

An aerial photograph of a tropical cyclone, showing a dark, dense eye surrounded by a bright white eye wall, with swirling clouds extending outwards. The text is overlaid on the top half of the image.

# ROBERTO PIVA

# CYCLONES

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JERROLD SHIROMA, EDITOR

**CYCLONES**

**ROBERTO PIVA**

**TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE  
BY CHRIS DANIELS**

DP

*La volupté*

*Est*

*Au centre*

*Du cyclone*

*Des sens*

Malcolm de Chazal

*Je suis le vent dans le vent*

Henri Michaux

# DRUMTIME

*Io vi ho insegnato l'estasi  
divina del libero canto: quella che il dervis trova  
nella vertigine della sua danza infernale.*

Enrico Cavacchioli

skeleton of the moon  
time  
drum so agile  
vomiting night



in the direction of the four winds  
the shaman  
whirls  
in light's energy



four winds  
four mountains  
in the gaze of the boy  
who dances  
on the plated sky



laugh  
turgid flower  
with your teeth  
begging wind



love  
makes this demand:  
it desires the impossible  
& the comets of the heart



the boy  
and his flowering asshole  
god-adorn  
dazzles chaos



love  
shouts in my throat  
snake  
hawk  
jaguar  
see me  
their Double



rainbow is the  
necklace of the sorcerer  
who puts out the day  
with his right hand  
and lights the night  
with his left



caiçara moons  
watched over  
by sleepwalking ufos

astral dynasty  
out kings

◇

seagulls:  
stars plummet  
into the sea  
& eclipse

◇

Bacchus  
transforms me  
into a vibratory star  
with this elixir  
of wild cactus  
I watch a martin  
singing solfège  
while the Sun's  
nucleus explodes

◇

angels  
defined by mirage  
my vagabond  
king's throne  
in my heart's Boeing

◇

Artaud  
Crevel  
Blake  
& *Signatura Rerum*

in the poet's sign  
light walking on  
moonlight  
transfusion of images  
converting into flower  
& a strange ache



# IN THE SHADOWPART OF YOUR SCARLET SOUL

*True poetry is found outside the law.*

Georges Bataille

whether debauchee  
volcano or  
androgynous  
horse of Dionysus  
in the most precious diamond

◇

Coltrane  
whose surname is Buddha  
lunar divinity  
who created  
physical man  
animator of gods  
desmodium people  
Word Voice Mind

*Iguape, 84*

◇

poetry sees better  
behold the spirit of fire  
my hand dances  
on the body of the lunar boy

◇

your outlaw asshole  
your raging hardon  
angel's joy  
in the streets  
of pleasure  
tongue of indian spirits  
prophesying mushroom  
anarchy & delerium  
mouth on my foot  
mouth on my balls  
poetry that folly  
opens night  
to Day's excess

*Praia de Juréia, 83*



jaguar boy  
and his tribe  
down from the rooftops  
springing through windows  
carnivorous skaters  
prowling  
dead cities

*São Paulo, 88*



i am Exu's horse  
ebó of my heart  
knocked off  
at the crossroads of comets



Dante knew  
*Malavita* slang  
or else  
how could he have written  
about *Vanni Fucci*?  
when will our poets  
fall into life?  
stop being whiners  
and start being wizards?



pirates  
planted  
in adventure's meat  
will abandon the cities  
islands of havok

## HIC HABITAT FELICITAS

things magnificent & disastrous  
*fascinus* god  
on the threshold  
of the door  
points  
the pink gland  
to his scheming sex

◇

signs seals & secrets  
solar snake snaking  
    shaft  
solitudes  
solo sax sanctifying  
Satori

*Juqueby, 83*

◇

a hundred planets? a hundred pupils?  
sympathy for distance's things  
the sands' dry nothing

*Praia do Guaiúba, 82*

◇

Heidegger  
wrote about Trakl  
on a day like this

its debauched wind  
between twilight  
& rebirth

*Praia do Guaiúba, 82*

◇

Gilded noon  
carresses boys and birds  
dreamlight giving  
birth to the world  
in the center of the heart  
Eternity's blade

*Ilha Comprida, 86*

## INCORPORATING THE JAGUAR

on the staircase of the wind  
the dream  
the healing leaf  
little exu  
    dances ecstatic

◇

the boy attacks caiçara  
    plains  
he's the jaguar's heart  
on the point of diamonds  
    fire  
plundergod  
pirates who  
shout on the horizon

◇

loving over the  
    naked earth  
talons out  
in the blue depth of the  
    forest  
friend of all the gods

