

POETRY AND CRISIS: HIGH WALLS AND HONK OF GEESE<sup>1</sup>

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HELENO GODOY\*

ABSTRACT

This essay tries to show, through the reading of some poems and one prose fragment by different authors (Nicanor Parra, Eve Merriam, Donald Caswell, Freedom Nyamubaya and Lynn Freed), how the crises through which poetry is transformed are constituted as well as how poets of different nationalities and purposes accept the challenge and try to overcome them.

KEYWORDS: Poetry and poetic crises, Poetic challenges, Poetic changes.

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“...I believe that it is only in extreme situations that poetry can break out.”

Hilda Hilst

“As aves da noite” (The Birds of the Night), *Teatro Completo (Complete Theatre)* (1968)

... the writer [...] sees his obligation as being to the truth of what can happen in life, and not to the reader – not to the reader’s taste, not to the reader’s happiness, not even to the reader’s morals.

Flannery O’Connor

“Catholic Novelists and Their Readers”,  
*Mystery and Manners: Occasional Prose* (1963)

What is poetry if it does not declare mutiny?

If it does not topple tyrants?

What is poetry if it does not stir up volcanoes where we need them?

And what is poetry if it cannot dislodge the crown

Worn by the powerful kings of the world?

Nazir Qabbani

“A Very Secret Report from Fist Country”,

*On Entering the Sea: The Erotic and Other Poetry of Nazir Qabbani* (1996)

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\* Poet, fiction writer, essayist and Professor of English Literature, retired in 2015, from the Universidade Federal de Goiás/UFG, Goiânia, Brazil. E-mail: hgodooy@brturbo.com.br.

If you ask me what poetry is possible in a time of crisis, I answer that I find that it is difficult to pinpoint because, for me, poetry, if not reflecting one or any or all crises, does not constitute itself truly as poetry. I remember here lines from a poem by Nicanor Parra, “Letters from the Poet Who Sleeps in a Chair.” In the fifth part of this poem, the great Chilean poet says that young poets are allowed to do/try/test anything, for “in poetry everything is allowed,” with a condition, adds the poet in the thirteenth part of the same poem, the young poets “must improve the blank page.”<sup>1</sup> For me, and I agree with Nicanor Parra, this is the only task (or ‘duty’, as he says) of a poet and his poetry, ‘to overcome the blank page’. In itself, that is enough crisis for a poet. Without it, no poetry is in crisis, enters in a crisis, and tries to overcome any crisis. However, I will create here a hiatus, to explain two or three things about myself, things in which I believe, things that reveal me, things that, in one way or another, have guided my work as a poet for the past fifty years.

If you ask me about what motivates me to write, I answer that I write because I do not know how ‘not to write’. Writing, for me, is vital: without writing, I am not who I want to be or who I would like to become, if I could improve who I am. Even though I always try to do this, without even knowing if I am what I think I am: I write to be what I think I am and to remain and to keep myself that way – by writing, I survive. That is the reason why I do not believe in poetry that is circumstantially political or worse, partisan, because if no language is innocent, any poetry is compromised, even before it begins. I also do not believe in poetry written to achieve fame and projection – I have never been, and I never want to be, a fame-seeker, enrolled in the multiplying myself; Carlos Drummond de Andrade, with whom I have a respectful relationship of a disciple who rationally (never emotionally) admires the master, but who fears him, for having learned objectivity from him; and Jorge de Lima, the other most loved one after Bandeira, with whom I learned to have intellectual and emotional faith in poetry, in its need and its efficacy, even when no one thinks about it or talks about it or gives it any value.

In second place, among the poets that contributed to my ‘formation’, and they were only three, I believe, I mention João Cabral de Melo Neto, Mário Chamie and, it might be and maybe it is strange,

the North American Marianne Moore. With Cabral I learned to distance myself from the poem and to see it with critical objectivity, to obliterate the intrusive and, most times, cumbersome I, to leave only the clear and precise vision of things flowing, of life happening, that which *is*. It is not a pretense of doing the correct thing, but to look for the safety that I am not ‘finding’ another’s idea, neither ‘obtaining’ a similar form, but trying to ‘reach’ a form that is mine, or that I can claim as *being* mine.

