

Poemas

BEHIND MY MIND

I

At dawn, the sound of the quiet sea,
Soothes my mind
As if it were a symphony
Handled by the great Stokowsky.

Down there very far away,
It deepens the horizon,
The distance of its line from me,
Is the same as the distance of my thoughtfulness,
And then, it grows more and more my doubtfulness.

Little by little, from the horizon line,
It starts to arise a ball of fire,
Its beams illuminate around side,
But it does not clarify my lost mind.

The peep of the sea-gulls echoes in the air,
Perhaps to announce the summer to me,
Perhaps to distract me,
Perhaps to show me the fair sex
In order to make me free

After a tired morning and afternoon,
A hard whistle of a fierce wind
Mixes with the noise of the sea,
And takes away my gloom.

Jo. WALTER