

Poetry Series

Adilson Pinto
- poems -

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Adilson Pinto(05/04/1959)

My name is Adilson Pinto, I am 58 years old, I am Professor of English and poet. I am also a photographic model: I work with advertising. I was born to express myself! I don't know what it would be of me if I wouldn't have permission of expressing myself! I express myself writing and speaking. I would like to express myself through the music, but unfortunately God didn't give me this gift! But I am a poet so I am thankful! My first contact with the poetry was when I was in the primary school.

When I was in the high school I started to write my poems. In my city there was a newspaper and a poet called Dailor Varela was its leader. He published the poems from the city poets, including mine! I passed in his test and my poems were published! Not so long after I published my first book titled O AMOR DAS FERAS (The love of the beasts) , and after ROSA COR DE PAZ (Rose color of peace) and after SERENATA PARA SOFIA (Serenade to Sophia) and finally LÂMPADA DO SENHOR (Lord's Lamp) .

I recently won a medal from a poetical American Site because of a competition among poets: this was really a great happiness!

Today I write poems to Poemhunter and I also write educational articles for eLearning Industry, an American Site. which approaches educational issues through modern technologies. Thank you very much. From São José dos Campos, São Paulo, Brasil - Adilson Pinto.

The Eater Blackberries Angel

The angel rides a bicycle.
He goes get blackberries from the farm.
The angel is essentially polite
And he is allowed to harvest and eating
As many blackberries as he wishes...

The angel is happy and does not think of evil:
He gets along very well with the other angels.
He will have in the future,
Mercy of prisoners, madmen and drug addicts...

He will dwell with them, and be loved by them.....

The angel will become old, without teeth,
their wing feathers will become few
He won't fly so high and so majestic anymore!
Notwithstanding, he won't stop eating blackberries,
even if his mouth turns red,
red as the blood of Jesus

Adilson Pinto

Poetical Prayer

God almighty above all the stars
Who my heart loves deeply
Who I praise, who I worship
Above all doctrine, above all philosophy
Creator of my soul, of my life,
Who everyday I speak with
My friend, my fellow, my partner
Give me a little bit of your wisdom
And I will know how to manage life
Give me a little bit of your love
And I will know how to treat people
Give me a little bit of your strength
And I will know how to win battles!
What is a man without your
Wisdom, love, strength?
Someone who only commits foolishness!
An ignorant who carries his life
In a prehistoric way,
A rude one who has not even a little sweetness,
A loser one who has not even a victory to tell...
God Almighty above all the stars
Preciosity, harmony, light, righteousness
In my weakness I love you, yes, I worship you,
And I dream to get from you only a little bit
Of your Eternal Being, so that I am worthy Of being called God's son!

Adilson Pinto

My Beloved Wife

My wife will come to see me. She is black and beautiful as the Africans women are. She will come to see me because she knows I live so alone. She will bring with her some friends to make me feel better accompanied. Yes, yes: my wife loves me! These friends which she will bring, they are called by the people of this land — stars!

Adilson Pinto

The Tiger

Since very early
My eyes were tiger eyes.
I wished for prey, I was an insatiable predator,
In a savanna that offered a million opportunities...

Even today the savanna exists
Even today my eyes look at them
Old toothless tiger
But still attracted by beautiful gazelles
That sometimes look at me in return
Significantly:
Wild energy between predator and prey
That will only end if the tiger dies
One of these days...

Adilson Pinto

The Magic Word

I'd like to have the right thing to say for you.

A magic word which would have the power of enlighten all!

That word which would awake all comprehension about all the things...

So we would be able of living well, without any misunderstanding, without attacking one another.

Because words are strong!

They cure and they kill!

I would like to have a word of peace...

A sweet word...

For all the people around the globe

as a magic I would be doing to make everyone happy!

Adilson Pinto

Poet: The Missionary Of The Light!

If some darkness comes along,
from people who have no light,
face it with calm, be strong,
keep your thought in the Almighty!

Yes, don't give up of your dreams.
Don't believe in the Devil's temptation.
Be like the eagle, open your wings
To fly high, beyond all imagination!

You were made to be successful!
This is not just an optimist phrase:
Write your poems, made it cool,
To the point to deserve all praise!

Go, poet! Don't stop creating never!
You are surely the people mouth
You are a missionary and ever
You'll rise revolutions — no doubt!

Adilson Pinto

Particular Paradise

eIf you don't know where you must go to,
If you don't know what you must do for your happiness,
Then, follow your instinct, follow your primary impulse,
Follow that energy which comes from inside you,
Something which makes you to march ahead irresistibly...
You maybe don't know, but that child who lives in you
That child will guide you in each step towards your personal realization!
Don't worry, it is not need to bite your nails:
Your inner child is a master of guiding
And your inner child surely will carry you to the exact place
Where you will find your particular paradise!

Adilson Pinto

The Wave

The wave is coming.
Can you greeting the wave?
Can you wave to it happily?
Because if you don't wave
What can the wave think of you?
He is a person without education!
He does not wave his hands to no one!
So the wavewill have reason of thinking so!
Let's friend wave to the wave
Even if she covers us like a tsunami
It does not mean that she is a bad wave
Which does not deserve to recive
A greeting from us!

Adilson Pinto

The Solitary Bird.

If I was totally alone what would I do?

Would my life be more easy?

Would I be more able to manage it?

Yes, yes: if I lived only with myself,

In a small house in a silent place,

Would I develop my creativity more freely?

Would I react to the things of life, In a more bright way?

Would my geniality bloom with more power and perfume?

Yes, yes, yes: let me dream!

If I was totally alone, would I write with more confidence and consciousness?

Would I have a better participation in this world?

Would I achieve everything I still don't have until now?

I wonder, O yes, I wonder:

How it would be to live free as a solitary bird

In a forgotten island, in a forgotten world

Alone as that unique cloud flying in the immensity

Of the immense blue sky? !

Adilson Pinto

The Arriving Of The Spring

This won't last long,
This strange sensation
Which carries us to face
The darkest moment in our lives.