With Chamie, I learned the practice or praxis of the construction of a book, which cannot only be the gathering of poems written during a span of time, but a form also reached, a whole structured in a specific way, never left to chance. Someone would say that it looks like Mallarmé’s idea of the book as ‘the total word’. Yes, but the reasons for that are totally different from the French poet’s. I recognize, evidently, that Chamie’s language highly influenced me, at the beginning of my trajectory. That explains why I published my first poetry book, *Os veículos (The Vehicles)*, in 1968, and the second one, *fábula fingida (fake fable)*, only in 1984 – sixteen years trying to free myself of Chamie’s language, and I believe I accomplished that, although from the rest of his influence I do not want to set me free, not even, partially, from his language, since it forces me to be attentive in search of my own.

At last, I learned from Marianne Moore the contained diction, the distancing that Cabral had already instilled in me and she brought to fruition; above all, the learning of a rhythm closer to that of prose, without sliding into it, and the talking about “imaginary gardens with real frogs in them”, as long as poetry is understood or considered as “a place for the genuine”. Anyway, with her I also learned “the love of order, the ardor, and the non-indirect simplicity”.

If you ask me, yet, how I would define my work as a poet, I think I would rather answer with a poem of the North American poet Eve Merriam<sup>2</sup>:

“REPLY TO THE QUESTION: HOW CAN YOU BECOME A POET?”

take the leaf of a tree  
trace its exact shape  
the outside edges  
and inner lines

memorize the way it is fastened to the twig  
(and how the twig arches from the branch)  
how it springs forth in April  
how it is panoplied in July

by late August  
crumple it in your hand  
so that you smell its end-of-summer sadness

chew its woody stem

listen to its autumn rattle

watch it as it atomizes in the November air

then in winter  
when there is no leaf left

invent one<sup>3</sup>

‘Invent’ – that is the word, because it helps us to understand a truth (let us remember Aristotle<sup>4</sup>), that every poet is/must be an inventor and a discoverer (a “fabulator”), because part of his nature is to discover new relationships amongst things very well known, most of the time. The poet is not only the one who sees better than others, as Goethe believed, for he must also be the one that better establishes relationships amongst things that are not only different among themselves, since they are really different, but also between the ones that are similar among themselves and which, to the common eye, seem to present nothing more that could be related among them – there lies the work of the poet, to take Man out of the accommodation he so easily falls into, to offer him new possibilities, to challenge him to look at something known and see, of being able to see, the new and the unexpected. That is what I believe in, in this work of the poet forcing Man (general or specialized readers, it does not matter) to see daily and banal things (but also different and unusual things) as things always extraordinary and awe-full. I think that part of this work of the poet is to be always disconcerting, of forcing Man to see things in a disconcerting way, of encumbering, of messing with the form always so guaranteed that Man

has of the things around him, and forcing him to see the world as if upside down, inverted, subverted and altered.

The North American short story writer and novelist Flannery O'Connor once wrote "... the writer [...] sees his obligation as being to the truth of what can happen in life, and not to the reader – not to the reader's taste, not to the reader's happiness, not even to the reader's morals"<sup>5</sup>. Thus, the work of the poet is never to give to the reader the world as it is known, but as if seen for the first time, unexpected, strange and unique, as said by Fernando Pessoa/Alberto Caieiro, in "The Keeper of Flocks", knowing how to have "the essential astonishment/ That a child would have if it could really see/ It was being born when it was being born...", concluding: "I feel myself being born in each moment,/ In the eternal newness of the world..."<sup>6</sup> If that is not thus, I believe, agreeing with the ideas of Alberto Caieiro and of Flannery O'Connor, no poetic creation makes sense. With no sense, no poetry will be in crisis – and why would it be? –, and thus it will never face any crisis, let alone overcome it. Once, interviewed by Professor Solange Fiúza Yokozawa, I was asked if I agreed with João Cabral de Melo Neto's idea, in the poem "Dúvidas apócrifas de Marianne Moore" (Marianne Moore's Apocryphal Doubts), that "every writing is also self-writing". My answer was that, in the first place, I liked very much a phrase in which the North American poet says that *poetry is all nouns and verbs*<sup>7</sup>. Evidently, no one leaves out adjectives and adverbs, but it is a good way towards the impersonalization of poetry if the poet avoids them as much as possible, at least those who have no other purpose if not unveiling, revealing or exposing a relationship and/or an emotional reaction of the poet. Adverbs and adjectives that express anything beyond and outside of the merely personal do not worry me; if they are descriptive and create distance, I use them very much. Nevertheless, what Cabral does in the poem "Dúvidas apócrifas de Marianne Moore" (Marianne Moore's Apocryphal Doubts) is also exposing a hesitation, when he questions if when the poet talks about things would not there be "a talking about me"? There lies the paradox that every poet must face, is it not? Because we talk about ourselves even when we try to reach the highest possible level of impersonalization. The poets *talks himself*, and always in the naïve belief that he knows what he is saying

