METANOIA

an electronic opera

Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta

to Estela Guedes,

Nina Colosi and

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> *The time is a critical one, for it marks the beginning of the second half of life, when a metanoia, a mental transformation, not infrequently occurs.*
>
> *Carl Gustav Jung*

Metanoia, a word appeared from the Greek expressions *meta* and *nous*, could be freely translated as "beyond thought". It means "changing your mind", in the sense of changing an old habit of thinking.

Christianity adopted the word as an indication of "repentance" and consequent consciousness or, in other words, a change of mind.

For the first time in the history of planet Earth there is no longer a single place in the world without human presence.

When they were not reaction to an attack, wars, in the form of *bellum* or *werra*, always had as their goal to conquer territory and enslave people. This is no longer possible, because enslavement has been transformed into market. In fact, it is no longer imaginable the invasion of a country and the enslavement of its people in the old sense of the expression.

War became brutal devastation, which affects the planet as a whole.

When we study the history of World War I, which took place between 1914 and 1918, we clearly see that its roots lie in the deepest human stupidity. One of the signs of such stupidity, notably stamped on the pages of history, was the lack and even the refusal of communication! To not listen to

the other, to not recognize history, to not love philosophy or art. It's truly awesome! That terrible and devastating war was the origin of World War II, which took place between 1939 and 1945. Together they meant the death of more than eighty million people.

The 1385 Monastery of Batalha, classified as a World Heritage Site by UNESCO, is one of the most magnificent examples of flaming Gothic architecture and was built to celebrate peace, the end of a terrible war, a landmark for a change of thought.

Metanoia was composed over several months. It is a kind of electronic opera, in three movements.

The first movement of the concert / electronic opera was based on an image of the deepest Universe, made by NASA's Hubble telescope in 2004 - the *Hubble Ultra Deep Field*. This is the most distant image we have of the Universe, when galaxies began to form. This first musical movement is a cello solo dedicated to Audrey Riley, great cellist and dear friend.

The second movement is divided into two major parallel sectors: music and films. There are seven films, elaborated with images of the history of art, with the faces of great characters from my photographic project *SOULS*, started in 1972, and with some references to the first times of the cinema. Each of these elements is a face of what we commonly call "civilization".

The word "peace" throws its ancient etymological roots into the Indo-European expression - a prehistoric linguistic set disappeared some twenty thousand years ago - *pag*, which indicated the idea of "putting together", from which the word "pact" also appeared.

In war there is no art, poetry or philosophy. War, in any of its forms, is the nonhuman par excellence.

These seven films include fragments of Fernando Pessoa's poems from 1918, the end of the First World War, and 1930, shortly before his death. But his poetic texts must be read silently by each person, like the text of an opera for interior voices.

The music in this second movement is fundamentally of an electronic kind - but with subliminal references, in its logical structuring of sounds, to Claudio Monteverdi, Joseph Haydn, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Piotr Ilitch Tchaikovsky, Richard Wagner, Gustav Mahler and Béla Bartók.

We are what we know - and what we know doesn't belong to us.

Thus, while the first movement takes place in the fabulous central nave of the Monastery; the second is a journey through human history in the not less fabulous Royal Cloister, as a sort of labyrinth of mirrors whose wholeness can never be achieved.

The audience walks and investigates the place, becoming, each person, a personage of the opera, living a scene in continuous transformation, like life is.

Finally, the third movement is elaborated on a piece by Maurice Ravel and is dedicated to the soprano Laetitia Grimaldi, also great lyric singer and dear friend. Here, Ravel's work is "exploded" and reorganized by means of Artificial Intelligence tools, starting to constitute a paratactic system, that is, organized by coordination.

The text of the third movement consists of phonemes that are in the word "peace" in thirty-five languages. These phonemes are distributed with the use of stochastic resources.

A deep canto, a dream.

Metanoia is an invitation to a journey, to a deep dive inside a reflection of each one of us.

Metanoia is also associated with The New Art Fest in Lisbon, an art movement created by António Cerveira Pinto.

This electronic opera, part of the celebrations of the end of World War I, also happens simultaneously at the Streaming Museum of New York, created by Nina Colosi in 2008, reaching millions of people in the seven continents in public spaces, in cultural and commercial centers and also on the Internet.

At the end of the concert / electronic opera, as a sign of the old prehistoric word *pag*, bread, cheese, wine and olive oil are served. We will also have the free distribution of a historical poster about the electronic opera.

