WINDING PATHS

By a Thinking Walker

                        By Joseph Taigen

It is cold in the mind,

the desire has been lost between images of late,

the footsteps find themselves amidst the windy darkness.

First there is desire, and then frustration,

the future is unclear if space won’t change,

there is but one last attempt to make sense,

after the void of space,

an attempt to create something, to give birth to something, to communicate something,

to try and help or maybe just stay still,

the body satisfying an Aristotelian will,

an anger caused by personal misfortunes,

we let the present wait, and we let the future wait as well,

in the name of some kind of reason, some sort of recollection,

existence being pushed to the fore, above everything,

when there is something that is more important than us,

these are the hardest days to talk about,

these are days of pain and desperation, in which there is no certitude,

or any faith in God, which, after all, can still be there,

and after God, what else, if not God himself,

the body can be motionless but thoughts are wanderers by their own nature,

following paths that are hard to share.

If loneliness takes hold of me,

what will i be able to do, apart from loving the ones that are close to me,

what will i be able to do,

if the night falls,

and the cold soaks into my bones

what will i be able to do in order to warm up my heart?

A liability,

this is what was being said about the man and his ways,

his behaviour, it was said, would not help him too,

it could be argued that he had a heart of stone,

but no,

he would have to brave the world,

he would have to make his big dreams come true,

the past haunted him like a shadow,

there was barely any energy left inside him,

his was a quixotic fight,

one day, one day he would find happiness,

for he had learnt from his loneliness and suffering,

what his condition was,

one fine day he would cast no shadow, the sunshine being that strong

and right above his adult body,

and then it would suddenly rain,

mother earth invigorating its seeds,

he would then end up in a different sort of ambience,

hugging his lover,

hugging his new life.

A lot of times we just let it go

Not worrying about tomorrow

We say yesterday's fear

Is tomorrow’s fear

And when we least expect it,

After having searched ourselves to exhaustion,

We finally manage to gain something,

Even if it is just our daily bread

That, by itself, makes us proud

Not to mention happy

But it also makes us hopeful

That someday we all will laugh

At every little thing that happens ‘’down here’’.

The heart is pumping on a steady beat,

I imagine other stops and read them about them,

so that i can know them well,

my days are walking towards these days,

bringing me ever closer to other races,

what does it matter if the distance between dream and reality,

is gigantic, abysmal,

for what really seems to matter is the act of shortening that distance,

so that the paths we walk on,

will seem less strange to us,

for we would already have been there, somewhere inside our minds,

we just want a round-trip ticket,

in the land of men, on mother earth,

in humankind, which gave us birth right from its womb.

Back to her, this is the place we want to go late at night,

so that we shall have the strength to go through better sunny days,

in which our dreams will be fulfilled,

Sooner or later,

for it is not the distance that matters,

what matters is the act of shortening it.

Men knew only shadows,

Before there was light,

It was necessary to go through bad times, so that we could find our peace of mind,

it was necessary to be down and out

just so that we could realize that humankind’s darkness

was gone...

Was it really?

Are we still not fighting ?

Should we accept the fact that unfriendliness between men

is just part of our own nature?

The end of the darkness, if i may say so,

lies in the progress and alliance between peoples,

for humankind sometimes seems to be walking in circles,

evolution perhaps being nothing more than a simple refinement

of all the capacities,

that a primitive man has got.

May the good people meet each other!

So that there is no longer darkness,

So that a new dawn descends upon us!

If I had listened to my heart,

Then maybe i would not find myself in this situation,

alone and all by myself.

Maybe i would have another future.

I would have all the crisis and doubts that is part of growing up,

i would find myself in a new condition,

one of untainted hope.

But now it is time to sail away,

for it is getting late.

The rose rests in its hiding place,

minds proliferate,

gauze compresses are being used on the injured ones,

eyes swelling up in pain,

love’s wounds last long,

if one excuses one’s lover,

whilst cultivating,

the rose with all his will,

The rose is by the side of the steering wheel,

and it travels far away.

The plastic roses,

are on the head end of the bed, so she tells me.

Is our love made of plastic?

The trees are welcoming the sun,

there is a feeling of sadness and longing in the air,

life is flying by as i take notice of it, like in a poem,

my soul saddened by the motionless reality,

the fear of motion.

Studying, i insist on studying,

i insist on searching words to live by, and i search for words to comfort me,

but it could all be different,

in which case my knowledge would then be made of experience,

and yet, i am not far from everything,

for, much like Drummond de Andrade,

i search for a crystal clear type of ode

the one that is not to be found in the dictionaries.

What is literature good for,

if not for falling in love ?

Why would philosophers write,

if it was not for loving?

What is the point in an artist's painting,

If it is not helping him find a soul mate?

Because writers are so hardworking and diligent,

in exposing men’s experiences,

in translating their nature by the use of words.

Could all those writers have inside their thoughts some sort of religious aim, or any other, for that matter?

Besides the purpose of love for humankind and God,

that drives men to write,

day in day out, in a strenuous craft,

would there be another cosmic purpose behind all of this?

perhaps the role of men ,

and their place in the universe plays an important part in this process?

Could poetry be the most honest place,

or is there still place for scheming in suffering?

The world is full of questions,

amongst these are the ones regarding one’s self and the ones regarding all of us,

some of these questions are so important that we forget about them,

while others seem to cling to our soul,

these being less important.

Which ones would actually matter,

when actually there is poverty and hunger in the world,

when the riches of this world are spread out in an uneven fashion,

what are men afraid of,

are we afraid of a fair world?