No, no: this won't last long,
Like a fast rain,
Like a train which is passing
This will be fast: very soon
This won't exist anymore!

It is not easy to rise up from the grave,
It is not easy to understand that we,
We aren't zombies, but alive human beings!

Alive and happy human beings!
Alive and prosperous human beings!
Alive and healthy human beings!

This sensation of being putrid
This sensation of smelling bad
This is just because in the concentration field
The death walks like a goddess!

But this really won't last long,
The sun very soon will come
And he will bring life, abundant life,
And all the flowers will bloom
And in all the garden the roses
Will celebrate the arriving of the spring
Dancing a beautiful waltz!

Adilson Pinto

Things To The Infinite

This is the supreme act: to create!
To create through the words semantic energies,
Vocabulary wonders, magic speeches...
As a conductor conducts his orchestra,
It is wonderful to conduct words!
They are (the words) to our disposition
And they give themselves to us without shame,
They even feel deep happiness to be chosen
Among so many others ones...
The creative act is an event, when
Visible and invisible join themselves and the poet
Works in the silence of his house,
Above all when the rain is present,
And he hears its sweet noise on the roof,
The noise of its falling drops on the ground...
Who is able to describe such a moment?
Where can he find more inspirational reasons
To say poetically, things to the infinite...

Adilson Pinto

Sacred Wine

I wait my Lord, yes, I wait,
For those words which
Will become phrases,
Phrases absolutely well written,
So well written that will be the reason
For the most deep admiration...
Where are they? Where are they?
They are, for the time being,
Sleeping in my soul; sleeping in my soul
As a child sleeps in his baby-bed.
A day, I will awake them,
Those poetical words,
Those artistic words,
I will awake them as Gibran did,
I will call them in a sweet moment,
In a very precious moment I will,
And then they will come from my mind,
And they will enlighten my brain,
And I will write a poetical discourse,
Which will shake many and many hearts...
To this I was born!
For this I will die!
Because all my suffering,
All my falling tears,
It won't be for nothing!
Into my poems there is my blood!
In each letter there is a drop of my blood!
That's why all my poems have life!
They have - life!
They are - life!
My blood runs in all of them,
That's why I will awake them, the words,
In that right and precious moment,
To mark deeply the life of every reader,
With this poetical discourse,
In which I will speak as a wise man,
Who loves to offer to his audience,
The best of his sacred wine:
The poem!

Adilson Pinto

A New Season!

Hello spring,
You already can bring
Your flowers!
You already can show
Your colours!
You already can spread
Your happiness!

Hello spring,
The birds can all them sing
The children can all them play
All sadness now is faraway!

Hello spring,
All face now is bright,
All poet now can write:
In the valley that majestic reverberation
Is actually a God's manifestation!

Adilson Pinto

Getting Out Of The Hell

Wake up, wake up you
It's morning, the night went away
The wolves stopped their cries
The witches disappeared among the woods
There is no baby now to be sacrificed...
The black goat is tied up
It seems that all these things they never existed...
Wake up, wake up you
Take a cold bath on the waterfall
Put your better clothe, go to the city...
A man who was into the worst nightmare
When he wakes up he already
Is not the same man who was sleeping...
He wakes up as an elder
His chest shines also his face
He now knows where'sthe hell
And how he can get out of it
To live the best heaven of himself....

Adilson Pinto

Extraordinary Happening...

Who will be able to spread
These good news through the world
Who will be able to preach it
To the poor, to the rich, to the sick, to the healthy?
Who will come into a pub, into a jail,
Into an orphanage, into a brothel
To communicate that in a beautiful garden
A rose was born?

Adilson Pinto

I Am Looking For...

I am looking for serene people.
I am looking for sage people.
People who speak aloud,
People who gesticulate nervously,
People who in a moment are happy,
And immediately are not happy any more;
People who don't go step by step,
But who jump themselves
Into the waters of a restless sea,
These people don't interest me!
I am looking for serene people,
Reasonable persons, perfect leaders,
Marvelous teachers, blessed prophets,
Highly balanced human beings...

Adilson Pinto

Spiritual Initiation!

This is the final of everything.
This is the final of my initiation.
As Jesus, who carried his cross on his shoulder,
I also carried mine!
As Jesus, who was fixed on the cross,
I also was fixed on my cross.
Finally, as Jesus died and came to life again,
I also died and now I am here!
Everybody passes through an initiation!
No one can hide himself from it.
Because we must achieve superior spiritual levels
We must change our way of seeing life,
We must go more and more deep in it,
Till we have a large understanding,
A large comprehension about it!
No, it is not intelligent from us,
To hate our life, to curse it like crazy ones!
Life just wants to put us on the correct path!
Because each one of us has a particular path,
Each one of us must contribute to the society,
According to skills and talents,
That each one of us brings from past lives.
According to fundamental talents,
Talents which make us different one to another,
We must contribute, yes, to the society,
We must add beauty, intelligence and wisdom
To the beauty, intelligence and wisdom which
The society has been living from...
Yes, I concluded my initiation.
I passed through the death and darkness valley!
My putrid carnal body is there!
My skeleton may be seen!
No, I must not look behind me!
The path was so terrible, full of pains and tears.
As a new person, I must take a breath,
I must put on my lips a beautiful smile,
I must be firm in my steps,
And I must offer to the world despite anything,
The sweet fruits of my harvest,

My hard and successful initiation!
Amen!

Adilson Pinto

Bright Stars!

Tomorrow the sun will be in the same place he is today...

The stars will be shining as always they shine - we see it or not!

All the universe keeps a pattern in its behavior despite its turmoil...

An invisible energy keeps this pattern with strong arms,

It keeps this pattern with powerfull will, indestructible and sovereign will!

This invisible energy also is inside our bodies,

In a diminute way, a little flame, which burns within our hearts,

Every single minute of our lives, sometimes in a so real way,

That we feel in our carnal body, in the heart region -heat!

Ah! Mystics feelings! Spiritual ones! The great keeper of the Universe life so near,
so accessible!

We must expose it! We must reveal it!

