

Morning cholera

That day dawned suddenly,
masking vainly my night pain;
drowning me in the melancholy,
caused by this taciturn passion again.
So close and so remote simultaneously.
Why should I offer you my breath,
dissipate all my essence gradually,
if for me, so far is your feeling?
However, into the wish of giving up,
I find your smile that bewilders me.
And between my decadent thoughts,
your intense look, that blocks all my senses.

Courage?

Another story.

Why put at risk all the meaningless that I conquer from you,
and at the end, remain with nothing of you, my everything?
Therefore what's left is watching
in every step you take, your distancing.
While my being each moment, faints
in this morning cholera.

Davi from Access Brazil