Spring 1999

As minhas palavras (My Own Words)

Lilian P. W. Feitosa

University of Massachusetts Amherst

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot

Part of the Fiction Commons, Illustration Commons, Photography Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot/vol6/iss1/4

This Multilingual Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. It has been accepted for inclusion in mOthertongue by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. For more information, please contact scholarworks@library.umass.edu.
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.