



Maiakovski - Poemas

Vladimir Mayakovsky , Boris Schnaiderman (translator) , Augusto de Campos (translator) , Haroldo de Campos (translator)

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Vladimir Maiakovski é um dos maiores poetas russos do período moderno, aquele que expressou de maneira mais completa e contundente, no pré e pós-Revolução de Outubro, os novos e contraditórios tempos que irrompiam pelas portas da História e as novas configurações que estes demandavam e assumiam. A presente antologia - agora em sexta edição - já consagrada como a mais representativa transcrição em língua português e comparável às melhores traduções internacionais, desenvolve um traçado sintético da evolução da obra maiakovskiana, no que diz respeito às formas tomadas por sua linguagem, documentando todas as fases deste percurso, desde as primícias do poeta até os últimos versos que escreveu encontrados após o seu suicídio.

Maiakovski - Poemas Details


Date : Published 2008 by Perspectiva (first published 1967)

ISBN : 9788527301183

Author : Vladimir Mayakovsky , Boris Schnaiderman (translator) , Augusto de Campos (translator) , Haroldo de Campos (translator)

Format : Paperback 176 pages

Genre : Poetry, Cultural, Russia, Literature, Russian Literature

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From Reader Review Maiakovski - Poemas for online ebook

mwpm says

Morning

The sullen rain
cast a glance
askance.
Beyond the still
clear grille -
the iron reasoning of wires strung overhead -
a featherbed.
And on it
rested lightly
the legs of rising stars.
But as
the streetlamps - tsars
in crowns of gas -
began to die,
they made more painful for the eyes
the petty wars
of the bouquet of boulevard whores.
And horrid,
the lurid
pecking laughter
that jokes leave after
arose
from the yellow roses'
poised rows
in a zig-zag.
But at the back
of all the wracking horror
and the squalor
the eye rejoiced, at last;
the slave of crosses
sufferingly-placidly-indifferent,
the coffins
of the brothels
full of riff-raff
were flung into one flaming vase by the
dawning East.

* * *

Lily Dear! In Lieu of a Letter

The room's a chapter of Kruchonikh's Inferno.

Air

gnawed out by tobacco smoke.

Remember -

at the window,

for the first time,

burning,

with tender frenzy your arms I'd stroke?

Now you're sitting there,

heart in armour;

a day,

and perhaps,

I'll be driven out.

To the bleary hall:

let's dress: be calmer,

crazy heart, don't hammer so loud!

I'll rush out, raving,

hurl my body into the street,

slashed by despair from foot to brow.

Don't,

don't do it,

darling,

sweet!

Better say good-bye right now.

Anyway,

my love's a crippling weight

to hang on you

wherever you flee.

Let me sob it out

in a last complaint,

the bitterness of my misery.

A bull tired out by a day of sweat

can plunge into water,

get cooled and rested.

For me

there's no sea but your love,

and yet

from that even tears can't wrest me a respite.

If a weary elephant wants some calm,

lordly, he'll lounge on the sun-baked sand.

I've

only your love

for sun and balm,

yet I can't even guess who'll be fondling your hand.

If a poet were so tormented

he might

barter his love for cash and fame.

For me

the world holds no other delight

than the ring and glitter of your dear name.
No rope will be noosed,
no river leapt in,
not will bullet or poison take my life.
No power over me,
your glance excepting,
has the blade of any knife.
Tomorrow you'll forget
it was I who crowned you,
I
who seared out a flowering soul.
The pages of my book will be vortexed
around you
by a vain existence's carnival whirl.
Could my words,
dry leaves that they are but,
detain you
with throbbing heart?
Ah,
let the last of my tenderness carpet
your footfall as you depart!

* * *

To Answer!

It roars and it rattles, the war's big drum,
demanding live meat to be spitted on iron.
Slave after slave
from all countries come
to handle the steel their fellows die on.
What for?
The earth trembles,
unclothed,
unfed;
man splashed in the bloody bath like a zany.
Only that somebody
somewhere
should get
his pocketful of Albania.
Human packs grapple with bloodthirsty yells,
slash after slash the earth's hide flay,
just
for somebody's ships
to pass the Dardanelles
free
of pay.
Soon

the earth
won't have a rib left whole.
They'll tear out her soul, too,
mauling and maiming her
for the only purpose that somebody should haul
in
a netful of Mesopotamia.
In the name of what,
roughshod,
boots through the cities crash?
Who's in the sky of battle?
Liberty?
God?
Cash!
You,
whose life is their sacrifice,
when will you rise,
upright and mighty,
and flight your query right in their face:
WHY
ARE
WE FIGHTING?

* * *

Order No. 2 To the Army of Arts

This is to you,
well-fed baritones,
from Adam
to the present day
shaking the dives called theatres with the groans
of Romeo and Juliet or some such child's play.

To you,
maitres painters
fattening like ponies,
guzzling and guffawing salt of the earth,
secluded in your studios,
forever spawning
flowers and girlflesh for all you are worth.

