

THE RED BOOK OF LOVE

Love Poems Written in India



by
Ana Paula Arendt

Winner of the 21st Century Emily Dickinson
Award

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India | USA | UK

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Dedication

To the man I am waiting for.

***The
Red
Book of
Love***

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and to the astonishing Poets of Mumbai, best group ever!

Preface

SOMETIMES

I have the impression that Hindustan
has only one big Poet
and that the myriad of exquisite Indian poets
are but the many hands and many faces of that same
Author.

Have I reached you?
oh, huge Poet,
hidden in so many wondrous verses,
peering into the silence at the end of words?

I come before you
to ask of you the invisible taste I wish
to offer my beloved
until I am out of my breath
until I am out of hand,
until I am out of my mind...
Until I have reached the favor of his heart
And I can say
I did not love in vain.

Acknowledgements

I AM GRATEFUL to “Book Leaf Publishing” for
creating this blessed resource
for Poets who urgently need to send poems of love.

May these words I sowed in India never die
forgotten in a dusty box, unread, unnoticed.

May these pages rest softly on the chest of my beloved
on some Brazilian, star-strewn night,
bathed in a warm breeze,

may all the love I have expressed
lead him into paradise
and reach where I cannot.

May he celebrate me in these humble poems,
so that I may write some more to him,
moving toward the full moon
of mysterious pleasures and sounding achievements.

May the incidental reader be an experienced lover,
so that he or she may forgive my mistakes
and understand the pressure of my hurried heart.

May these poems of love also serve them,
helping them say something true.

1. Stasis of learning



I AM still overwhelmed,
quiet as the young child
Who needs to listen more
before learning how to speak.

I am still gazing at the sea,
lingering and looking for the endless line
The gentle horizon opens, celebrating
the happy marriage of heaven and water,
made of the same misty light blue.

The white human fog hanging over the crowded city,
The white human noise gliding the relays from car to car,
The many faces never repeating,
The intricate venues of a city's body
conducting a tireless movement...

I am still tasting all the flavors and textures
of the many sprouted regions
in caldrons, clay pots, copper tureens,

finding the transient glitch of my body before each
pepper.

I am still delighted in *éxtasis*
With the blessings of sugar and cardamom.

I still cannot find any round line
made of an exact thought
telling in few words all things

I am still in awe
of the smell and breath of real people
and the glint in their eyes of the starry night
When they stop by to talk.

There is a longstanding sound
between joined hands facing joined hands
and an infinite liquid sparkle on
polki diamonds nestled in Kundan necklaces...

I am still trying to decipher
the patterns and colors of sarees,
the meeting between orange, gold, green, and pink
and the
groove, the furrow, the rut, the fold, the crease, the
gouge, the bands, the notch, the mortise,

the turns, the pin over the shoulder, the service pending
over the elbow and the forearm,
The cannellures of frowned ribs in skirts stretching the
eyes from the navel to the ankles...
Learning to be a Hindi woman, the sacerdotise robed in
paraments of chamfered edges...

I am still looking at the vegetables
I have never seen it before,
wondering where they grow and
how they bear their fruit.
I am still trying to find out
How many languages, in a country
That seems a continent.

I am still quiet like the young child
listening to a huge and fresh world
before she can speak.

2. Measures of magnitude



I FOUND the measures of a misty magnitude,
MUMBAI,
The flock of black birds soaring before my eyes
made my head dance
Following their flight, the black crevices etched in
movement.
You made my neck sway more than my feet...

The flock of black birds enchanted me
And my eyes also danced.
The birds followed dearly where
my heart wished them to fly.

The sea suddenly became huge,
It embraced me from all sides and
it took my arm as my lover.
The sea made me walk
over its waters until reaching an endless place.

Over water meadows planted with golden blocks of
buildings,
the dark and the enlightened green of trees, the morning
Sun,
the happy swallows in the wind..
The landscape of Nature
where man is part of Nature.

Here I am finally lost,
soft place where I find
something more than the landscape.
There is suddenly something else,
your gentle shine over all things.