METANOIA

The Poem

Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta

God is day and night, winter and summer, war and peace, satiety and hunger.

Heraclitus

All great art is a form of complaint.

John Cage

In the 1980s I had a friend who belonged to the still Yugoslav universe. She was director of an important cultural center in Belgrade. She was very nice and quickly we became friends. She was a cheerful and affectionate person. She made lots of jokes, all the time. We laughed a lot.

I met her when I was one of the coordinators of the first video art and electronic art festivals of the world, in Locarno, Switzerland, created by René Berger and Rinaldo Bianda.

I believe that those festivals - that also included an important symposium on art, philosophy and science - was one of the most fabulous events of its time. I was one of the coordinators over ten years. Nan June Paik, Francis Ford Coppola, Daniel Charles, Pierre Restany, Edgar Morin, Bill Viola or Basarab Nicolescu participated in the event, among others. It was there that we made, in parallel to CERN, the presentation of the www with Tim Berners-Lee and Robert Cailliau in the first days of 1990. It was there that transdisciplinarity movement was born.

The environment was one of great freedom and free participation. Hundreds of people from all over the world were there, especially young people. In addition to the festivals of video art and electronic art, with works projected on gigantic surfaces or dozens of screens, there were installations, sculptures, works distributed throughout the city. People were free. Each one attended or participated in what he or she preferred.

So, that was a moment of fraternization, of love between people.

An environment of the deepest peace.

I believe it was in 1990 when I had a new and very special meeting with my Yugoslav friend. She was dramatically transformed. She had suddenly aged many years. She could hardly sleep. We had lunch and talked at length. She said that her country was divided. People came to hate each other, regardless of what they had done and even their ideas.

It was an inexplicable hatred.

She was Croatian, her husband was Serbian. Quickly, he began feeling a real revulsion at her - just because she was Croatian! Even talking became impossible. Without understanding what was going on, she sought him out to try to figure out what was going on. But, he could not explain. There was no possibility of dialogue.

A year later, the war between Croatia and the Yugoslav People's Army exploded. Shortly afterwards, the war - which would spread from 1991 to 1995 with thousands of dead - would become in the War of Independence of Croatia.

Soon, she learned that her husband had disappeared. From what I understood, full of hatred. She could no longer see him either. They had a teenage daughter, who should have been saved at any cost from the war. Luciana and I started making contacts across Europe until we found a place for the girl. After a few days, we did it!

After that moment I would only meet that dear friend years later. She was no longer the same person. She seemed to know me no more.

I started working with Baroness Lucrezia De Domizio Durini on common projects, especially in Italy, in that year of 1990. The war in Croatia was becoming increasingly terrible. The news was scary.

So, I believe in 1995, Lucrezia De Domizio decided to create a movement of artists to sell works of art in auctions as a way to help, through a credible organization, children that were victims of war. I intensely participated and collaborated in this project.

Then, I learned that Slobodan Milošević had surrounded Sarajevo with cannons and snipers, indiscriminately killing men, women and children, of any age.

When the war was over, I participated in the creation of the ARS AEVI museum in Sarajevo, which had the architectural design of Renzo Piano.

Finally, I found that friend again many years later. She was much older, inside and outside. Her face was permanently sad, as if life had lost its

meaning. As if life would have unveiled to be only a biological obligation.

After that moment, we lost each other again.

That experience marked my spirit.

What preceded the war was a deep division between people.

Doxa, the dialogue, a double logos had finished.

The etymological root of the word "dialogue" indicates the meaning of "in-between" or "through" of thoughts, of speeches - and clearly implies the idea of a double logos.

When such profound division between people, of ethnic, racial, ideological or other nature, occurs, there is no possible dialogue.

People go blind. Paralyzed. To either side the Other is monstrous.

This has happened in nazi Germany, in fascist Italy, in the South Africa or North American apartheids, among political parties, and so on.

This is alike in ghetto societies.

And has happened over the centuries.

As shown by the American sociologist of religion Rodney William Stark, in its beginnings, about two thousand years ago, Christians formed strong closed groups through internal consistency and stigmatization of the Other - rarely a rational process. That is to say, even if a new group proposes absurds, they can be easily accepted and embraced depending on the power of coherence of the group and the degree of stigmatization imposed to the Other.

When that happens, the formation of closed groups is strongly empowered and amplified.

It no longer is a simple question of identity - the person can or cannot have identity links to the group, that is: he or she can or cannot agree with possible absurds proposed by the group. Even when the absurds are evident, they participate. The key is on the degree of internal reliability and on the degree of stigmatization of the Other.

