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THE ETERNITY OF A KISS

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A Being's Manifesto

Mystic eyes cross themselves
Plots of enchantment are read
Bodies so light they barely touch
No gags silencing the silence

Heavy breaths...

A long embrace is formed
In a unlinking of forms
Of an interior vision
Comes a human existence
In an unique individual thought
Full of untouchable moments
Indifferent to its path
From a lazy nostalgia
Raises an eulogy to desire
Souls crossing the fire
Vagrant bodies
Mouths crushed

Delicious symbols of pleasure
Exhausted incognitos
In a being's manifesto





Feel With Imagination

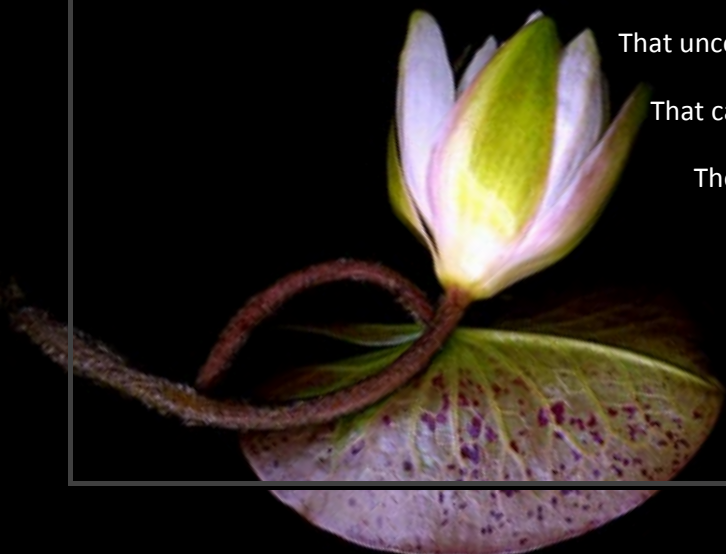
For among seas of fears
And murmuring silences
I've learned
To feel with imagination
Before feeling with the heart

To enjoy the feeling that moves me
To save the dreams that I want to dream
To follow the pulsing of my body
Which tells me of its lived experience
And I give freedom to my soul
To suffice itself

I am a daughter of the earth
of the sun and of the moon
I want to conquer the world in a single hug
I want a life of whole body
And in a daring that amazes me
I want a love so full, so immense

My Crusades

In the crusade of my life
In this world, I've crossed
I've walked uncertain highways
I've got lost in deserts of doubts
Travelled miles in my thoughts
Between the visions and the illusions...
I've followed the caravan of this life
I've erased so many lines left by time
I've listened to distant voices
Between spaces and deserts
Tied up in the unconscious
Without sense or direction
I got wet from sad rains
I followed my shadow of a figure
And I've cried a lot of times the saudade
From the top of the infinite
From the being of my wanting
I've learned that my life is not a universe
But a simple point of flowing
Of a life
That unceasingly is born in me
That can be that I want...
The life is divine...



Drawing A Thought ...

In this dance that is life
Sometimes, dreams are triturated
For hostile realities
Implacable ironies
Abysses of egoisms
Or just...
Human fragilities
We are all orphans of love...
I need to escape
From the dreams' thieves
Drawing in my thought
A sentiment
O a dreamed life
To be lived
Born in a world
Of Sacred passions
Innocent feelings
In a transparent soul
Profound
Where reason is sublime
And love is not temporal





Disillusion

Her face, like stone
Draw a bitter rite in her rigid lips
Her clear eyes, lifeless
Stare at the emptiness
Her bent body
Leans on her uncertain walk.
In the silence of the night
The whisper of the wind
Hurts her aching soul
Fading her in a tired tumult.
She follows her footsteps
Wherever they lead her
As if a doomed
In an unconscious grief.
Invading her brain
Flashing memories
Of days of dream, once lived
Longing pains craves her chest
And a tear rolls down her face.
A sunbeam erupts shy
Behind the dense fog
Hitting her face
Brightening her eyes
new day being born

The Eternity Of A Kiss.

