and to take my life later on, when I cannot stand his presence anymore.

He may want to remind me of his children's appalled look when I pierced their eyes with a needle, and then stabbed their chests with a sharp knife, their blood spurting scarlet. Or maybe he wants to make me recall his wife tied to the bed, shrieking with horror before my greatest deed in life; I always wanted to do something great. Great as the agony of death.

But I didn't do it. I swear...

He must be an eccentric who is just killing time before he goes home; he is just on his way home from work. He looks weird; just like a horrid silhouette unable to move, but powerful enough to command from a distance. I don't know... I don't like him. He bothers me. Definitely...

Now he is drawing nearer. No, it's his look. No, it's his eyes. No, it's his mind. My God! What's this? We remain apart as before, but I feel him nearer and nearer and nearer, his big white eyes peering at me, studying me, scrutinizing the depths of my memories... NO! And yet he is still standing in the corner, but he is getting closer and closer. It is like his face was being reflected in an enormous mirror and at the same time I got shorter and went through the mirror inside one of his eyes. Drawing nearer and nearer; going into his eye, white with red streams of blood. Nearer, insider... Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!...

The man in the corner has vanished. Just like a snap of your fingers. Puff. And I'm alone again. As before. As ever.

Rio, 1983.

TO THE BRIDE

I apologize
 For being alive
 Sorry, but it was a terrible mistake
 You know, birth is involuntary
 When you think of it
 When you recall all those bridges burning
 Bridges your internal desires built to try to overcome impeding difficulties
 Bridges that burned at the touch of your mind's eye
 Afraid that they'd give way under the weight of your expectations
 Then you can't help but cry
 And I've cried
 Not like the other human beings
 With tears and gasps
 But worse than that
 I've been crying the dryness of my perplexity
 Before the stones they throw in my way in eternal avalanche
 But then again, what's perplexity?
 Would it be the silence imposed by your refusal to face reality?
 Or yet a mere blankness of mind, emptiness of spirit,
 Weird, morbid mind's retreat from the front of hideous battle
 Internal battle
 Lost battle
 Between I and I?
 Who knows?
 And there are also the facts
 Rusty links between ideas and future conjectures
 Connectors of disappointing past, unfulfilling present and never-looming future
 Bad, depressing
 Pessimist?
 No, just a fact collector
 Calm, painstaking researcher
 Peeking through the peepholes of time
 Roaming the dusty and lonely paths of abandonment
 Dismissing the uncertain hopes of minute possibilities
 Clinging desperately to the big ones so as to make them last
 With ever-stretched, ever-renewed belief.

Rio, 1984.

MISTER FAIRY TALE

Devilish quest for knowledge
 Fruitless motto of a rotten existence
 Philosophers of the wind
 Painters of the decadent ruin of two apocalypses
 Devil
 Deathly evil
 Deadly poison of muddy eloquence
 Poems of life, decayed words showing hope and happiness
 , aristocratic doom showing sadness and despair
 Madness
 Crazy-heads, moss-back
 And the songs keep on singing
 Play on world champion!
 We all want to see you
 Ladies of a lost kingdom
 Sirs of a vanishing horizon
 Birds of latent joy
 Demurely shrieking away the balance of life and death
 Large spears of boredom
 Cross my brains
 Hurt your souls
 Abyss of literature, Hail to all ye grand poes and williamses
 Hi, death
 Enjoy yourself, gaiety
 Millions of heads holding the power of a few
 Enlightened government
 Imported from another culture
 Envy
 But the words keep on speaking
 Daddy, mommy, sonny
 Girlish choir of old madonnas
 Yellow daisies and black roses
 In mourning for the old man
 Cry!
 Baby, cry!
 All you big fat babies of the nation, cry!
 Smile, antithesis!
 But withhold not the respect for love
 Love and hate
 Hate of love
 Love for hate
 Fear of love
 Sleepless, the nights watch the lonely hobo
 Illiterate, the pens write up their masters' illusions on imaginary realities

Fake.
 You and me.
 You and I.
 The Holy Ghost is a transvestite
 Who lies in Heaven
 Stuffed with daffodils grown in a white altar
 Murky waters of troubled images
 Feeling of solitude

— interruption —

Happiness is just a long way
 to nothing.
 Sadness is the shortest cut
 to the flowery fields of sickness.