## OUR ANCESTOR FIRE

*for Eduardo Calderón Palomino*  
*Chamán de los cuatro vientos*

north star  
    filigram flower  
        in sun-  
                    set's nerve  
weary flight of the owl  
who misfires its  
    harpoon  
miraculous *Cannibis*  
plant of the incest  
    between sun and  
        waters  
trees full of  
    mouths  
where the hawk vaults  
cyclone of the universe

*Jarinu, 91*

# SACRELIGIOUS FOREST

*for Jean-Pierre Duprey*

## I

on this day  
the sun is transparent  
open erotic sky  
its wine-dreg eyes  
the solar shine sings  
the desert crosses the  
    sky  
wild petals  
of the endless horizon

## II

by the inhuman  
    rights of the planet  
Ilha Comprida  
    swims  
in Sky's meadows  
pandemonium-hawk  
carved in the hardest  
part of the wind

## III

summer's mad  
    mask  
the rodent chief  
    uproars  
his hunger for shadow



is great  
& the Invisible  
appears

*Ilha Comprida, 91*

◇

*for Sergio Cohn*

i walk following  
the sun  
dreaming last  
exits from this  
junkyard city  
it's possible  
on a day of  
visceral beauty  
when wind  
the sorcerer  
touches the pirate ship  
of the soul  
knots of joy

*Ponto Chic, 95*

◇

*for Gustavo*

50,000 years  
ago  
the first shaman  
watched the pyre  
from his eyes  
under twilight's

volcanic  
light  
sang a primeval  
poem  
in his soul's  
blue throat  
& on his drum  
of skin and leaves  
invented the rhythm  
of our hearts

*Parque do Carmo, 95*

## BR 116

I need comets  
    in the caiçara sky  
    where the feller  
    falcon planes  
Juquitiba, Miracatu,  
    Vale do Robeira  
gout of wine  
    when day breaks  
on the road that  
    leads to the sea  
& the Isle flowering in  
    mallow mist  
of the snake-eater  
    of the Juréia

*BR 116, 95*

Paracelsus surrounded  
    by jasmine  
light as the fire  
in the rocking of the  
    *tortilla*-ship  
power of Herbs  
this power drives forward  
    at the velocity  
    of a kiss

*Mairiporã, 95*

◇

Nerval sema-  
phore sideburns  
solitude  
tarots replete with  
*poesia*  
*desdichado*  
red wings  
spread in the sunset

*Mairiporã, 95*

◇

Rimbaud  
*Panzer-boy*  
golden thighs  
of the sidereal hitchhiker  
alchemy's *puer*

*Mairiporã, 95*

◇

The strength of the shaman  
comes from nothing  
from ecstasy  
from Eros  
hawkdrum  
faithful star in heart's flame  
boy dressed  
as a girl  
Moon's dervish

*Mairiporã, 95*

# PIMENTA D'ÁGUA

*for the babalorixá*  
*Marco Antônio Ossain*

the street's too narrow  
for the army  
    of leaves  
    and its AXÉ  
this neuronc  
    undulation  
still sunflower  
    in the center  
        of the world  
head in the clouds  
hair in dust  
& after  
one perceives  
the shadow  
that is our face

*Jardim Tremembé, 91*

## XANGÔ & PARACELSUS

the subterranean world  
is furnished  
with thighs of wild  
    boys  
the solar world  
is furnished  
with eyes  
of boys  
    their petal souls  
I'm the orixá  
with a cock  
as big as  
an elephant's  
eager birds  
dedicate themselves  
to the work  
    in black  
stars ready  
lightning  
tempers  
the dionysiac beer  
of Paracelsus  
whose sword  
makes pyramids dance  
made a ray of light  
bursts  
the noisy plan  
of our  
century

## **CARURÉ HAWK**

*Quelle tempête, la lumière!*  
Henri Michaux

I crossed through mango groves  
    & stars  
seeds scattered  
    if the voice of the obscure eye  
reptiles abandoned in dirt road dust  
this Sierra hangs the nomad  
horizon of the Absolute.

