

Heartache Poems

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A Brazilian Gay Man
Coming Out from the
Closet

Valdeck A. de Jesus

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Introduction

This book comprises poems about a Brazilian gay man who was born in a small town. The poems explore the obstacles to his acceptance in a conservative society: problems with his catholic family, friends, and neighbors. To try to hide his homosexuality, he dates girls, makes love to them, gets married to one of them, and constantly dissimulates his identity.

These poems reflect his confused personality from that time. Some of them show his points of view about the world's social problems—about prejudice (especially prejudice against gay people)—and others cover a mixture of subjects: religious opinions, hunger, and his protest against everything that is wounding him. Some poems tells about his fear of death and AIDS, although those ideas are not clearly in the texts, but rather in the lines in between.

Trying to hide his sexuality, he writes poems for women when he wants to tell about his romances with men. The poems read like a diary, where he puts everything he can't relate to other human beings. It is a kind of confessional book, and an expression of his heartache and loneliness in the world.

MY DEATH

What kind of cancer will gnaw on me?
How will I rot, still alive?
Will my death be tragic, or will it be comical?
Or will I not even be entitled to a death?
How will I go delirious, or even smile, with a wound swallowing me?
When will I have the pleasure of being strangled by life and death?
Soon I will have the ecstasy of physical paralysis, stuck in a wheelchair....
Amen to that God who perverts and is perverted, who proves to us that we are
nothing!
Ugh! Rotten life!

BELOVED

Your face, wrinkled and rough,
With crows feet and acne scars,
Leaves me happy and with an illuminated soul
When I caress it and don't feel anything.

Your body, poorly made and full of blemishes,
Your protruding belly and your crooked legs,
Fill me with peace and pleasure
When I drift away from you, you dead thing.

This, your strange and indifferent look
Fascinates me and drives me wild with pleasure.
The moment in which I feel the greatest joy
Is the one in which I am far from you.

Your presence only annoys and bores me,
For you only drip with perversity.
If you want to see me happy and at peace with myself,
Get away from me, you monstrosity.

KISSING A ROTTEN WOUND

Eating raw banana
I imagine your soul
All dirty and naked.

Climbing a fig tree,
Splintering my lung,
I become dead, dead-alive
Dwelling upon my brother.
Spitting in your mouth,
Drinking all your pus,
I look for life and do not find it.
I look for darkness and do not find it.

I express my anger
Through poetry.
I look for hate and find love,
Find anger and poetry.

Breeding rotten words,
Vomiting filthy feces,
I get all nauseated
And dirty like a pig.

Eating human feces,
Drinking urine and wine,
I die, mad with shame
Shame of dying.

I kill myself with a knife
And eat coffee and bread,
Then I live and I am reborn
From the ashes of a volcano.

I grab life and throw it away,
And I pretend to be Jesus,
Drinking fruit punch
Seasoned with my pus.

I call God shameless
And Maria a whore—
All of them big bums
Who always live in struggle.

I throw myself from a high bridge,
Shatter myself on the floor,
I die a cherry virgin,
Because I didn't eat the Devil.

OUR DAILY LIVES

In the horrifying grind
Of each being in the grind,
Lots of pain is experienced,
Destroying our lives,
Preparing us for the fight—
A very unequal fight Between man and his system.
Voting for dishonest pigs,
Choosing representatives
Who only represent themselves,
Who slip on good meat

Who don't sleep in the drizzle,
But who step on these people,
Alienated and shameless,
Misinformed and without food
For themselves or for their children.
That man who doesn't exist

Or is hidden in the underworld
Of poverty and despair,
That man who takes the bus,
That man who goes to the market,
That illiterate man,
Malnourished and needing affection,
Outcast forced to live like this
By the man in power

Who steps on him and forces him
To suffer for the social good
And forces him to live poorly,
To eat only scraps
Of these leftover exports
That are useless