

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

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### **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

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**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

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**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 !

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### **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)

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### **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

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### **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

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### **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

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**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

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**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

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**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

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