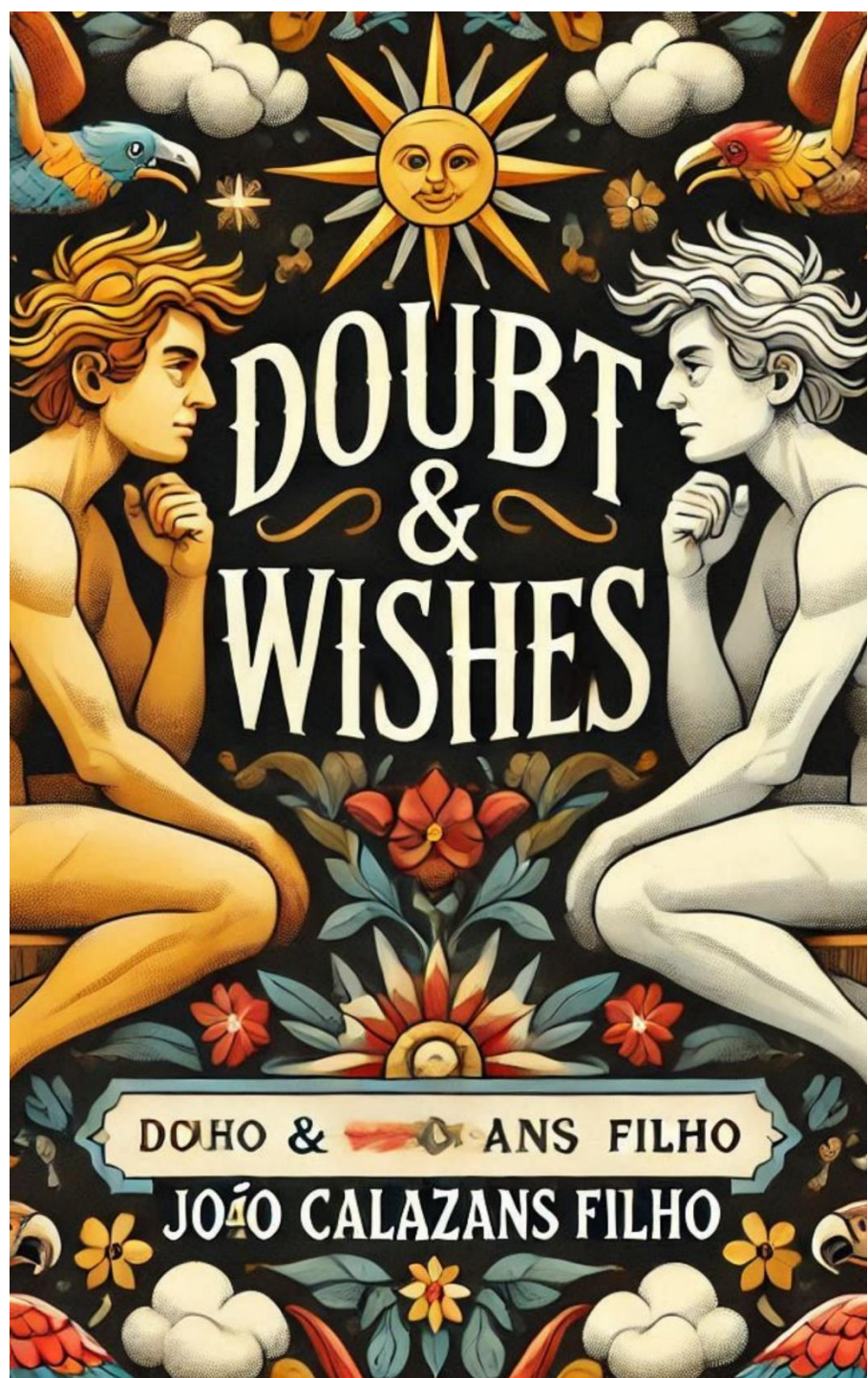




Doubt & wishes

João Calazans Filho

5^a edition

2025

Credits:

Cover - João Calazans Filho

Cover Illustration - IA

Presentation

I have never been much of criticizing and complimenting literary works. Like it or not, and this is a personal matter. Through decades of relationship with the literature, I realized that the most important thing, what is real, is not so much the result itself, but the gesture. To write is to liberate the soul, to seek in words the best way to translate it into a selfless, lonely gesture that few are capable of - and this really is what has value.

Calazans is a great minor poet. He never hides behind a shape or character. It is clear, transparent, true. It could venture into more sophisticated and complex forms of poetic and literary expression. But not. Choose the path of your soul, turning it into a genuine expression of your feelings and ideas. Isn't that what we expect from poetry and literature?

Here is a good example of this courage and fearlessness. And the mere fact that the author throws himself on this quest, facing his truth, is already capable of producing touching moments of identification and emotion. Verses that echo a collective soul, phrases that reflect reflections common to all, such routine moments perpetuated with simple phrases like life.

Also besides, Calazans has an intense life story in which each episode is always embedded with a passion for life and people. It's a lover. And it is not possible to restrain it, ever. Just as he could not contain this gesture of love, this small, intense and forceful poetic manifestation of his experience. Wandering these pages will always be a lesson in life, poetry, and passion.

Roberto Amado

Journalist working in the São Paulo press, nominated writer to the Jabuti Prize, and nephew of our eternal Jorge Amado.

A certain painting

My painting
It's not dark ...
She is part of me
Contained in other parts of other beings.

My painting
Speak for yourself
It leaves the tenderness of the wind
Embracing loneliness without pity.

My painting is of God
It's not your project or mine;
It is the picture of many selves
Maybe it looks like something that's just mine.

My painting
Reflects dryness
Blooms pain
Shaking love ...

My painting is the very mixture of beings
It is the contained desire of unknown loves
The rapture of living feelings
Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad, sometimes present,
sometimes absent, sometimes known
and now unknown.

My painting is not mine
If it was just mine it would be harmful
As is everyone
It is part or all of someone who emerges from the mud.

My painting is easy,
Sometimes hard,
But it will always be part of a message,
Which will portray yours, mine and our image.

This is not Love

Sometimes the heart tightens
Loneliness awakens
A lump in my throat devours
The terrifying feeling
This is not Love...

It seems to pain the lack that makes
Almost always looking back
Breath cut
Looking at the void with clenched hands
This is not Love...

Cry for losing
What we imagine to have
Tears and Dull Hiccups
Motivating the search everywhere
This is not Love...

Feeling of losing
I wish I had

The weight of no
Destroys the heart
This is not Love...

Vacant looking for something
Which is not physical but abstract
Walk paths in bitterness
In search of a possible portrait
This is not Love...

Wow and wow
Pain and fear
Nothing seduces
Someone in daze
This is not Love...

A face without a smile
Marked by tears and suffering
Maybe in search of a paradise
What placates my torment ...

This is not Love...

Feeling of happiness when the desired one says yes
Even enslaved without respect or pity
We live the moment of not being alone
Even for a second not to feel worse
This is not Love...

The weight of soul darkness
Stuck in a unique and calm world
The mind focused on a story
That torments the memory in moments
This is not Love...