As well as the planets and stars show themselves majestically,

We must show our selves as bright stars in this universe of people!

Adilson Pinto

The Dolphin

A Dolphin guides me all the time.
Through a restless sea he guides me
Because I cannot lose the direction to where
I am going to!
He is really the very friend I need,so charming one,
So happy, so sweet, so courageus!
He is my animal spirit since I was born
Everybody has an animal spirit
Don't you?

Adilson Pinto

You Poet - Be Blessed!

Why don't people love poetry
As they love articles and romances?
Why ain't poetry so popular?
Some people say that poetry is just
For genial writers and readers!
So should I understand that there are
Just a few geniuses in the whole world?
Yes, they say, poetry is only for an intellectual elite
Not popular, not for people without sensitivity!
So should I understand that there are
So many people without sweetness, with a hard heart?
They say also that poetry is just for dreamers!
So should I understand that there are
So many people without hope?
My God! Blessed be all the poets if these people
Are saying the truth!
What a wonderful persons the poets are! ! !

Adilson Pinto

A Real Man!

Don't deceive yourself, don't say:

I am indeed a man! I am in fact a man!

Because if you don't stay with your family,

If you don't help them in their needs;

If you don't work from the dawn to the evening

Without cursing your life;

If you don't express love for a child and for an elder,

If you don't respect a woman who passes on the street,

If you don't have a fraternal behavior towards your neighbor

If you torment him in any way;

If even a humble animal you attack him without mercy

If you are called a deadbeat into the society

Because you have horror of paying your bills

If you in a general way are a worthless element

No, No: don't say about yourself:

I am indeed a man! I am in fact a man!

Don't say that because without any doubt

- You aren't!

Adilson Pinto

High Self-Esteem

Don't think less about you!

Don't underestimate your real capacity!

The bird flies because he accepts his flight!

The lion roars because he accepts his roar...

If you don't accept what comes from you

If you don't accept the light you have inside

The bird will be more conscient than you do!

The lion will have more self-understand than you do!

Accept what you are - God's creation! God's child!

Live what you must live: God's power!

Make what you must make: God's will inside you!

Please: be more conscient than the bird!

Please: have more self-understanding than the lion!

Let the divine manifest himself throught you

And be happy because the birds and the lions - they are!

Adilson Pinto

The Peaceful Stream Of The River

Don't allow they come in your house!
Never, never allow they come in your house!
Because really they aren't your friends!
They say they are but they aren't! They will come in your house to make a mess,
They will bring perturbation, anguish, anxiet,
All type of things that will put you - down! ! !
No, no: Don't allow they come in your house
They have no respect, they have no balance, they have no love,
They indeed are crazy and they should be in a hospital!
Go, go to the jungle, chose a silent place, like Buddha did,
Create a big golden bubble around you
To protect you, to move away you from these mad ones...
Your mind is the house where they cannot come in!
Keep it clear, keep it healthy, keep it serene and smart,
Strong and sharp...
So the peacefull stream of the river and you will be just one...

Adilson Pinto

Please, Play For Us!

No, no - don't believe that ending has come!
Don't believe that you cannot do anything anymore!
The only thing you need it is that energy which runs
Along our physical body, life energy, prana, and then
You will come back to feel you are the regent of the orchestra,
Which will play the symphony you like the most...

Yes, don't think Beethoven is dead,

Don't think EdgarAllan Poe is dead,

Don't think Rodin is dead..

They still live in an invisible space,
They still rule their orchestra notwithstanding we cannot see it!
Each one of them in a particular way rules his orchestra!

So, no, no, - don't believe that the ending has come!
Rise up from this bed, catch your regent wand
And, please, let us to enjoy your art!

Those master are alive in a heavenly plan
They play for the angels, but you please,
Play for us to enchant our souls which need
Enchantment and consolation...

Adilson Pinto

Illumination

Now I am with me - totally!
Now I can touch me - deeply!
Now all darkness vanished and in its place
There are a great light! A long, a long path I walked on,
A forest full of wolves where their howl,
Were listened to a great distance...
Notwithstanding I survived! Yes, I really survived
And now I am ready to put new clothes!
Now I am able to see what is true, what isn't!
Now I am able to discern what is love, what isn't!
Now I am able to understand
The birds'songs,
The river's language,
The rain'scaress...
Now I am not a blind man anymore...
New clothes for a new life
As I never had lived before!

Adilson Pinto

Merry Christmas! (A Bitter Story)

They all were sit around the table.
It was a Christmas familiar lunch.
Seven, maybe eight people!
In the center he the captain!
Then the champagne came - icy! ! !
A boy asked for the privilege to open the bottle.
They put lovingly the bottle in his hand!
The boy opened the bottle but... a little of silver spume
It dropped down on the table - Oh! What a fright!
Ahahahahahahah! But not:
The captain rose himself from the chair
And said to the boy: damned boy! Why did you do that?
I will kill you with a bullet of my revolver into your mouth!
The boy cried a lot!
The people around the table said to the captian:
Don't do it to this poor boy!
Today that boy, an adult then
Wanna do great things - but he has fear to make it wrong!
He wanna fly but he feels he is just
A little bird among rays and thunders!

Adilson Pinto

Poetry - What's It? Can You Say, Please?

I have been trying to define what is the poetry! So many people dedicate themselves to write poetry; they belong to poetical clubs, poetical Sites, they participate of poetical competitions, they publish books, which means that poetry is something really good, extraordinary!

I am a poet, someone may say! What it proofs that you are a poet? Oh! I write verses! But, is the poetry just in the lines which someone write? Writing a line under another line - is it to make poetry? What's poetry? Where is the poetry? A painter says that he makes poetry when he paints! A sculptor says he make poetry when he works in his sculpture! A musician says that he makes poetry when he composes a symphony!

Was Beethoven not a poet? Was Van Gogh not a poet? Was Rodin not a poet? If they were poets, so poetry is everywhere, blessing everybody!

So I conclude that poetry is the expression of the Self of the artist no matter which artistic area he approaches! The artist has inside himself a colorful world, a soul full of sonority, a very well modeled mind!

