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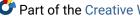
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Untitled

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Untitled

I missed the bus and lost hope. I return home pale. The street is useless and no car would crush my body.

I'll climb the sluggish slope where the roads are confused. All of them lead to the origin of the drama and flora.

I don't know if I'm suffering or if it's that someone is having a good time (why not?) in the scanty night with an insoluble piccolo. Meanwhile for a long time we have been: yes! to the eternal.

Carlos Drummond de Andrade

Translated by Stan Rose