— end of interruption —

Confinement
 Lone old days of pleasure and disease
 Flowing like a river of sand
 Goes the armageddon of all souls
 To Hell
 Sounds of terrible dungeons
 Where silence is the last source or energy
 So distant in time
 In civilization
 The cries of agony
 Belong to the atmosphere
 Of acid rain and stormy seas
 Of blood
 Disrespectful egos
 Blues, rocking the ages of freudian compassion
 Court me, please!
 Marry me, s'il vous plaît!
 Give me your baby of herpes, por favor!
 Mailman, fetch me the last subscription
 To the House of the Insane
 Although the light keeps on shining...

— grand finale —

The Lord is the truest prostitute of all
 Giveth death in exchange for relief.

— end of grand finale —

Rio, 1985.

THOUGHT

Pyramids of self-esteem
Battalions of self-respect
Invade the ego of civilization
Conquering vast areas of arid lives
The winds of chance have long blown
Again the minds distressed lie
Too much hate for the world to survive
Too much love for the world to wish for
Vain regrets
Silly excuses
Fools
Who are you, big fat rich masters of the poor?
Buzzing sweet tomorrow in our ears
That never comes
That never hear
And you my love, where are you?
Waiting desolate in the wringing hands of your search for me?
Or hidden behind the dark clouds of my yearning for you?

Rio, 1985.

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FOR BOB DYLAN

Rich man speaks
dogs bark in the evening
knowledge of a dying world leaks
the child screaming
sweet touch of Heaven
while Rosie Doll reads a magazine
and Tony Crumbs is arrested smuggling morphine.

Baby boom is over
madness has been discovered
reality keeps on veiled
fast lovers hang from a hurting nail
sand's been covering Heaven
while Rosie Doll rides her horse
and Tony Crumbs is heard mumbling in Morse.

Divine awareness illuminates
friendship cornered in a dark room
benevolence packed in wooden crates
the witch hovers over the souls on her broom
wild conquest of Heaven
while Rosie Doll loses her virginity
and Tony Crumbs is tried for sanity.

Scrutiny is heard leaving on a train
money joins the doctors to ease the pain
the guardians of Paradise hunt deers
the smell of happiness dries the tears
misty echoes burst in Heaven
while Rosie Doll has a good time
and Tony Crumbs is released with a bottle of wine.

Saviors of the Universe
lose their power to the lunatics
bad dreams 'bout fortune make matters worse
kings of the snow make it hard on statistics
itching images surveying Heaven
while Rosie Doll weeps in mourning for her daddy
and Tony Crumbs, alone, embraces the new life of a caddy.

Motherly bitches of smart wanting gays
kiss the dust – their world sways
in the morning a dove gets married
that blondie is forever buried
canceled are the dreams about Heaven
while Rosie Doll bumps into big shots
and Tony Crumbs glitters with delight under the spots.

Entwined the beheaded dance
in the hope of another chance
the thunders speak of proofs
delicate weapons smash our roofs
peasants harvest the cotton fields in Heaven
while Rosie Doll realizes she's getting old
and Tony Crumbs questions the value of gold.

Indian claims disappear in silence
ballots lie festering that old lump
bare feet shake the world balance
research shows the poor still hump
bridges infect the skyline of Heaven
while Rosie Doll comfortably cheats — her husband's on a spree
and Tony Crumbs, broke, finds out he's finally free.

Dear words they trust you not
wondrous poets the winds of fame blow hard
dead creeds resurrect in a deserted lot
idolized the face grows wrinkled of the middle-aged bard
last chance for Heaven
while Rosie Doll peacefully dies holding her son's hand
and Tony Crumbs gladly greets the worms in a tiny piece of land.

Inebriated memories of a blurred horizon
poison feeds the political monster
recurring signs a-glow before the expected reason
fornication rules over the undesired spinster
guess who's destroyed and rebuilt Heaven
while Rosie Doll is reborn in every tender child
and Tony Crumbs prowls the fearful shadows of the wild.

Rio, 1985.

MISTY

Where is verse
 where is rhyme
 when all I see is just a fee?

*

To walk on a cloud
 to drink one's ideas
 more than abstract, that's the way to distract.

*

Pain is joy
 joy is life
 sorrow is all if castles fall.

*

The sound of love
 the smile of death
 a poor heart lies and benediction flies.

*

Wild passions say goodbye
 sweet lechery rules the soul
 the past of man relieve us can.

*

Bells which toll
 arms that kill
 they can just cry when waters dry.

*

A heart just left
 the poor comply
 in the fields cows stare
 evening sweeps the day to a new 6x2 confinement
 inside the houses people dream
 outside is fear and nightmare
 up goes a plane
 down goes the world
 technology beckons
 respond, oh hail, you young men
 love
 farewell
 crystal balls explode
 pieces of stars fill the air
 and up, up there
 the sun will shine
 all we, nights, hope.