His intellect is full of creative words too!

He is a conventional poet, a writer among his pair! Wow! ! !

Adilson Pinto

Seja Bom

Nós somos sempre encorajados
a entender os pontos de vista das pessoas,
não importa se estes são desatualizados,
doidos ou ultrajantes..

Nós somos encorajados
a ver os seus muitos erros
a sua vida tolamente perdida
com bondade,
especialmente se elas são idosas...
Mas a idade é a soma de tudo o que viemos fazendo!
Elas tem envelhecido sempre de modo aleatório
fora de foco,
elas tem envelhecido muito insatisfatoriamente!
E elas se recusam a ver isso!

Não é culpa delas?

De quem é a culpa?

Minha?

Eu sou incentivado a esconder deles
a minha opinião,
por temer a reação deles, que também têm medo!

Não é crime se alguém envelhece!
Mas a vergonha de uma vida
Deliberadamente perdida

entre tantas outras vidas
deliberadamente perdidas
é!

Adilson Pinto

Sun And Rain - Together? ? ?

The rain is coming, from now to some minutes
The rain will fall in bright drops because the sun
Will not go away! They will be together, together
Despite their difference, they won't be separated...

Yes, the rain is coming! A strong rain really is coming!

But she won't rise up itself against the sun - O no!
She will put itself among his rays just because
She is like a woman: when a woman is with her man
Man shine makes woman light to shine still more!

Notwithstanding the sun also won't rise up itself Against the rain, O no! He will
involve the rain in its rays
Just because he is like a man: when a man is with his woman
Woman force makes man to be much more strong!

That's why sometimes they are together!

Adilson Pinto

My Ephemeral Blues

How can I deal with my blues?
But first I have to consider - what is this?
My blues? O yes! The blues which was sung
By the black slaves in the cotton plantations!
They transformed their pains in songs, in praises
Which they called - blues!
They were great!

Yes, I have my blues! Who doesn't?
But as a bright lesson from those slaves,
I don't do of my pains a reason to curse my life!
Reaping my own cotton today, not the cotton of any boss
When I feel that a scary storm is coming
Rays, tundurs, deafening noises
I rise up my head, I close my eyes,
Then from the deep of my soul I sing a song
Which praises the Lord!

And then I see something amazing:
From myself it emanates a strong vibration
Hot, but very hot, and this vibration involves me
Like a golden bubble, and the storm comes
And his hate is big, and his madness is big too,
The storm seem to be somebody into a mad house
I see it wants to destroy me!

But what can the storm do?
Am I not protect by the gold bubble of my own Self?
My blues...
So weak to face me! hahahaah!

Adilson Pinto

My Sweet Lord - My Strength!

The joy of the Lord is my strength.

I have no sickness, I have no depression

Because I constantly sing praises to the Lord

My mind is always and always in Him

Not as a religious one, not as a fanatic one,

But as He was the Master of a symphony which sounds inside me

And makes me to smile, to reverence, to face everything

That may come to challenge me!

No depression, no suicide, no deep sadness,

But joy, music, poem...

Like Beethoven in his ninth symphony

In the same spirit of strong spiritual and mental elevation

I salute you Oh! Life principle, my sweet Lord

As said about you the beatle George Harrison!

Adilson Pinto

What's Life?

Where am I coming from? Where am I going to?
What kind of explanation will satisfy you?

Why I am here, is there a purpose for it?
Or must I understand that life is just a shit?

Don't we face daily a lot of dark despair?
Don't we smell always something bad in the air?

But maybe I am being now pessimist and bitter!
Cause, thanks God not everybody is like Hitler!

The earth is not really a marvelous paradise,
But there are good people, we need to comprise

That in the invisible spiritual enlightened space
Somebody full of sympathy, for God's grace

Helps us to live despite so many disappointments
They guide us to experience always good moments...

We are here to make our wisdom always to grow,
Because it is not so little what we must know!

Where am I coming from? Where am I going to? !
I came from God, I'll come back to him: Will it satisfy you?

Adilson Pinto

Philosophical Disappointment

When, but say me: when will I acquire
Enough knowledge about me, about life?
When will I be able to say - I am a sage man,
You may question me about the things
And I will answer you right now - when?

I have been living as a passionate student
My sponsors and inspirators are the wise men
From all the countries where they lived:
Philosophers, mystics, religious, scientists:
I was with them since my boyhood through their books...

Yes, I have been living as an interested man
And not only from the sages I have been acquiring
Knowledge, but life itself has been my master:
Through the pains I have been learning
The art of living as a man must do!

But you see my friend, you, poet or poetess
Like Socrates I have to say too that everything
That I know is- I don't know anything!
The more I learn the more life laugh at me
And there is no oracle to say: You, poet, are Sage!

Then I go ahead with my humble life,
Humble disciple, with humble knowledge,
And I deeply regret that I surely will die
without being like these famous men - the sages!
I have to be happy of being what I am!

Adilson Pinto

Emily (Poetical Delirium)

Three times I called her aloud:
Emily, Emily, Emily - where are you?
I had no answer to my despaired calling
I only heard the chanting of the birds
The murmur of the river, nothing else...

I walked into the jungle for a long time
I hurt myself with thorns, and many snakes
They runned after me, and the monkeys
They looked at me with deep mistrust:
Of course I was not in my kingdom...

But Emily suddenly disappeared from home
And before to go to the jungle, I looked for her
In all the places, in all the corner - but she
Simply disappeared as the sun when
The dark night with its nightmare has come!

Emily, Emily, Emily - where are you?
Why did you vanish? Why don't you answer me?
Do you want to make me mad? O Yes,
Do you want me to commit suicide?
Do you want me to hang myself on a tree?

Ah! Emily, Ah! My sweet Emily: don't go away
From my imagination: you are my muse!
What will I do without you in my life - sweet dream,
Sweet woman, in your grave I sleep dear
Me and my vodka, we sleep together, beside you...

Adilson Pinto

Like Water And Oil

Hello, you!

