PARANOIA

ROBERTO PIVA

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE BY CHRIS DANIELS

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Piva defines the moment. A poet with a boy's face crosses the city, singlehandedly rupturing a colossal hymen.

This blood-poetry grows a flower in adolescent genitals. Pivan vision, anthropophagite, São Paulo in his mouth, deep night in his teeth, poetry in his belly.

A poet with a boy's face crosses the city, and pulls youth along in his wake.

Thomaz Santo Corrêa SP 1963

VISION 1961

- minds dream on suspended in matchstick skeletons invoking the thighs of my first love shining like a saliva flower
- green lips' chill leaves a blue bright mark under my pale jaw still desperately shut on its empty magic
- nomad marches through nightlife disappears perfume of candles and violins they bloom from tombs under thunderheads
- spark of broken light precipitated in frantic alleys where scrawny imps kneeling on the carpet playing the glass trombone of Insanity shared out slivers of invisible hosts
- nausea circulated in the galleries between adipose butterflies and the lips of a feverish girl stuck on the showcase where colorful souls are discounted 10% while dressmakers rip ovaries out of mannequins
- my hallucinations hung outside my soul, protected by boxes of some plastic material standing my hair on end through the illuminated street and in rotten-lipped outskirts
- in the solitude of a marijuana convoy Mário de Andrade rises like a Lotus sticking his mouth in my ear staring at the stars and the sky reborn on walks
- deep night of illuminated cinemas and the soul's blue lamp coming apart in my stumblings on corners where I met Beauty's strange visionaries
- it's already Friday on Avenida Rio Branco where a swarm of harpies swayed with hair caught in neon signs and my imagination shrieked in the perpetual impulse of bodies surrounded by Night
- bankers send commisaries pretty blue boxes filled with dry shit while a million choleric angels shout in ashen assemblies OH city of sad & trembling lips where to seek asylum in your face?
- in the space of an Evening mollusks swallow their hands in their Camomile life in the alleyways where boys take it up the ass and throw quoits and parrots die of Boredom in fattened kitchens

- Stock Exchange and Phonographs painted their lips with nettles under Dictator Smallmind's Silver Hat and iron and rubber spilled inconceivable monsters
- southwest of your dream a dozen angels in pajamas piss in a transport & in silence in telephones in doors of Godless cathedrals
- immense moribund telegrams embrace and exchange condolences hanging a battalion of new-born idiots on the windy clothesracks of the maternity hospital
- teachers are excrement-machines conquered by time invoking the Apocalypse's fire trumpets fasting from Life
- derisive bustle of bonepiles swollen with rain and H Bomb while trees covered with angels and maniacs pospone their fruit till the coming century
- my ecstasies no longer admit the warmth of hands and the platonic shine of streetlights on rua Aurora itch between the unreal shoulderblades of my Delerium
- culinary arts taught in the apopleptic wagons of Seriousness by 15,000,000 lost faceless souls picking teenage bellies to pieces in an Apotheosis of intestines
- binges ending slowly in groves of lost beggars awaiting the diurnal sangria of deep eyes and mist wound round the exhausted voice in the distance
- granite assholes dinningly destroyed in demonic suburbs by the faithless comet meditating beatifically in agonic pulpits
- my sadnesses kilometered by the sensitive half open persienne of Stagnant Purity and a moving almong-gargle in the crossword-puzzle of eyes
- deluded clouds of marvels consumed over the death-shrouded Orpheus rainbow threw out a million kids suffering behind closed doors
- in mirrors girls disjointed by newborn myths bum around accompanied by doves to be executed by night's venom in the dry heart of solar love

my little Dostoevsky on the last guardrail of the cyclone of perforated pillows pours out his head and his beard stretches to the Sea a nocturnal trousseaux

in exile where I endure my anguish walls invade my memory drawn into the Abyss and my eyes my manuscripts my love leap into Chaos

