Desirée Jung

ODE TO ZEÇA BALEIRO

I go out shopping, looking for a CD. Zeça 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 Zeça 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?