

## Maloqueirista Poetry

Caco Pontes | Lino Teixeira | Giovani Baffô | Thiago Calle | Inayara Samuel | Pedro Tostes | Bárbaro Rosa | Aline Binns | Caco Pontes | Paloma Kliss | Leo de Abreu

| Brazil |

translated by Edmund Ruge, Daniel Martins de Araújo, Lino Teixeira

**M**aloqueirista Poetry was born in 2002, the child of a meeting of poets tying their

work to the city of São Paulo. Since then, the group's ambulant and nomadic identity has allowed them to begin a popular dialogue, meeting the people where they are. This relationship with the popular territories and the flux between the periphery and the center speaks not only to the group's strategy of collective action but also to the popular origins and trajectories of their members. Always resisting dominant media, the group traversed the beginning of the digital era alongside the rise of blogs and social media. They came to make use of those new elements as tools without abandoning written press, generating a wide-ranging readership for their own brand, and resulting in dozens of publications.

Their principal characteristic has always been their diverse and controversial artistic style, maintaining poetry as a linguistic base. They have maintained their goal of bringing open access to the field of creation and experience-sharing through interventions, performances, poetry slams, workshops, publications and multidisciplinary events.

These activities, among others, highlight not only their poetic and aesthetic dimension but also their territorial and political side. Pointing out a few of the diverse activities the group

has undertaken over time that illustrate this last element: the *Outras Margens* cycle, in partnership with the Mayor's Office of Culture in São Paulo; receiving the Third Cooperifa Award in recognition of initiatives that promote access to culture for underprivileged social classes; artistic residence at *Morro do Querosene* and a partnership with the *Espaço dos Parlapatões* group for the realization of the *Maloqueirista* Recital, an open mic event for artistic expression and written work launches; the screening of the *Malocália* project at *SESC Pompéia*, mixing performance poetry with music, body and visual arts etc; With the creation of the magazine *Revista Não Funciona*, edited from 2004 to 2009, they gained major reach in Brazil, publishing more than 500 artists and authors in both text and image forms.

They also achieved translations in Catalan and Spanish for a project undertaken by researchers in Barcelona. In this debut edition of *Peripheries*, we have selected a varied and plural set of work to provide a panorama of the multiplicity of language and themes that make up *Poesia Maloqueirista*. Here, we will see how poetry is capable of raising the curtain, though aesthetic investigation and perturbation, the complex screen of subjects and territories that compose the dynamic of the city. This publication features the works of: Aline Bins, Bárbaro Rosa, Giovanni Baffô, Caco Pontes, Inayara Samuel, Leo de Abreu, Paloma Kliss and Pedro Tostes.

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## Giovanni Baffô

at home  
for the street boys  
the last to sleep  
turns out the moon

...

## favela

these tight alleys  
no horizons  
are what set us  
to watch the many stars

...

the sun's greatest pain is going out at night

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## **Thiago Calle** mother ship

as dogs die  
and my children don't visit  
I go from one final stop to another  
transiting  
an epic saga leading both ways  
I have epileptic attacks  
epics in the collectives  
feeling scents from beyond  
I close my eyes to  
muscle contractions  
bites on the tongue

I awake alone

on a crowded bus  
and none of my children are with me

in vain, I call  
they won't pick up  
my children they've got children and i don't have them  
inside me

Não mais

I am a UFO contacting  
intercity  
collect calling attention

mothership hovering  
in the shadow of the cityscape

...

they play with us  
time  
and the pans in the fire

...

omen

a poem  
as now

where you want

whenever  
as is

something  
kind of like now

as now wishes  
as though now were

that which now is

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## Inayara Samuel

it's pure asthma

I wanted to stop writing this poetry  
urban poems  
But there is in my hands  
an uncontrolled pollution  
a jammed stared  
my ashes in the sink  
I would like to blabber  
tides, breezes  
and passersby  
that would pass me by  
nice and slow...  
(i just coughed - i need a cigarette)  
My God!  
Now, just for now  
for my chest:

a little seashore poem

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## Pedro Tostes

P S

a concavity  
with no cavity

like a consensus  
with no sense

a poet  
With no love  
is not a poet  
but a pretender

(though the words spread with the  
same heat)

ps: will this poem be an artefact  
or will it be art in fact?

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## Bárbara Rosa

She comes and continues on

Like she were my soul  
I calm her with flowers  
And love her for instants  
My desires come and go  
Dying like the sunflowers  
If rather, she were my soul:  
So that my demons  
Would be others

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## Aline Binns

words

neither do i want that many  
or that few  
not wanting definitions  
or even sentences  
I just want thirsty wandering  
hearing myself silently  
while i cross  
this life in tumult  
this fuss  
this insane hunt for everything  
for the nothing that i need

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## Caco Pontes

## citadel of chaos

I saw adults and cars  
in planned viaducts  
in the suns of the city  
grey-blue são paulo

And fatigued  
in dead exhaustion  
lost in pure confusion  
in front of the facile

And also the status  
causing collapse  
is too much for us

good will

The time and the drink  
and later, the swelling  
when you have  
no escape  
to the aqueduct and its tracks

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## Paloma Kliss

(...)

you in the China



of your WALLS

Me - flowing -  
from the EXPWY waving...

in the fog of lost dreams  
absent looks of all tastes  
that bleed with no cure

when now already exhausted  
- in tacit agreement -

we quit each other

## **Leo de Abreu**

### desde menino

I grab walls  
thick concrete  
cement to cover the hole  
in the ozone layer  
mismatched  
at Largo da Batata it's just me  
just me

Grey is the color of my hair  
black is the color that prevails  
this is the condominium where i've lived

since i was a boy

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