SUNKEN POEM

- I always was a little of your violent voice, Maldoror, when the green angel's eyelashes furrowed the chimneys on the street I was walking & I saw your girls destroyed like frogs by a hundred birds migrating with a vengeance
- Nobody wept in your kingdom, Maldoror, where the infinite settled in the palm of my empty hand
- And prodigious boys were serviced by the Creator's absent soul
- There was an utterly impartial revolver surveyed by Amoebas on the ceiling gnawed by the urine of your butterflies
- A blue garden ever large dribbled blots into my bloodshot eyes
- I walked through alleyways watching with deranged tenderness girls in the big spree of flower-beds full of stoned insects
- Your dissatisfied song sowed ancient clamor of slaughtered pirates
- While the world of enigmatic shapes stripped bare for me in light mazurkas

Paranoia in Astrakhan

- I saw a lovely city whose name I forgot
 - where deaf angels ran through the depths of nights tinting their eyes with invulnerable tears
 - where catholic kids offer lemons to little pachyderms who flee and hide from touch
 - where marvellous teenagers shut their minds to sterile rooftops and set boarding schools on fire
 - where nihilist manifestoes spreading furious thoughts flush all over the world
 - where an angel of fire illuminates festive cemeteries and night walks on its breath
 - where summer sleep took me for mad and decapitated Autumn's last window
 - where our contempt raises an unexpected moon on the blank horizon
 - where a space of red hands illuminates that photograph of fish darkening the page
 - where zinc butterflies devour the gothic hemmorhoids of pious women
 - where letters call for emergency drinks for pretty sprained ankles where the dead are fixed in the night and howl for a handful of flaccid feathers
 - where my head is a ball piloting the disordered aquaria of the imagination

VISION OF SÃO PAULO BY NIGHT

Anthropophagite Poem Under the Influence of Narcotics

On the corner of rua São Luis a procession 1,000 strong lights their candles in my skull

there are mystics saying stupid things to the heart of widows and a starry silence pulls out in a dining car deluxe

blue gin and throw-rug fire colors the night lovers suck on each other like roots

Maldoror in high tide cups

on rua São Luis my heart chews a scrap of my life

the city of growing chimneys, shoe-shine angels with their fierce argot in the full joy of squares, definitively fantastic shabby girls

there's a forest of green snakes in my boyfriend's eyes

the moon leans on nothing

and I'm not leaning on anything

I'm a granite bridge over wheels of subaltern garages

simple theories poach my maddened mind

there are green banks applied to the body of the squares

there's a bell that doesn't ring

Rilkean angels take it up the ass in the pissoires

glorified vertigo-kingdom

specters quivering spasms

kisses echo in a dome of reflections

coughing faucets, bellowing locomotives, raucous teenagers gone mad in early childhood

punks throw yo yos into the door of the Abyss

I see Brahma sitting in a lotus flower

Christ stealing the box of miracles

Chet Baker moaning on the turntable

- I feel the shock in every wire flowing out through the brokedown doors of my brain
- I see hustlers whores pennies towers lead sheet metal beers show windows men women queers and kids meeting and opening in me like moon gas trees moon dreadful fountains colli-sion on the bridge blind man sleeping in horror's show window

I shoot myself out like a tombola
my head sinking into my throat
my whole life rains on me, I suffocate burn float
in my guts, my love, I carry your shout like sunken treasure
I wanted to pour my whole epicycle of liberated centipedes over you
furious yen for windows eyes open mouths, whirlpools of shame, marijuana stampedes in floating picnics

wasps buzzing around my anxieties

boys abandoned naked on the corners

angelic bums shouting among shops and temples, solitude and blood, among collisions, child-birth and the Din

PIETY

I was bellowing in the polyhedra of Justice my prostrate moment on the highest palisade

the teachers were talking about the will to tame and the struggle for life catholic ladies are pious

communists are pious

businessmen are pious

it's just that I'm not pious

if I were pious my sex would be tame and I'd only get it up on Saturday night

I'd be a good son and my schoolmates would call me tightass and they'd ask me why do boats float? Why do nails sink?

