

DESIRÉE JUNG

ODE TO ZECA BALEIRO

I go out shopping, looking for a CD.
Zeca Baleiro, that Brazilian song writer,
whose songs dance and celebrate music
with ears, eyes, tact—poet choreographer.

In the CD store, I see a sign for interested parties,
a red poster with black letters proclaiming
the salvation of music, which is not a samba
not bossa nova, but good old rock n'roll

And like you, my soul is moved,
the lazy heart and above all
waists: mine, yours, and many
others who, in the rhythm

of passion, in the act of love, sing
let's have fun,
let's make a baby, baby,
but to the refrain of Zeca Baleiro.

In the CD store, they've never
heard this music, this population-
promoting, intimate, little
Brazilian number.

BRASIL WITH ZED

'Estúpida!
you've spelled Brasil
with Z,

Zed!
writes my little brother,
body armoured by a blue Armani,
refined material suit over a masculine
dark-pelted epidermis.
The green light will liberate and move
his anxiety
to another corner of Rio de Janeiro.

'The fact is recorded in your last email,'
he proceeds,
'email with three spaced lines,
strange commas,
Brasil with Zeds,
solitary verbs and a few,
(just a few)
intonations super
SUPER!
Visible.

'Do not reply,'
he concludes,
'if you don't have anything interesting to say
about what you think
can't punctuate
or spell.'

AND I THINK...

...click!
But he doesn't hear the sound
of his laptop clicking.
Busy,

he goes on busy,
busily through the carioca streets,
danger in each frightened look,
shoulders very much.

curved; in the right hand, a precious
cell phone, made in a place
not so far from here;
in the left hand, a silent signal
invented by lovers of comfort,
us, the rich heirs of technology whose

Rolls exists or was invented
just to remind us of the
not very fragrant, not so fictional and
very mysterious avenues
of our dear Brasil with Zed.

And when I think like so, poetically,
I feel lazily inclined to not answer.
The reality of my orthography
is more open to flaws
than the keyboard which corrects
my Brasil with Z.

STELLAR CONCRETE

I lie on a rectangular bed
I rest my eyes nearby
But only to find concrete
Flat and starless.

On the ceiling, a fan of lights
Invade the monotony of the night
Passing through the long and
ill-fitted curtains.

Where, harmonically, Vivaldi
Echoes and fades from
My hearing before
Sleep comes.

And it does come, and I wonder,
Will the sound that sleeps with me
Manage to tune in the stillness
Of my stellar concrete?