

Narlan MATOS

cannibal

Yes, I'm a cannibal
Narlan Matos is a cannibal
he's a dangerous animal
Narlan Matos has thrown away all his prizes
and the titles given by the university
he wants to learn all the precious lessons
that ignorance can teach sometimes
he forgot his aristocratic roots
he lost his mind, his hands, his head
he lost his eyes, his senses, himself
he remembers all the forgotten remembrances
he remembers all the forbidden nightmares
all the forbidden thoughts, desires, costumes
his eyes are lances, his teeth pure ivory
he's got no color, no culture, no clothes
You cannot listen to the drums in his soul
into his veins came a primitive ritual
he wants to dance for the rain, dance for the moon
he wants to drink the whole Amazon River
his soul yellows like a jaguar in the jungle
his soul is a jaguar lost in a jungle lost in time
he doesn't know what he's anymore
white, black, indian, arab, viking
(maybe you don't know this, but the vikings and the arabs were in Brazil
before anyone else)
- words make no sense anymore
why words?
his soul is a heretic, excommunicated
he doesn't need Heaven anymore
he doesn't need any Portuguese priest
to tell him what's wrong what's right
after all, what's Portugal?
He'll kill every single Portuguese priest
he'll burn all of them in the fire of justice
he'll cook all of them in his fire

he needs to sample their holy flesh
to show them the treasures of hell
he never existed before, he never lived before
He needs a season in hell
Come Rimbaud, let's enjoy all the senses of luxury
open all the bottles of forbidden things
open all the bottles of sins
bring your impure blood
bring your inferior soul and your inferior soul
knowing all the inferior things well
we'll be climbing the highest ones
See all the demons in the air
See all the dark angels in the air
See the flowers of evil there
Come Baudelaire, come Charles
Look around, see how many Narlan Matos there are
Look around, 180 000 000 cannibals celebrating together celebrating their
misery, their great glory
Anthropophagy is our only grant
our redemption our true realization
primitive rude ritual scalpers
scalp to assimilate all you can offer
Nobody is anything, nothing is nothing
We want someone else
We want to be someone else
We want your soul to make ours
We want you to shape ourselves
We want your flesh to fabricate ours
We want your eyes to invent ours
We want your mouth to build ours
We want your image to draw ours
We want your culture, your technology
to get in touch with distant tribes
we don't want the smoke anymore
I want you to create myself from you
Come stranger, come to our paradise!

Come to our tribe
Come to be anything you want to
Come to change your skin
Come to liquefy your soul
Come to the hell of everything at the same time
Come to the hell of being nothing
Come to the dark side of a new world

Come to melt yourself in the tribal melting pot
Since life is more and more a huge Carnival:
We're all human beings
We're all cannibals

*

lapidar

How painful is darkness !
Where is the switch ?
Turn on the lights !
No, please, don't do it !
Why turn on the lights
If I can be happy with lights
Turned off !
The letters posted long ago
Never come back with the answers

The work of the sun is to polish diamonds

Between what's true and what's false
There's a sea of doubts and lots
Of papers without destiny
Two plus two is two thousand
Between past and future
There's the present
Which present ?
The present tense is an absent one
There's no time
Life is written by pencil

*

e-mail

Trina, my angel

I would like to see you this afternoon at five

In Havana Café

(if it is possible, wear that dress that looks like

Ingrid Bergman's)

I would like to tell you about everything that happened to me yesterday

We have not seen each other

For almost twenty four hours

Oh, I have written the romantic poem you asked me for !

Do not forget to bring the sky – blue look into your eyes – which I love !

And please, do not be later, nor even for a moment

The reality of the world is unbearable

*

before the night falls

Before the night falls

We need to get the homeless children

Raised in the streets

And tell the captain there is a war going on !

We'll invade Paris tonight

We'll put guards in the corners

And will play the playing to go ahead !

To the instruments !

March !

Before the night falls

We'll open our hands our souls

We'll tell ourselves smiling

We'll learn to be sincere

To tell almost always the truth

Before the night falls

We'll clear up the drafts

We'll discover life is made of seven water walls and

A few romances

Heart revolution now !

It's time ...
It's time to pick up the fruits
It's time to bring back the old love
Love ...

We'll spread out roses in the battlefields
Strawberry fields forever !
Concentration camps never more !

We must understand
What poetry is all about
Before night falls !

*

happiness

Definitely – I'm not happy
How happy is the woman
In the building facing me!
(Funny, I guess she thinks the same about me)

*

cosmography

Tonight I set off for Belgrade
To find about life, why it is the way it is
 About the reality of things
 That links all ends
And turns the Black Sea into the only
Ocean in the globe

Tonight I set off for Bucharest
That in the east borders on New York
 In the west on my north
And in the south on Saturn and Mars

Tonight I set off for Budapest
And will get there on a gray winter morning
Of Central Europe
And there its women, concealed by clouds
And color of red grenades on their lips
And on their mature breasts
I want to wake up peacefully, slowly, half-way
And when they wake me up they will want to know who I am
Because that is the only way to discover who they are

Tonight the whole world calls on me

*

time essay

All the time I feel myself
Leaving with the wind
For places that don't exist
However do exist because I invented them
Little by little I became a dune
Full of remembrances
Full of forgetfulness
I feel life passing by tough
And time flowing from me
While I suffer
While I laugh at happiness
My body runs against time
And I run toward eternity

*

autoworld

People in a hurry
Cities in a hurry
World in a hurry
Where are you going
In such a hurry ?
Life is 450° West

*

the ultramodern prayer

Lord,
Let the watch on my wrist be nothing but a timepiece
And not my teacher
Let the streets teach me how to conjugate the verbs
I did not learn from
Grammars,
Let me not meet my end like the old woman from 502
Who knows a lot about other people's lives since she has none her own
And now tries to teach her dog Rex to speak Latin
And finally,
Let not my life, my last words be like in "Instantes"
That which was in order to become
And will never happen
Amen

*

theatre

from under the door I only see bills arriving – not solutions
the price of bread is the same as that of life
and there's no miracle fixed for next Monday

*

afternoon

dry foliage fly in my memory
the winds of South America blow somewhere in me
they bring yesterday's telegram
the mute contrast of this dry season
will not silence the spring I keep inside of me
by now I just want your two eyes on mine
and any formula capable to enchant
these autumn afternoons that suddenly invade me