A.C. (After Cris)

Where are you?
I look up at the skies
Where they told me some souls live
But I can't see you
I hope for a spiritual contact
A stir
Some ethereal message
Maybe an unearthly farewell
Whatever
I try to look at Hell, but I don't know where to direct my eyes
At Purgatory – I fail, too
Buddha now is dumb
Religion is vain, hopeless
And useless
Technology hasn't reached that far, either
To think I could've told you all this
And much more
To realize how I hurried back and forth
Without a word of comfort
To such a harmless being like you
I could
But I didn't
Guilt assails me
Pains uneases me
Misty sorrow offends my eyes
All I can say
This is all I can do for you, now
The mystery
Of your coming and going
Will always puzzle my mind
I promise
I'm sorry, Cris
Bye
Say hello to whoever you see.
And, please, do pray for me.

Rio, 1985.

TO A THOUGHT AS A SONG

Definitely
 The suitcase is a must
 The poet can never overlook
 To pack all his dreams
 As if traveling he went
 The dreams of not yielding
 The dreams of not giving up
 The marvels of wonder
 The success of oblivion
 What are they? If you know you're a king!
 Dandy – words that mean nothing
 If ever they mean
 Dark are the days
 Of ideas of old
 New cars and ideals
 Sweet sounds of delight
 Though some never come true
 Most of our dreams are so pure
 And harken, my dear,
 – 'Cos 'fore sleep we shall think –
 Though you feel like a star
 The sky is a long journey afar
 Emotion – comic word
 Commotion – epic symbol
 Of hearts and minds and people and things
 And drunk are the veins
 Of the snow in the thunder
 Do you get all the meaning?
 Do you add two and two?
 Do they ever make love?
 To the wind or to you?
 Revolutions are triggered
 By the sweet nightingales
 Or the books are redeemed
 Or the nests are vain deals
 For love is a pen
 To write a page of our lives
 And affection the locker
 For the secrets of our hearts.

New York, 1986.

NUMB

I am tired of the ifs and buts
I've been sick of commas and ands
Philosophy has taught me big lies
I need a girl
Who is the half my conception forgot.

New York, 1986.

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THE PORTRAITS OF GLORY

Yes, I agree
Things are better said than done
But that's just because
The portraits of glory
Vainly haunt us from time to time
While dreams hover over
The successful deaths
Of our lives
And towels hang from a distant hook
Rubbing away the tears
Colorful tears of amazed looks
Framed in a yellow-bluish disguise
Of monotonous hopes a-dying...
Yes, baby,
This is all a scary scary night
No matter how many torches
Are lighted on the way
Their gleam will fade
After a long while
Just when another one is leading the way again
That's how it goes
A corpse's vapor sets the table for joy's breath
And we go and go
Up and down – wearing our eyes
Squinting through the rays of light
Trying to see the underground
With the thumping of our feet on the dry soil
So as to get the most of that luminous power
As if that golden light would forever shine
And by those portraits of glory
We wait
And we wait
Till the torches fade gradually away.

New York, 1986.

TO KATRINE

Strength is to ride a horse backwards
 Strength is to face defeat analytically
 Strength is to smile at tears
 is to cry at fears.

 The young man goes down the street
 "Don't give me that shit..."
 And he only meant some help.

Happiness is a relief to pain
 Or maybe pain is just a fickle moment of reflection
 Pain tastes like a reckless drop of mustard on strawberries
 For when contemplation wears away
 And endurance is a faint light
 Flickering two long miles ahead
 Defeat sneaks in to bring old help home
 Because if bitterness and sadness
 Are only swallowed, with no salt or pepper,
 Joy will feel uncomfortable
 When time fathers the unthinkable awareness
 Of love of life.

 The young man has sore his feet
 While the rain that falls cools things a bit
 The monster of passion is still not dead
 He realizes when he goes to bed.

A life lies scattered on the floor
 A shabby towel hangs surrealistically
 The door is brown-watered white
 And on the table his heart tic-tacs
 What amazement to sleep in love
 When the whole wild world is against your goals
 But the power of hope
 Is a well-bred hallucination
 Sometimes jealousy is a beast welcome
 Or else the veins have gone all dry.

 The young man has grown old and neat
 For your eyes in him have a candle lit
 The monster will grow pink
 And his sadness surely sink.

New York, 1986.

MY BABY

My baby has a shrieking voice
That turns me on at night
In our differences we rejoice
And in love we always fight.

