

Antonio Gonçalves Dias (1823–1864, Brazil)

Poet, dramatist, and essayist, Dias was a prominent figure in Brazilian Romantic poetry. Orphaned at a young age, he had dual interests in both literary and scientific subjects. In the end, his writing efforts were influenced by his scientific work as ethnographer, linguist, and historian. The theme of the Brazilian native is prevalent in his writing, as is the humanistic nature of the characters of his plays. In addition to his writing career, Dias was a member of the Instituto Histórico y Geográfico Brasileiro. PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Primeiros cantos* (1846), *Ultimos cantos* (1850), *Brasil e Oceania* (1852)

Song of Exile / Canção do exílio

Odile Cisneros, trans.

My land has swaying palms
Where the *sabiá* bird sings;
The song of birds in this land
Is a very different thing.

Our fields have lovelier flowers,
Our skies have more stars above,
Our forests are more full of life,
Our lives are more full of love.

If alone at night I ponder,
More delights my country brings;
My land has swaying palms
Where the *sabiá* bird sings.

My land is full of charm;
Of which I find nothing here;
If alone at night I ponder,
More delights my country brings;
My land has swaying palms
Where the *sabiá* bird sings

May the Lord forbid I die
And allow me to return
And allow me enjoy the charms
Of which I find nothing here;
May I sight the swaying palms
Where the *sabiá* bird sings.

Minha terra tem palmeiras,/ Onde canta o Sabiá;/ As aves, que aqui
gorjeiam,/ Não gorjeiam como lá.// Nosso céu tem mais estrelas,/ Nossas
várzeas têm mais flores,/ Nossos bosques têm mais vida,/ Nossa vida mais

amores.// Em cismar, sozinho à noite,/ Mais prazer encontro eu lá;/ Minha terra tem palmeiras,/ Onde canta o Sabiá.// Minha terra tem primores,/ Que tais não encontro eu cá;/ Em cismar—sozinho, à noite—/ Mais prazer encontro eu lá;/ Minha terra tem palmeiras,/ Onde canta o Sabiá.// Não permita Deus que eu morra,/ Sem que eu volte para lá;/ Sem que desfrute os primores/ Que não encontro por cá;/ Sem qu'inda aviste as palmeiras,/ Onde canta o Sabiá.

Manuel Antonio Álvares de Azevedo (1831–1852, Brazil)

By the age of seventeen, Azevedo had mastered English, French, and Latin; written a version of the fifth act of *Othello*; and translated a great deal of poetry. Both poet and short-story writer, he attained deep levels of intimacy by using obscure and hidden images to convey hope, pain, melancholy, disillusion, and anguish and to explore love, death, dreams, and religion. Azevedo also demonstrated his cleverness and versatility by using satire, caricatures, and self-parody. He died at the age of twenty-one. PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Poemas malditos* (?), *Lira dos vinte anos* (1853), *Noites na taverna* (1855)

Excerpt from Intimate Ideas / Idéias íntimas

Mark A. Lokensgard, trans.

I

Ossian the bard is sad like the shadow
That his songs inhabit. My Lamartine
Is monotonous and beautiful like the night,
Like the moon on the ocean and the sound of the waves . . .
But it wails an eternal monody,
The genius's lyre has only a single string,
A fiber of love and God that a breath makes sound:
If it faints of love it turns to God
If it cries to God it sighs with love.
Enough of Shakespeare. Now come,
Fantastic German, ardent poet
Who illuminates the radiance of pale drops
Of noble Johannesburg! In your novels
My heart finds delight . . . Nevertheless
It seems I have begun to lose my taste,
I am becoming blasé, I pass the days
Up and down my hallway, without company.
Without reading, or poeticizing. I smoke incessantly.

er encontro eu lá;/ Minha
a terra tem primores,/ /
no, à noite—/ Mais prazer
de canta o Sabiá.// Não
ara lá;/ Sem que desfrute os
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Mark A. Lokensgard, trans.

f the waves . . .

sound:

ly.

cessantly.