I'd cultivate an ulcer and admire statues with strong dentures

I'd go to dances where I couldn't bring my queer friends my bearded friends

I'd be universallly commonsensical and they'd say I possess every virtue I'm not pious

I never could be pious

my eyes clang they're tinted green

Carrion skyscrapers decompose on the pavements

Teenage kids in school groan like asphyxiated bitches

sulphur archangels bombard the horizon through my dreams

PLAZA OF THE REPUBLIC OF MY DREAMS

The statue of Alvarez de Azevedo is devoured patiently by the morphine landscape

the plaza carries away bridges applied to the center of its body and kids playing in the stercal afternoon

Plaza of the Republic of my dreams

where everything is made fever and crucified doves

where the beatific come to agitate the masses

where Garcia Lorca waits for his dentist where we conquered the immense desolation of the good old days

the boys had their testicles skewered by the multitude

lips coagulate without uproar

pissoires take their place in the light

and coconut trees stand where the wind will ruffle their hair just right

Delerium Tremens facing Paradise bald butts paper sexes angels couchant in whitewashed flowerbeds steaming water in toiletbowl brains

furrowed by waving hands

veterinarians go by slowly reading Dom Casmurro

there are young queers drunk on lilies

and whores with the night prowling around their nails

there's a drop of rain on the abandoned chevelure

while blood shipwrecks the corollas

Oh my visions memories of Rimbaud plaza of the Republic of my Dreams

ultimate wisdom leaning

out a sainted door

LULLABY POEM FOR ME AND BRUEGHEL

None uphold the chevalier of the delerious world Murilo Mendes

I hear you roar at documents & multitudes denouncing your agony to disjointed nurses

Night vibrated the supernatural face on stained rooftops Your mouth engulfed the blue Your equilibrium radiated in the voices of deranged small hours In the nightclubs where you ate pickles and read Saint Anselmo

In deserted railways

In inaccessible photographs
In damp roofs of buildings
In sherry drinkers on top of tombs

Leguminous women lamented crashing against the wind drugs gave too much movement to my eyes

Saltimbanques by Picasso meeting each other in a damned alleyway and the noises hunkered down in my turbulent eyes a word still needs to be said about robberies while cardinals saturate us with well-meaning counsel and the Virgin washes her immaculate butt in the baptismal font Memory grinds its teeth public secrets are pulverized somewhere in América cramped fish sit against the night Shanghai Park is conquered by the moon teenagers kiss in the house of horrors sergeants get fat in the hall of mirrors

I run through all the tents and booths trampling angels of death suck on

ice cream cones

telegraph wires simplify floods and droughts
telephones announce the dissolution of all things
the landscape cracks against souls
the south wind blows against the solitude of windows and raw meat cages
I open my arms to the gray alamedas of São Paulo
and like a slave I go on measuring the quavering music of streamers

BULLETIN FROM THE MAGIC WORLD

My feet dream hanging in the Abyss
my scars rip open against the crystalline paunch
All I have is glassy eyes and I'm an orphan
there was a flux of sick flowers in the outskirts
I wanted to plant a snooker cue on a fixed star
at the door of the bar I'm confused as ever but my skull-vaults no longer
loathed the bone-battery

highschools and hearses are deserted
long deleria grow up through the sidewalks
handfuls of skeletons are thrown in the trash
I think about gold scorpions and I'm content
I can open my eyes to the light to take advantage of those fearful clouds
but the red sky is a supreme vision
my face gone pale from alcohol
I'm a naked solitude tied to a lamppost
telephone wires cross in my esophagus

on isolated pavements my friends construct a fugitive mannequin my eyes go blind my mind splits open on a hubcap my quartered soul goes rolling by