My baby's got round hips
I can't smell her in the light
But I love to kiss her lips
I close my eyes and bliss is white.

My baby says I'm a kook
But my emotions run too bright
But I so much like to snoop
While she sleeps in delight.

We sure are worlds apart
My mind goes faster than her sight
I still think she's smart
She's my angel, I'm her sprite.

Divinity is a long way from her soul
But then I don't believe in God
Coherence hasn't been my goal
She belongs not in any squad.

I just love you so much baby
'Cause I care little for my life
For this very same reason maybe
You accepted to be my wife.

Bye bye my baby, I killed you
You should thank me for that
I couldn't stand the thought I'd screwed you
And anyway you were growing too fat.

I'll commit suicide one day
I promised to follow you anywhere
I'll die in a big heap of hay
And my friends all will stare.

Then a tale shall be told
'Bout our deaths in our lives
Our corpses will be sold
To the master of the knives.

New York, 1986.

BEFORE I VANISH

Creation was a plain mistake
God must've got it wrong
I really don't know what to say
I just wanna write a song.

Emptiness has filled my life
But in the long run things will be alright
Think I just need a new wife
Clean, introvert, poor and bright
I really don't know what to say
Guess I oughta turn off the light.

I'd like to know what I'm doin'
Out here in the cold
I'd like to know where I'm goin'
If lookin' for silver or gold
I really don't know what to say
Maybe that's only my getting old.

They play the guitar on TV
A dream we all like to see
They read the news to the world
But simply don't care where I might be
I really don't know what to say
Perhaps it's the pain in my knee.

Dreams are welcome anytime
Then frustrations leave for a while
Loneliness should be a crime
We all criminals should be on file
I really don't know what to say
I'd better stop before I start to stray.

This world is tame but sometimes it bites
After all I may not be that strong
Maybe I got the wrong words to say
I just wanted to write a song.

New York, 1986.

OUTRAGEOUS

Television sets are busy
Filling the air with foolishness
Radios blast in the neighborhood
Reviews go crazy about sexy vanities
But the children are dying
Sure they are
And the homeless are crying.

A woman gets dressed
A man gets undressed
A bowl is smashed
Thrown in rage and jealousy
A door slams in the distance
A car pulls away from the heat
While the children are dying
Sure they are
And in the cold the poor are frying.

Gather all your clothes
Your worldly possessions
All your confidence, desires
Lock 'em up in the pantry
And eat the keys with ketchup
Store your dreams in the oven
Wash the hopes down with sugar
Even then you wouldn't understand
That the children are dying
Sure they are
And the rich are still lying.

All the words we say
All the money we pay
All the tears we shed
When we go to bed
All those beautiful thoughts we arouse
Will mean nothing
Until you donate your own house
Sure we won't –
It makes me feel like a mouse.

New York, 1986.

THE RHYMES THAT DON'T

I can almost feel the giggles in my heart
 But it's only the end of one more day
 He's the one who's smart
 I just wanna get my pay
 And if the waters did flow
 They'd surely take away the snow

*

Feelings come like little birds of prey
 And the sorrows of joy keep floating a while
 Misery fills our lives in May
 When the train must stop within a mile
 Rush, my heart, shut all your doors
 Don't let these merry gnomes go away no more

*

Buried are the vain
 Rotting away in pain
 Millions try to beat the glory
 Hermits keep telling a story
 Crazy the one whose only crime
 Is trying to put life into rhyme

*

Good-bye candle, your flame has flickered away
 Just like the stars that torch the sky
 Soon I'll lie in bed and pray
 A baby is born as I go by
 My dreams I hope will make me white
 For tomorrow I shall get up and fight

*

Mom, the squirrel is dead and cold
 And my hands are filled with gold
 'Night burden, 'night blame
 Dawn's come, it'll make me tame

*

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I hear the song, the song of happiness
 Though a murmur, the street is dry
 No more rain, no more emptiness
 No more doubts, no more why
 Now I seen you ride my hopes
 Soft compliance my rage it gropes

*

Who's the one that sees them tables?
 – Here's a part of me who quit school –
 That's my friend who paints the fables
 Whom the brainless call a fool
 Again the rhymes that don't
 Again the ends that won't

Life is a poem
 That rhymes with nothing
 I'm just a flower
 Whose vase was broken
 By an innocent child
 In her forties and follies
 But flowers fight hard
 And die at the petals
 The eye can see
 Then fill, brown, the pages
 Of memories 'bout thee.

New York, 1986.

Copyright

BY THE WAY...

