

Poemas de Alice de Lewis Carroll

Ebal Martins Diniz Jr.

FROM ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Alice! a childish story take,
And with a gentle hand
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined
In Memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers
Pluck'd in a far-off land.

* * *
* * *
* * *

'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,
'And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,

Why, I do it again and again.'
'You are old,' said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?'

'In my youth,' said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
'I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple?'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak —
Pray how did you manage to do it?'

'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?'

'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'
Said his father; 'don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!'

* * * *

'Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes:
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases.'

* * * *

'Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two p
ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Beau — ootiful Soo — oop!
Beau — ootiful Soo — oop!
Soo — oop of the e — e — evening,
Beautiful, beauti — FUL SOUP!'

* * * *

FROM ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDERGROUND

'She saw an ancient city, and a quiet river winding near it along the plain, and up the stream went slowly gliding a boat with a merry party of children aboard. She could hear their voices and laughter like music over the water, and among them was another little Alice, who sat listening with her bright yes to a tale that was being told — and lo, it was the dream of her own little sister.'

DINIZ JR, Ebal Martins. *Poemas de Alice de L. Carroll*

DE ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Toma este conto, Alice,
E deita-o com tua terna mão
Lá onde os sonhos teus se tecem,
Na Recordação.
De flores secas ramo
Colhido em longínquo chão.

* * * *

"És idoso", o rapaz ao velhinho diz
"Teus cabelos bem brancos já são;
Porém de cabeça p'ra baixo te vi —
Consideras ser tal sábia ação?"

"Quando jovem", responde o velhinho ao rapaz,
"Cuidei do meu cérebro bem;
Agora que sei que não o tive jamais,
A cabeça p'ra baixo vai e vem."

O rapaz repetiu: "És idoso, tem ares,
E de sobremaneira engordaste,
Mas tu dás cambalhotas à porta ao entares;
Diz, como é possível tal arte?"

"Quando jovem", ensina o sábio de cãs,
"Mantive meus membros tão ágeis

Por usar um ungüento barato e eficaz;
Permites vender-te uns xaropes?"

"És idoso e é difícil p'ra ti mastigar
Um sebo que seja de duro.
Trituraste 'té os ossos com teu maxilar;
Mistério é p'ra mim, sim, eu juro."

"Quando jovem estudei nossas leis sem parar,
'Patroa comigo em debate;
A mandíbula forte e também o maxilar
Duraram e vão 'té mi'a morte."

"És idoso e ninguém", disse o jovem, "imagina
Que a vista conserves perfeita;
No nariz equilibras no entanto uma enguia.
Como se dá essa feita?"

"Respondi três perguntas, já chega, é demais",
Disse o pai, "que insolência, moleque!
Já ouvi o dia todo esse seu blablablá,
Vai embora ou te chuto p'ra fora."

* * * *

"Sê bem dura com o menino,
Batas nele se espirrar;
Ele sabe que incomoda
E só faz p'ra perturbar."

DINIZ JR, Ebal Martins. *Poemas de Alice de L. Carroll*

* * * *

Co'essa sopa boa quem
Come peixe? Eu também
Quero sopa boa e fina,
Nada além da vespertina.
Nada além da vespertina.
Soo —oopa fii — iina!
Soo —oopa fii — iina!
Oh! Que bela iguaria!
Que linda, que bela sopINHA!

* * * *

DE ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDERGROUND

E viu [a irmã de Alice] uma cidade do passado, um rio plácido correndo próximo pela planície e, lentamente contra a corrente, gozo infantil num barco. Suas vozes e risos eram como música das águas; ali Alice, outra, ouvindo com os olhinhos úmidos o conto contado — e eis que era o sonho de sua irmãzinha.