THE VOLUME OF THE CRY

I dreamed I was a Seraph and the whores of São Paulo were advancing on me in exasperating density

statues with pinkeye watched me with brotherly eyes

lit corpses babbled softly at the foot of a visiting card

bachelors have sex with blenders like the queers whose sanctity confounds the mockers

terraces adorned with samambaias and suicides where magical confessions can also give rise to such passions

rotten clocks invisible turbines ashen bureaucrats ironclad brains blind alembics demonic free-ways capitals outside Time and Space and a Corporation reigning over the illusion of per-fect Goodness

gramophones dance on the pier

Pure Spirit vomits ack-ack applause

Arithmetical Man counts aloud the minutes left he contemplates the atomic bomb as if it were his mirror

I meet Lorca in a hospital in Lapa

the Virgin assassinated in a whorehouse

drydocks with whooping cough stick banderillas in my Taboo

I drank tea with bennies so all of it would squeeze into my electric hand the clouds scratched their sideburns while you jerked off choleric over

the cooling corpse of your youngest daughter

the moon's violent hemoptises in the nitrate sky

God kills himself with a Spanish Razor

arms fall

eyes fall

sexes fall

death's Jubilee

o roses o archangels o madness taking power from blue mourning suspended in my voice

JORGE DE LIMA, CHAOS' PAMPHLETEER

December 31, 1961 was when I got you Jorge de Lima

I was walking through plazas agitated by the melancholy present in my blue-devoured memory and then

I knew how to decipher your night games

undisguisable in the flowers

unisons in your head all silver and amplified plants

how your eyes grow in the Jorge de Lima landscape how your mouth throbs on boulevards oxidized by fog

a constellation of ash ruins into dust in seamless contemplation of your tunic

and a million fireflies bearing strange tatoos on their bellies rend themselves against Eternity's nests

in this moment of ferment and agony I invoke you o grand beloved hallucinated strange profes-sor of Chaos I know your name should be a talisman on the lips of all the boys

STENAMINA BOAT

Prepara tu esqueleto para el aire Garcia Lorca

I'd like to be one of Pierro della Francesca's angels Beatrice knifed in a dark alley Dante playing piano by twilight I think about life I'm claimed by contemplation disconsolate I eye the contour of things coupling in chaos I claim instantaneous legend for my Dead Sea Time and Space settle on my forearm like an idol there's a bone carrying dentures I see Lautréamont in a dream on the stairway of Santa Cecília he's waiting for me in Largo do Arouche on the shoulder of a sanctuary this morning the trees were in Coma my love he spits embers at the butts of madmen there were inkwells medals skeletons glass snowflakes dahlias exploding in the bloody assholes of orphans visionary boys from the outskirts archangels entrails in an ecstasy pricked in atomic pissoires my madness reaches the reach stretches of an alameda

the trees drop pamphlets contra the gray sky

SEALED POEM

my plurisexual embrace on your nickle-plated image

where the shout

slides smoothly on steady breasts

the

tiny play on opening night with an audience of the deranged and the

kids were installing transatlantics in basins of warm water

Afternoon of worm-eaten oakum and peaches with marshmallow in Pancho Diner my little studio invaded by my friends

> on a bender Miles Davis at 150 kilometers per hour

> > stalking my visions like a demon

a nameless avenue and a Parker ballpoint

on my manuscripts

and angels culling psychomantic microbes

in Taxis

my hallucinations ruffle Whitman's pubes oh sleepless window the rain opens in desperation!

oh delerium of black women at

prison exits!

