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Poema

Globalization

Somebody wrote
on philosophy of misery,
somebody else
on misery of philosophy.
Both in a splendid way,
and their words
are still in the wind.
Nevertheless truth
is in another place
of streaked sky,
among the mistery
of cold stars.

Misery in this world
was an algebraic theorem
that we could never resolve.
For those that were indifferent
there was no solution.
Others didn't practice charity,
because logically they figured
that the result would be null.
And those that didn't know algebra
died of hunger night and day.

In the milky way of globalization,
where the poor men get married
to poor girls ill-treated by their masters,
all of us are walking upon a stick.

How many times in life,
my beloved on the sepiolite,
have you looked in the mirror:
Is this still me,
or is it this world's
brute national product?

Domenico Corradini H. Broussard