and from where he is saying it, from a place he believes to be his. If that exists or if that is possible, since there are always two dispositions: the poet writes and, at the same time, inscribes himself – *writes* in the blank sheet of the page according to a millenarian tradition that precedes him; *inscribes himself* through the repetition that installs his difference. By writing, every writer makes himself patient of a preceding act (the etymological fabric of cultural literary tradition) and subject of an inaugural act, the one of inscribing himself as ‘scribe’. Therefore, the blank page to be filled is always a place of possibilities.

I believe that a poet is not his writing, even if he can only appear through it. The poem, actually, for more confessional or personal that it might be, never contains what the poet is, but his masks, his omissions, his displacements, his differences and his derogated faith, always a speech badly enunciated. Thus every poem being not an end, but a process, the fabric of significant relationships that the same Cabral mentioned in his masterful “Tecendo a manhã” (Weaving the Morning): ‘from a frail cobweb’ that ‘weaves itself [...] and growing larger, becoming cloth, among all, pitching itself a tent, where all may enter’<sup>8</sup>. Was not that the reason why Jacques Derrida stated that there is no “outside the text”?

Thus, Cabral is right when he says, in “Dúvidas apócrifas de Marianne Moore” (Marianne Moore’s Apocryphal Doubts), that when talking about things the poet talks about himself because even though he might try to be impersonal and fragment his experiences, impersonalizing them, undetermining them, there is no way to escape the tradition that forms and informs him, just like the writing that inaugurates him: the poet is in the poem at the same time that he becomes the poem he writes, since he does not exist outside of it. I recognize the impossibility of pure objectivity, but I also recognize my/our need to look for it, avoiding as much as possible pure subjectivity.

At this moment, someone might want to ask me what I think poetry is. Cautiously I would say that I do not know, nor do I want to define poetry, even if sometimes certain definitions of poetry surprise us. For example, who would think that the English Romanticism could begin with a statement such as this, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge: “prose, – words in their best order; poetry, – the best words in their best order”<sup>9</sup>? This implies understanding that poetry is always the best word

in the best place, and that is not only a question of choosing a word, but of the choice, at the same time, of the best place to put it. From there the idea that poetry is, before anything else, a form realized in the best possible way. Nevertheless, that does not help very much or does not solve all of our problems or crises.

For me – and I am not defining anything –, poetry is a fabrication from which results a specific object, with specific purpose and ends. Poetry, being an act of creation, is a discovery with and through language, not only of new ways of looking at the world, but of facing it as well, and trying to modify it or at least interfering in it, when we talk/write about that same world. Above all, poetry is a form of creation through language because the elaboration of a poem includes, for being the choice of the best word for the best place, of linguistic coherence, richness or even vocabulary poorness, sound effects, rhythm inclusion, exploration of all the possibilities that language can offer us with and beyond the mere need of communicating some idea or anything. Poetry communicates, of course, but it communicates much more than the mere message, it communicates above all the form through which it has been created, the plays and sound effects, its rhythms and its violations of grammar rules and even its obedience to them. In poetry what matters is not only what is said; what matters, above that, is how it is said. If it is a creation, it is also a discovery of new relationships, be it in the visual appearance it has, if written, but also in the sonorities and rhythms it stimulates, by presenting infinite varieties and combinations, if only oral – and all that combined or interwoven in its elaboration or creation. That is the form through which poetry is possible in times of any crisis.

In a statement by the Welsh poet (from Wales), naturalized North American, W. H. Auden, we find the idea that “a poem is a verbal artifact which must be as skillfully and solidly constructed as a table or a motorcycle”<sup>10</sup>. That combines well with what I have said thus far, that the making/creating of poetry does not differ from the making/creating of industry: it differs in relation to the utilized material, the object to be created or produced and the utilitarian end of the created/produced/fabricated object. That is why I must also say that I do not believe in poetry that comes from ‘inspiration’, if that means spontaneous poetry, without careful formal elaboration, poetry written after drinking too much, of love conquered or failed, of feelings exacerbated by ethylic

consumption, of anything that is not exactly the choice of the best word in the best place.