I remain where I am
because I have allowed myself be lost
Waiting patiently for you to find me
while listening to the sitar, the tabla, the bansuri, the
venu, the ransingha..
Here, the relaxing meditation point of seeing so many
people
and remaining still the same.

Now you say that nothing remains the same
and that we, too, become those whom we carry,
whether nurtured in our heart, or in our liver.

But I say to you, Mumbai,
That like you, I have embraced so many people from so
many places
that I became someone else other than myself...
I have gathered to my chest their eagerness and
quiescence,
their cravings and disappointments,
the untold suffering and
the whispers of love in slumber and dreams...

So many things of a magnitude
that could not fit inside me unless
I stood unaware of the blocks
from which all things are built.
To keep the treasure you gave me
I had to find new, open measures.

So, I became like the shelled horizon living so far
drawing heaven, birds, sea, light
existing out of people, even when
People do not look at them.

Then I remained a boulder with you:
stolid, unperturbed, unmoved
replenished with your feelings.

3. The Blue Fairy



A WISH...

Something made of sprinkling stars,
suffering made of too small shoes...

But also, something made of bars
that gold melts into common use.

A wish is quickly announced,
a wish comes out of the blue...
To disappear just after being espoused,
to rust – next to come true.

So, I wish more than a cause,
I want to more than having you...
I want to go beyond a wish in a clause,
because you have the right to all the skies of an infinite
blue...

When our lives succumb into flaws
may our song hit us deep and renew.

4. Love



YOU SAY you want from me a poem on love,
as if a poet should bear a certain formula.

Precisely the opposite:
since to be a poet you need
a failed love certificate.

5. Love continues



AND NOW, that in love failure, I am certified
as a true and awesome poetess
having lost everything, every time, and just sighed,
bearing hope to be possible, happiness...

I can write to you infinite poems of love,
all made of a glimpse you gave me in my words.
It was quick, but fatal, your look when you strove
to find something pleasant in my feelings about the
world.

I could write a whole book in one night,
placing verse by verse as heavy bricks
because of your regard concerning mine...
Your eyes made this love, your touch a relic.
Let me have you as once loved all Saints:
without established formulas, no walls, or restraints...

6. And more love



WE WISH love to be a permanent feeling,
although also wishing to put it an end,
to the yearning, burning inside our chest.
Love as a final victory over this longing...

Love would be, then,
what is next to infatuation
what is next to passion,
a bliss after the fall.
Love, the end of whining.
Love: the best business of the soul.

But then, after falling in love,
There is just more of it:
falling, and falling, and falling...
It pauses for the regular maintenance of
our body, our day, our deals.
And then it comes again even stronger...
Like a woman ready to give birth.
Strong and light as
the scent of a damascene rose

hidden in the folds of our body.

Then, the question to nobody:

will there be love?

While we are soaked in it...

And I ask, although to nobody:

let there be love!

Love hurts too much

And still, we want more and more of it

so we can be healed.

The more it hurts, the more desperately we need

to love each other.

The nights have all fallen and awakened,
passed in the care and nurture of our love

as if it could fade away...

It's the poet's duty, growing love

without any harvest.

It exhausts us from the morning to

evening, and stretches out until the moon

smiles happily in the dark blue sky over the city.

I have absolutely no certainty

that these vigils in the mornings while you sleep,

and late in the night, until the arrival of your tomorrow

will save and make my love reach into you.

Love is but an act of your imagination
That hits too hard in my body.
If it were not love, it would be madness.
And I pray for my love to be love.

The Sun rises among the skyscrapers,
orange and red, a cunning, alarming light
over my eyes laden with fatigue, just recently slept.
The Sun comes to tell me every morning
There is no guarantee at all.
The only guarantee is this: there will be pain.
There will be effort, and effort, after effort.

But still we love.

I love, and I dream of your smile
while reading and doubting – considering
that you could be so much loved.

7. Love deserved



LET MY LOVE for you be like a prize
for a mission you accomplished, a mission I gave you.
Let me wonder what achievement would be wise
to make you also give me your love as due.

