

Luís Leal Moniz

“Headless cigarettes”

Leaving home just hoping to have another pointless day
And be bright in this empty place
 Where goals don't exist
And be brilliant
 Where everything is vain
And be astonishing
 Being nothing
Nicotineless cigarettes just for being smoked
Headless cigarettes
Painless drinks
Drinking without forgetting
Just having sex
Just walking without a trail
Just breathing
Leaving home returning the same, dining and sleeping
Awaking and leaving home again
Just to exist

“only dreams”

Socialist

dreams of equality

Liberal

dreams of freedom

Democratic

dreams of fraternity

Nothing but money instead

Health is nothing

Education is nothing

There is no opportunity

In the motherland of civil rights they're equally stupid, equally dumb, equally soldiers of terror

They are the capital of the free world

They are the Capital

They are the market and the guns

They are the Capital

The stock and the new suns

They are the Capital

And what are we?

We the clever no ones

The poor

The hunger

The floor crumbled by their feet

Intellectually tired

Intellectually sick

The garbage countries

Full of risk

We're only allies

With nothing to win

Only infantry

With nothing but death

Only slaves

With nothing but handcuffs

With the right to talk

But without the media

With the freedom of speech
But no culture
With the right to live
But no medicines
Just like Americans

But with no flag to wave on the wind that passes by