

“O Guardador de Rebanhos”, Alberto Caeiro

No meu prato que mistura de Natureza!
As minhas irmãs as plantas,
As companheiras das fontes, as santas
A quem ninguém reza. . .

E cortam-se e vêm à nossa mesa
E nos hotéis os hóspedes ruidosos,
Que chegam com correias tendo mantas
Pedem “Salada”, descuidosos. . . ,

Sem pensar que exigem à Terra-Mãe
A sua frescura e os seus filhos primeiros,
As primeiras verdes palavras que ela tem,
As primeiras coisas vivas e irisantes
Que Noé viu
Quando as águas desceram e o cimo dos montes
Verde e alado surgiu
E no ar por onde a pomba apareceu
O arco-íris se esbateu. . .

in “Viagens através duma Nebulosa”, António Ramos Rosa

Para um amigo tenho sempre um relógio
esquecido em qualquer fundo de algibeira.
Mas esse relógio não marca o tempo inútil.
São restos de tabaco e de ternura rápida.
É um arco-íris de sombra, quente e trémulo.
É um copo de vinho com o meu sangue e o sol.

“Rainbow” , Fabio Lane

In the Smokey Mountains are the valleys that are filled with the mist that make them glow
The soft morning brings with it a misty rain that the dances the light in a beautiful rainbow
The hawks are on their wing as they fly overhead and circle for search of their prey
If you are lucky you will witness these birds as the swoop and catch their food for the day
The hawk as he dives in the distance seems to lance through the rainbow down to the earth below
His prey the sparrow never had a chance and probably never saw the swift hawk because he was too slow
The beauty of these hills and valleys is like nothing else in the world to those who love this land
Since very long ago it has been the home of the proud Cherokee who come back when they can
For their spirits were born in this place in the mist of these hills and fly as the hawk wings above
There is nothing that can describe their feeling for this place and in something they really love
When a son or daughter of the nation feels the longing to return to this place they feel they can find peace
For only in this place can they live at ease with their spirits inside and it will let them sleep with ease
Many a warrior or maiden have wandered the land never knowing for what they search as they walk
If they are lucky they will find that what they have been searching lies in the hills under the hawk
When they see a rainbow why does it give them such pangs of loneliness mixed with its beauty
Could it be their spirit inside them telling them to return to their land because it is their duty
As they return they will not solve all their troubles in their life but at least their spirit will be at rest
Walking the hills and valleys of this land will put them in touch with their spirit is my best guess
Walking among the trees in the spring as they return to this land will give them a new beginning in life
Perhaps they have found a loving mate to return to this happy place with, as their husband or wife
Walking through the spring in the beauty as the land unfolds and they see the rebirth of this land
Looking for the wildlife that was so plentiful once and if you are lucky can see in a very small band
As the summer brings the fullness to the spirit of this place perhaps you will stop to look up for a while
Looking through the summer rain that casts a rainbow for their spirit that flies within a hawk as they smile
In the autumn there is nothing like the beauty of this land as the trees turn it into a wonderland of color
As you go through the land you see the richness that make this a beautiful place to live like no other
Walking through the leaves as they cover the ground and looking up at the sky seeing the hawk on the wing
You must get your fill now because soon it will be too cold and you will have to wait for spring
Watching the squirrels scurrying to lay up their food for the winter they hurry here and there
The land is getting ready to put itself to bed for the winter as each animal stocks up with care
In the winter you may go forth for just a while when the snow lays itself upon the land like a blanket
To hear the ice crackle as you walk through the snow and to taste the sweet air you never get enough of it
But as you endure the winter bundled up safe in front of the fire with you heart at rest
You know that coming here was right and of all the decisions in your life, for you it was the very best
But you wait for spring and the rebirth of this land so you can go forth and walk slowly among the trees
To feel your spirit at rest can make you so glad you came back and that for at least a while you are at ease
If you are lucky you will see a rainbow in the early mists of the morning or as the sun sets for the night
This is the spirit of some maiden that gives birth to this beauty and for you it is such a beautiful sight
Dancing raindrops as they catch the light make a rainbow that shines with a brilliance that makes you sigh
You feel the kindred with this land that runs deep within your veins and you are now home and know why
The Sun Dancer spirit of the rainbow shines her beauty down upon the land and shows you the way home
Knowing that you need to go back to the birthplace of the people and when you do will not ever roam
The Hawk flying calls to you with his eyes on your spirit and beacons to you to join with his spirit
It is a sign you know that draws you back into this place where your heart will take wing and you hear it
The cry of the hawk high in the sky with his voice telling you to return to this place in the mist
Come back to the Smokey Mountains he tells you and your heart will be true and you will in bliss
For your spirit is in the earth here with those of your brethren who have left their ashes in this land
When you pass away you know that you shall add those of yours back into this place if you can
Perhaps a friend or a loved one will take your ashes to the highest peak and scatter them to the wind
So that you will forever be a part of this wonderful place and then you will never leave it again