Poetry for me is an artifact for being an artifice, a human creation for human ends, whatever they are, but a conscious and very well elaborated creation of language. I go back, once again, to recuperate Horace's idea, in his *Letter to the Pisos* or *Ars Poetica*, to remember that in order to make poetry we depend on the *ingenium* and on the *ars*, that is, the "ingenuity" and the "art", as those words were translated by Camões, at the end of the second stanza of *The Lusíads*: "my song would sound o'er Earth's extremest part/ were mine the genius, mine the poet's art"<sup>11</sup>, because the great Portuguese poet knew that it is not enough to want to do it, it is necessary to know how to do it: it is not enough to have Man's natural inclination to write poetry (*ingenium*), Man needs technique in order to write poetry (*ars*). Training is needed, adequacy and instrumentalization, learning. I insist that I do not believe in spontaneous poetry, born of chance or luck or from the copy of another's procedures. I retake and repeat João Cabral de Melo Neto, in "Psicologia da Composição" (Psychology of Composition), that poetry is not "the found form", it is not "the obtained form", but "the achieved form"<sup>12</sup>. If it were found, it would be by chance, it could be a mere copy of another's doings; if it were obtained, it would be in a "holy or rare moment", it would never be repeated; if it is achieved, it is by coherence of purposes and conscious elaboration – that is the best form, because it is the result of an individual and patient work, fruit of dedication and persistence, never a copy or repetition of someone other's processes.

I do not discard inspiration, if understood as this instant in which the idea emerges, the problem appears, and from there follows the elaboration, sometimes quicker, sometimes slower of the poem; in fact, of any text. I believe, as did Aristotle, that poetry has two causes and both are natural: we learn through imitation and we take pleasure with and through it. Did not Paul Valéry say something along the lines that the gods give ten percent (if that much), and the poet is forced to provide the rest? I really believe in that. I do not believe in poetry that is the product of spontaneous writing, by the gallons, that springs suddenly and comes out under lack of control and is believed as the



externalization of violent, or even minute, emotions and passions. For that is not poetry, but its denial.

At this point one could object: “But he did not say, thus far, which poetry is possible in a time of crisis!” And that becomes a problem, because I think I did not talk about anything other than that. To confirm, I want to introduce another poem, by the North American poet Donald Caswell<sup>13</sup>, born in 1948:

### WHY I AM A POET

I am a poet. I am not a carpenter. Sometimes I think I would rather be a carpenter, but I am not. For instance, Gene, my carpenter friend, is building a house. I drop in. He gives me a hammer and says, “Start pounding.” I pound; we pound. I look up. “Where’s the roof?” “I’m not that far, yet,” he says. I go and the days go by and I drop in again. The roof is up and I go and the days go by and I start a poem. I am thinking of stars and I write a poem about stars. I grab a typewriter and start pounding. Soon there are pages, acres of words about stars and the coffee is gone, so I go to a restaurant. And I buy a beer and the woman next to me tells me how she was raped by her stepfather when she was twelve, so she ran away with an ex-con who got popped again for cocaine and left her pregnant, so she married a GI and moved to Germany, where the baby died of kidney failure, so she came home to live with her mother. And I drink a lot of beers. Then I go outside and lie in a vacant lot looking up at the stars, thinking how many they are and what a wonderful poem they would make. And I fall asleep with a beer in my hand. In the morning, the beer, the stars, and my wallet are gone, so I go to see Gene, and the house is finished. A family is living there, and they show me their dog. There are flowers blooming; cabbage is cooking in the kitchen. So I go home and write another poem. And one day Gene drops in. He looks at the poem and now it is twelve poems, all neatly stacked and ready to be read and he asks, “Where are the stars?” And I say, “I’m not that far yet.”

Maybe that is the fate of every poet, never going that far, doomed as we are to be always a step behind and another to be taken above and beyond. Above all, we are always forced to have to explain what we do

and how we do everything that we do. That is why I want to introduce another example and, through it, many might be reading for the first time a poet from Zimbabwe, Freedom Nyamubaya<sup>14</sup>, a poet and fighter for the independence of her country and an official commander of its army. She wrote a poem titled “Poetry”, which I now present:

## POETRY

One person said,  
you are not a poet,  
but forgot that,  
poetry is an art and –  
Art is meaningful rhythm.

Now what is rhythm  
If I may ask?  
Some say it’s marching syllables,  
Others say it’s marching sounds,  
But tell me how you marry the two.

We fought Shakespeare on the battlefield  
Blacks fought the Boers with their spears  
These are marching syllables  
And is art to some,  
But how can I marry the two?