Don't live the life of another person

Don't take the suffering of another person

Don't assume the Karma of another person...

No, no: don't do like this!

Because you have your own Karma,

You need to overcome your own problems

You need to deal with your own suffering...

Be fraternal, be merciful, be loving, be brother, be sister

But don't take, on your shoulder, the weight

Which another one must carry!

In this path where we walk on,

We must do a chain of love, a chain of fraternity,

We never must give our back to somebody who cries,

Who asks for some help,

For some comprehension,

For some attention...

But we need to learn to separate what is ours,

And what is not ours!

Like the water and the oil which don't mix themselves

We cannot add suffering to suffering

Pain to pain, tears to tears...

Because each one goes on his road

And has something to learn and an appropriate teacher

To teach each lesson he needs!

Adilson Pinto

Socrates: A Bright Master!

hello you there!

Understand yourself!

No, no: don't be ignorant about your own self!

Go deep inside you, till the most abyssal of you,

Go into those dark regions of yourself,

Because life doesn't give itself to those whom don't understand

The reasons of their way of acting...

No, no: don't act like a fool!

Don't act separately of your acting:

You and your act must be only one,

Exactly as the eagle and its flight they are only one!

I mean: don't fly like an aircraft whose pilot lost its control

And then the aircraft flies by itself,

And falls, and it explodes, and kills hundred people Because of its crazy flight!

Hello you, there!

Look for a deep understand of yourself

Like Socrates did!

Adilson Pinto

Me And My Inner Child

My inner child is now in silence,
He only looks at me, he waits for a contact
To liberate myself from this horrible prison...

My inner child always was separated of the happenings,
He always thought not without reason that people are crazy!

His silence means: a day they will go away From here to the invisible!

And really they went!

But despite his personal separation from the facts
No one is able to separate himself from the memories
Which appears sometimes in the dreams...

I will show to my inner child two things:
Happiness and richness!
I'll impregnate him of these two wonders!

Then his silence will be broken!

Adilson Pinto

Personal Angels

Don't worry about your destiny:
In the invisible space around you
There are bright energies
Which are responsible for your evolution...
Since your birth until now
They follow you where ever you go,
They see you what ever you do
They know whoever speaks to you...
In your suffering they are there
They send you good vibrations
In your happiness they also are there
They celebrate with you the cause of your joy...
Although you don't realize it
They have deep love for you...
They never, never will allow
An obscure happening in your life
Unless this happening is included as a lesson
In your cosmic evolution...
Whom are they?
They are angels whom follow
All men, all women in this world
And they connect deeply
With everybody that is open
To their care, to their guidance
Because they obey the great One
Who is called by many people
The Creator! ! !

Adilson Pinto

Faith

Faith - Poem by Adilson Pinto

Faith is not so easy to be defined. Faith is much more than words. Faith is something deeply inside, A decision of continuing, never stopping... Faith is an energy, a force which rises us up, which shakes our bodies, which makes us to walk... Faith is a special moment when you know you are weak, but even so you face the danger, even if your legs are trembling.. Faith is when everybody gives his back to us, and even so we know that God Is enough to make the things as we need... Faith must be obstinate but with deep wisdom, because if God is with us - who will be against us? ? ? ?

Adilson Pinto

Do You Fear - A Little Singer Bird? !

How much fear do you have within yourself? Yes! How much fear do you have? What it causes such a fear? Does the lion in the jungle? Does the assassin in the dark corner of the street? Does the airplane which may fall killing you and your trip fellows? How much fear do you have within yourself? How much unsafety? How much lack of courage? Yes, there are horrors outside us! And there are horrors inside us!

And we need to deal with them - all the time! They cannot paralyze us! They cannot impede us to make what we need to make! Being a courageous man, to be a courageous woman: yes! Is not so easy! Fear can paralyze us, even if we have in front of us just a little bird!

Look at the problem, measure it, and don't run away, because a bird just sings his sweet melody. And he hasn't fear of flying in the heights of the skies, Oh! you, powerful God's eagle!

Adilson Pinto

The Seagull Flight

Soul: why should I hear you?

Why should I pay attention in what you say?

Why shouldn't I hear my bright intellect first?

Wouldn't I being more - reasonable?

Ah! Soul: Yes, I can see you, bird!

I really can see your flight more beautiful than an aircraft's one!

You are a seagull my soul, a seagull which wants to fly over the sea of my life!

You can't oh no, you can't be arrested!

The intellect arrestes you on the ground, then you can't smile

You can't flow, you can't be yourself oh! my humble soul,

You go into despair, you move your wings like a crazy seagull,

Your happiness and your reverence go away,

And you die so great the hurt so great the wound - oh miserable seagull! ! !

Adilson Pinto

Self-Knowledge

Who am I? Who am I?

I am that man who walks on the streets

Who says - hello! , to many people

With a great smile in his lips

And a great generosity into his heart...

That man who loves to salute young boys and girls

Who loves to catch babies in his arms...

That man who loves to pray in a silent place

Who loves to saunter with his son in the edge of the lakes...

That man who loves to practice self-knowledge

Who loves to dissolve all human suffering because he has

A great and powerful intimacy with his essence

Which is his master, his guide, his direction

His salvation of the ego temptations!

Adilson Pinto

The Bright Dove (Playing With Rhymes2)

The day is ending, the night will come...
There is no much time my dear son...
The day is ending, I will say goodbye,
To everybody so please my dear don't cry!
Because everything finds its end a day...
And I will not be só distant... so faraway...
I've been asking for God as I was a boy,
More one thing, as if it was aprecious coin:
Give me Lord the happiness of achieving,
A personal level in which I'll be living
In these days when the third world war is near,
At least just for one very, very special year,
Give me Lord a bright personal level,
In which I'll be happy before my last travel...
I wanna be able to accomplish my dreams:
To feed many and many poor children! It means
To give food to them from my own money;
To give them the best among the best honey!
Because there is no worst thing than to see
A child crying on the ground - this surely will be
A horrible vision, a horrible nightmare
A real motivation to the most dark despair...
Yes, my son, the day is ending, the night will come:
God was always, glory, into ourhome...
Maybe He listens to my prayer at this moment:
To put an end to the poor children's torment...
Maybe this is also His dream to all men:
To make the best charity- the best they can!
If He listens to my prayer I'll die as a pigeon:
The night can come: I honored my religion!