*Cantareira, 93*

## THE EIGHTH ENERGY

*for Malcolm de Chazal & his oscillatory poetry;  
for Raymond Abelho, Câmara Cascudo, Mircea Eliade,  
Julius Evora & the initiatory traditions*

May you know  
the star of madness  
In your green animal mouth  
The mineral landscape  
gnaws the eye of the peregrine  
that seeks its horned God  
I love the boys who spit  
    mulberry blood  
over eremite places, beaches inhabited  
    by fishscales, mountains,  
    & woods where the angel  
    is a hardon in the sunset  
May you know the lightning  
    named shadowy world  
trembling in the leaf of your  
    heart  
May you know this unclouded clock  
    called death  
suspended on the planet  
like secret volupté  
May you know mango groves  
    & non-human entities  
    for they are the essence of Poetry  
May you know the Sun's whisper  
In the ferruginous water of your eyes



## LAMENT OF PAJÉ URUBU-KAPOOR

before  
disappearing  
    in the  
        tunnel  
    of the clouds  
comes the wind  
the skybox  
    opens  
the star  
    in the eye some  
        times  
    is the  
heart that beats  
I am alone  
at the end  
    of the hemispheres

*Ilha Comprida, 91*

# JOÃOZINHO DA GOMÉIA

*Myths describe the diverse &  
frequently dramatic emergence  
of the sacred in the world . . .*

*Aspects of Myth, Mircea Eliade*

gestural synthesis  
of sun & moon  
hands that govern  
dreams of  
boys who love the sea  
enough of poetry  
or religion that leads not to ecstasy  
there is pain &  
    joy degree  
        zero

I shine  
    in the quilted night  
in the calcareous  
constellation  
the Black Stone  
hands out axé  
while the day  
advances with the wind

*Ilha Comprida, 91*

# RITUAL OF THE 4 WINDS & THE 4 HAWKS

*for Marco Antônio de Ossain*

*Within me I bear the guardians of celestial Circuits.*

The Book of Coming Forth by Day

There where the hawk of the North manifests  
its blazing shadow

There where adventure keeps its skulls  
out of reach from dawn's voodoo

There where language's rainbow is  
charged with subterranean wine

There where the orixás dance at the velocity  
of pure vegetal beings

Flock of river-stones

Eyes in the circuit of Ursa Major  
in mad attack

Eyes of floral metabolism

Forest cushions

Silent muzzle of the jaguar with  
sabotage footsteps

Rich flesh of Exú in shells of night

Black-hawk of the east in the sacred storm

Its cranium ignites in white lily frenzy

Beat the drum

to the rhythm of astounding dreams

to the rhythm of shipwrecks

to the rhythm of the teenagers

at the doors of asylums

to the rhythm of the flock of atabakis

Beat the drum

to the rhythm of sepulchral offerings

to the rhythm of alchemical levitation  
to the rhythm of Jovian paranoia  
Orgiastic chiefs of the drum  
With my Skate-hawk  
Drum in the turn of the ganymede century  
Iemanjá and her frothy hair.

*São Paulo, Oct/94*

## GIDDY POEM

I am the acid trip  
    of the ships of night  
I am the boy who masturbates  
    on the mountain  
I am the technopagan  
I am Reich, Ferenczi & Jung  
I am the Eternal Return  
I am cybernetic space  
I am the virgin forest  
    of convulsive girls  
I am the tattooed flying saucer  
I am boy & girl  
    Big House & Slave Quarters  
I am the orgy with the  
    blonde boy & his girlfriend  
    with a pink pussy  
    (he put on her panties  
    and danced like Shiva  
    on my body)  
I am the Orgone nomad  
I am the Velvet Isle  
I am the Invention of Orpheus  
I am the piscatory eyes  
I am the Shaman's Drum  
    (& the shaman covered  
    in androgynous fells)  
I am the kiss of Uranus  
    & Al Capone  
I am a machine-gunner in a  
    state of grace  
I am the Pomba-Gira of the Absolute.

## VIOLET POEMS OF SHAMANIC HEALING

*It was this incident that interested me in the violet fluids said  
to be materialized on the surface of the skin by the Ayahuasca  
shamans, and that are used by them to divine and heal.*

Terence Mckenna

boy with cancer  
condemned by science  
to the disaster of chemotherapy  
in the profane country  
    of allopathic medicine  
in the luggard snares  
    of anemia  
You say the  
    night is black  
I know your treasure  
were life's pavilion  
strikes its accords

*Mariporã, 94*

◇

violet eyes in  
    Modigliani portraits  
LSD's violet eyes  
open sea's violet eyes  
island speaking of ebb tide  
& the beach's blue tongue  
head in the sky  
in the violet mirrorless desert

*Ilha Comprida, 92*



rain flower death  
boy hides his perfumed sex  
dizziness in my mouth  
the earth is naked  
its gazeless eyes  
its doorless bedroom