drinks file past my friends drunk on the carpet Saratoga Springs Kummel Cocktail my souls hanged with dogfish guts my books float horrible

on the parapet my best friend

plays the prophet

in my brain eight thousand fireflies stutter and die

L'OVALLE DELLE APPARIZIONI

"... e quandi il vivere è di sua propria natura uno stato violento." Leopardi

I'd like to see the faces of the foreign ambassadors of Goodness when they see me walking among fermented mud roses in alleys where Death is a stomping

little bells tinkle on the wings of angels passing by the cities they fly through are just as empty as the cities they abandon sound death time green bones Will evening and the usual old madwomen handing out candies to poor boys

the dysenteric whistle of factories expelling slaves

ballerinas bearing the nauseating breeze from fjords gone mad behind unfathomable construction barriers

thick slices of shadow in alcohol-vanquished eyes

titanic axles mounted in the mind where heterosexuality means to eat

rampant parturition extracting angular larvae and kids commiting suicide to the sound of Lohengrin over desolate pavements the firmament is distant like never before we try the desparate hope that accompanies each ritual taste while our guts agonize on undefended hortensia stalks

RUA DAS PALMEIRAS

My vision with its hair caught in streetnoise the sun flourishes persiennes behind the future

my impulse to conquer the Earth violently walks down a worn-out street my dizziness spills my soul violently down a strange street insects clouds sew the reddish space of a toothless god waitress establish themselves on the balconies to shriek blood ferments under gaming boards girls leave hand in hand and the Evening leaves no mark on their nails where is your soul whenever the old Angel conquers the trees with his semen?

airplanes unleash a metallic saudade from the other side of the world columns of vomit waver through the eyes of the mad bodies of dead babies point in the direction of an empty plaza construction barrier the shapes my delerium ready to be obliterated by twilight

rustproof souls float over the station of sweaty anxieties words cover telephone wires with black caresses in the air in wind on puddles mouths rot while night sobs atop a bridge

THE ANGELS OF SODOM

I saw the angels of Sodom scale
a hill to the sky

And their wings destroyed by fire
shook the evening air

I saw the angels of Sodom sow
prodigies on creation so's not

to lose their harping rhythm

I saw the angels of Sodom lick
the wounds of those who died without
a boast, of supplicants, of suicides,
of those who died young

I saw the angels of Sodom grow
with fire and from their mouths lept
blind medusas

I saw the angels of Sodom disheveled and violent annihilating merchants, stealing the sleep of virgins, creating turbulent words

I saw the angels of Sodom inventing madness and the penitence of God

LANDSCAPE AT 78 RPM

The kid lowers his eyebrows

and icecream

over the Camões's tin can head

attentively forgotten in the upholstery of a Packard

I'm a rhythm in this evening

a foreknowlege of a wounded heart

Without necessarily being praised by planetrees

or leaping the frontiers

of São Paulo to embrace

the rondels of pastoral life

Philanthropists put their right foot out

enter the Lasquenet funhouse

while sparrows roar in their nests

made of Trotsky's hair

tin cans of compote laugh with their tongues

hanging out

the sun set on my schemes

and

our

ruddy sweetheart lays a green

Tolstoy kechief on his neck

Up on

the Viaduct the madman glues little bits of sky

onto his straightjacket

destroying the horizon with hammerblows

Death

is

a

IBIRAPUERA PARK

On the wellkept lawns of Ibirapuera Park

One of Solitude's angels settles gingerly on my shoulders

The night brings the full moon and your poems, Mário de Andrade, rule my imagination

Beyond the park your portrait in my bedroom smiles at the banality of my furniture

Your lines burst out in the night like a potent batuque fermented on rua Lopes Chaves

From behind every stone

From behind every man

From behind every shadow

The wind carries your face to me

What new thought, what dream flows from your night brow?

It's night. And everything is night.

It's night on mudguards

It's night on stones

It's night in your poems, Mário!

Where does your voice go now?

And now where do you exercise the muscles of your soul?

Illuminated airplanes split the night into two pieces

I grope your book where stars reflect as in a lagoon

It's impossible that there be no poem of yours hidden sleeping deep in this park

I look at teenagers filling the lawns with bikes and laughter

I imagine you asking them:

where's the Bahia pavilion?

how much for peanuts?

are you my sunflower?