The toughest part is to get through
 The barriers of
 Time and space
 It's hard to stand still
 While naked in the snow
 Some just ignore the present toils
 Others live the scars left by the chains
 Of distance and waiting
 Once the walls are jumped to dust
 Hope is a red apple
 Crunching 'round the teeth
 Time is malleable in the words
 Of the prophets
 Of the writers
 Miles can be pulled back
 At lovers' will
 – to chew the gum, though,
 is hard, boy –
 Well, if you stay in the rain
 It can't be forever
 If the chains of the spirit
 Tie you to harsh words that tear
 They can't be forever
 If the colors seem to lose their intensity
 It can't go unpunished
 – so, girl, never mind
 if your love is away
 he'll be back in time
 for you to find another –
 Just hang in there – the atrocities
 Of long and far
 Feel them deep down your throat
 Wash them down
 With alcohol
 Move to the beat
 But don't laugh
 At the dog's tail
 – whatever that means
 keep straight on the road
 you'll survive –
 To live is to sleep
 In the middle of the cherry streams
 And dream
 With the martinis of your heart
 Oh shit, life and I are still apart.

New York, 1986.

MAKING LOVE

Someone's knocking at your door
A little wet from a shower
So sweet perfume
In your living room
It's always fun to watch your lips
Mumbling words I cannot hear
While the world dissolves
Into the touch of your trembling heart
I don't know
Your breath reminds me of a jungle
Where I'm the lion
And you're the bullet
Savage yet soft
Fast yet endless
And each time I come again
I find you got new ways
To entice me more and more
To bind me tighter to you
Our hearts beat together
That's old but we're in love
And love is timeless
Like you for me are priceless
I get tickled
Every time I look at you
When your gown
Is going down
Slowly
And then I ask
In admiration
How foolish love is
When it gets to words
Of fascination
Time stops to hear you speak
And beauty is nothing next to you
Let 'em know the world's a freak
For you love me and I love you.

New York, 1986.

THE COMEDY

The road just like any other road
 The month of June
 The cries and laughs
 Of blue and – oh!
 The masterpiece of angels – go!
 And the evening fell
 On the breast of Annie
 But old games don't tell
 Of ourselves a penny
 Millions come and millions go
 The horses left – the travelers gaze
 Into the darkness of the forests
 Birds keep singing
 Losers winning
 In my bed the sound is light
 Just the ceiling I have to fight
 Breadwinner just dropped a cup
 The ladies don't wanna sleep
 My baby don't stand me up
 Don't put me in troubles deep
 And the road is now a river
 Its flow goes round the breeze
 The son – apples 'n' ice cream
 Call the plumber
 Mr. Alright bought a new car
 Paranoia now's just a name
 You know that I'm not to blame
 Days in days lost
 Daisy still licked the bowl
 My friend don't mind the cost
 Your wife's not worth your soul
 Memories memories memories
 Memories memories memories
 Oh memories
 My mind once read me memories
 Of lands so far in time
 We live our memories
 Stage our memories
 Challenge is funny although it's serious
 My mind forgot to bring
 The words I had to sing
 Oh never mind you crazy audience
 I'm so glad I couldn't talk
 The cat's meowed the dog's conscience
 My heart's the crutch I need to walk.

New York, 1986.

YOU

I'm here again with you
With you I'm here again
In my dreams I'm never blue
'Cos I'm with you my friend

There's a sound I like to hear
When the smell of you is near
Crossing streets or painting walls
In your arms I'll never fall

I'm so dumb you must have seen
All these words and nothing said
Well my darling all I mean
Without you I'd sure be dead.

In the middle of my fantasies
I devised your pretty looks
Somewhere up there
In between those two big clouds
Where dreams meet
And cry out loud
Born a star you must have been
Shine on me and then I'll win.

New York, 1986.

Copyright

FAREWELL

You must be proud for saying no
You must feel great now that you're free
The come-and-go has disappeared
The nights are quiet you drew your trump
And yet the air feels thick and dump.

Yeah, baby, time is too long
Until tomorrow's born
Love feeds the colors of a song
You'll miss the clothes you've worn.

New York, 1986.

Copyright

TO ZOË

I heard the echoes of the sun
Shining away on golden clouds
And then voraciously I gazed
Far beyond my human thoughts
And what I saw was vague and thrilling
It was your presence in a feeling.

With all the whim of long forgotten
In all the smells of now and then
For all I held as sacred spots
In the salons of my heart
I guess I paid you for the spring
A flash of memory today
Then I turned and went away.

New York, 1986.