These two key conditions turn the process beyond volition or even belief. It becomes a powerful process, similar to a chemical reaction, many times beyond person's awareness.

He or she agrees to participate in the group, even if in other situations she wouldn't do so because of a disagreement with its purposes, often without realizing how such aggregation to the group had happened.

With those two key conditions, people get so enraged that there is no

possibility of even rationally considering the Other.

In a same city, ethnic, racial or ideological groups may hate each other.

In such cases, one even sees people lying to themselves or to others in the heroic attack against those who, outside the group, would be allegedly monstrous.

Often an irrational "everything-goes" starts dominating the actions of people.

It is a profound social phenomenon. It is so deep that is often considered simply as "natural".

So many times throughout our lives we do references to Eros and Thanatos - to life, to sexual attraction, to love, to Eros which has generated our word "erotic"; and to Thanatos, as death, the annihilation of life.

Hesiod said that Thanatos had been born of Night and Darkness, and that he was the twin brother of Hypnos, exactly as Homer tells us in the *Iliad*.

Eros and Thanatos were gods of love and death.

In his Theogony, Hesiod reports a particularly revealing moment about the gods Hypnos and Thanatos: "And there, the children of the dark night have their abodes, Sleep and Death, terrible gods. The bright sun never sees them with his rays, nor when it rises to the sky, neither when it descends from the sky. And the first of them wander peaceably on earth and on the broad coasts of the sea, and is kind to the people: but the other has a heart of iron, and his spirit within him is as merciless as bronze: people he hold, even once, is firmly bound: and he is hateful even to the immortal gods".

The word comes from the Greek "thanatos" meaning "death". In its turn, it arose from the Indo-European *dhwene*, which indicated the idea of "disappearance", of "death". Sanskrit *dhvantah*, which comes from the same root, means "dark," "without light".

The horror related to the Other is the horror of death. The Other is unknown or sometimes made intentionally unknown.

Serbs and Croats came to considered themselves as representing one the death of the other. They became reciprocally unknown.

Sometimes the brutal actions of a group produce this sense of death, as the nazis did. The terrors they perpetrated were such as to provoke a sense of horror on a planetary level. On the other hand, many of the nazi followers believed in the absurdity that everyone was a death threat for what they believed to be.

A child cries in the darkness and has horror of it. Darkness is non-information, emptiness. Emptiness is anti-information and therefore entropy,

death.

In the same way a child cries terrified at the darkness, sometimes the adult hates the terrified Other as well, without information or in response to an overload of information.

When there is information overload, a blockage emerges and the Other becomes, like the unknown, unconditionally unacceptable.

That is, emptiness or information overload provokes a sort of blockage and the person feels a horror, an aversion, as a form of protection of his species, because it is something that he or she doesn't know - by lack or by excess.

Too much information also is zero information.

That is why so often a hero becomes immensely popular and then become hated.

When we study the origins of World War I we easily came to the conclusion that it, as well as the Second World War, was the result of great stupidity, of an absence of thought - as, in a completely different context, it was said by Hannah Arendt.

It is violently impressive to realize the extent of the general stupidity that triggered two of the bloodiest conflicts in human history.

Saying that it was stupidity is never an excuse for the crime, a minimization of responsibility. On the contrary!

This stupidity happens as an imaginary blockage, of a prejudiced nature. Even being a blockage, it does not eliminate consciousness, responsibility and volition.

There is the blockage, but the person knows and has enough tools to decide.

This process occurs at various levels.

In 1921, Sigmund Freud published *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*, where he said: "The same thing happens when men come together in larger units. Every time two families become connected by a marriage, each of them thinks itself superior to or of better birth than the other. Of two neighboring towns each is the other's most jealous rival; every little canton looks down upon the others with contempt. Closely related races keep one another at arm's length; the South German cannot endure the North German, the Englishman casts every kind of aspersion upon the Scot, the Spaniard despises the Portuguese.4 We are no longer astonished that greater differences should lead to an almost insuperable repugnance, such as the Gallic people feel for the German, the Aryan for the Semite, and the

white races for the colored".

Such aversion is a mechanism of survival of the group and the person. It can only be relatively attenuated with the intensification of the prefrontal neuronal sector, responsible for our capacity for reflection and relativization. This intensification happens particularly with the exercise of reading books - with the phonetic alphabet associated to a light and flexible medium such as paper, as I have written over many years. Nevertheless, we have seen what happened in Europe in the two devastating world wars.