The world is made of seemingly simple things,

which become increasingly more complex as we grow old, could that be true?

When others are suffering we cannot stay still,

pretending that we are not brothers,

we should start changing up ourselves from the inside out,

there is always something we can do to help,

and it is never too late to do so.

A drop of water,

this is enough to make others follow suit,

when tears matter,

so does the sea, which surrounds us, gigantic,

when a man cries the world moves around,

And God is moved by that.

There are days with no inspiration,

days in which sorrow creeps in,

we are strangled in time and nature,

we would like to have more, but we only have what we have,

the ocean is enormous and we are part of it,

nothing more than a simple drop of water

nothing more than just a particle,

in an endless universe.

When our mind has already been inhabited by strange ideas,

when thoughts repeat themselves on and on,

disturbing as they are,

there is faith on one side and sin on the other,

it is unfair labelling human actions as sinful,

it is unfair to condemn someone for going after their right to find pleasure in life,

while society covertly blames us,

forming a cancer inside us,

well, at that i shout - this is not wholesome,

life should be lived to the fullest,

and will say this too

"life is not about surviving, there is much more to it”.

I knew you were out there somewhere,

i have seen you in the faces of people that i loved,

i have spotted you under Lisbon’s magnificent sun,

in Pombal’s streets, my hometown, i have seen you,

i have searched you in unsuspected places,

I have even searched you in God-forsaken places,

i know you are out there somewhere,

and i know that our heartbeats,

shall be close together, at last.

Bound by the forces of an ever fleeting reason, there lies the mind,

Seeing it fit to start a heartbeat,

the moment it sees an horizon of wandering shadows.

The matchbox fell open,

Leaving that musty smell of some moisture laden corner-shop behind,

It would have grown old there, just waiting for me,

just like a lady who has never been inhabited...

So here it is, this place’s poetry,

a housing for thought’s time,

waiting for the tactile desire,

the extended fear,

being sweetened by the paleness of the eyes.

I am afraid,

only the tameness of the sheep,

moving about at night,

can give humanity back to humankind.

This is what stays,

If we relax our mind:

voices, strong presences,

close emotions and a pubescent touch, sighing away.

It is enough to dissipate the spirit,

and also the disease that lives in the body,

strangled, stuck.

Much like my handwriting during rest time,

an invisible force that touches me,

and shall forever stay with me.

Just a light tension, preoccupation,

The footsteps will not last forever.

The body sits comfortably in its shoes.

it is the agitation that pushes things forward,

towards the fountain with its clear water

which runs through the ecstatic and freed body,

in the breathing movement of objects.

The grasshopper is motionless,

moves one of its antennae,

i'm not sure if it is just to check me out.

It then turns towards me,

i feel like touching it and scaring it,

maybe try and bring my human dimension close to it.

The grasshopper, however, prepares itself to jump.

The cicadas are singing at halfway distance,

in this Alentejo,

i feel the heat touching my face,

with light and warm outbursts.

The grasshopper jumps.

I hide my face behind my hands.

The oxygen burns close to me.

I recognise-me as a human being.

Shortened spaces that I loose sight of,

Some type of intelligence found in the illogical.

The smell dominates my presence,

the stillness hurts my eyes,

lyrics and clear memories are sprouting through me,

hammering away on my brain,

like a printer with needles.

A maze-like path draws itself before me,

strange looking objects keep jumping in where i stand.

The river and the city are hungry for thirst,

love, it is written with lust.

Tucked inside the soul

lies a substance which is unheard of.

From my wrist I measure the time.

I blame it for running myself out.

Notwithstanding this, i can still recognise myself,

somewhere between the Alentejo and Pombal.

On a painting the light cuts through,

an image of thirst's flavour,

an enormous fluidity defines the wind.

I bury my feet in the ground and gaze at the impetuous harmony,

of a metallic contact,

the perfect meeting of energy systems,

a rite that cannot be passed on,

and drives me mad,

with the sound of someone's heartbeat standing next to me,

this and all this chattering, no voice coming clean,

they all just seem to blend together,

and then burst out in echo.

In the eyes that i face there is fear,

some mixture of weakness and lack of purpose.

There is no pain there, only bottomless angst.

Maybe this is not all about searching purpose,

Or even being thirsty and curious,

about all the outcomes.

I get down to the ground looking tired,

the wind changes up the glaring light that illuminates my face.

I am not loosing grip of my body

that is because the earth supports me

the desire for peace

searching me.

The light that comes to see me,

is my hope,

and your eyes that acknowledge that hope also see the substance

of our mutual awareness.

Now it is that same light that is illuminating our bodies,

the morning starting off brightly,

and life is in bloom,

in us,

for us.

A flock of birds flutters by clearly in the sky.

My thoughts of loneliness goes away with it.

The temple is ample,

the days marked by the sun,

the nights marked by the moon.

The ground supports us with its black and brownish colour.

The man checks the minutes flying by on a piece of paper,

filling out the mind's white backdrop,

With endeavours and words.

Words follow the days.

I search for the colloquial authority,

words that are past and gone.

I search , in an unforeseeable meeting, the strength that communicates,

hearing words is my motto,

the ideal of the creative action,

may this ideal expand itself emotionally throughout the days.

I do not search thought,

I search the freshness of the wishes and wants.

I know.

The orbit of plausible facts

is useless when one is counting only days of shadows.

It is useless , of that i am sure, the creativity and ingenuity,

and while this may not always be the case for all of humankind,

this is always the case for the hopes that might arise from the spread out fields.