Copyright

WOULD YOU STAY WITH ME TONIGHT?

Would you stay with me tonight
Fill my dreams with make believe
Sing a song of free romance
And share moments of my sleep?

I can take you to my room
In a poor space of town
I can't offer tea or cake
Just myself for pain relief.

In the moments of reflection when the world just disappears
There's the shadow of a woman in white clothes who speaks in lovish
This old game plays tricks on people yet the wells go never dry
Think of it for just a second and then tell me darling

Would you stay with me tonight?
Love and passion can't go wrong
We can make the time last long
If we plan the goals together.

Would you stay with me tonight?
I can't promise anything
Just affection, you and I
Would you stay with me tonight?
We can turn wrong into right.

New York, 1986.

Copyright

WELLS

Mister, Mister, come and see
There's a shadow on the sun
No, dear boy, it's just a bee
Or chaos having fun.

New York, 1986.

Copyright

THE DUCKS

I look but I don't see
I see but I don't understand
I understand but don't accept
It's like a cold wind
Blowin' on my naked mind
Time here strolls on my nerves
Some of my hopes lie in the sun
Others glow in the night
Still others stand at the far end of a highway
And I just stare
– I can't do much –
I'll keep waiting
Till I hear the bell
Or the call
Of them all
Why worry?
The ducks don't worry.

Myrtle Beach, 1986.

Copyright

GLIMPSE

I know there's a song
Though I just need some help
To put the words together
In tune with the universe.

Myrtle Beach, 1986.

Copyright

TALKING SHIT

There's a certain look in their eyes
I mean, the hookers and the bums
That reminds me of a past
I can feel's been trailing me...

Myrtle Beach, 1986.

Copyright

THINKING OVER A BEER I DIDN'T HAVE

Waiting and waiting...
I do nothing but wait
I like to see the people hurrying worrying...
I'm never late
For I just wait
Sometimes I wait for the sun to shine some rays on it all
But also I wait for the awakening of the beast in me
Usually I wait for the rain to turn the pastures into green nymphs
And often I wait for the night to sway me to sleep
The girls around enhance their traits
While this here man just waits
The sun will shine alright
The beast will rise and fight
The rain will bring delight
And the night is dark and white
I see a dog roaming the street for food
I give a nickel to the bum who laughs
The men stare into some kind of nothingness
The air is tense
It's moist and dense
Oh! If they knew the secrets of waiting...
Well, I wait for God
And for my darling one
They say God died and left no address
Just the cross
– And many tears –
And my darling, for her part,
Is just the whisper of a love song
Anyway to kill the time
I'll drop the Bible in the gutter
And tell a hooker that I love her.

Bakersfield, 1986.

TREES AND AFTERNOON

I have this loneliness about me
Like a tear still uncried
And I don't care about the time now
I'll just spray some thoughtful paint
On these idle-passing hours.

I like to sit and watch the flowers
Measure pines up with my eyes
And hear the birds I cannot see
That's what spring's all about in California
There's some proverb, I am sure
About these lazy afternoons
When aloneness becomes wondering
To be solitude again.

I still have loneliness about me
Though I'm sitting by the grass
And evening sprinkles warm denials
Joints and beer, girls and pain
On to happy summer rain.

Nevada City, 1986.

Copyright

THE FIDDLE PLAYER

Over galleons, roads and love rhymes
Guiding sparrows singing home
Morning dew on blooming roses
Or in rage and roaring anger
There's the sound of lovely fiddle
And the eyes of pretty player.

She may have a handsome boyfriend
Who can make her cry or laugh
She may also have decided
Which way her life will look
In the sound of lovely fiddle
I will dream of pretty player.

Hawaiian shorts on snow-white thighs
Swaying grace and angel's moves
That's what sensuous means to me
I will forever let her know that in my heart
I hear the sound of lovely fiddle
And see the eyes of pretty player
With the sound of lovely fiddle
I love the eyes of pretty player.

Nevada City, 1986.

Copyright

THE DREAMER

He kept waiting till the bells were heard
And that tingling sensation would erase the wrinkles
Till the monsters of disease had their share of anger
Well he hoped the world could be a nicer place
Where the children grew and the flowers bloomed
In a state of shock he just sat and thought
He could see the day death would be a smile
In somebody's mouth mumbling war's defeat
In his heart he loved the creatures of the big round land
For his mind conceived of this world so surely
There he waited for the sun to rise
For the rain to dry into a secret joy
He wanted to hear of money nothing
Of understanding all
He craved for a day a mere look would mean
Translations silent in somebody's arms
Friends were people, deep inside he sang,
He could say I love you and sleep in peace
Like when people say it is a gorgeous day
He would look up and the sun would sting
Well he waited, and he did his share
Then he got bored
And he fell asleep.