The literacy level in Germany at the outset of World War I was 99%, and despite of that the hatred was not less intense.

"...when a group is formed the whole of this intolerance vanishes, temporarily or permanently, within the group", continued Freud.

Thus, parallel to the intensification of the capacity for reflection, detachment and relativization, identity and the formation of dynamic open groups seem to be essential.

Any kind of isolation, ideological, religious, racial or ethnic produces this mechanism of survival, generating hatred of the Other.

When such an isolation occurs, there is an immediate tendency to increase the internal consistency of the group - regardless of the nature of its proposals and objectives - and an intensification of the stigmatization of the Other.

The European Union and even the United States are examples of how integration and common identity are essential against this biological phenomenon.

When groups become closed, hatred erupts.

In one way or another, all of this is directly related to consciousness.

Etymologically, the word "metanoia" means "beyond thought".

That is, only when we distance ourselves, when we put ourselves beyond something, we can be aware about it - for only difference produces consciousness.

Thus, in a deeper sense, metanoia implies dialogue.

The electronic opera Metanoia was elaborated as a reflection on the war and, more important, for the end of the idea of the war.

In the world of the early 21st century there are no longer places without humans, for the first time in the history of humankind.

Wars have always been an impetus for the elimination of the other, for territorial conquest, for the looting and / or enslavement of people. The

enslavement was transformed into market and it became present everywhere. The looting has lost its meaning in a society of continuous hyper consumption.

Thus, wars became obsolete and were turned into gigantic mechanisms of genocide.

Of course there are types of continuous warfare, often spread even in large cities. In all cases, they are born of hatred of the Other, which must be eliminated.

Whatever its nature, war is the absence of the human. In it there is no more poetry, art, philosophy or dialogue, learning or love.

What we call armed conflict between states, governments, military groups, paramilitaries, social sectors, mercenaries, militias or guerrillas have common logical characteristics, with a typical trait: entropic equivalence between all parties, radical conflict in terms of duality, and an absence of a *thirdness*, as Charles Sanders Peirce would say, of reason.

In war, there is no dialectical overcoming as well as there is no interaction between poles.

Neither dialectics nor Tao.

It is just zero sum game.

Such an insoluble polar conflict - which we see so often in pre-revolutionary situations, for example, when there is no dialogue - is of a degenerative nature, although it seems to be the exact opposite especially for those belonging to the respective groups.

This is not to say that historically movements of change are not necessary. And it is not about making value judgments, of any kind. It's just a look at the original nature of the conflict, at its roots.

Nor is it to deny strategies of elimination or submission of the Other exist, with precise purposes of extortion and robbery; but rather to understand the emergence of the often inexplicable aversions belonging to a universe of quality, to the imaginary, to that which precedes thought and that, therefore, pertain to a very particular form of prejudice.

Here we begin to understand social movements more as chemical processes at the logical level than intentional phenomena belonging to a teleological chain.

It is about teleonomy - when the process itself generates a structure of hierarchical values without obeying to an intentional chain.

We are part of this process in continuous metamorphosis.

My friend was unable to perceive the hatred that fed him, who she had loved and who had loved so much her before. The reason was in their different ethnic origins. Later she would say that, in the same way without much explanation, she too started feeling repulsion in relation to him. An inexplicable repulsion to herself.

The non-knowledge of the Other - through the absence or excess of information - generates a feeling of horror and superiority - which is paradoxically amplified by the book, by literature.

To understand an oral society, which in logical terms functions as an onion, an old saying Somali is very illustrative: *I and my nation against the world. Me and my clan against my nation. Me and my family against the clan. Me and my brother against the family. Me against my brother.*

Literary culture redesigns this process.

The literature, through the functional intensification of the prefrontal neuronal sector, produces a substantial increase in the acuity of the perception and recognition of the Other, but also the emergence of a process of interiorization.

Who reads intensely unleashes a powerful interior world - product of the specialized intensification of the prefrontal sector.

This "interior world" - designed by the shift of time from *before-and-after* to *past-present-and-future* - is responsible for what we call the Rule of Law, for the idea of democracy, the right to oblivion, and so on.

Paradoxically, this same "interior world" projects another effect - which illuminates the origin of World War II atrocities: it intensifies the sense and amplifies the closed group which, in turn, was even more intensified by the increase of the neurotransmitter dopamine created by the intensive use of amphetamines or methamphetamines like *Pervitin* - distributed on a large scale among the German population by Hitler's regime.

