

8ª PARTE

LITERATURA INTERCONTEXTUAL

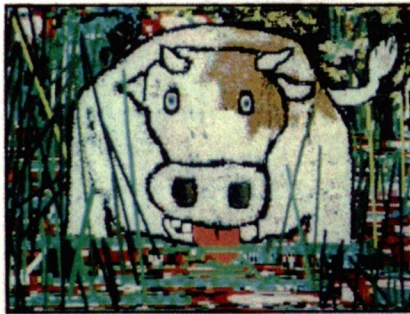
MILLORIAN POEMS

Horácio Dídimo

Poemas inspirados nas traduções humorísticas de expressões brasileiras para o inglês, do livro A VACA FOI PRO BREJO = THE COW WENT TO THE SWAMP, de Millôr Fernandes, ilustrações de Nani. Rio de Janeiro: 2.ed. Record, 1989.



Ilustrações de NANI



**THE COW
WENT TO
THE SWAMP**

A VACA FOI PRO BREJO



2ª EDIÇÃO

CIRCUMLOCUTIONS AND CIRCUMVOLUTIONS

A vaca foi pro brejo

The cow went to the swamp

Taurus, the constellation,
Loves king's and queen's fairy tales
And Chagall's cow playing the violin
Over sidereal swamp waves

Taurus, the constellation,
Sends Aldebaran to guide the blue whale
Swimming across the bright Milky Way
Made up of more than 100 billion stars

THE BLUE STAR AND THE RED CROCODILES

Deixa estar, jacaré, que a lagoa há de secar

Let it be, crocodile, the lagoon will dry

The blue star doesn't shine over the red crocodiles
Because they insist to be the guardians of the universe

The blue star shows green hopes
Surrounding the red crocodiles' black shadows
To protect the poets from the looks of their blindness
And the hooks of their selfishness

LINE OF LONGITUDE AND LATITUDE

Comigo é pão pão, queijo queijo

With me it's bread bread, cheese cheese

With me it's moon moon

Sun sun

Comet comet

Earth earth

Rocket rocket

Where are the continents

The oceans

Seas, golfs and bays

Deserts and rivers

And the mountain ranges?

With me it's bee bee

Eagle eagle

Wings wings

Flying lizards and wizards

With me it's bread bread

And cheese cheese

Hidden hidden

In my spacesuit

AN ASTRONAUT IN ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH

Que apito ele toca?

What whistle does he play?

The space-capsule flies around
The Arctic Circle
The Tropic of Cancer
The Equator
The Tropic of Capricorn
The Antarctic Circle

But the astronaut
Beyond his mission
Is secretly looking for the phases of the moon
And the faces of the blue star

He secretly wants to listen
The sidereal orchestra of strings, trumpets and clarinets
The whistles of paradise birds
And Mozart's magic flute melody
Floating and floating and floating
In outer space

SPIDER MAN, LOOK UNTO YOUR WORLD WIDE WEBJAIL

Macaco, olha o teu rabo

Monkey, look unto your tail

Camel, look unto your dump

Pig, look unto your snout

Reindeer, look unto your antler

Elephant, look unto your tusks

Rhinoceros, look unto your horn

Kangaroo, look unto your porch

Snail, look unto your shell

Octopus, look unto your tentacles

Peacock, look unto your crest

Birds, look unto your feathers, wings and flights

Dancing earth, look unto your days and nights

Cosmos, look unto your dancing galaxies and elementary particles

Milky Way, look unto your dancing stars and constellations

Solar System, look unto your dancing planets and comets

Poets, look unto your distant blue stars

Anthropomorphic zoos, look unto your smart monkeys and dumb donkeys

Lord of Lords, look unto your paradoxically humble and haughty human creatures

THE LITTLE HORSE IS NEIGHING IN THE RAIN

Tirar o cavalinho da chuva.

To take the little horse out of the rain

Take the little knight out of the board
Take the little plane out of the hurricane
Take the little house out of the quicksand
Take the little needle out of the sewing machine
Take the fake faces out of the camera
Take the out of tune singers out of the microphone
Take the little cow out of the swamp

Don't take the poor witch out of her broom
Don't take the little dragon out of his cave
Don't take the red nose out of clown's face
Don't take the fairy tales out of children's books
Don't take Saint George and his white horse out of the full moon
Don't take Van Gogh's *Starry Night* out of our silent sight

Expansive Cosmos, don't take the little Earth out of the Solar System
And don't take the little Solar System out of the Milky Way
But, please, take Milky Way out of Andromeda way
To avoid a galaxy collision
In about four billion years.

EVERYBODY'S BODIES

Pernas, pra que te quero?

Legs, what do I want for you?

Legs, I want for you don't run away from the time and the wind
Arms, I want for you to embrace the past and the future of mankind
Feet, I want for you to walk *over the rainbow* where *blue birds fly*
Lips, I want for you to whistle a long lovely song
Hands, I want for you to clap to the sunrise and to the sundown every day
Ears, I want for you to listen to the drums and trumpets at moonlight
Fingers, I want for you to look for Little Thumb

Nose, I want for you to smell the pink rose
Tongue, I want for you to speak and laugh and sing
Mouth, I want for you to taste words and poems
Teeth, I want for you to bit vowels and consonants
Skull, I want for you to take care of your brain, full of memories
Skeleton, I want for you to shake your hips in the carnival *rebolation*

Eyes, I want you to see in the mirror your eyebrows, your eyelids, your eyelashes, your pupils, your iris and your ophthalmologist

Everybody's bodies and souls, I want for you to follow your feet and legs and Millôr Fernandes' ludic translations.