Alameda, 1986.

Copyright

THE THOUGHT

I just had a pretty thought
A pretty thought I had
I thought a rose was smiling
And we in blue was clad

I had another thought
Another thought was born
I thought I saw some crystal streams
And hands did have no thorns

And yet another thought
The last thought that I remember
I thought that mountains were not steep
And our dreams smelled of lavender.

Alameda, 1986.

Copyright

ONE FOR THE ROAD

There's a crack in my heart
From where wild deer gaily dart
I feel I have some smile on
And yet a drop
Of morning dew
Fell on a flower
I'd like to give to you
Such is happiness in the morning
When the light of a new day
Still bears some silence
Of the night just pushed away
Lost in recollection
Rolling to the future
Every road is a new picture
Every bend a fine surprise
I climb trees
I fight ten dragons
I break hearts
And I fix cars
Oh, a sportsman I've become
The guitar I gently strum
I've ideas, I've got talent
I've got money, I am God
Rolling down on black white ground
Hoping never to be homeward bound.

Arizona/Myrtle Beach, 1986.

Copyright

ANYWAY

There's a feeling in my brain
Like I'd missed the stop
To get off the train
Maybe 'cos you're not here
Yet
The rain and heat and haste and noise
All around
Plus the work and paranoia
In my heart right from the start
It feels sickly fine
With the wine
'N' though you've cheated
And mistreated
Me
I still smell the insides of your gown
A frown
We fought when you were near
I shout 'cos you're not here
Our dreams still haunt this lonely room
In gloom
'N' I fear I'll miss you everyday
But hell
'Twas just a Wednesday anyway"

Myrtle Beach, 1986.

Copyright

I HAD A DREAM

I had a dream last night
Thought the world was empty
And millions were dying
In the corners of starvation
While cruel moments were elapsing.

I had a bad dream last night
Over thousands of dead feelings
Reaching out for bread and sighs
And the seas of purgatory
Gazed at my bewildered eyes.

I'm in a bad dream tonight
Past and present mingling dangerously
With the cold wind that's a-blaze
Hope the future's good indeed
And the sins uncover ways.

Rio, 1988.

Copyright

FRAGMENTS

The man in the black suit wants to say cute things to you
The boy in the blue jeans will surely a song sing you
While I'll keep on watching you go by
Saving some courage to give you a try
And in the nightless dusk in May
I'll try forgetting what you say.

Love me now, love me forever
Or love me not at all
But please remember just one time
That you've been in my fall.

Seems like they have undervalued
The criteria of your feelings
Said the man who is an expert
In vicissitudes and human beings
All you need is me and wine
Said the man who wrote these lines.

Anyway these fools don't know
Even you have no idea
That in this morningful first hour
I am all yours in thoughts – May-flower.

Rio, 1989.

Copyright

THE NIGHT STORY

There's a woman in heat
On a one-man street
It's a drowsy cajoleance, tic-tac
And a hasty endowance in bric-a-brac

Lust & Misery
Struggling for harmony

Hey, baby, I'll get you a ring
Of clouds and a dream
C'mon honey I got what you need
If you're gentle while I get off my greed

Lust & Misery
Struggling for harmony

Now there's two women alone
One is lost, one is gone
On the empty street – dark flower
Through the night beat – bright hour

Lust & Misery
Struggling for harmony

Hey, baby, I got you now
That I get the know-how
The street is a school – whatever you do
Men are such fools – and women too.

Rio, 1989.

WORDS

The end of the line
Is when verses don't rhyme
Situations happen
Strange things occur
Life permeates the veins
An immense blur
Flying saucers of existence
Happiness is at a distance
Radios blast in a continuing motion
Warm nights succeed in terrorizing notion
Days erode the green men destroy the gleam
Words don't say no more
Like in the days of yore
Written lines repeat the things
Expecting what tomorrow brings.

Rio, 1989.

Copyright

THE OTHER'S SHOES
or
THE PAINFUL CLUES

What can be worse
Than other people's shoes
When you don't want to
When you feel it's not you
Unknowingly
Emotionally
?

What can be worse
Than to feel ashamed
For somebody else
Or to be untamed
When the buying sells
?

It is not pretending
It is sheer compulsion
To go to jail when a robber is on the papers
To cry in pain when it's not your soul that has invaders
!