To you,
fig-leaf-camouflages mystics,
foreheads dug over with furrows sublime,
futuristic,
imagistic,
acmeistic,

stuck tight in the cobwebs of rhyme.

To you,
who abandoned smooth haircuts for matted,
slick shoes for bast clogs *a-la-russki*,
proletcultists
sewing yoru patches
on the faded frock-coat of Alexander Pushkin.

To you,
dancing
or playing the tune,
now openly betraying,
now sinning in secret,
picturing the future as an opportune
academic salary for every nitwit!

I say to you,
I,
whether genius or not,
working in ROSTA
abandoning trifles:
quit your rot
before you're debunked
with the butts of rifles!

Quit it,
forget
and spit
on rhymes,
arias,
roses,
hearts,
and all other suchlike shit
out of the arsenal of the arts.

Whoever cares
that "Ah, poor creature,
how he loved, how his heart did bleed!"
Master-craftsmen,
not long-haired preachers,
that is what we need.

Hark!
Locomotives groan,
draughts
through their floors and windows blow;
"Give us coal from the Don,
mechanics,

fitters
for the depot!"

On every river, from source to mouth,
with holes in their sides, river-boats too
lie idle, dismally howling out:
"Give us oil from Baku!"
While we kill time, debating
the innermost essence of life,
"Give us new forms, we're waiting!"
everything seems to cry.

We're nobody's fools
till your lips come apart
to stare, expectant, like cows chewing cud.
Comrades,
wake up,
give us new art
to haul the Republic out of the mud!

Ali says

"Geni? ad?mlar?ma dayanm?yor yollar?n uzunlu?u.
Nereye gitsem ki içimdeki bu cehennemle"

Alex says

Nótese que mi afecto hacia el soviet es meramente platónico. Ayer leí la obra Mayakovski (mal deletreado en éstaedición) y no hizo otra cosa mas que enervarme con rojo y amarillo.

Mayakovsky no es un artista, es un artesano. Cual herrero moscovino, toma las palabras con sus rudas manos y las martillea hasta darles forma y función. Es una mezcla de escultor y herrero. Es tosco. Es sublimemente tosco.

Magdalen says

Listen

Now, listen!
Surely, if the stars are lit
there's somebody who longs for them,
somebody who wants them to shine a bit,
somebody who calls it, that wee speck of spittle, a gem?

Sergei Yesenin

*Dying in this life is not so hard.
Building life is harder, I daresay*

Okay the last lines I chose were not Mayakovsky's , typically is Mayakovsky paraphrasing Sergei Yesenin, but nevertheless they were the ones that touched me the most.

3 stars just because it's Vladimir Mayakovsky, I did not enjoy it as much as other poems of his. Was is this collection? Was is the translation? Was it the revolutionary theme in the last poems? Be it, still Mayakovsky has many things to tell you.

Niloofar sh says

[The Cloud in Pants]

Pavel says

My long-standing (but now, thankfully, declining) failure to find Mayakovsky's poetry in some way resourceful is, to my mind, similar to Bishop's failure to find the Brazilian concretists to be anything beyond "awfully sad" - similar in the sense that both failures are ignominies.

Fernando Pérez Barral says

La poesía de Maiakovski es una bola de fuego quemándote en las manos. Brutal y precioso.

Tara says

This book was heavy. I'm interested in finding a newer translation, as I fear I lost some of the meaning. (The content was awesome though a struggle at points, and the verse was awkward.) Most of Mayakovsky's poetry deals with the Russian Revolution of 1917, and his revolutionary activity on forward. I enjoyed his work so much, especially 'Cloud in Pants' and 'My Soviet Passport'. His love poetry is spot on for those who've mourned over the most awful of love loss. 'I Love' is an especially human and heartfelt poem. He was an especially passionate human - in politics and love - which is greatly why I've enjoyed reading him.

Greg Bem says

I felt my insides rally under a banner I never knew in the face, never knew willingly, openly, his voice channeling history and historic prowess into my best and worst moods.

Eduardo Ferreira says

e dá-lhe os russos. foi uma excelente indicação.

Eadweard says

Mayakovsky. Mayakovsky. Mayakovsky.

J.M. Hushour says

A comprehensive (though far from complete) collection of Marshall's great translations. Chock full of useful footnotes, lots of commentary on the poems, a chronology, the minutes of an exhibition which was Mayakovsky's last public appearance, etc. Any fan of Mayakovsky should try to track this collection down. I think it's out of print but findable. One of the 20th century's greatest poets:

"My words
aren't used
to caress
and adulate;
not with semi-obscenities
titillate,
maiden ears curly ringed
to affront.
I open on parade
my pages of fighters."

Ashley says

Enjoyable, but I'm not sure how much I like the translation compared to others I've read. Would have liked a more complete selection of Mayakovsky's work, as well.
