

Raising the imagination

Poems

Posted by: AJ_Cardiais

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Who sees beauty in the shanty town,
it's because know that in her
lives a lot of rhymes.
And the masterpieces of the shacks
raise your imagination.

Whoever sees the dead shanty town,
no breathing,
is because do not know your vein,
nor how pulsates your heart.

Who has wisdom of glory,
invents a flag door.
Who knows how to play capoeira,
says his story.

Who barely reflects his stomach,
and can pay to buy
so much silly thing,
has in misery the memory
what the luxury is your glory
and is satisfied with bullshit.

A.J. Cardiais
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