

## The Man with the beautiful eyes

when we were kids  
there was a strange house  
all the shades were always drawn  
and we never heard voices in there  
and the yard was full of bamboo  
and we liked to play in the bamboo  
pretend we were Tarzan  
(although there was no Jane).

and there was a fish pond  
a large one  
full of the fattest goldfish you ever saw  
and they were tame.  
they came to the surface of the water  
and took pieces of bread from our hands.  
our parents had told us:  
“never go near that house.”  
so, of course, we went.

we wondered if anybody lived there.  
weeks went by and we never saw anybody.  
then one day we heard  
a voice from the house  
“YOU GOD DAMNED WHORE!”  
it was a man’s voice.  
then the screen door of  
the house was flung open  
and the man walked out.

## O Homem de Olhos Bonitos

Quando éramos crianças  
Havia uma casa estranha  
Todos os estores estavam  
sempre fechados  
E nunca ouvíamos vozes lá dentro.  
E o pátio estava cheio de bambus  
E nós gostávamos de brincar no meio dos bambus  
Fingindo sermos o Tarzan  
(Embora não houvesse uma Jane)

E havia um lago com peixes  
grande  
Cheio dos mais gordos peixes dourados  
que já tinha alguma vez visto  
E eles estava, domesticados  
Vinham à tona da água  
E apanhavam pedacinhos de pão das nossas mãos  
Os nossos pais diziam-nos:  
“Nunca cheguem perto daquela casa.”  
Por isso, é claro, nós íamos...

Perguntávamo-nos se viveria lá alguém.  
As semanas passavam  
E nunca vimos ninguém.  
Mas um dia ouvimos uma voz  
vinda da casa.  
“Sua maldita... puta!”  
Era a voz de um homem.  
De súbito, a porta de tela abriu-se  
E um homem saiu

he was holding a fifth of  
whiskey in his right hand.  
he was about 30.  
he had a cigar in his mouth,  
needed a shave.  
his hair was wild and uncombed  
and he was barefoot in undershirt and pants.

but his eyes were bright.  
they blazed with brightness  
and he said,  
“hey, little gentlemen,  
having a good time, I hope?”  
then he gave a little laugh  
and walked back into the house.

we left, went back to my parents' yard  
and thought about it.  
our parents, we decided,  
had wanted us to stay away from there  
because they never wanted us  
to see a man like that,  
a strong natural man  
with beautiful eyes.

our parents were ashamed  
that they were not like that man,  
that's why they wanted us to stay away.

Ele estava a segurar um litro  
de uísque na mão direita.  
Tinha cerca de 30 anos  
Tinha um charuto na boca  
Precisava de se barbear  
O cabelo estava emaranhado e despenteado  
E estava descalço e em camisola interior e calças

Mas os seus olhos eram brilhantes  
Ardiam com esse brilho  
E disse:  
“Ei pequenos cavalheiros,  
Estão a divertir-se, espero?”  
Depois, deu uma pequena gargalhada  
e caminhou de volta para casa.

Sáímos dali,  
voltámos para o pátio da casa dos meus pais  
e pensámos sobre aquilo.  
Os nossos pais, decidíamos,  
queriam-nos longe dali  
Porque eles jamais queriam que  
nós víssemos um homem daqueles  
Um homem naturalmente forte  
com belos olhos

Os nossos pais tinham vergonha de não  
serem iguais àquele homem  
Por isso é que queriam-nos manter afastados.

but we went back to that house  
and the bamboo  
and the tame goldfish.  
we went back many times  
for many weeks  
but we never saw  
or heard the man again.

the shades were down as always  
and it was quiet.  
then one day  
as we came back from school  
we saw the house.  
it had burned down,  
there was nothing left,  
just a smouldering  
twisted black foundation

and we went to the fish pond  
and there was no water in it  
and the fat orange goldfish  
were dead there, drying out.

we went back to my parents'  
yard and talked about it  
and decided that our parents  
had burned their house down,  
had killed them  
had killed the goldfish  
because it was all too beautiful,  
even the bamboo forest had burned.

Mas nós voltámos  
àquela casa  
e aos bambus  
e ao lago os peixes-dourados  
Voltámos muitas vezes  
Durante muitas semanas  
Mas nunca mais ouvimos  
ou vimos o homem outra vez.

As persianas estavam fechadas  
como sempre  
e havia silêncio.  
Então, um dia,  
quando voltávamos da escola  
vimos a casa.  
Tinha ardido não restava nada.  
Apenas uma base preta retorcida e fumegante

E fomos para o lago  
E não tinha água nenhuma  
E os gordinho peixes-dourados laranja  
estavam mortos sufocados

Voltámos para o quintal dos meus pais  
contámos-lhes  
e concluímos que  
eles tinham queimado a casa  
tinham-nos queimado  
tinham queimado os peixes-dourados  
Porque era tudo muito bonito  
Até a floresta de bambu tinham queimado

they had been afraid of the man with the beautiful eyes.  
and we were afraid then  
that all throughout our lives  
things like that would happen,  
that nobody wanted anybody  
to be strong and beautiful like that,  
that others would never allow it,  
and that many people  
would have to die.

Eles tinham tido medo do homem dos bonitos olhos azuis  
E a partir daí nós tínhamos medo  
de que coisas destas acontecessem  
Que ninguém quisesse que alguém  
fosse forte e bonito  
Que os outros nunca o permitiriam  
E que muitas pessoas  
teriam de morrer