Ediney Santana

The Lonely Shadow

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Foreword

Once there was a boy whose words touched my heart. This boy couldn't stop writing, he wrote relentlessly day and night. As he became a man, he continued to write and even if nobody reads or listens to what he has to say, He keeps writing as if it's his Godly mission. When you touch someone with your words, you can live forever in the hearts of your readers. That is his dream: to live forever. There's nothing wrong with that, to dream of eternity.

I hope he never gives up writing, no matter what happens, and how hard things get. My wish is that his words touch a million of hearts like they touched mine.

Renata Madureira

The Lonely Shadow

Zero

Start from scratch,
Start new
cut the roots, but
never
Forget who I am!
Forget the glories, defeats.
The past will not
Feed me
it doesn’t matter
How many books I’ve read
How many poems I’ve wrote,
or the good feelings.
Start over!
No hurt feelings or anguish.
Clean the streets,
Sweep houses, serve,
Be a Christian in the eternal cross
Of my invisibility.

Light and books

My mother, who couldn’t read
or write
offered me books as salvation.
She didn’t want me to go blind
like my parents
‘cause being unable to read
or write is
blindness.
My mother saved me from the darkness
of illiteracy.
For many years
I've been my mother’s eyes
Today, she can see on her own,
She offered me light and I gave her light.

Aged children

Dry restlessness,
wind, aged children,
ghosts fathers,
mothers forever
pregnant,
love is a word
from deep hell,
hate is
as free as pain.
Dawn rises
on corpses,
Children are sold
in the white market,
selective indignation,
slave children,
they will be forever children.

Illusion

What I want from life is the delicacy of flowers
attracted by the sun.
A friendly hug
Of shining mornings,
To be the one who
multiplies
green life in the desert.
I want the
aroma of the beloved heart.
Courage to fight, love for peace.
The serenity of the
simple things,
the forever encounter with
good hearts,
Sword freedom in my hands.
To rest on the beloved lap
in the calm afternoon.
Lord of my steps, I just wanna
be in someone’s life and love deeply

Old Europe

Among cold and gray trees old
Europe,
Dirty drops of blood come from the salty
water looking for shelter.
Children's tears, aged screams
teenagers dreams and old fears.
The old Europe that once crossed
the oceans in search of wealth,
now build walls.
Desolate beaches
where hungry spirits
ask for help!
Where will the grave stand?
the sea, the beach,
Or within the speeches of men
and women that have long forgotten
the meaning of love.

My women

Black soul, black lives
black women of my life,
black uterus, black blood,
white sorrow,
black joy,
White night, black sun,
black tears, black solitude.
White death,
black resurrection.
Black women
blood that feeds my life,
Bless me!