I dream I am a book

Still to be written

A book that only tells me about you

It tells me our story

Still to happen

It tells me about our love

That's to be born

I dream I'm a poet

You are my only poem

Craved in my soul

Telling about the magic of our kisses

That we are going to give

This longing I feel

Of the dreams I dreamt you

Of telling you about them

Without hiding my soul

Emigrating in your heart

To be me, fully

I want to be rich of your affections

More precious than your memories

To escape other prisons

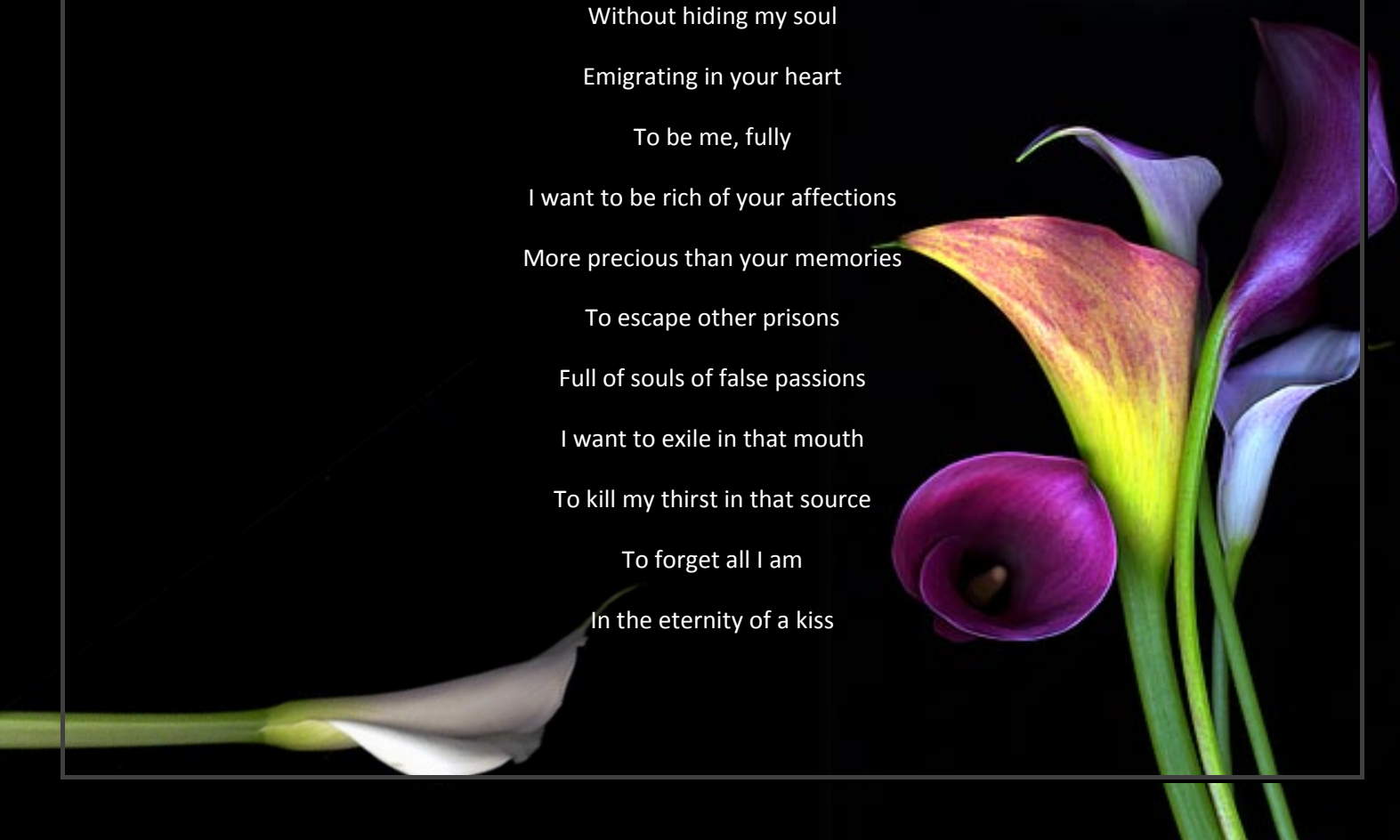
Full of souls of false passions

I want to exile in that mouth

To kill my thirst in that source

To forget all I am

In the eternity of a kiss



What I know

I found a mountain

I learned about its heart

The tears of its rudeness

Its deep pain

Its majestic sumptuosity

I found a forest

Punished by its aggressivity

Hardened by time

Outraged by silent nomads

So lost, So insecure

I saw the sea

Its beautiful immensity

Its revolt

Its painful murmur, Its farewell song

I learned of the heat that carries the sun

And its overflowing light

I learned about the secrets of the clouds

And its prodigious power

I learned so much, so much more

And yet

I know nothing

Of me



Why Do We Dress The Soul?

I find myself frequently thinking

Why we dress the soul...

We should leave her always nude, innocent

Like nature

You leave her simply to bloom

Like a rural plant

To absorb the love, as she captures the sunshine

That peeps among the morning thick fog

And let her fall asleep covered by the mantle of the moonlit

Because my soul is simple

In that it sees the simple things

It likes to speak with nature

And question many times

How do we feel the flowers of the vases

And the ones of the stonemasons in the gardens

Compared with the ones that are born in the meadows and in the forests

Yes, because the sun that crosses the high whiteness of the forest

It is not the same that enters through the windows of a house

And the sun that stretches on the meadows

It is not the same as it is when it peeps over the wall of a garden

It is then I think...

Do the plants have a soul to notice that?

It is again I wonder...

Why we dress the soul?

I am confused in my inner ocean

Swimming in these uncertain waves

With the moon in the horizon



The Eyes Of Our Hearts

Its not enough for me
To have my eyes to see you
I see you better with my soul
The peace that my eyes find
When they look at you
Is nothing compared
With the one my heart feels
When it lays on you
I loved you first
Before my eyes had seen you
Only by feeling you
I fell in love with your love
That love of your interior
That touched me through your smile
As a sunbeam
Full of light and love
The happiness that we are
It is also like a sunbeam
It warms us on the outside
And it brightens us inside
Flooding us with love
A story to be told
For all eternity...
The eyes of our hearts