My house has fogs no less dense
Than those of this wintry sky . . . Alone
I pass the nights here and the long days;
I have given myself to cigars now in body and soul;
In vain from a corner comes a plea for a kiss,
Like the beauty the Sultan disdains,
My abandoned German pipe!
I do not ride and I do not court,
I hate the *lasquet* . . . word of honor!
If I continue this way for two months,
The blue demons in my weak limbs,
I will end up in Praia Vermelha or Parnassus.

II

I have filled my parlor with a thousand images.
Here a horse flies at a gallop,
A purple-caped masquerader turns his back
To a mounted rider with a German moustache,
A black drunkard sitting on a cask,
With thick lips squeezes the bottle to his face . . .
Along the walls' length are spilled
Extinct inscriptions of dead verses,
Stillborn verses . . . There in the alcove
In black waters rises the Romantic
Isle, gloomy, awash in the waves
Of a river that gets lost in the forest . . .
A dream of a lover and a poet,
An Eldorado of love the mind creates
Like an Eden of delightful nights . . .
Where I was able in the silence
by an Angel's side . . . Beyond Romanticism!
It paints clumsily a cheerful caricature
With writing ink and vermilion powder
The plump cheek, the voluminous abdomen,
And the purple beak nose
Of the happy street peddler among bottles
Stuck into a vat . . . On my dresser
A half-drunk cup still reproves
The golden waters of the ardent Cognac.
It blackens the bottom of the narcotic bottle,
That from the essence of orange blossoms
It keeps the liquor that nectarizes the nerves.
There my Havana cigar is mixed
With my paltry cigarette and my pipe.

1848-1850 of the IR

The dark table staggers under the weight
Of the titanic *Digest*, and next to it
An open *Childe Harold* or Lamartine
Shows that romanticism has become careless
And that poetry always hovers above
The classical nightmare of study.

III

Disorder reigns throughout the old room,
From the cobwebs to the curtains
To the dusty bookshelves. The clothes, the books
Are mixed together on the room's few chairs.
The page of my *Faust* is marked by a neckband
And Alfred de Musset at times rests
Upon an obscure text by Guerreiro or Valasco.
As in the primordial world, when the elements
Spun end over end in darkness,
My room, a world in chaos, awaits a *Fiat!*

.....

XI

Close to my bed my poets sleep—
Dante, the Bible, Shakespeare, and Byron—
Mixed together on the table. Nearby them
My old oil lamp lounges
And seems to ask for a formation.
Oh my friend, my night watchman,
You did not abandon me in my vigils,
Whether I spent the night bent over my books,
Or whether, seated on the bed, pensively
Reread my love letters!
I love you dearly, oh my sidekick
In the mad scenes of my obscure drama!
And on a day of spleen, when the phlegm comes,
I will evoke you in a heroic poem
In the rhyme of Camões and Ariosto
As the ideal for lamps-to-be!

.....

XIV

It seems that I have wept . . . I feel on my cheek
A single lost tear running down . . .
Satan take this unhappiness! Here, my page,
Pour into my glass the last drops

Of that black bottle . . .

Come now! Let us drink!

You are the blood of inspiration, the pure nectar
That makes the souls of poets divine,
The power that opens the world of magic!
Come, ardent Cognac! It is only with you
That I feel myself live. Still I quiver,
When the aroma of those golden drops
Instill life into my coursing blood,
My nerves pulse and my arteries take fire,
My burning eyes grow dark
And in my brain go by delirious
Apparitions of poetry . . . Inside the shadow
I see on a golden berth her image
Palpitant, sleeping and sighing,
Outstretches her arms to me . . .

I had forgotten:

Night is falling; bring me a light and two cigars
And at my study-table light the lamp . . .

I/ Ossian o bardo é triste como a sombra/ Que seus cantos povoa.

