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## 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?