

Poetry Series

Clovisvaldo Marques
Baleeiro
- poems -

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Clovisvaldo Marques Baleeiro()

Flowers

flowers...
pick up flowers!
even in a very rainy summer shower...

Flowers...
carry flowers,
next to your heart, each day and passing hour.

Flowers and more flowers
wearing one on their hair or hat
makes someone prouder

Flowers
send now flowers
to your friends and enemies don't be a coward

Nothing compares with it:
the feeling it brings is peace;
For everywhere you go, it grows just like this!
It's a good feeling and, like the sunlight, you can share it with everyone!
good will and faith and love and hope and so on...

flowers in the city squares.
flowers here, flowers there, flowers everywhere.

flowers!
beautiful flowers!
fill the air with the sweet smell of flowers.

flowers,
lots of flowers!
keep a garden with different shapes and colours!

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Remembrances

There are certain remembrances,
surprising apparition
whenever silence is around,
images in a vision
Through reveries and thoughts,
they so come to make us travel
like sea waves against the shores
They are several

pictures displayed on a screen
the past evoking many scenes
those moments filled with sadness
also moments filled with gladness
impossible to neglect
you can't help tears to be shed

Recollecting gone times
hidden inside your unconscious mind
you just try to keep them all away
but you just can't make them stay behind

returning only when you're alone
anywhere, rather at home
they say time is the solution
as well life is just an illusion
Most of us forget
but hard Memories
hard Memories
Memories always come back

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We Don't Wanna Remember

wets the shower, blandly the flowers, in the garden;
droplets of water attain the old house roof, in harmony,
again... and again and again...

The face of a small pond starts rippling,
The damp of the dew dims the windowpane,
The whirl and whirl of the wind continues,
in the morning and in the evening,
spinning, spinning, spinning.

in the air odd voices,
whispers and noises,
fathomless thoughts.

Let us now bare each gloomy heart,
all the doors, that for very long,
have being closed and barred out...
Real Life can be lonely, sad and dark,
filled with lots and lots of pipe,
dreams which are not to be desired:
though they belong, belong, belong, belong to us humans

The branches of the trees wave outside,
between the curtains ajar,
The firewood crackles at the side,
A rustle of dead leaves sounds far.

And its din speaks sweetly in the drift:
Listen! listen!
hear it!

forgotten ambers
flaming at random
so that we remember

Let us heal all wounds and scars,
stop the bleeding, other things among,

hurtfully running out...
Real Life can be lonely, sad and dark,
Filled with deception and pipe,
dreams which never realize:
though they belong, belong, belong, belong to us humans

Heavy clouds lounge above,
a grey sky covers the sun,
Every story can make the whole world sob,
in the patter that goes on... and on... and on...

in a bad wether,
we know there's ever some sun, after a pour;

The streets are so small
and sorry;
The drizzle tears wash all
the worry;
Yesterday some sorrow, Tomorrow;
It won't be the same;
and the rain,
silently falls,
in the cold and dismal...
shadowy night,
People secrets and lies,
The dangerous....
and hazardous game of life.

Let us try and change and make our minds
somehow, maybe we find out
something new, another path...
Real Life can be lonely, sad and dark,
filled with lots and lots of pipe,
dreams which never come alive:
though they belong, belong, belong, belong to us humans

Just clean and clear up our inner,
souls, our inner true self that for so long
has being bitter. That's enough...
Real Life can be lonely, sad and dark,
filled with illusion and pipe
dreams and so many hows and whys:

though they belong, belong, belong, belong to us humans

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