O Lamartine/ É monótono e belo como a noite,/ Como a lua no mar
e o som das ondas . . . / Mas pranteia uma eterna monodia,/ Tem na lira
do gênio uma só corda,/ Fibra de amor e Deus que um sopro agita:/ Se
desmaia de amor a Deus se volta,/ Se pranteia por Deus de amor suspira./
Basta de Shakespeare. Vem tu agora,/ Fantástico alemão, poeta ardente/
Que ilumina o clarão das gotas pálidas/ Do nobre Johannisberg! Nos
teus romances/ Meu coração deleita-se . . . Contudo/ Parece-me que vou
perdendo o gosto,/ Vou ficando *blasé*, passeio os dias/ Pelo meu corredor,
sem companheiro./ Sem ler, nem poetar. Vivo fumando.// Minha casa não
tem menores névoas/ Que as deste céu d'inverno . . . Solitário/ Passo as
noites aqui e os dias longos;/ Dei-me agora ao charuto em corpo e alma;/
Debalde ali de um canto um beijo implora,/ Como a beleza que o Sultão
despreza,/ Meu cachimbo alemão abandonado!/ Não passeio a cavalo e não
namoro;/ Odeio o *lasquet* . . . Palavra d'honra!/ Se assim me continuam
por dois meses/ Os diabos azuis nos frouxos membros,/ Dou na Praia
Vermelha ou no Parnaso.// II/ Enchi o meu salão de mil figuras./ Aqui voa
um cavalo no galope,/ Um roxo *dominó* as costas volta/ A um cavaleiro de
alemães bigodes,/ Um preto beberrão sobre uma pipa,/ Aos grossos beiços
a garrafa aperta . . . / Ao longo das paredes se derramam/ Extintas inscrições
de versos mortos,/ E mortos ao nascer . . . Ali na alcova/ Em águas negras
se levanta a ilha/ Romântica, sombria à flor das ondas/ De um rio que se
perde na floresta . . . / Um sonho de mancebo e de poeta,/ El-Dorado de
amor que a mente cria/ Como um Éden de noites deleitosas . . . / Era ali

Patent,
Vanderbilt-North, South-Seraphim.

- 109 (At the din of JERICHO, HENDRICK HUDSON runs aground; the
INDIANS sell the haunted island of MANHATTAN to the DUTCH:)
—The Half-Moon, prow toward China
Is careening in Tappan-Zee . . .
Hoogh moghende Heeren . . .

Take then
For sixty *guilders* . . . *Yeah! Yeah!*

- 110 (*Photophone-stylographs* sacred right to self-defense:)
—In the light the humanitarian voice:
Not hate; rather conscience, intellection;
Not pornography
Isaiah's prophecy
In Biblical vivisection!

-
- 117 (*Freeloves* proceeding to vote for their husbands:)
—Among Americans, Emerson alone,
Wants no Presidents, oh atrocious he!
= Oh well-adjudicated,
States
Improve for you, for us, for me!

- 118 (APOCALYPTIC visions . . . slanderous ones:)
—For, 'the Beast having bear's feet,'
In God we trust is the Dragon
And the false prophets
Bennetts
Tone, th' Evolutionist and Theologian!

-
- 173 (WASHINGTON 'blinding because of them'; POCAHONTAS without *personals*:)
—To starving bears, a rabid dog!
Be it! After the feast, bring in festoons!
= Tender Lulu,
Crying and you
Give honey to 'foes', bee? . . . and sting poltroons?

- 174 (Guatemalan nose, curved into HYMENEUS'S torch; DAME-RYDER
heart on the poisoned window-panes of the '*too dark*' wedding pudding:)
—'*Caramba! yo soy cirujano*—
A Jesuit . . . Yankee . . . industrialism!
—*Job* . . . or haunted cavern,

I'm royal too . . .
(And they broke the Englishman's nose).

103 (Satellites greeting JOVE's rays:)
—'Greetings from the universe to its queen'
As for bail, the Patriarchs give a boon . . .
(With a liberal king,
A worse thing,
They founded the empire of the moon).

104 (Reporters:)
—A sorry role on earth they play,
Kings and poets, heaven's aristocracy
(And Strauss, waltzing)
Singing
At the Hippodrome or Jubilee.

105 (Brokers finding the cause of the WALL STREET market crash:)
—*Exeunt* Sir Pedro, Sir Grant,
Sir Guesa, seafaring brave:
With gold tillers they endure

The Moor,
Appeased by the turbulent waves.

106 (International procession, the people of Israel, Orangians, Fenians,
Buddhists, Mormons, Communists, Nihilists, Penitents,
Railroad-Strikers, All-brokers, All-jobbers, All-saints, All-devils,
lanterns, music, excitement; Reporters: in LONDON
the QUEEN'S 'murderer' passes by and
in PARIS 'Lot' the fugitive from SODOM:)
—In the Holy Spirit of slaves
A single Emperor's renowned
In that of the free, verse
Reverse,
Everything as Lord is crowned!