To be loved would then be a must,
having both merits, earned all respect.
And then love would rise as a pact
of devotion, and debt, and trust.

But then I feel suddenly humbled
– not having outstanding beauty
– nor great acknowledgement, having stumbled
upon people who hate, and envy, and pity.

All I can do, then, is praise your good sense
of holding up to me, asking me why
Did I pray for you to be greater than I?
And I would answer, resting my head over your length.
That I would let you make me more of life, hence.

8. The day of love



THERE WILL come a day
When you will look at yourself in the mirror,
Briefly, for me not to praise you too much,
Then when you will wear your clothes
and step out to begin your day,
arrive at your desk,
and deliver yourself to work...
When there will be a pause.

During that pause
– miraculous pause
you will sip your coffee, or your tea.
And you will think about me.

You will remember the endless lines I wrote
And you will wonder how much time I have spent
writing and writing about so many things
That might not be important anymore.

Then you will receive another new envelope

with my new writings.

Like magic.

You will open perhaps my hundredth letter
And you will find again the comments, and facts, and
ponderings.

You will fold my letter as usual and
You will ask yourself
– finally
An important question.

You will ask yourself
Why do I write those letters?

First, you will immediately remember
that I write to many people.
You will remember my constant explanations:
that I write because I am a Poet.
You will remember all my excuses
and the noble gestures of friendship.
You will remember my sense of duty
and idealism of as a Citizen.
You will remember the sensitivity of my heart
to the victims of your good work.
You will wonder about my connection with them
And if you are thinking too much.

You will finish your coffee, or tea.
But then, while you prepare to come back to your work
A sudden thing will make your heart beat.
You will also remember my white and yellow roses
and the token of appreciation in my little fairings.
My little pieces of everything
from everywhere I have been,
from every story I lived.

Suddenly
on that morning
or afternoon
When you will finish your coffee, or your tea...

You will open my letter
and check it again.

Yes, again, you will try to dismiss my writing
as the work of an idle and hopeless romantic
who does not have the least idea
of who you really are.

You will reason about
all the letters I have probably sent before
to other men before you.

The moment
when I will whisper to you happily
they all now make sense to me,
as they made me reach you...

The very same moment when you realize
your distaste for them belongs to you...

Yes, there will be
such a sudden beat at your heart...
And butterflies will flutter
between the bottom and the top of
your stomach.

You will begin also to wonder
How many millions of people
have read my poems for you
And how many countless lovers
wished to belong to that humankind...
And how many people you know have found
What you have just found:
a thing so vast inside what is written
in every word, and every letter.

You will realize
– finally
Why do I write you

So many letters
and so many poems to you.

And then, in your world, too
There will be only flowers
And everything will become special.

9. Why love



NOW THAT we are quiet
And every door rests in a hushed silence
between late night and early morning,
Now that the thrushes and kiskadees
are trembling eyelids while cuddling, asleep
and children are dreaming about the farthest lands...
Now that the stars and the moon stopped dancing,
and are searching deeply within each other...
You ask me

if it is really worth loving someone.
If it were not so much better
forgetting everything about love
and live in a world with less strife.

Why do I think it is still worth loving you?
With no retribution possible
for a love so immense,
a love made of overcoming such an unimaginable
cruelty, such vexed sufferings?

You look at yourself today
after years have passed and
I kept glistening slow tears
with a delicious sting of love in my heart...
And you ask me, why one should love at all,
When life could be less painful
denying oneself what hurts so much.

And then I should answer to that
perspective on love as a mistake,
as a charge that must be repaid
to retain dignity....

I shall perhaps offer you a rational utility:
Love is a state of mind that prevents us
from an untethered, drifting existence.
The sleep of reason produces monsters*.
But we seldom choose to put faith in love...
So that reason is always alert, awakened.
Love, a fragrance completing
The room of waters.

And I should forward this explanation
beyond rationality.
There is also a quite simpler answer to
That question, on why loving.