The universe of closed groups, and therefore enemies, is amplified and intensified in a literary society and even more through the use of those drugs.

On the other hand, radio, especially in World War II, designed a unity in a larger group, as it didn't happen in the purely oral universe. Thus, the ear - establishing acoustically closed groups - was amplified with the radio, and the social "membrane" dividing these departments was augmented by the literary culture and the intense use of amphetamines.

The intensive use of literature projects the Rule of Law, the idea of democracy and of negative freedom - "my right ends where the other's right begins", which allows the elimination of tyranny. But this same use amplifies the emergence of social "membranes", dramatically increasing the possibility

of major conflicts. This is an apparent contradiction, since on the one hand this cognitive system increases the consciousness of the Other and on the other hand it establishes in the Other a more radical enemy, tending to the absolute.

It is about an apparent contradiction because if there is an increase in the consciousness of the Other, there is also a strong interiorization that strengthens not only the closest relations, justifying Freud's words: "... when a group is formed the whole of this intolerance vanishes, temporarily or permanently, within the group", but it also establishes the "visual" structuring of sets in high definition of isolated groups, of closed, well determined departments.

The natural disappearance of intolerance within the group, as indicated by Freud, in an automatic process of survival, illuminates the nature of the process of strengthening internal bonds.

This is the nature of what we commonly call a "superiority complex".

Thus the reading of the phonetic alphabet printed on a light and flexible medium like paper - or any other similar cognitive technology that can arise - is fundamental for the emergence of the Rule of Law and its elements. But equally fundamental is the existence of free art and culture as elements of elimination of ghettos and of closed groups of reciprocal hatred.

It is about art as criticism - revelation - of culture, in its *modus operandi*, and culture as a process of integration of knowledge, and of self-knowledge.

For this reason, especially art - not the so-called "art of regime", of any kind - is fiercely fought by authoritarian and totalitarian spirits.

Since the early 1980s I have been working a different way of making poetry.

Although much work in this sense has been done in the last forty years or so, it is not something about which I frequently communicate about.

Like all elaboration, there is a method, a strategy of elaboration - poetry is the result of the process, of how its construction happens.

First, a given text is "exploded" with the use of chance operations, producing phonetic cells or small packets of ideas with two or three words. The original text may or may not be mine.

Then I rearrange those cells also using random operations, thus creating a stochastic process. This new assembly projects a system paratactically organized, that is, by coordination.

That is to say, in a certain sense as we do with words in general

present in a dictionary, those small sets of words, phonemes and letters are regrouped forming new meanings.

Here the poem starts revealing itself as a criticism of the social organization.

If until now, like a social organization, the order of the poetic text - with the exception of concrete, visual and experimental poetry - has always been, by excellence, strongly predicative, teleological, now the environment - in terms of intelligence - reveals a remarkable metamorphosis.

The open organization allows the reader to make the most different readings, transforming him into an active co-creator.

Always using operations of chance, different types are applied to letters, or sets of letters. I usually assign seven different types, or fonts, to a set of text. With the same strategy, I establish seven different bodies, or size of letters, to the text.

The difference in the shape and size of the letters creates the poem as texture.

In cerebral terms, once again, the poem activates different neuronal sectors, triggering a different kind of reading.

In addition to these transformations, I also establish on the letters or sets of letters three"accidents": the regular pattern, the bold and the italic.

Again, this "punctuation" interferes on the reading the text.

Thus, the poem not only deeply involves the reader through different ways in comparison to what happened before, as it establishes the reader as an active and creative participant. On the other hand, it projects a new type of poetry, more than only visual, in the sense of technological or graphic effects, but involving in its construction neuronal and mathematical issues.

The first poem deals with fragments of the works by Fernando Pessoa between 1918 - the year the World War I ended - and 1930, five years before his death.

The metacreation using this material resulted in a first poem, which I called Metanoia.

Those fragments of Fernando Pessoa's poems constituted the text of my electronic opera, for interior voices, called Metanoia, with the world première at the monastery of Batalha, in Portugal, on the 17th of November, 2018.

Over the years many of my projects have not been limited to just one medium. They can be music, architecture, poetry, photography, film or philosophy simultaneously, for example. This is also the case of the electronic

opera Metanoia.

In addition to the opera, a specular dimension is established in the poem - which is, by its very first nature, a reflection on the process of creating aversions, operating on the opposite direction, through interactions.

