

OF IMAGES AND AUTHORS

Mario Quintana

Translated by Maria da Glória Bordini

Parable?

Broken mirrors have many more moons.

Nocturne

Only here and there a tiny skyscraper window... Lost... While from the back of the sole vacant lot, a cricket insists on transmitting, in its fragile glass Morse, who knows what mysterious message to the absent stars.

Frustration

Autumn: those leaves that fall on the still waters of ponds and cannot go travelling along the streams of the world...

In the solitude of the night

Old mirrors love to stay in the dark of deserted rooms. For their whole problem, which even human seems, is just this: --reflexes? or reflections?

Theory of forgetfulness

The King of Tulle's cup

Sleeps at the bottom of waves

He now has a teapot:

Smooth, hot, rounded.

Tic-Tac

This tic-tac of clocks is the sewing machine of Time fabricating shrouds.

Black

Black has the advantage of enhancing the colors that surround it, yet without losing anything of its grave affirmation.

The imagist

When man disappears, what will be of things? They will die of the sameness of being. Of being only that pole there at the streetcorner, that sneaky fountain, the uselessly colorful beautiful signboard, the surviving patient clocks. They will die of the sameness of being and no more seeming... When man disappears, what will be of things, what will of God?

Measure & measureless

Shakespeare. Never crossed his mind the fear of ridicule. In contrast, Racine, with his infallible *mésure*, seems to us sometimes a bit stilted. That never happens with Shakespeare, in spite of all spites. As well as great men in History are above good and evil, great poets are above good and bad taste.

His real crime

What they never forgave in Oscar Wilde is that he was profound without being a bore.

The invisible author

Once, when a garden party was taking place in one of the castles of England, a distinguished old man, very well-groomed and leaning on his cane, attended. And, to everybody's dismay, he looked fixedly at the face of each one, as if it belonged to a beast or a thing. And when somebody asked who he was, the host answered that he was Mr. Bulver-Lytton, the novelist, already completely decrepit and considering himself invisible.

Decrepit? But what he was accomplishing was the ideal of any true novelist: to be exempt from any inhibitions, from any respect of any order, and thus to see the world impartially. Not to embellish, not to reform, not to dispute: -- to see!

And when the time drew near

And when the time drew near, the Angel of Incarnation asked him: 'Who do you want to be on the face of the Earth?' — 'A starry regular polygon.' 'A what?' 'A starry regular polygon', imperturbably repeated the unborn soul.

'Another one...', the Angel thought. But, as angels and poets are the only ones who do not laugh at madmen, he limited herself to objecting: 'And why not a polyhedron? You will live in a three-dimensional world and you well know that a polygon has only two. There you would exist only on the surface of a piece of paper ... and not really on the surface of the Earth.' 'Exactly!'

This time the Angel did not understand very well and departed, shrugging her wings.

And so it happened that, when the time drew near, a new madman was brought into the world.

And a 'symmetrical madman!'

He was called, among men, Edgar Allan Poe.

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