107 (KING ARTHUR'S witches and FOSTER THE SEER ON WALPURGIS by day:)
—*When the battle's lost and won—*
—*That will be ere the set of sun—*
—*Paddock calls: Anon!—*
—*Fair is foul, and foul is fair:*
Hover through the fog and filthy air!

108 (SWEDENBORG answering later:)
—Future worlds exist: republics,
Christianity, heavens, Lohengrin.
Present worlds are latent:

Railroads;

Wall Street's parallel to Chatham . . .

4

(Brokers going on:)

—Pygmies, Brown Brothers! Bennett! Stewart!
Rothschild and that Astor with red hair!!

= Giants, slaves

If only nails gave

Out streams of light, if they would end despair!

5

(NORRIS, *Attorney*; CODEZO, *inventor*; YOUNG, ESQ., *manager*; ATKINSON,
agent; ARMSTRONG, *agent*; RHODES, *agent*; P. OFFMAN & VOLDO,
agents; hubbub, mirage; in the middle, GUESA:)

—Two! Three! Five thousand! If you play
Five million, Sir, will you receive

= He won! Hah! Haah!! Haaah!!!

—Hurrah! Ah! . . .

—They vanished . . . Were they thieves? . . .

6

(J. MILLER atop the roofs of the *Tammany wigwam* unfurling the
Garibaldian mantle:)

—Bloodthirsties! Sioux! Oh Modocs!

To the White House! Save the Nation,

From the Jews! From the hazardous

Goth's Exodus!

From immoral conflagration!

100

(*Reporters*.)

—Norris, Connecticut's *blue* laws!

Clevelands, attorney-Cujás,

Into zebras constrained

Ordained,

Two by two, to one hundred Barabbas!

101

(*Friends of the lost kings*:)

—*Humbug* of *railroads* and the telegraph,

The fire of heaven I wished wide and far

To steal, set the world ablaze

And above it raise

Forever the *Spangled Star*!

102

(A rebellious sun founding a planetary center:)

—'George Washington, etc. etc.,

Answer the Royal-George-Third. Depose!

= Lord Howe, tell him, do

Born at his parents' estate in Maranhão, Brazil, Sousândrade (Joaquim de Sousa Andrade) studied literature at the Sorbonne and also studied mining engineering. He was ordered to leave London because of his attack on Queen Victoria in a press article. In 1857, he published his first book of poems and two chants of *O guesa errante*. After separating from his wife, he traveled through Central and South America, then settled in New York. The definitive version of *Guesa* was published in London in 1884. He died in his native Maranhão, branded a madman and in almost complete anonymity. Though his last manuscripts were used as wrapping paper, his radical and innovative work was recovered in the 1960s by Augusto and Haroldo de Campos, who thought of it as "a clandestine earthquake." A precursor to modernity, the subject matter and style of his work is a forerunner to that of Pound's *Cantos*. Struggling to create a new language, for a new time, he paralleled his destiny with that of the Indians, condemned and sacrificed the contradictions of an emerging capitalism. Knowing he was ahead of his time, he wrote, "I have already heard twice that *O guesa errante* will be read 50 years from now; I grew sad with the disappointment of one who writes 50 years in advance." PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Harpas selvagens* (1857), *O guesa errante* (1866)

Excerpt from O guesa errante: The Wall Street Inferno / O inferno de Wall Street

Odile Cisneros, trans.

- 1 (GUESA, having traversed the WEST INDIES, believes himself rid of the XEQUES and penetrates the NEW-YORK-STOCK-EXCHANGE; the VOICE, from the wilderness:)
—Orpheus, Dante, Aeneas, to hell
Descended; the Inca shall ascend
= *Ogni sp'ranza lasciate,*
Che entrate . . .
—Swedenborg, does fate new worlds portend?
- 2 (Smiling Xequés appear disguised as Railroad-managers, Stockjobbers, Pimpbrokers, etc., etc., crying out:)
—Harlem! Erie! Central! Pennsylvania!
= Million! Hundred million!! Billions!! Pelf!!!
—Young is Grant! Jackson,
Atkinson!
Vanderbilts, Jay Goulds like elves!
- 3 (The Voice, poorly heard amidst the commotion:)
—Fulton's *Folly*, Codezo's *Forgery* . . .
Fraud cries the nation's bedlam
They grasp no odes

Tavern,
'Byron' animal-magnetism!