Because you are beautiful:
and love just makes you even more beautiful.
Because you are the most special person.
You did nothing:
and you do not have to do anything.
Before you could do anything
I loved you.
Since then, all that you do became lovely.

Love is worth it because
of its inexplicable causes
explaining all the facts up to the point we meet.
Love is worth it because
It is a fact before we can even decide
whether love is worth it or not.

Love happened in a
unfathomable time,
before the universe was created.
Since that time which
cannot be measured by centuries or ages
Love made me exist
to love you.

So, you ask, truly

Why love makes us exist and be what we are?
Why
does that long imperishable lineage before time
make my chest live
and my heartbeat go on, and on.

Yes, it is a happy question
How love has made you beautiful
and how you made me worth existing
so that love held all the things we live
before all times.

Why love?
Because I must exist
to see your beauty
and to make your babies,
to bloom flowers...

So that your eyes will be then
even more full of beauty.

Power, weapons, vessels, prisons
parade before my eyes
marching the world into conflicts,
toward untenable death by dispute.

And still your eyes are full of beauty

reading these pages carefully
effortlessly,
Your face full of Truth
vanquishes all those armies
and triumphs in my stinging heart.

Why loving you?
Because it makes me live.
Because it makes us live beautifully.

All the reasons converge
to love you,
the most worthwhile thing
I have ever done.

* Goya, Spanish painter.

10. Theorem of Einstein and Tagore



I STUDIED for days upon days
and nights upon nights, under a gentle shimmering light
The sweet paradox of Einstein and Tagore.

Tagore knocked on Einstein's door,
who politely invited him to come in,
and they tucked in at the table.
They came across a problem.

Einstein said to Tagore,
as Science tells Poetry
something exists even if we were not there.
This table would be there, even if we were not.
Human knowledge can be objective.

Tagore said to Einstein,
as Poetry tells Science
we could never tell that something exists if we were not
there.

This table would not exist, if we were not there to say it
was a table.

Human knowledge can be useless.

Is Poetry above Science?

Does the universe carry a meaning
beyond what Science could ever comprehend?
As Science depends on the intellect, on being limited
beings.

Is Science above Poetry?

Does the Universe bend to our will
and let itself be what we have meant it to be?
As Poetry cannot retreat, it makes us undelimited beings.

So, I proudly engrave for you the
solution: the “Theorem of Einstein and Tagore”.
When something cannot be objective and cannot be told
something cannot be absolutely useless.

Truth results that
scientific inquiry
equipped with a glass of wine
and a view of the Arabian Sea
sorts out even the hardest problems.
– may sort out.

11. The perfect square



IT HAPPENED that
The night was sour
And sleep never came.

The second day and second night passed,
And I thought I was going to die from
Thirst of you.
Sleep never came...

Everything was barren, a desert,
and I could not eat, nor taste
without forcing myself.
A fog along close speech;
and things that were easily there
Suddenly were not.

Then a funny thing happened,
born of the pain stretching my body,
motionless.
A long-lasting friend

whom I first saw in you,
who made me think
You looked like him,
Who made me observe in you
all the astounding differences,
until I loved you more
than all my long-lasting friends...
Appeared again.

Now that he looked like you,
he was a figure of your doubled presence.
The negative copy of reality,
he kept holding my love for you alive.

Funny thing,
that an old friend may become
so difficult to bear
since not being the beloved person.

But then I remembered that
You can solve a difficult equation
by adding a number
doubled by itself, on both sides.

The perfect square*,
the sum of consecutive numbers...
He entered while you were on

the other side of my world.
He was on both sides,
on my side as a friend
and on your side, as he reminded you.

Alas!

Then, as a separate thing from me,
as I despaired of looking for you
I cancelled himself on both sides.
And now he is gone – fortunately.
He was nice, drank safe water from my hands
felt the fragrant balm over his bowing head,
and having been gently denied something else,
He thanked me and disappeared.

In my desired loneliness of nephalism
I could lean my head back again
on the whispers of the waves moving your ship...