*Ilha Comprida, 91*



Shiva pop cock  
    healer  
pure consanguine  
    partiality  
seeking Tao  
    in me  
smiling one more  
    time  
within reach of vision



sound supernatural silence  
irradiation-diamond benzedeira  
sun south of the levee  
carancho settled in the whirlwind  
producing the feeling that you ARE you

*Mariporã, 92*



poetry mixes  
    with non-human realities  
    of the planet  
        prophecies  
animal spittits  
    clairvoyance  
ballerina star  
places of power  
sky's fire

*Pedra Grande, 94*



beautiful landscape before the flood  
dozens of kilos of reason to be insane  
the moon gropes my body  
I'm naked  
on foot on the first star  
getting kissed by  
    the androgyne

*Represa de Mariporã, 94*



interior immensity of poets of Adventure  
    Nerval Pessoa & the Templars Lao Tse  
    Sandro Penna Drukpa Kunley  
    Virgil Crevel  
    Dino Campana  
    Expressionists  
    Trakl & Benn  
    also went full-on nuts  
they pass us hard by  
and don't know how to hide their dizziness





you are the Blake  
of Spring  
Leo Ferré & Budweiser beer  
the tié-sangue and your heart are of the same  
matter  
the morning wind blows from your breast  
toward the eternal steppes

*Mariporã, 94*

# REVELATIONS

*for Jacques Vallée*

cold on topaz frontiers  
I abandoned me to the Windgod's month  
flowered in my body a secret point  
between the living comets of ecstasy

## VII SHAMANIC SONGS

*Loose desire!*

*We naked cry to you*

*—Do what you please.*

William Carlos Williams

### I

canoe from Amazonas  
in the peyote-eye  
point blank in the sky  
tames vegetation and agriculture  
loves astronomy  
& zigzag vampires  
incandescent hosanna / crinkled flower / savage angel  
jaguar couchant on amethyst  
& dream's youngest bird  
so near death

### II

pure love monster  
curare  
style of Nazaretequi ceramics  
Zeus's pandemonium  
Eros piercing  
The tympanum with a .38  
barbed-wire hawk  
nucleus of faithful poison

### III

kid Crevel  
kid hell

bathed in the clear green  
of the tropical morning  
good poetic muscles  
kid Nerval  
hanged man's blue cock  
in the fold of night

#### **IV**

the mushroom is calm  
& nature insecure  
boys drenched  
in tears and sweat  
Hermes  
in the gullet  
of the empire of the dead

#### **V**

sylvan strawberries  
split in the wasps' sun  
sails rape the sea  
& disappear  
on the plane of madness  
passion agitates  
january  
ferns

#### **VI**

indian boy my love  
for three nights this burning  
has confused medusas in their hearts  
seeds & roots  
where islands  
raise  
their ardour

## VII

constellation of swift fish: love  
the sea  
made poetry  
by Homer  
in technicolor  
wine unbinds  
my lagunar hand  
in the astronautical instinct  
of the species.

*Ilha Comprida, 86*

## INVENT YOUR COLORS, SHATTER YOUR FRONTIERS

*Les mots sont dons mon oeuvre que des simples tremplins,  
d'où montent et et retombent en bondissant des  
corps spirituels et mystiques.*

Ma Révolution, Macolm de Chazal

Dante was a Visconti bruxo  
his violet fingers blended simples,  
poisons & heartless purgatories  
On the ninth hour of the ninth day of  
    the ninth month  
I was nine days with a fever  
Everything new is  
    in Hell

◇

On Curepipe  
in the Mauritanian Isles  
Malcolm de Chazal  
prophesied love knowing  
    & the Godflower  
Elfin moondrum  
bluish boys  
mountains of Saturn its hands  
held high

◇

Ângelus Silesius, are you Dionysus  
    or what?  
Bees flit in the landscape of  
    sunflowers

Lagoons receive the hot bodies of  
teenage boys

Summer roars in the pink sky  
irerês pass through my lysergic  
centipede head

Ângelus Silesius, are you dancing?

Are you Shiva?

The strings of an old contrabass  
stab the silence

◇

*... this heaven is blue vipers'.*

Herberto Helder

This heaven is:  
replete with respiratory races.  
Clouds, parakeets, black grapes  
on the banks of debauché.

This heaven is:  
lightning & doces de leite,  
dagger escaping from the bath  
of vertebrae.  
acuacã-boy dancing  
in the foreign sun.

This heaven is:  
mamona leaves, submarines  
cruising in their own blood.  
Levity. Frenetic flowers.  
Whispering batuque: I too  
have passed through hell.