175 (Practical swindlers doing their business; *self-help* ATTA-TROLL:)

—Let the foreigner fall helpless,
As usury won't pay, the pagan!
= An ear to the bears a feast,
Caressing beasts,
Mahmmuhmmah, mahmmuhmmah, Mammon.

176 (Magnetic *handle-organ*; ring of bears sentencing the architect of the
PHARSÁLIA to death; an Odyssean ghost amidst the flames of
Albion's fires:)

—Bear . . . Bear is beriberi, Bear . . . Bear . . .
= Mahmmuhmmah, mahmmuhmmah, Mammon!
—Bear . . . Bear . . . ber' . . . Pegasus
Parnassus
= Mahmmuhmmah, mahmmuhmmah, Mammon.

1 (O GUESA tendo atravessado as ANTILHAS, crê-se livre dos XEQUES/
e penetra em NEW-YORK-STOCK-EXCHANGE; a Voz, dos desertos:)/ —
Orfeu, Dante, Aeneas, ao inferno/ Desceram; o Inca há de subir . . . / = Ogni
sp'ranza lasciate,/ Che entrate . . . / — Swedenborg, há mundo porvir?// 2
(Xeques surgindo risonhos e disfarçados em Railroad-managers,/ Stockjobbers,
Pimpbrokers, etc., etc., apregoando:)/ — Harlem! Erie! Central! Pennsylvania!/
= Milhão! cem milhões!! mil milhões!! — Young é Grant! Jackson,/ Atkinson!/
Vanderbilts, Jay Goulds, anões!// 3 (A Voz mal ouvida dentre a trovoadá:)/
— Fulton's Folly!, Codezo's Forgery . . . / Fraude é o clamor da nação!/ Não
entendem odes/ Railroads;/ Paralela Wall-Street à Chattám . . . // 4 (Corretores
continuando:)/ — Pígemeus, Brown Brothers! Bennett! Stewart! Rotschild e o
ruivalho d'Astor!! = Gigantes, escravos/ Se os cravos/ Jorram luz, se finda-se
a dor! . . . // 5 (NORRIS, Attorney; CODEZO, inventor; YOUNG, Esq., manager;
ATKINSON,/ agent; ARMSTRONG, agent; RHODES, agent; P. OFFMAN &
VOLDO,/ agents; algazarra, miragem; ao meio, o GUESA:)/ — Dois! três! cinco
mil! se jogardes,/ Senhor, tereis cinco milhões!/ = Ganhou! ha! haa! haaa! —
Hurrah! ah! . . . / — Sumiram . . . seriam ladrões? . . . // 6 (J. MILLER nos tetos
de tammany wigwam desenrolando o/ manto garibaldino:)/ — Bloodthirsties!
Sioux! ó Modocs!/ À White House! Salvai a União,/ Dos Judeus! do exodo/
Do Gódo!/ Da mais desmoral rebelião!// . . . // 100 — Norris, leis azuis de
Connecticut!/ Clevelands, attorney-Cujás,/ Em zebras mudados/ Forçados,/
Dois a dois, aos cem Barrabás!// 101 (Amigos dos reis perdidos:)/ — Humbug de
railroad e telégrafo,/ Ao fogo dos céus quis roubar,/ Que o mundo abrasasse/
E arvorasse/ Por todo êle a Spangled Star!// 102 (Um sol rebelde fundando um
centro planetar:)/ — 'George Washington, etc., etc.,/ Responda ao

Antonio de Castro Alves (1847–1871, Brazil)

Born into a wealthy family in a small town in the Bahia province of Brazil, Alves is known both for the romantic character of his poetry and his abolitionist work, for which he is sometimes described as the Brazilian Abraham Lincoln. His calling was the oral poem, which also invited work in the theater. After realizing the power of his poetry, he began to incorporate abolitionist themes to spark social change, espousing ideas similar to the North American and European humanistic arguments against slavery. He also identified closely with the slaves about whom he wrote, which heightened the intensity of his poetry. PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Espumas flutuantes* (1870), *Gonzaga ou a revolução de Minas* (1875), *Vozes d'Africa-navio negreiro* (1880)

Excerpt from The Slave Ship (Tragedy on the Sea) / O navio negreiro (Tragédia no mar)

Mark A. Lokensgard, trans.