This specular network should know a new unfolding.

What is the spiritual universe, the *zeitgeist*, of a language? Is there a transition between different worlds when we deal with two or more languages? What are the imagetic universes of two poets?

Thus, still confined to the European universe, scenario of World War I, but embracing the Anglo-Saxon world - so dear to Fernando Pessoa - I took a poem by Aldous Huxley - *The Defeat of Youth* - written in 1918 as a basis for metacreation of a new specular unfolding.

In this way, also using chance operations, I established the "translation" of fragments of Fernando Pessoa's set of poems through Huxley's poem.

This doesn't mean a comparison of Pessoa and Huxley. They are two different worlds.

The fragments of Huxley's poem replaced the fragments of the metapoema elaborated with fragments of Pessoa's works.

This leads me to think of Siddhartha Gautama, the Buddha, when to him the following words were attributed: "To enjoy good health, to bring true happiness to one's family, to bring peace to all, one must first discipline and control one's own mind. If a man can control his mind he can find the way to Enlightenment, and all wisdom and virtue will naturally come to him".

Mind control can only happen through reflection.

Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta

Batalha, Portugal 2018

METANOIA

and Fernando Pessoa

Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta

2018

alasto**R, ESPÍRITO DA SOLIDÃO**

EXteri**o**r

mas o caminho

deus

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o qu*e* s**ou**

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não compreendo compreender, nem sei

se hei-de ser, sendo eu nós
é sempre
expandir-te e renovar-me

OUÇO E UM HORROR me os olhos da

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e a tua agonia é um manto sobre

o não pode haver a sós comigo

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vou dentro em mim a sombra procurando

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da flor da **HORA**

QUE ME VÊ

ORA Calma e j e rizes traz

tudo n¾o foi, tudo fomos

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entardecer

o que somos

e esta dor que não tem m goa

minha sombra, o que serei

eu alma, que contempla tudo isto

nada conhece

ah! os caminhos estão TODOS EM MIM

PERTENCEM-ME, SOU EU

DO ALTO DE ter consciência

contemplo a terra e o céu

esta tris**teza** intangível

passa em mim **como** um som

longe de mim em mim existo

sempre

agora

tenho passa**do a reconhecer**

o que procuro

E *q*ue nem sei

busco o que em silêncio se desfaz.

consciê**ncia**

nada que vejo **é li**geiro no que fui,

tã**o v**ago

andei de mim enquanto

consegui

com aqui lo q ue INTEI ro

NUNCA FUI,

E SOB m EUS SONHOS

SEJa eu os meus

pe nsa ment os

de um louco.

deixar de se r é não ter tid o ser

e n¾o nada em si

e o silênci o é

me se NTIR ALTO e brando

CADA mom ENTO MUDEI

E pASMO DO que sei que não almejo

olhar o sentir

crer no que creio

n¾o mais certezas

ece!

AI DO QUE EM MIM

Sonho

NÃO SEI OU SOMBRA?

ASA

SALVO A ILUSÃO QUE A ILUs¾o impele

de novo torno a ser eu

que à parte de quem sou

é o que falta ao

QUE SEI

QUE NUNCA TEREI

É NADA VER

e o rosto é a m scara

no meio do ser

certo de que caminhamos

O ÚNICO MOVIMEnto em que consisto

que faço eu no mundo?

at

অnoite, *অlua*

com O momento

e   o Movimento

se as coisas são est ilhaços

do saber

do UNIr

অbrisa incerta

n¾o me deis mais do que eu nada ser

sঅme FIQUEI

SEM QUE EU MESMO O POSSA OUVIR

MATErial que **sou eu**

e com

o que de mim

n¾o estou aqui

a brincar

ai a janela aberta

da vida, e a sinto

que deus está passando?

tudo o que sou

os olhos no meu olhar

inverto

pesa-me hoje a discordância

ENTRE A vida e o que sou

de outro SER DO QUE EU...

E UM RIO... FLUI...ENTREVÊ QUEM FUI

HORA A HORA

como seus os la os solte

que prendem   alma

ouvida num outro nível

a consciência é uma batalha

é a ária que desejo

mas, busco

a fantasia e uma obra

absurda em trezentos

sonhos

esquece os imprecisos flui

rio que nascimento

sigo

trago, por ilusão

para um momento

ficou

só quero, por abraços

no sonho Grave que o dos corpos

O ABISMO ONDE A ÚNICa esperança é poder haver deus

e um outro sentido desço

EU NÃO SEI SE A VERDADe o pensamento

ou se sentir a m scara insuspEITA NOS Meus braços

LEVE CANTO VOLÁTIL

deMORa

do abismo incerto, pois busquei na vida

não o buscado, mas buscar

por ter amado as cousas

impossíveis

eu sou o disfarce

a sensação

nestas soMBRAS

MARCADO, A Meio a mim

EM SI MESma A VIDA?

