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As minhas palavras (My Own Words)

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As minhas palavras
*Lilian P.W. Feitosa*

Estou sentindo tanta saudade
das minhas próprias palavras...
Só ouço ecos dentro do meu
próprio crânio
Preciso do papel para
dar-lhes vida.
Viver. É o que as palavras
que se agitam no profundo do
meu inconsciente querem.
Liberdade. Pra brincar,
correr, voar (ou simplesmente falar)
São borboletas, libélulas,
pássaros engaiolados
desejando a liberdade,
sonhando com novas
possibilidades – que espiam
lá do fundo do coração
pelas frestas que às vezes
se abrem – nos raros momentos
em que me encontro com
serenidade suficiente pra
me lembrar delas.
My own words

I yearn so much for
my own words...
I hear only echoes inside my
own skull
I need paper to
give them life.
To live...is what the words
that are restless in the depth of
my unconscious want.
Liberty. To play,
to run, to fly (or simply to speak).
They are butterflies, dragonflies,
caged birds
wishing liberty,
dreaming of new
possibilities – that peek
from the bottom of my heart
through the cracks that sometimes
open – in the rare moments
in which I find myself with
enough serenity to
remember them.