Canto I

We are on the high seas . . . Madly in space
The moonlight plays—a golden butterfly—
~~And the waves that run behind it . . . tire~~
~~Like a mob of children made unquiet.~~

We are on the high seas . . . From the firmament
The stars sprout like bits of golden foam . . .
The sea in turn lights up in phosphorescence,
—Constellations of liquid gold . . .

We are on the high seas . . . There enclosed
In an insane embrace are two infinities,
They are blue, gold, placid, sublime . . .
Which is the sky? Which is the sea? . . .

We are on the high seas . . . Opening the sails
As the ocean winds' hot panting follows,
A brig at sail runs on the surface of the seas,
Like above a wave skim swallows . . .

Whence comes it? Where goes it? With wandering ships
Who can know their courses if space is so vast?
In this Sahara the coursers raise the dust,
They gallop, they fly, but leave no tracks.

Happy is he who can at this hour
Feel in this entire view its majesty! . . .
Below—the sea . . . above—the firmament . . .
In the sea and the sky—the immensity!

1847-1871, Brazil)

the Bahia province of Brazil, Alves is a poet, playwright and his abolitionist work, for which he was named after Abraham Lincoln. His calling was to spark social change, espousing humanistic arguments against slavery about whom he wrote, which led to his death. WORKS: *Espumas flutuantes* (1870), *O navio negreiro* (1880)

the Sea) / *O navio negreiro*

Mark A. Lokensgard, trans.

Oh! What sweet harmony the breeze brings me!
What soft music in the distance sounding!
My God! How sublime is a passionate song
Floating carelessly over the waves abounding!

Men of the sea! Oh coarse sailors,
By the sun of the Earth's four corners browned!
Children that the tempest lulled
In the crib of the ocean abyss profound!

Wait! wait! Let me drink in
This savage untamed poetry . . .
Orchestra—it is the sea, that rumbles by the prow,
And the wind that through the ropes whistles . . .

Why do you flee thus, swift vessel?
Why do you flee from the fearful poet?
Oh! what I would give to follow in your wake
That seems like on the sea—zigzagging comet!

Albatross! Albatross! Eagle of the ocean,
Thou that among the gauzy clouds art sleeping,
Shake your feathers, oh Leviathan of space!
Albatross! Albatross! Give me thy wings . . .

Canto IV

It was a dantesque dream . . . the quarterdeck
That reddens the light from the openings above,
Is bathed in blood.
Rattling of chains . . . cracking of a whip . . .
Legions of men as black as night,
In a horrific dance . . .

Black women, suspending at their teats
Skinny children, whose black mouths
Moisten the blood of their mothers:
Others, girls . . . are naked, frightened,
In the vortex of specters drawn in the whirlwind,
In futile fear and pain.

And the orchestra laughs ironically, shrilly . . .
And from the fantastic dancing round the serpent
Slithers in mad spirals . . .
If the old man breathes in gasps . . . if he drops to the floor,

¿Qué es lo que falta/ Que la ventura falta? Como liebre/ Azorada, el espíritu se esconde,/ Trémulo huyendo al cazador que ríe,/ Cual en soto selvoso, en nuestro pecho;/ Y el deseo, de brazo de la fiebrè,/ Cual rico cazador recorre el soto.// ¡Me espanta la ciudad! ¡Toda está llena/ De copas por vaciar, o huecas copas! ¡Tengo miedo ¡ay de mí! de que este vino/ Tósigo sea, y en mis venas luego/ Cual duende vengador los dientes clave!/ ¡Tengo sed, —mas de un vino que en la tierra/ No se sabe beber! ¡No he padecido/ Bastante aún, para romper el muro/ Que me aparta ¡oh dolor! de mi viñedo!/ ¡Tomad vosotros, catadores ruines/ De vinillos humanos, esos vasos/ Donde el jugo de lirio a grandes sorbos/ Sin compasión y sin temor se bebe!/ ¡Tomad! ¡Yo soy honrado, y tengo miedo!