There you are, finally back
navigating in my dreams again,
And I think you should monopolize all that I am.
So, I can sleep safely again,
being your Sea,
and wake all days
to sing them.

Now I can play the strings again
and listen to each sound in my hands,
until they carve the story
of my longing heart.

* X²

12. The end of all things



I NEVER took poetry as
the end of my life,
neither as my condition,
nor as my profession.

I never declaimed a poem
as if it held all the purpose of the world in it.
Rather, poems made me think
about what they do not contain.
So many things cannot be said...
And there are so many things unsaid
in everything written.

There is a dark night out there
and this short-lived lamp to make me see...
A poem, 'tis a small lamp
helping me reach until the day comes,
until day rises,
until this day spreads all days...

A lamp, a table, a poem
and a flower vase:
Some might be better,
Some might be worse,
Some might make my eyes see them
coming out of the environment
That has always been there.

Oh, old copper vase, beaten by hammer,
filled with grains and vegetables.

Now look at this poem
and tell me:
that you also think
There is much more life out of it.

There is a world
unaware of what we are saying,
people are on the shores of so many seas,
and they are hurrying to eat a baked fish,
eager to see a girl with soft skin
walking over the beach
while they are passing by.

Yes, there are women hidden in their clay kitchens
wondering where their onions are.

So, you ask me:
If poetry then
is not the end of all things,
Where is the end of the world?
Where does the water of the ocean
fall into an empty space?

Where does the world end?
Where is the final destiny
are we routing into?

Let us never say such a word,
while we live,
for we do not know it yet.

Because from life comes more life,
and there was life before our life.
It is absurd that after it
there should not be.

Life:
Maybe life is rather
to become the end of all things.

13. Life



ONCE I bore life inside my life.

Thrice I did.

There was life inside my life,

There was life inside my loins...

Inside my loins...

It was the time when

I listened to the sound

of the xylophone.

Have you ever listened to the

xylophone

clinging among a sweet melody in piano keys?

It is the musical instrument babies play
while a holy voice sings one endless note.

True that life, like dew
takes time for being begotten
inside air, night, and grief.

True that early life melts into everything,
just as dew becomes the flowers, fruits, and clouds.

Life grows too fast
But the xylophone is still playing in my ear.

14. My land



YOU WANT to know more
about my country,
about the fresh land where
our horses know toward they should run,
a country where you, too,
is an inhabitant.

You want to know more about me,
about the pitch place from which
I brought you this soft morning.

Well.

Indeed, my country is unique
and every country can find the best piece of itself
hidden in its room of many mirrors.

My land has beautiful shores,
white sand on uninterrupted beaches, and
melodious birds singing
The concert of the Boskage.

It kept the coconut trees and coconut flavors
mixed in cured African spices,
It kept the sugar syrup safe,
dripping from the hands of the Queen of the South,
soaking pastries made of egg yolks and cake,
the sticky chocolate covered in chocolate sprinkles.
It kept the smell of the freshly baked bread
and brewed coffee at the end of each afternoon.

My land is made of smoke curling lazily
out of little houses nestled among the valleys and
mountains,
of thousands of tiny lights
shimmering breeze in the blue atmosphere of bossa
nova,
the rhythmic alternation between the flute and the
violin.

It is a good country
full of passion,
full of contradictions,
driven by vanity and abhorring it
– when it wrecks happiness.

It is a land of spontaneous joy
stored during long periods of misfortune

and liberated during carnival confetti...

Full of rivers, full of roads.

Full of pain, full of loads...

Full of something somebody told.

It is a land fighting against violence,

to be once again what it was,

The home of redwoods, and green parrots,

home of the rich navigators sleeping in hammocks

talking with the chief of the tribe about the day.

My country is called Brazil,

a land of no distance

between people.

15. The only Path



I FOLLOWED a Path
But all the other paths followed with me.
So, I could never truly know
what my life might have been
If I had followed the other paths.

16. Application of the Theorem of Einstein and Tagore



NOW THAT you have the theory,
I shall wonder if you would love me
If my love was not there first for you.