How about a different rhythm?  
People die in the ghettos,  
From police raids and army shots.  
Workers suffocate under coal mines,  
Digging the coal they can’t afford to buy  
For cooking daily to feed themselves.  
Poetic stuff this.  
Then let’s agree to disagree –  
Art serves.

There is a poem that remembers the eternal crisis in which poetry finds itself and of how it is, beyond aesthetic, also political, but it is not my intention to explain this aspect of the poem, nor its aesthetic reasons. Nyamubaya's poem is quite explicit, and it does not demand explanation.

I want only to conclude this essay, but not before giving another example, now taken from an essay from the novelist Lynn Freed<sup>15</sup>, born in Durban, South Africa, but a professor in the United States. The essay is titled "Doing no Harm: Some Thoughts on Reading and Writing in the Age of Umbrage" – it is understood, of course, crisis. By the end of the essay, she retells the experience of a creative writing professor at a university in California:

Some years ago, a poet I knew told the story of a class she was teaching in Southern California. In this class was an old woman who had survived Auschwitz. She was writing about it, but the poems were a failure. They were simply litanies of horror, suffering, misery, all in the abstract, all sounding as if they had been told many times before. In one poem, the survivor wrote of children being led to their deaths. And, indeed, the members of the class responded with phrases of horror and outrage. But nothing in the poem seemed more real than the idea itself—no images, no phrases, nothing that made the blood run cold.

"Tell me," said the teacher, "what you saw when those children were being led past you. Tell me what you heard."

The survivor shook her head. "We couldn't see because there was a wall," she said. "And we couldn't hear because of the geese."

"Geese?" said the teacher.

"Oh, yes," said the survivor. "The Germans kept a flock of geese. They beat them so that they would honk, and we couldn't hear the children crying as they led them to the gas ovens."

So there was the poem. And the class was, at last, in tears.

Thus Lynn Freed concludes her “ideas about reading and writing in an era of umbrage”. I believe I do not disrespect her when I say that in the time of any crisis, the only possible poetry is that which tries to see above and beyond all walls; the one that tries to listen to the cries muffled by the sound of the honks of any geese.

When we manage to do that, if we can even get there, poets and audiences will finally be readers of the same reality.

#### POESIA E CRISES: MUROS ALTOS E GRASNAR DE GANSOS

##### RESUMO

Este ensaio tenta mostrar, através da leitura de alguns poemas e um trecho em prosa de autores diversos (Nicanor Parra, Eve Merriam, Donald Caswell, Freedom Nyamubaya e Lynn Freed), como se constituem as crises através das quais a poesia se transforma e como poetas de diferentes nacionalidades e propósitos aceitam o desafio e tentam superá-las

PALAVRAS-CHAVE: Poesia e crise poética, Desafios poéticos, Transformações poéticas.

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#### POESÍA Y CRISES: MUROS ALTOS Y GRAZNAR DE GANSOS

##### RESUMEN

Este ensayo pretende mostrar, a través de la lectura de algunos poemas y un fragmento en prosa de diversos autores, (Nicanor Parra, Eve Merriam, Donald Caswell, Freedom Nyamubaya y Lynn Freed), cómo se constituyen las crisis a través de las que la poesía se transforma y, de qué forma poetas de diferentes nacionalidades y propósitos aceptan el reto y tratan de superarlo.

PALABRAS CLAVE: Poesía y crisis poética, Desafios poéticos, Transformaciones poéticas.

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## NOTE

- 1 Nicanor [Segundo] Parra [Sandoval] (1914-), Chilean poet, mathematician and physicist, brother of the composer and singer Violeta Parra, published numerous books: *Cancionero sin nombre* (1937), *Poemas y antipoemas* (1954), *Manifiesto* (1963), *Poesía política* (1983), *Obras completas I & algo +* (2006), *Obras Completas II & algo +* (2011). In the two quoted parts of the poem one can read (the translation is mine): “V // Youngsters // Write whatever you want/ In the style that seems best to you/ Too much blood has already run under bridges / to continue believing – I believe/ That only one way can be followed:/ In poetry, everything is allowed.”; “XIII// The poet’s duty is to overcome the blank page/ I doubt that this is possible.” See <<https://www.nicanorparra.uchile.cl/antologia/otros/cartaspoeta.html>>. This site presents the poem in its original Spanish form and in an English version I do not completely agree with. Accessed on 25 Apr. 2016. This poem can be found, in a very adulterated version by Miller Williams, as if parts V and XIII of the poem were just one, with a title invented by the translator (“Young Poets”), in *Poems on Poems* <<http://www.tnellen.com/Cybereng/poetry/>>, page <<http://www.tnellen.com/cybereng/poetry/youngpoets.html>>.
- 2 Eve Merriam (1916-1992) was a poet, a writer of books for children, and a playwright. Some of her poetry books for adults are: *Family Circle* (1946), *Tomorrow Morning* (1953), *The Double Bed from the Feminine Side* (1958), *The Inner City Mother Goose* (1969), *A Husband’s Notes about Her* (1976), *Embracing the Dark: New Poems* (1995).
- 3 This poem and all the other ones quoted here were translated to the Portuguese by me and also published in another one of my essays: “Poesia: Modos de Ver” (Poetry; Ways of Seeing It) in *Signótica Especial*, Estudos Literários, n. 1, p. 303-317, 2006, the journal of The Graduate Program in Letters and Linguistics of the Faculty of Letters of The Federal University of Goiás in Goiânia.
- 4 *Poética* 1451 b 27 (IX – 54). Trans. Eudoro de Souza. São Paulo: Abril Cultural, 1973, p. 451.