Adilson Pinto

Hitler's Ghost Always Among Us!

They are hypnotized by their leaders.

They love their leaders more Than they love God Himself!

They do what their leaders order without thinking

If their leaders are right - or wrong!

No, no, they don't think, they don't consider,They don't meditate...

They just go ahead as they were zombies...

They are stupid! They are psychologicy sick! Their personalities are sick!

Then they kill another human being swithout mercyBecause Hitler ordered

it,Because the American President ordered it,Because the North Korea's dictator ordered it,

They kill, they do barbaritiesAnd they say: hei we are nationalists! ! !

They are indeed stupid!

Adilson Pinto

The Wind Through The Window

The wind is blowing... He passes through my window,
He passes through my window fastly, as my thoughts pass
Through my mind, a consideration after another,
A conceived plan after another, like a naughty monkey
Who jumps from a tree to another one, without peace
Fastly, fastly like those cars in the avenue, like my age,
Which also passes and I don't realize it, and when I see - I am an old man! ! !

So to my eyes this speed is a crazy thing
And I don't see another solution if not to put myself into a reclusion,
Yes, a cloister where through a deep contemplation all the movement will be
forgoten
All desires, all plans, all considerations will be forgotten too
And finally I will be in front of that reality when my mind now stoped totally its
movement, and my soul absolutly astonished pays reverence
When my knees go to the ground and my head too - before the Eternity
Where no movement troubles my amazing communion with God!

Adilson Pinto

Who Am I? ? ?

Who am I? Who am I?

I am what your personal understanding catches,

I am what your spiritual maturity realizes,

I am what your tradition says about me,

I am under your personal perspective,

I am under your personal judgement...

But I am not what your personal eyes see:

I am what I am! I am my own truth, I am my own mistake,

I am my own virtue and I am my own defect...

Distant, but so distant of your conception about me

As those bright stars in the dark sky are so distant

Of this planet made of water and rushed understandings...

Would I be perhaps- a poet?

Adilson Pinto

Here I Am Totally Naked!

If I take my clothes off,

What's left? My naked body!

My clothes are not me: they are

What covers me!

If I renounce the psychological influences tattooed on my personality

What's left? My soul itself!

The psychological influences tattooed are not me: they are

What I pretend to be true...

Clothes... Psychological influences...

They just cover the real, which can be seen in photographs

Or through these poems which I write!

Adilson Pinto

The Silent Soul

I love to hear my silent soul
She who speaks to me softly
She who is humble, she who doesn't move
She who doesn't agitate herself at all!
My ego goes into panic when he realizes her presence...
He doesn't feel able to understand her patterns
Her way of being... He is crazy: he speaks aloud
He gesticulates, he cries, he feels a deep confidence now
But he feels a great unsafety soon after...

My ego just makes me to experience deep shame...

My silent soul notwithstanding is like the night and its shining stars...

Or like a lake and its soft waves...

My silent soul is contemplative and passionate
But even her passion is made of deep serenity
Like a woodland where only the birds sing
And the Buddha meditates...

Adilson Pinto

The Ultimate Silence

While there are people whom I want to go inside the world and its wonders, I want to go out from it and I want to go inside the silence and its wonders! I already was there, I know everything that exists there, and I can affirm without fear of being wrong that nothing, but absolutely nothing can be compared to the wonders which are in the solitude. The German poet Rainer Maria Rilke was in a castle totally alone and, there, he wrote his elegies! ! ! O yes, I want to die, I gotta die, I have to leave my body in a desert so that the silence absorbs it - forever!

Adilson Pinto

The Hell Among Us!

Every man is made of many parts:
He feels himself attracted for many things...
His eyes look at many splendors:
The stars, the suns, the galaxies, the worlds,
Nearby him and far from him...
His personality is so diverse, really so diverse
But a day he awakes, he looks more attentively around him
And then he decides which part of himself
He will put it out, and he will live according to it
Until the last day of his life!
But we cannot forget the dark side of ourselves
and maybe such a man will be happy to be called - Hitler!
Then the stars, the suns, the galaxies, the worlds, they will cry
Because something wrong will be happening
And everybody will have to pray so that this obscure global moment
Be fast and does not delay an eternity:
The hell will be here, among us!

Adilson Pinto

Divine Flower

Oh! Sweet mother, Oh! mystic Lady,
You were anointed by the powerful God;
He Himself was speaking to you,
And the fire of His words burned you...
Oh! Sweet saint of these Spanish lands,
Proud of the devotees, patroness
Of those whom give themselves to write books,
Oh! Merciful mother, beloved one:
Please let me sing your holy name
In these poems which I write!
Let me exalt your extraordinary greatness,
Oh! Sun which came for us, we, children
Totally needy of light and heat! Oh! Divine flower
Which has been perfuming everybody around...

Adilson Pinto

In The Center Of The Castle (A Tribute To Sta. Tereza D'avila)

I see before me a road to be walked...
I already walked some miles on this road
But I still didn't arrive to its end: ahead I can see
That there are miles to be walked...
I am going to my castle!
Notwithstanding, I have no fear to continue walking:
In the night, in the morning it really doesn't matter
I just know that before I die I have to be there
In the center of the castle oh yes!
There I will find the King, His majesty, and there
I will find myself, in deep communion with the King
And the castle will be our abode, forever that castle will be
The place where the king and I will find opportunity
To the best transcendental enjoyment!

Adilson Pinto

My Cosmic Inspiration

I've been living with him since my childhood,
He is an obligatory presence in my life,
There are people whom say he lives beyond the clouds,
There are people whom say he lives inside each one of us,
There are even people whom say that he does not exist at all! ! !
Notwithstanding, I've been listen to his voice,
I've been walking according to his guidance,
And I've been experiencing marvelous moments...
Is he a product of my faith?
Is he something I created to my consolation because I am a weak person?
Or is he this fire which burns my soul with deep and philosophical poems,
my poetical master,
My cosmic inspiration,
Bigger, much bigger than Canis Majoris, the star
Which I love, which fills my heart of transcendental happiness? ! ...

