BUT DO NOT TAKE SO LONG  
Translated by Marina Martensson

The body - they say - will not be the same

in its exterior reflection,

but say something about the phosphorescent caverns

where the demon’s hunger navigates

in his time of resplendence

Look at my ancient body in the fountain arc or on the ship’s rudder.

I am a troubled nocturne bird.

I offer you my extremely white breasts

in a secret stairway to the Caspian Sea.

Someone spoke incautiously

and the gargoyles of Notre Dame

contoured the nipples
like brief and clandestine will-o’-the-wisps.

The body - they say - will not be the same,

desperately I desire you

while I navigate through the subterraneous rocks

on the edge of human consciousness

and the crack in the atmosphere interferes with the luminous zone

right in the centre of the broken television screen.

Because at that time

love was like a drunken prince

and forcedly Hindu

it was like the hoarse voice of Dionysus

making sound the keys of the Austrian piano

abandoned in the red catwalk

of a carnival of feathers at Bom Jesus Street.

Intoxicated I walked through the anchorage

dragging scarlet chandeliers

through the river of neon signs

while the rain stroked the hard nipples of these breasts

always burning of so much love.

They were all too much and did not know

but when you grabbed me powerfully I became shyly surprised

and still today I am on the run surrounded by palm trees
through the liquid roads of wine and neon.

I say that the illusion of this moment continues to be urgent
stricken by unutterable confessions.

Utopia detained in the humid cartilage,
when your mouth covers my breast once again
we will then be the two other faces
of the same possession,
like a story attached to another story
while licking the sealing wax of the letter written in childhood
that was almost erased by suddenly warm water.

How to say it in a way that you do not find it strange: refuse me
because the nude lady on the telephone could be in a trance
that you so much aspire under the red flashlights
while the rain covers the roofs at seashore.

Everything has become so urgent now
that it hurts the dolls’ immemorial wait
lying on the dark wood
immovable but not inert
awaiting your magic performance
breaking the banality of television news.

The green satin blouse has the cleavage of a Jewish princess
assassinated nude in a concentration camp

splendid violinist, let’s go mad slowly.

The green satin blouse gives a glimpse of the dead piece of white flesh under the light of a phosphorescent globe rotating above the dancers from Bar Royal who tomorrow will be invisible.

Close your eyes and think about whatever you want while our hands and lips accomplish the itineraries of desert mirages,

while I play once again my Austrian piano on the sidewalk of the wharf as the sea almost breaks through the Dalinian windows of Armazém XIV.

Because the spirit has to always be the same I challenge your preference and the green satin blouse without my body underneath it still has an ocean of spangles reflecting the vibration of the skin that inhabited it for some moments.

Gigantic dragon
demoniac tongue
clandestine union reverse enchantment
volcanic abyss
where the music sheet came undone in notes covering the staff
that guides the cellist to the Crystal Palace.

Close your eyes and kiss me gently
because everything has become more urgent now
from the Serralves Museum and the pink drawings of marble

Recife roads are revealed in walled skin
dreaming of the ecstasy of resurrection
Your eyes have the same glow of a knives’ shooter
while I rotate attached to the wheel over my own body
dramatically tied by strings
to the sound of Tchaikovsky in the 1812 Overture.

Your eyes are like a millennially gigantic bell
patrolling from the landings of Régua to the sidewalk of Copacabana Beach,
your eyes are like a Viking boat asking for harbor
from the coconut trees of Recife to the green Galician pine trees
that gave shadow to my great-grandparents’ romance.

I know that you shall come under the moonlit snow
bringing a flashlight on the neck of a white horse
and you will grab me as you gallop wearing your cape of dark velvet
while in the abandoned circus the acrobat will continue to sleep
completely nude
in the lions’ cage.

I know that you shall come ferociously bewitched
to this kidnapping announced to make cross the waters of Capibaribe and Douro
and we will dance to the light of a seven-armed chandelier
until the sun dries out the seven skirts
that were taken off to the sound of seven violins
during the seven nights of enchantment.

But do not take so long
because love is the art
of making yourself present
and all we need
is poetry,

madness and emphasis

in the heroic act of reopening the doors

of the tame flesh that was mistaken.

The body - they say - will not be the same

and that which was insistence can be redesigned into escape

and even us - they say - we will not be the same

in the strange instant of laser beam

in which the pleasure of the morning

will arrive unannounced.
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