

Urgently

Its urgent love
It's urgent one boat in the sea

It's urgent to destroy some words
Hate, loneliness and cruelty,
Some laments,
Many swords

It's urgent to invent joy,
Multiply the kisses, the cornfields,
It's urgent to discover roses and rivers
And clear mornings.

Falls the silence on the shoulders and the light
Impure, until it hurts
It's urgent love, it's urgent to remain.

From Eugenio de Andrade