- 5 *Mystery and Manners: Occasional Prose*. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1963. See: <<https://www.catholicculture.org/culture/library/view.cfm?recnum=9118>>. Access in 04.28.2016. The same quotation can be found in SEEL, Cynthia L. *Ritual Performance in the Fiction of Flannery O'Connor*. Rochester, NY: Camden House, 2001, p. 46.
- 6 “Poemas completos de Alberto Caieiro.” In: PESSOA, Fernando. *Obra poética*. Rio de Janeiro: Aguilar, 1960, p. 139. Quotations from: *The Collected Poems of Alberto Caieiro*. Trans. Chris Daniels. Exeter: Shearsman Books, 2007, p. 17.
- 7 *New York Times*, March 22, 1962, p. 31.
- 8 See: Neto, J. C. M. & Kadir, D. *Selected Poetry, 1937 – 1990*. Trans. Galway Kinnell. Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1994. *Project MUSE*. In: <<https://muse.jhu.edu/book/1788>>.
- 9 In: *Table Talk*: “I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose, – words in their best order; poetry, – the best words in their best order.” See: John Bartlett (1820–1905). *Familiar Quotations*, 10th ed. 1919. <[http://www.bartleby.com/100/34\\_0.77.html](http://www.bartleby.com/100/34_0.77.html)>. Access on Apr. 18.2016.
- 10 ARANA, R. Victoria. *W.H. Auden's Poetry: Mythos, Theory, and Practice*. Amherst-NY: Cambria Press, 2009, p. 156. Auden is discussing the Russian poet Andrei Voznesensky's poetical work.
- 11 *Os Lusíadas (The Lusiads)* Englished by Richard Francis Burton (edited by his wife, Isabel Burton). London: Bernard Quaritch, 1880. See: <[https://archive.org/stream/oslusadasthelu01camuoft/oslusadasthelu01camuoft\\_djvu.txt](https://archive.org/stream/oslusadasthelu01camuoft/oslusadasthelu01camuoft_djvu.txt)>.
- 12 Ver: *Obra completa*. Rio de Janeiro: Aguilar, 1994, p. 95-96.
- 13 Donald [Eugene] Caswell (1948-) is an American poet, journalist, and professor. Some of his works are: *Watching the Sun Go Down* (1977), *A Nail in My Boot* (1980), *The Boy That Was Made out of Wood* (1991), *Fake Picassos* (1994), *Three-Legged Dog* (1999).
- 14 Freedom T. V. Nyamubaya (1960-2015) was a poet, a soldier and an officer in the Zimbabwean National Liberation Army in Mozambique, during the Liberation War (Second Chimurenga), between 1960 and 1980. After that,

she became an activist on rural development in her country. Books: *On the Road Again* (1985), *Ndangariro* (1987), *Dusk of Dawn* (1995).

15 Lynn Freed (1945-), South African based in the United States, is a novelist, short story writer and essayist. Some of her works are: *Friends of the Family* (published for the first time as *Heart Change*; 1982), *Home Ground* (1986), *The Bungalow* (1993), *The Mirror* (1997), *House of Women* (2003), *The Curse of the Appropriate Man* (2004), *Reading, Writing & Leaving Home: Life on the Page* (2009). See: <<http://www.lynnfreed.com>> or <<http://www.narrativemagazine.com/issues/winter2016/nonfiction/doin-g-no-harm-some-thoughts-reading-and-writing-age-umbrage-lynn-freed>>. Access: 12 Apr. 2016.

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