João da Cruz e Sousa (1861–1898, Brazil)

As the son of two African slaves, Cruz was the first popular Brazilian poet of African ancestry. Unfortunately, that fame and praise arrived posthumously and Cruz's life was characterized by mental instability and solitude. Born in the southern city formerly known as Desterro, Cruz moved to Rio de Janeiro to seek work when the institutional racism of the southern province impeded him from finding a good job despite his intellectual ability. His writing style has been described as ahead of its time, borrowing much from the French symbolists in an era dominated by the Romantics. PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Broquéis* (1893), *Missal* (1893), *Evocações* (1898)

Lesbian / Lésbia

Mark A. Lokensgard, trans.

Wild croton, wanton caladium,
Lethal plant, carnivorous, bloody,
From your bacchic flesh bursts
The red explosion of a living blood.

On that mordant and convulsive lip
Are laughs, laughs of violent expression
From Love, tragic and sad, and slowly passes
Death, the cold, harrowing spasm . . .

Feverish lesbian, bewitching and diseased,
Cruel and demoniacal serpent
Of the burning attractions of delight.

From your acidulous and sour breasts
Flow acetic aromas and the torpors,
Opium of a moon with consumption . . .

? Como liebre/ Azorada, el espíritu
que ríe,/ Cual en soto selvoso, en
fiebre,/ Cual rico cazador recorre el
llena/ De copas por vaciar, o huecas
este vino/ Tósigo sea, y en mis venas
clave!/ ¡Tengo sed, —mas de un
No he padecido/ Bastante aún, para
or! de mi viñedo!/ ¡Tomad vosotros,
sos vasos/ Donde el jugo de lirio
mor se bebe!/ ¡Tomad! ¡Yo soy

1861–1898, Brazil)

the first popular Brazilian poet of African
se arrived posthumously and Cruz's life
solitude. Born in the southern city of
Rio de Janeiro to seek work when the
ce impeded him from finding a good
g style has been described as ahead of
symbolists in an era dominated by the
(1893), *Missal* (1893), *Evocações* (1898)

Mark A. Lokensgard, trans.

Cróton selvagem, tinhorão lascivo,/ Planta mortal, carnívora, sangrenta,/
Da tua carne báquica rebenta/ A vermelha explosão de um sangue vivo.//
Nesse lábio mordente e convulsivo,/ Ri, ri risadas de expressão violenta/
O Amor, trágico e triste, e passa, lenta,/ A morte, o espasmo gélido,
afetivo . . . // Lésbica nervosa, fascinante e doente,/ Cruel e demoníaca
serpente/ Das flamejantes atrações do gozo.// Dos teus seios acídulos,
amargos,/ Fluem capros aromas e os letargos,/ Os ópios de um luar
tuberculoso . . .

Afra

Mark Lokensgard, trans.

You reemerge from the mysteries of lust,
Afra, tempted by the green pomes,
Among the fascinating sylphs and marvelous gnomes
Of the purple-colored passion.

Explosive flesh in blasting powder and fury
Of pagan desires, among appearances
Of virginity—mocking laughs of a farce
Laughing at the flesh already given to neglect.

Given over early to languid abandon,
To the morbid swoons like sleep,
From the delight of drawing in the venomous juices.

I dream of you, goddess of the lascivious display,
As you declare, intrepidly, to the sound of horns,
Loves more sterile than eunuchs!

Ressurges dos mistérios da luxúria,/ Afra, tentada pelos verdes pomas,/
Entre os silfos magnéticos e os gnomos/ Maravilhosos da paixão purpúrea.//
Carne explosiva em pólvoras e fúria/ De desejos pagãos, por entre assomos/
Da virgindade—casquinantes momos/ Rindo da carne já votada à incúria.//
Votada cedo ao lânguido abandono,/ Aos mórbidos delíquios como ao
sono,/ Do gozo haurindo os venenosos sucos.// Sonho-te a deusa das
lascivas pompas,/ A proclamar, impávida, por trompas,/ Amores mais
estéreis que os eunucos!