



Carlos Drummond De Andrade: Poesia Completa

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Esta obra é uma edição comemorativa do centenário do nascimento de Carlos Drummond de Andrade, seguida das disposições deixadas por ele. Drummond organizou pessoalmente em pastas títulos de sua vasta obra poética desde sua obra de estréia 'Alguma poesia' até 'A paixão medida'. Todos os livros, reunidos neste volume único, foram alinhados em ordem cronológica.

Carlos Drummond De Andrade: Poesia Completa Details

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From Reader Review Carlos Drummond De Andrade: Poesia Completa for online ebook

Ida says

Perhaps my favorite Brazilian poet.

Juliana says

Tem certas pessoas que nunca deviam morrer para que pudessemos apreciar suas obras por muito tempo.

Rodrigo Bauler says

The best Brazilian poet and the best modern edition of his poetry.

Lizzy says

One, among so many, of Carlos Drummond de Andrade's beautiful and passionate poems:

Nausea and the Flower

Bound by my class and some clothes,
I walk down the gray street dressed in white.
Dejections and goods for sale observe me.
Should I keep on until I'm nauseous?
Can I, without weapons, rebel?

Grimy eyes in the clock tower:
No, the time of full justice has not arrived.
It's still a time of feces, bad poems, hallucinations, and waiting.
The hapless time and the hapless poet
merge in the same impasse.

In vain I try to explain myself: the walls are deaf.
Beneath the skin of words: ciphers and codes.
The sun cheers the sick and doesn't renew them.
Things. Considered without emphasis, how sad things are.

And if I vomited this tedium over the city?
Forty years and not one problem solved,
nor even formulated.
Not one letter written or received.

The people are all going home.
They're less free but carry newspapers
and spell out the world, knowing they've lost it.

How can I forgive the world's crimes?
I took part in many. Others I concealed.
Some I found beautiful, and they were published.
Soothing crimes, which make life more bearable.
A daily ration of error, delivered at our door.
By ruthless milkmen of evil.
By ruthless bread boys of evil.
And if I set everything on fire, myself included?
They called the adolescent of 1918 an anarchist,
but my hatred is the best part of me.
Without it I'd be lost,
and with it I can give a few people a slight hope.

A flower has sprouted in the street!
Buses, streetcars, steel stream of traffic: steer clear!
A flower, still pale, has fooled the police, it's breaking through the asphalt.
Let's have complete silence, halt all business in the shops,
I swear that a flower has been born.

Its color is uncertain.
It's not showing its petals.
Its name isn't in the books.
It's ugly. But it really is a flower.

I sit down on the ground of the nation's capital at five in the afternoon
and fondle with my fingers this precarious form.
Inland, over the mountains, thick clouds are gathering.
In the sea tiny white dots, panicked chickens, are moving.

It's ugly. But it's a flower. It broke the asphalt, tedium, disgust, and hatred.

Angie B. says

Eu li Amor Natural; Poesias; Alguma Poesia; A Falta que ama, Amar se aprende amando;

Rosa Ramôa says

Salário (e calvário)

Ó que lance extraordinário:

aumentou o meu salário
e o custo de vida, vário,
muito acima do ordinário,
por milagre monetário
deu um salto planetário.
Não entendo o noticiário.
Sou um simples operário,
escravo de ponto e horário,
sou caxias voluntário
de rendimento precário,
nível de vida sumário,
para não dizer primário,
e cerzido vestuário.
Não sou nada perdulário,
muito menos salafrário,
é limpo meu prontuário,
jamais avancei no Erário,
não festejo aniversário
e em meu sufoco diário
de emudecido canário,
navegante solitário,
sob o peso tributário,
me falta vocabulário
para um triste comentário.
Mas que lance extraordinário:
com o aumento de salário,
aumentou o meu calvário!

Camila Vilela De Holanda says

E agora, Carlos? Somente suspiros.