Adilson Pinto

The Voice Of Silence

Sometimes I feel a wish of walking
On a very long road, until I realize
I arrived to a desert, a place where no one lives:
No birds, no animals, no voice to hear
Only the deepest silence around...
No remembrance from the past, no expectative about the future,
Just that silence, the stoped time...
In Atacama desert for sure I'd find it!
Since my boyhood I have been living in deserts
Only there I am really happy,
Because I am finally able to listen to
The voice of silence!

Adilson Pinto

Where Are My Dreams? ? ?

Where did I let my dreams?

Where were they forgotten by me?

In my past they were there!

They were in perfect harmony with myself!

All my soul was in them! Extraordinary bright dreams...

Notwithstanding they vanished, I don't know why

My dreams vanished of my always sharp perspective!

Now I have to rescue them! Now I have to bring them

From the darkness of my own self!

They are there still alive, my poetical dreams,

They are there in the deep of the well of my unconscious mind,

But I will bring them to the surface

Of my enlightened consciousness...

And they finally will become true!

Adilson Pinto

Do We Live The Life Of A Poet?

What's life? My life, your life, our lives? ... Which the real meaning of living? Is there any meaning in life? Or, as some people say, we give meaning to the life? Which is the meaning of a poet's life? Is it the poet's life different to the life of the engineer of computer? It is possible! We think an engineer of computer cannot feel as a poet can! But there are engineers whom are poets! So these men despite their profession, something cerebral only, they feel emotional sweetness as the poets do! And they give a marvelous meaning to their lives! So it seems that there is no difference between a technical professional and a verse maker! It seems that the muses are upon the heads of all those whom are sensitive! What's life? My life, your life, our lives? ... Life seems to be what we make of it, more clear or more obscure, despite all technological advance, when we keep our hearts sensitives, human hearts then, open to the muses' vibration! Wow! ! !

Adilson Pinto

The Seed

They need
To plant a seed
On the ground:
Here, there, around...
They need
To be aware
And planting
The seed
Somewhere...
Naturally
Devil will come
But they must put him
To run!
And, if they
Don't have
Good scarecrows
They must pray
faithfully
And the seed grows!

Adilson Pinto

Each Child

Each child is a world to be conquered, a value to be recognized...

Each child has a feeling to be understood, an opinion to be respected...

Each child has a bad behavior to be corrected, a personality to be worked...

Each child has a fear which must be put out (and then it must be forgotten)

A bravery to be stimulated...

Each child has a dream to be known, a reality to be changed for better, every moment...

Each child is an eternal spirit, and such spirit is inside of the carnal body,
And such spirit must be preserved in a chastity state, until the child becomes an adult!

Each child has an intelligence to be developed, an ethics to be observed...

Each child is today a disciple, but a master tomorrow!

Each child is a lake full of serenity, an earth to be visited...

Each child has inside of the heart a lot of love,

But a lot of hate too! It depends on the past, on the personal history of each one...

Finally, each child must be loved, respected, understood...

The violence against the children must never be motivated but repressed...

In another way, the violence which comes from the children finds its source
In the behavior of their parents!

The children are the parent's picture and relatives...

Obviously somehow a man is a product of the society!

Adilson Pinto

The Cooled Hero

There was in a farm
A little boy, clever and blonde
Who would like to be a hero!
He always dressed clothes
Alike to his beloved idols:
I am a hero! I am a hero! He said, happy!
A day he was a Superman,
Two days later and he was the America Captain:
Thus he dreamed, and his city with him...
But a day, he did not go downtown
One week later and he was not there too!
Where was he? ? ? ? Where was he? ? ? ?
The people asked - astonished!
But finally the secret was revealed:
While his mother was buying horseshoes
For her animals, she, cordially answered
To everyone: I am sorry but my boy
He is heavily cooled and, for a while,
Despite this marvelous blue sky
He - quite abated - won't fly!

Adilson Pinto

The Flea

Sweet girl
Came to me
Last night...

So happy
That girl seemed
All right!

But when
We were together
To my

Surprise, she
Started
to cry!

Oh! Baby
Why are you
So sad? !

' There is
A flea - in
Your bed! '

Adilson Pinto

Just Futility...

Let it die... Let it die... It only will survive
If it is real and deep and worthy to exist...
If not it will decline, Ah! It will decline
Until it comes to disappear in the horizon line...
Let it die... Let it die... Who will cry for it?
Who will remember that a day it was here?
It is like a smoke, don't you see?
It is like the passing wind: it always goes away!
Fix your eyes in what you can touch (as the stones!)
Build your house on solid principles
If you wanna behold it in the ending of your life...
Let it die... listen to me: let it die and it will die
By itself so fragile it is: no one must invest his soul
In that which disappears in the context of the Eternity...

Adilson Pinto

Friday Morning

There's something good in the air.
There's a wind which passes - happy!
I am here in my house, sitting down in a chair
Full of joy and gratitude, not snappy....
There's something really poetical around...
Maybe is it the silence, the noise from the birds?
Every thought about violence now is on the ground...
Extraordinary moment! I don't have words
To describe it! A lady calls her child! A dog speaks
Something in his very peculiar language,
Even a cat passes and fast goes away...
I close my eyes, I think in God, in angels
I think in St. John of the Cross, in Willian Blake
And I thank the Universe - what a wonderful day!

Adilson Pinto

Fluvial Poem

We have to be deeply what we are,
In the sense to be completely happy...
Not to be just a fragment of us, but to be
The manifestation of a storm - entirely...
No more sadness, no more pain, no more
That feeling which nullifies us. which disqualifies us,
Because then we will be what we must be!
To be or not to be is not the question anymore!
Because when we touch ourselves deeply,
When we contact the essence itself of our soul,
So we flow like a river waters towards the ocean...
We mark our presence with the waters' noise
We chant fluvial songs - happy waters!
Waters from fluvial tears - river of fluvial joy!