O ESPAÇO É ALGUÉM PARA MIM

ENTRE O TRIVIAL E O voO DA MINHA alma insatisfeita

ir sonhando sou eu sॐ

s¾ es tilha os

do ser, as coisas dispersas

chama-me eu!

eu sou eu

o estranho tom

mas a vida   o que n¾o somos

eu

SEU FIEL AMOR

só porque aos que me olham

com as verdadeiras lágrimas

que contém em si os piores mistérios...

a morte essencial das cousas,

O ACABAR DAS ALMAS

ENVOLVO E EMARANHADO

EIXOS QUe nos mostram a nós

a luzir, em quem na sem seguran a

de quem está só

e que quanto mais não tem fim

isso é que choro

quantos nos dera**m te**m calor

resta

pétala de Sonhar

O Se

que

MAIS S**OLITÁRIO DE SI**

HÁ UM ABRINCAR

E HÁ O

CAMINHO QUALQUER QUE LEVA A TODA A PARTE

QUALQUER P**ONTO É O** centro do

infin ito

a mente me estranha

n¾O persegue

*basta **u**m momento*

durMO SentiNDO-me

na máscara em que estou

um sonho do teu

espera quem sou

teu ser

METANOIA

Aldous Huxley and Fernando Pessoa

Emanuel Dimas de Melo Pimenta

2018

therE, LEGIONS OF THE STREET

EXterior

the shadow as if flows

god

to birth

brightness

he should let GO

THE FAR HORIZONS FADE

OF WET AND SUNlit streets

coloured life

comes forth

her bright smiling mouth

to light and burn and know

darkness

the world a desert

tears of pain

blind and utterly void

god

AN ISLAND-point

streets and solitude

beyond your walls, lost in fevered lands

of quietness

lips that her lips had pressed

hot dark summer nights

light-drawn fingers with the touch

dusk

like some prophetic cLOAK

THE SILENCE of the storm

springs the aerial flower

with a burst of light and music

long hot days

something still uncreated

incomplete

heavy summer to new birth

he must love her

human minds

THE DARKNESS IN THE LOFT Is sweet and warm

EXPECTANCE DRAWS

EVERYDAY's futility

reveals black depths a moment

stream

the silken breast of a mandarin

sleaves out In to a pale transparent mist
of clamorous action

she turns her head and in a flash of laughter

lightning-struck

compassion infinite

promise of her sacrifice

shine there in triumph

of poets that hate

every channel on the world of things

on being more than self

the tears spring fast

Earth

the darness and old chimeric sight

fierce lust for her

days pass by, empty OF THOUGHT And will

my soul against her torment

steeped in that golden quiet, all content

gold with the light of evening

and the dark

the trembling of her lips

against calm golden

autumn skies

I give you all

merged in this instant

evoking its own whiteness

shut down again, a white uneasy sea

trivial thing as though to ward away

above the touch

flowers

lakes that catch the sun

mi**st?**

the cheerfulness of fire and lamp invites

blindly

and she lies

surrender

op**en wide eyes**

laug**HING**

OF LIving GLOrious in the denser air

love which made

small **wind** stirs

like the **flame**

turmoil of mind?

yet seem so clear

can she understand?

fringes of a storm

that sings in passionate music

wind

dawns of

ecstasy

WITHIN A NARROW LIFE

love

an infinite life

no more THAN dreams

rounded firmness and each body alerts

and life seems faint

smile through the curve of flesh

may strangely teach

rise *all* **around**

*mountains of visio*n, *calm above* fate

on all the world

of secrecy

almost of pain

in silence and as though **EXPECTANTLY**

smil**LING**

EVEN IN the

sanctuary

terror from a trance-calmed face

I had forgotten what I had said

fair desire

lips that once had lau**ghed AND S**ung and kissed

SPIRIT

BURNS

AND PITILESSLY As an old remorse

I open the eyes from lovely dreams

putrid alleys of glass

by chance

desire?