The night is has no end and rented boats sink in the quiet gaze of fish

Now, Mário, while the angels are falling asleep I should go hand in hand

with you into the night ahead

Not only does despair strangle our impatience

But our steps also drink chill nights

Don't ever stop my beloved chief madman

I want your Paulista Odyssey to fly over the trees and hang suspended in your rhythm

К оскоит Роем

I'm fed up with so much
I won't transform into the outskirts
I won't be a sounding valve
I won't be peace
I want the destruction of all that's fragile:
Christians factories palaces
judges bosses and workers
a destroyed night covers the two sexes
my soul tapdances in its madness
a mauser shot goes through the eardrums of
two centipedes

the universe is spat out the bloody asshole

of a Bitch-God

my guts are moved

I need to dissipate the enchantment of my old skeleton

I need to forget I exist

butterflies perjure the cement sky

I'm entrenching myself in the Rainbow

Ah to return again to the window

to lose my gaze on the rooftops as

if they were the Universe

the Oscar Wilde sunflower darkens over the rooftops

someday I need to go very far away

the world outside is too fast for me

São Paulo and Russia can't stop

when I went to highschool did God shut his ears to me?

Death watches me from the wall through rotten

Modigliani eyes

I'd love to set fire to Modigliani's pubes

my crazy soul points at the Moon

I saw professors occupy the world of the spirit with their circumspect calculations

I saw little kids vomiting on radiators
I saw demented pens vegetable gardens toilet covers
I open my eyes the clouds harden
I carry the world in my ear like an enormous earring
madness is a mirror in Breathless Bird morning

POEM OF THE INNARDLESS ETERNITY

On the last moon I hated the mountains my broken memory couldn't take

love

I had soup while watching over my rowdy friends on the other side of the night

such is my strange employment this month

another time when old Gide went off to Africa my heart was solid I was dancing

I attended a war between hats and the white lacerations of boys in Ibirapuera that angelic empty terrain where I was chewing on tabs of white chocolate

the very next instant I saw trees and airplanes with sideburns and tears of Gold

that night in Ibirapuera I lost my loneliness

ROBERTO PIVA TRANSFERRED FOR GUT REPAIR

all my dreams are real oh miracles epiphanies of skull and of love without salvation I knew were imprisoned on my soul's summit

my skeleton shone in

drug-filled darkness

I'm never satisfied and lately I've been an incorrigible lunatic demon drumming ten gnawed fingers in a magnetic field

memory of arsenic I gave a dove

gray eyes of the sky my hidden spiritual Totem

METEOR

I'll speak the most terrible words tonight while hands of clocks dissolve against my power against my love in the shock of my mind my eyes dance on in High Lapa mosquitos suffocate me why should I care if I know whether women are fertile whether God fell into the sea whether Kierkegaard begged for succor on a mountain in Denmark? telephones shout isolated creatures fall into nothingness meat organs speak death death sweet street carnaval from the end of the world I don't want elegies but I do want iron lilies from the enclosures there's an epic in the clothes hung against the gray sky and neon stares out at me from hallucinated space how many lovely boys haven't I seen under this light? I bellowed half mad half appalled half cloven holy narcotics o blue cat of my mind! I can't hold back my Deleria anymore Oh Antonin Artaud Oh Garcia Lorca with your aborted eyes gleaming

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in portraits
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souls

souls

like icebergs

like sails

like mechanical mannequins

and the fraudulent climax of sandwich lunches

icecreams controls anxieties

I need to give my soul a haircut

I need to take tablespoons of

Absolute Death

I don't get anything anymore

my skull says I'm inebriated

death sentences genuflections neuroses

psychoanalysts impaling my poor skeleton on their days off

I hugged a tree to my chest

as if it were an angel

my loves begin to grow

bloodless cadillacs go by helicopters

roar

my soul my song open pockets

of my mind

I'm a hallucination right in front of your eyes