◇

*for Flávio & Antônio*

my shoulder east  
my heart north  
flood's sparring  
cloud of luminous birds  
beating mouth with abyss

*Mainiporã, 95*



# UFOS

morning  
    sniffs out  
density of the  
            ORGONE  
            spoor  
    in the extra-  
    pink storm  
emerald gaze  
pupillary lightning  
I'm the serpent  
    flautist  
FLYING SAUCERS  
    ARE ANGELS (Pasolini)  
on that morning  
    everything was said  
burning its pores  
    one by one

*Ilha Comprida, 90*

## **APROPOS PASOLINI**

when you meet a boy  
near a fountain  
& he bends to water  
as in Caravaggio  
twilight's wild shadow  
with the tourquoise sun  
in his bristly hair  
it's a moment as aching  
as pagan solfège  
after the orgy  
this is how the gods grow  
in the springtime of their melancholy ardor  
they are angels people visionary boys  
who do not weaken under the pinchers  
of the blind men who lost the Word

*March/morning, 87*

Fecal soul against the dictatorship of science  
Street of long knives  
Fascist boy as lovely as the great eskimo night  
Hellfire club: Alchemists Shamans

Beatniks

*Je vois l'arbre à la langue rouge* (Michaux)

Temple

Procession of holy speech

Gods in pitch dark contemplate the sex  
of the sliding-board angel

Happy famished half-naked boys dance  
like feral bibelots

Stones with their silk mouths

Giving birth to an invisible existence

Everything you call history is my flight plan  
away from the civilization you people made

*Represa de Mariporã, 95*

## WITCH DOCTOR BOY (CORYBANTIC POEM)

### I

*C'est l'heure des mauvais garçon  
l'heure des mauvais voyous*  
René Crevel

witch doctor boys  
dressed as angels in Canebrake  
save Eros from the street  
    of junkyard cities  
in the rite of the mage of Love  
they drink Death in a  
    Skull cup

### II

*The solar annulus is the intact anus of its adolescent body to which nothing so blinding can be compared except the sun, even though the anus is the night.*  
George Bataille

René Crevel clairvoyant boy  
drank death in a chunk  
    of burning moon  
heart lost the sky  
american boy who wrapped his thighs around you  
now dances in the infinity  
    of an open closet  
in rainbow galalith panties  
surrealist mouth pronouncing  
    fiery logos  
& lights without passage

in the present  
these dead streets where  
the Wind won't recussitate  
permanent mechanical failure  
in a civilization lost to  
Wonder  
is the red window of the  
East where the  
Angel shrieks  
between the thighs of sailors  
boys from the  
Islands tremble  
post-nuclear landscape where  
black flower transfixes  
Shadow

### III

*Je tuerai les rôdeurs silencieux de la nuit*  
René Crevel

a lunar body penetrates the  
sea's forward quarter  
night immemorial where the  
elements play  
hawk, witch doctor boy  
& for a thousand years  
his dance celebrates the world  
his laughter cuts the Island  
into two pieces  
fogrose in with  
ghosts  
boy body the Roman  
Empire passed through  
always where pirates sail,  
turbid stars, bosquage,  
telescopes

## IV

summer date with Satan  
a cruise a dalliance  
he orders a daquiri  
he orders a black locomotive  
    to dive into the South  
witch doctor boy in a blue burnoose  
surrounded by mirrors of High Sorcery

## V

*Il m'apparut que l'homme est plein de dieux  
comme une éponge immergée en plein ciel.*  
Le Paysan de Paris, L. Aragon

eat your mushroom  
in the heart of the sacred  
making archaic signs  
seek on beaches, mountains  
    & mangroves  
the changing of shapes  
dream the world one time only  
the mushroom will show the way  
only the predestined speak  
the light the mushroom's holytree  
will take you to the river of images  
Shadows dance in this Burning

## VI

*Viva resta la dolce  
persuasione di una fitta  
rete d'amore ad  
inquietare il mondo.*

Sandro Penna  
wing-rich  
the shaman boy  
embodies the hawk  
hears mountain light  
strips and lies impassable on Earth  
the Thighbone drum is his  
& the most limpid star in his  
    head

## VII

*Le soleil et mon coeur  
sont de même matière*  
Pierre Reverdy

the grand lilac reflection travels  
the cream of angels  
morning's threatful flower  
wind sweeping the landscape  
for now i'm a lust-god  
    on destiny's fragile parapet  
the fog that takes me is horizontal

*Ilha Comprida, 1993*