Adilson Pinto

Ulysses' Temptation

I beg to the mermaid: don't chant now!
But she does not hear me at all!
Don't chant! This is not time to hear mermaids!
My mind, at this moment, is full of shades!
Notwithstanding, she keeps her enchanted song,
Each time more inspiraded, more strong!
I am an adult man, I cannot give myself to her!
But how can I resist? Please attach me in a chair!
No one listen to me my imploring words; I see
That slowly I am going terribly to be
More one victim - according to my view...
So now I don't see anything else, in her arms
I put myself entirely surrendered to her charms:
I am totally lost into her abyssal appeal...

Adilson Pinto

Eternal Inner Light (A Buddhist Poem)

This is an eternal challenge - to keep us sure
That, when the day comes with its problems
We will find inside us a region full of peace,
A mind state only experienced by the sages!
Yes, this is the eternal challenge, to drink
From this abundant resource, from this fountain
And going smiling at life, at its ferocious teeth
As somebody who plays with a tiger as he was a cat!
To be like the Buddha was: the enlightened one!
To walk with deep serenity, to face everything
With humility, courage, self-determination and peace...
This is an eternal challenge - to keep us sure
That we won't die thirsty: the water will come!
That we won't die devoured: the inner light will save us!

Adilson Pinto

The Poet And The Street

There is a street where the silence
Is great and totally wonderful!
That street there are trees
And many, many beautiful houses...
Rarely you see someone walking
On that street, but the wind
You can feel when it sweetly passes:
You see that the leaves are dancing...
A poet lives there: he lives alone!
He really doesn't have a wife
Or a son; nor a dog as his fellow!
What he has are his dreams, his poems...
He has himself, and he regularly says:
For me it's enough - I am happy!

Adilson Pinto

I Miss You

This is
The best day:
Sunny, happy,
And you
- so far away!

This is
The best holiday
No pain,
No sadness:
These things already
Went away!

Children
Always
Like to play
On the white sand:
They are so gay!

Lovely lovers
They love to say
I love you!
Devotees
In the beach?
They come
to pray!

Sunset!
So beautiful!
All the people
Went away...
Truly
It was the best day:
Sunny, happy,
But you
Oh! My dearest
So far away!

My Way

Sometimes we feel we are broken
By the bad events which occur in life,
As we were like a chinese vase, fragile,
A porcelain vase, which breaks easily:
Fragments of us spread on the ground...

How can we fix it? !

Then we go to a silent place
There we sit down, we close our eyes
And from the abyssal depth of ourselves
We find light, we find strength, we find power...
Then we start to catch each fragment of our shattered being
Our shattered being on the ground
And then we re-build our original personality
To finally say, as the American anthem:
I did it my way!
Yeah! ! !

Adilson Pinto

Mysterious Energy

When the moon appeared yesterday, at the dark sky the night suddenly became enlightened and also the stars came to add beauty to the night... A perfect night to all the poets and to all the mystics as well, because God was present there: we could feel His mysterious energy over the waters of the sea... When the moon appeared yesterday we didn't speak any word: we only looked at it a long time and our hearts were full of poetry and spiritual reverence to the Eternal!

Adilson Pinto

As A Philosopher!

I've been living
As a philosopher:
Sometimes
Somewhere
Someone
Says me
Something;
Sometimes
Somewhere
I say something
To someone:
I've been living
As a philosopher.

Adilson Pinto

Rain And Memories

It's raining now in the city where I live... I can hear the noise of the waters which fall from the roof... The sky is grey, dark grey, and my son is sleeping yet... Surely we won't see the sun today! It's cold too! So I will take my hot coffee, I will lit my cigar and I will write poems... I will remember when I was just a boy, when I walked on the top of the mountains, alone and happy... Oh! Those mountains! They are still here with me, in my soul! Now I am an old man, yes, but that boy still wants to speak, he still wanna celebrate his happiness. Then I take my coffee, my cigar, and on the white of the paper - he speaks! ! ! He is not dead! Ah! No, he lives, that boy and those mountains they live within me - forever!

Adilson Pinto

Why Do We Write Poems?

Why do we the poets write our poems? Is it because we love to look at the sky when the night is dark and the stars shine enchanting us? Is it because we love our muses the women and then we become sentimental? Is it because we suffer when we see the poor children walking on the streets looking for food? Is it finally, because we have mystics dreams and God and His angels are our best inspiration? Why, why do we the poets write our poems? Are we a type of mentally ill people or are we the most generous ones on the surface of the earth? You, poet, please, say it to me; you who are blessed by the muses presence, say it to me: why do we poets write our poems? ? ?

Adilson Pinto

The Poet And The Beauty

Expressing the beautiful it is, above all, to show to the world your level of intelligence and sensibility. Constructing the beautiful you need to go beyond of the common human experience of approaching his personal possibilities. It demands an artistic mind state, when your intellect and your soul dance a waltz. Yes: sensibility and intelligence which produce - creativity! You can consider to include it in everything you are going to do! Because, if you include it, you will be making art of all the things without exception! Beauty: characteristic of a person who has his or her being fixed on the heart of the Creator!

Adilson Pinto

A Philosophical Poem (Playing With Rhymes)

Don't waste your time speaking aloud
Against someone you don't have proud:
Otherwise you may say a hard word
And hurt deeply like a blade of a sword!
No, don't waste your precious time
Saying to everybody: really I'm
Against him! It will be better if you
Shut up your mouth because who
Try to understand the situation of another
Considering that he is a brother
Among billions of human beings
A very reasonable act - it seems!
Yes, there are many despicable ones
Against whom we'd like to throw stones
A lot of killers who live among us!
But keep calm, don't do thus!
Because there is a powerful law
Which says exactly it: ' Oh!
Did you act wrong to someone?
Before you come to count from one
to ten - you will pay for this! '
Yes, keep calm, think in the trees
Think in the birds, think in your soul:
And if the winds come - let them blow!

Adilson Pinto