dark **SKY**

LONG THUNDERing seas

THE SPIRit of life pequeno

germ

des**olate pla**ce

life and motion on the drowsing Earth

hidden shines

lust and death and the bitterness of will

rhythms of THOUGHT

SILENTLY

KISSING HER HAIR

BEYOND THE DIM And stifling

now and here

the daylight world outside

exquisite miracle when people could spin

void impalpable nothingness

starting point

spirit of beauty BURNING

LOOKS UP at him, an d helplessly she feels

life halts

an echoed glory

passion

conscious of youth's **feebleness**

of any love or goodness: all deceit

upon **his** heart

through unpassed **BARS**

OF HOLINESS

THOSE Dreams and longings

we must escape, ah God!

aerial shrine

scarlet line

he **is** afrai*d*

seem things **d**ead**ly to** *be* d_{esir}ed

like you and me

our material earth

a strange d_{espair}

ah! sickening heart-beat of **DESIRE!**

ACROSS **THE LEAVES**

AND TRUTH seem now

vision **of bright fields** and angelic people

sometimes **with** hatred

dammed up **and thus** by its mind

he spoke abrupt across my dream

fire

stones

those old great trees **that rise**

above the MIST

WAS lust the end

life circled with returning wheels

know**ing**

bright windy sunshine and the shadow of cloud

in their resemblances

a faint influence

phantoms

indifferent mystery SHE was

ACROSS DIMS

GOLD HAIRS' aFLAME

LOve flows in

heartbrea king ly

she kissed him

a spindle of rifted dark ness

through its heart

lifting his we ight

sense OF BLESSED

SPIRIT OF MOUNTAINS

HE sTRAINS ON upwards through

the wind

of dying sunset

all that the nights erase

life!

AI DO QUE eM MIM

MANIFEST

THEN, TURN TO THIS?

ROARS

IN HER YOUNG body with an inward flame

the world a candle

shuddering to its death

from other lives

QSTANDS ALONE

AND EVERMORE

ITS FORCE

AND A dull rancorous desire

blind tortured face

yearning glimpses of a life

OUT OF Eternal darkness into time

so pure as seemed?

seeing

hair *and eyes*

sudden pain

half closed eyes

before *and* **after**

she learned

pain AND Stress

without desire

all is alive and light

her BREASTS

INCENSE COLOURED DUSK

SILVer peace its storm

seem alive

with inward light

bright st reams

the hills

a crystal fire

just beyond the dark

that infinitely much?

clear the distance seems

mysterious powers that imminently

lie

the darkness inward

COLOUR And speed

survining BUT IN DREAM...

WITH THE CHARRED... GOLD...AND THE RED

EMBER-GLOW

rich coloured *plates of beauties*

of hair and tangled light

sleeked rOund **her** head

from the whi**te-lidded languor** of her eyes

the passionate conquest

to-night, **I said**

and all he p_{ane shows}

a man born b l i n d

dreams

phanthoms pa**le-remembered shapes**

without identity

ghost

formless still

swift loveliness

movements

under the trees, a little group

the huge ELms stir

TILL ALL THE AIR is loud

A GIRL'S DRESS

THERE IS LAUGHTER in the face

of all her happiness AND ALL THe woes

PHANTOM LESS DEEP

travelling

not in some vacant heaven

woven *together* *in so close a mesh*

even the **sea** **gl**impsed *far away*

nights

a homeless marvel

centuries dead

deep **THOUGHT**

SELF-KNOWN, HAPPINESS **F**or us

THE **KINGFISHER!**

SEES THE COLOUR DAWN ACROSS HER CHEEKS

WITHIN HIS **ARMS** **HE FEELS** her shuddering

lu*ll her to sleep*

gently kiss her **brow**

passion ambushed

in palpable shame

her kiss

the garden of scape

thin pious crowd

I

A STRANGER TO YOUR MAGICAL PEACE

all high love for her

like quicksilver **the shine and shadow run**

he sees a world that wavers

trembling in **the PAS**sion

HEART TO HEART

MEN'S **LARVAL FACES**

***THE** vision fades*

an agony, yet strangely, subtly sweet

without speech

to drink the transient beauty as it sped

small green world,

ancient gardens mirrored

eyes

his blood

virgin will

still

LOVE'S rEBEL SERVANT

TO MIME HIMSELF

satyr's dance

MAD QUICK DRY RHYTHM

AND FIRST HE KNEW and loved her

over head

darkness intensified

to meet the sky

shall live creating

the doom is seal**ed**

with the poor lonely life

suddenly **opened**

in its slow struggle towards

the body