It may not be delusion
It is not a cruel intrusion
You shouldn't need a magic potion
To be somebody's own emotion

Rio, 1989.

THE MAN AND THE MYSTERY

I know it's late, but it is time
 For this here story I will tell
 Love is so roughly built, yet it's fine
 Sometimes we don't just fare so well.

Oh please believe me 'cos it's true
 We know the score and you do too
 So many mornings so much pain
 We spend in love a life in vain.

So comes our man he strode alone
 Down fifth street a-whistling
 When this young lady he spotted quickly
 And she was wearing blue white and pink
 In those two poor hearts love did lay
 One was hot red the other gray
 Life has its ways to add the spice
 To bring the heat where all is ice
 And there they go
 He says he will be king
 Oh no she says
 For then a queen I'll be
 What's that?
 But it's now three a.m.
 Sleep they will next day wake up they must
 Surprise! The sun is coming through the window
 A vague impression some dreams as flat as dust.

Now some have said that he was not to blame
 For the conspicuous evidence of disrespectful attitude
 While others claim that she was innocent
 For marrying him in such a short while
 The man was happy, the woman too
 They make a couple, good-looking and all
 She had a meager beauty
 He was not so tall
 A plain, true affair like so many others
 I'll be succinct, I know you've got to sleep
 Soon the evidence appeared
 While two kids they reared
 In the form of an angel-like idyll
 Or whatever cute little thing you imagine will
 She was so gorgeous the sun got dark
 And the first night was a tell-tale mark
 Well, she the other as you will remember

Had no idea of her ordeal
And mister king a harem built
The dogs they barked the birds they flew
Their love once bubbling was no longer new
Like everything else they too were two
In one of them a big partition
The other, oh, what great confusion
But life goes on he said to her
She took his meaning and packed her things
The kids were dead or so I think
It doesn't matter, the tale will end
With three people alone around the bend
The trains keep rolling the world keeps turning
The king can't figure out what place his is
A queen has now good food to eat
The mystery kisses a vain pledge of truth
And still no one knows the moral of the story
Perhaps that three will never make one
Or that one is better than a storm
And yet a happy man has not been born.

Rio, 1989.

Copyright

I WEPT
(a carol)

And so I wept
And wept and wept
And then I wept
And wept did I
When I saw the silver lightning
Laugh at me and say goodbye.

Rio, 1989.

Copyright

THE CUMBERSOME VERSE

Of ire
And desire
All human hearts are made
The flower
You devour
Is doomed to bloom and fade
Inside you
Or outside you
The pain is just the same
Without fears
Or in tears
All horses have grown lame
The sea
Even the bee
Are crying constantly
Your space
Your smiling face
Resist bravely
In cumbersome verse
The irksome trace
Unanswered goodbye
A dark reply
In the early hours of the morning
While normality is asleep
You just watch as time keeps on passing
Realizing that the slope is far too steep
A total disgrace
Too fast is the pace
 Oh – of beauty he dreams
 Or quite so it seems
 The battle is lost from the start
 Life is well-lived in the heart.

Rio, 1989.

BORN TO BE

I was born to be a master
But I've been a slave
To myself and to others
From the cradle to the grave

I was meant to be exciting
To say things in novel form
Neglect's my only fortune
All I get is people's scorn

I was born to live forever
To create and never die
Life has shown me something else
I've learnt only how to cry

Now it's time to say farewell
A word that's strong but doesn't save
I've tried to paint heaven and hell
And in that I've been much brave

In due time I'll vanish
Like on the shore the lonely wave.

Rio, 1990.

Copyright

THANK GOD

Another innocent died
Again
Justice is a very slow
Train
Men are so foolish
And vain
The air can hardly
Sustain
The cries for freedom
The slain
The velvet is covered
With rain
The mothers complain
Of the pain
The poets thank god are
Not sane.

Rio, 1990.

Copyright

BEYOND THE OTHER MIND

Beyond the reaches of the soul
Lies morgan the pirate
Before the edge of the beyond
Is the threshold of the mind

Against the heart plunge all the fears
Under the ground adjacent screams
One more bard has lost his wings
Heart and soul – two of a kind

Modern prayers demand no reason
Underlying motifs that are aimless
Earthly painters search in vain
New colors in the human depths to find

Archives forlorn in hidden shadows
Emerging visions touch the brims of dim alternatives
Whistles unheard claim a new order
For the old roads in hell must wind

Vile adjectives adorn sad memories
Wild purity remains disguised under the virgin soul
No matter where you run to
The inner selves come surely right behind.

Rio, 1990.

Copyright