

Poesia

Lucila Nogueiraⁱ

BUT DO NOT TAKE SO LONG

Translated by Marina Martenssonⁱⁱ

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 subterranean 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.

ⁱ Nascida no Rio de Janeiro, **LUCILA NOGUEIRA** mora no Recife há muitos anos, onde se fez conhecida como poeta, autora de vinte e dois livros de poesia e outros ensaios. Com o livro *Almenara* ganhou o prêmio Manuel Bandeira do Governo do Estado de Pernambuco. Foi a primeira brasileira a participar do festival internacional de Poesia de Medellin, em sua XVI versão. Representou igualmente o Brasil no XII Festival Internacional de Poesia de La Habana , no XV Encuentro de Mujeres Poetas en el País de las Nubes, realizado em Oaxaca, México (2007). Está incluída na *Antologia de Poetas Brasileños* editada em Madrid em 2007 pela Huerga y Fierro Editores e na *Anthologie Poétique Nantes Recife*, édition de la Maison de la Poésie de Nantes com a prefeitura do Recife, no mesmo ano. Sobre Lucila, diz Afonso Romano de Sant'Anna: “Essa Lucila Nogueira, lá no Recife, não contente de ser uma boa poeta, acaba de aprontar mais uma de suas façanhas: publicou dois suculentos volumes estudando o lado político e social da poesia de João Cabral de Melo Neto: O CORDÃO ENCARNADO: UMA LEITURA SEVERINA (Edições Bagaço). Além de resgatar os poemas sociais que Cabral dissimulava, ela faz um vasto painel da vida política e ideológica do país no sec.XX, paralelizando a poesia severina de Cabral com os quadros sobre fome e nordeste de Portinari, as obras de Josué de Castro, Julião, Graciliano e outros.” É professora Adjunta do Departamento de Letras da Universidade Federal de Pernambuco - UFPE - na graduação e na pós. No primeiro número de Eutomia, (Ano I v. I, julho 2008) publicou o poema "Punks na Demoteket".

ⁱⁱ **MARINA MARTENSSON** é de nacionalidade sueca e brasileira. Tem mestrado em Applied English Linguistics na Hogskolan Dalarna University, Suécia, onde reside há dez anos, atualmente na cidade de Gavle. Fala inglês, português, sueco, francês, espanhol, alemão e italiano.