

# **SALGADO MARANHÃO**

**REFRAIN  
DEVORACIOUS  
BEYOND LIMITS 8  
BEYOND LIMITS 10**

**TRANSLATED BY ALEXIS LEVITIN**

## REFRAIN

*for Silvano Santiago*

someone will flow  
my  
    playful  
symphony  
    and its  
letters of linen.  
someone of blood  
    and wings  
herald of the blue  
will overflow  
    my rhapsody  
to sailors,  
a cry from the veins  
    and univertebrae  
that sways my medulla  
to the vibrations of a viper.  
  
and God ploughs  
his harem  
    of lights  
tillage of gold  
that breezes breathe to everything.

and rivers sing in my pores

silent spheres

of time.

## DEVORACIOUS

singing of love that aches  
lashes the word in its labor.

a singing that doesn't gush forth,  
that has to be versed in reverse.

squeezed in its decanting  
like a sword screeching through glass.

sucking sweetness from astringency,  
extracting wings from an ill-wind.

oh sea! lovely indigo sea! sea of my love!  
devoracious tree of words  
flowering of lights beneath the bog.

## BEYOND LIMITS 8

*(in praise of santa clara)*

my saintly santa clara  
spaceship of saintly clarity  
give us clarity for charity  
call me clarity  
clarion clarity

to the sound of time—give clarity  
to the fiber where the wind trickles  
give clarity to always  
where water waters  
where stone stones

oh queen of the clan of the moon  
ravish my thoughts  
(tributary to silence  
almost a lament)

give clarity to feeling  
give clarity to faith  
give clarity to saints in their madness  
give clarity to madmen in their sanctity  
give clarity to villains  
killers with their serpentining destinies, set ablaze  
their refineries  
their rituals of lifeless life.

Oh ballerina of the break of day  
oh muse of my clan, my clamor,  
give clarity to our fragile  
earth  
sap of our very being.

## BEYOND LIMITS 10

(taxi blues)

I'm the one they killed  
who didn't die,  
the one who dances on cactuses  
and naked stone

    --in combat, alone.

the one delivered unto buzzards  
and the blues

    and

        the blues

sundaying my wednesday afternoons.

    --I am the light

beneath the filth.

(night that enters night and seals up  
centuries,  
tatters of my ethnicities,  
arteries drowned in archetypes)

I am iron. I am irony.

and millennial fire of this cauldron  
I raise an ebony pole, immense  
obelisk, to the stars.

eh time beyond all limits and within!  
eh time of latex and omnipotence!

riverbed of blackened earth  
beneath white waters,  
I am the spear

the ark of destiny above divining shells.

and from bluesy jazz to buzzard blues  
I hear the grinding sugar mill  
of the new slave owners  
with their golden feces  
and their hearts of phlegm.

eh time beyond all limits and within!  
eh time of latex and omnipotence!

I am the light with its ritual of shadows  
--radiance untouchable.