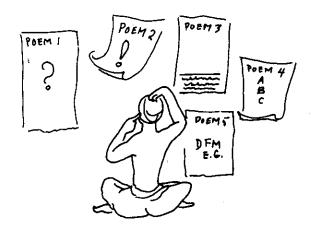
10 poems

Suzana Funck *



PhD em Literatura Norte-Americana e ex-Professora de Literatura do Programa de Pós-Graduação em Inglês da UFSC.

the unwritten poem

my poor idiot child limps through the house in lost reverie tries to reach a fancy toy on the highest shelf but staggers in precarious balance desists yawns in desperate boredom yet stirs and cannot rest inarticulate babbles her own name, calls a friend the words refuse to jell and hover fluid, intangible nebulous faded balloons above her head

march 1980

self-portrait

water-gazer, ocean-watcher not daring the plunge the knowledge by destruction in the mysterious white vortex of the maelstrom

frustrated kamikaze avoiding the fatal chasm the cosmic revelation of truth by fire

phoenix imperfect live cinder among ashes consumed in partial agony of unfulfilled desire without the purifying flame of absolute death

April 1980

christmas

We talk of jobs, parties, and cars the world freezes around us

old stories

half-remembered fables
of former loves
masquerade our own
chilling the words
that would make us warm

you wink
I smile
between drinks and cigarettes
we play our parts

being friends
becomes a memorized ritual
a frozen gesture
tinsel snowflakes
on a paper tree

december 1980

red wine

your anger runs down the wall
in absolute silence
red rivers
rivulets
a network of pain
uncomprehended
the puzzle
spread out before your childish eyes
questioning, daring
the anguish
broken
but sharper still
and multiplied

I stare in wonder pretending to understand but the wall is a mirror and what I see is still your anger that in amazament looks at me

december 1980

do it carefully
when you choose
the fiction to feed you life
--- Susan North

I need a new fiction a new story line leading into light open fields, wild flowers

I need a new path toward streets crowded with faces smiles, tender gestures toward the ocean gently drawing sweet motions against the sky

Someone,
write me a story
I can no longer dream
I've rewritten the same plot
a hundred times
I know the crisis by heart
the resolution comes uninvited
and settles so comfortably
I even forget
to hurt

december 1980

ice sculptors

ice sculptors checking to see how well their statues have kept often say

how cold you are
what a hard, frozen smile
you return to me

forgetting
they are the source
of the cold that keeps us from melting
of the artificial hardness of our bodies
for warmth would make us fluid

elusive

no longer statues we would run beyond their reach

march 1981

motherhood as survival

men don't like thin women I heard when I was ten

at twenty my friends advised me that girls who swear and talk too much too loud become at best one of the guys

at thirty I was ready for life

a plump and quiet wife

mother of two

men had stopped being friends

they were husbands bosses strangers

husbands of friends

bosses of friends strangers

when my daughter turned ten

beautifully ten lively sensitive intelligent talkative

thin

I suddenly was afraid that someone might tell her

that men don't like thin women and girls who swear and talk too much too loud become at best one of the guys

GODDAMMIT, FUCK OFF! I cried out in fear and as I yelled and screamed and swore and talked and talked and talked and talked some more I swore myself

into my self again

April 1981

we used to fear

we used to fear our future as strangers that passing each other in the street eyes darting quickly beyond the aged surface to see if the heart would still pound in a special way

in a special way
my friend
you've made it easy for me

not having to search beyond the aging I see you clearly

in the eyes of children the smiles of friends the body of a lover

that for a moment
makes me feel young again

I see you clearly

when I read Drummond listen to the blues or walk in the rain

in a special way
my friend
you've made it difficult for me

again and again I cry the futility of living

still

in a special way

as if addicted to those tears we cried together knowing our doubts fearing our future as strangers

April 1981

Property Settlement

We've shared mechanics and lawyers an office, books, poems some love and many fears

Will we be able to share
the distance
and make it less?
How will the absence be settled —
will I keep the memories,
you the loss?
Who shall have that trust
it took so long to build?

I — spoiled child — would like it all
but what I want the most

right now

is to

remember

that evening you surprised me with a kiss and brought me back

to my senses

the moments we spent together learning each other the time I spent alone learning to let go

I want to remember the sound of your laughter
I want to remember the clicking of our glasses together

Yes, I'll take all the movables —
those sentimental, unnecessary objects
I've kept as souvenirs

I'll leave you the house that solid, well-built house

our friendship

When I return — for a visit — I'll travel light

May 1981

to mother

raised in the stillness of the silent season too late/too soon for growth your voice was stifled by the rigid walls of custom your madness

that divine spark of anger echoed back as insult

self-pity

pain

had there been air
in currents, movement
to carry the strong voice beyond the walls
had there been earth
to feed the growing seed of discontent

your words, mother

would soon have bloomed

the tears you shed

would not have flowed and dried

in vain

would have been rain well needed fertilizing the soil that we now plough

May 1981