Would you be able to
stand for my love
If I failed?
With a love of your own.

The point to be made is that
I could never be loved
If I didn't love you first.

But then I remember
Your sudden, playful presence
delighted in my being,
being beyond myself

and my reasons.

Was it really me
The one who loved first?
Or was it you?
When you abandoned yourself
in my delight...
Conditioning me
to see love,
where before there was not.

Theory might connect facts.
Love's imprint shall disappear
once its cause has ceased.
And it is not the cause of something
the thing sustaining the fact,
but our knowledge of something
sustaining the causes.

It might happen that
our love will always be there
even if you forget about it,
And I give up on loving someone else.
So, what makes love remain love?
As an absolute cause of me
searching for you,
a cause of all things?

'Cause love, yours or mine, ours,
would never have been useless:

Once it was there,
It is there as an absolute thing
in our thirsty minds
pouring into our hearts
an infinite measure of it.

17. Quiescence



YOU ARE the inhabitant of my loins
Everytime I think about you.
I made myself vulnerable
and now
the movement of your hand
makes my day rise.

I am still, I am dwelling on that thought
old enough to cure the ages.
The belonging to each other,
fitting nowhere else
than where we could be.

Quiescence
Be my kiss on your hand,
a sacred devotion.

18. To be beautiful



TO THE POINT of being beautiful
in your eyes
from the beauty of my feelings...

That I would reach,
If I didn't move first
towards my wish of
becoming more beautiful to you.

The distance grows,
as my steps belong to
The earth I should come back,
always closer to a dried leaf,
slept under forgetfulness
before the same things...
Drowned in the slow pace
of my poverty of gifts.

But then you came
and made all my days different,

and now there is a golden glow
in the distant city on the morning,
in the Christmas lights,
and ancient lamps,
in the loaves I break open,
in my dress, my hair, and my hands.

My heart is compressed,
and as a retorted cloth wrung by an old lady,
it liberates a beauty I did not have
– coming from your sight.

Other men look at me,
true, I am a female;
but just because...
Despite my quandary,
you looked at me first.
It was you who made me feel
like I'm beautiful,
grateful for my solitude.

I wish I could be more beautiful
to the point of never leaving from your eyes,
nor from your clear-eyed understanding of me.
To the point that when your eyes left
they would soon come searching back for me,
never finding a more pleasant landscape

than my deep love for you
in my waiting hands, in my body, in my eyes.

Women might say it
would never be possible,
such a thing:
becoming the only thing beautiful
to any man.
But they ignore that
men and women
are closer than they think:
they are a song made of the same sound.

As I see no more beautiful landscape
Than you,
to the point of seldom looking at you,
taken by more feeling than I can bear,
Fearful that someone who's looking at me
might find you out in my inner loins...

So, I do think it is possible
When you discover how much I love you
that I might become your Sun, too...

So that the pink of bougainville's petals
becomes the pink of my lips,
so that the voice of a stranger
becomes as familiar as my voice

telling you good things, inexplicably,
from a place of no distance...
So that you may feel
Your heart is made of flesh,
so that the suffering of the other
doles your heart a warm compassion,
And you become the last man
to feel what a human should feel in this world.
So that you will hear my voice
calling your name,
wishing your day to be blessed,
giving you my heart to be your shelter.

So that all things around you
will suddenly become a delightful proof
that my heart is fixed upon you.

19. Love and Hope



THAT OLD THING living deep, answering fast
the silent question inhabitant of our chest;
That powerful thing that makes us all
abide in supplication, respond to each call,
yearning for the future, educating our past...

Love, making all beautiful things last
and accursed devils swarm, dispersed, outcast,
brought me to live many times the same moment
in which you surrendered to make me imponent:
a joy of holding you, declaring you best...

Each day, when hurt and sorrow put me to test,
and the desert of solitude bring me a hard life in
contrast,
I hope remember the intensity of loving my fellow
who listens to me the longest I ever know,
until I deliver all the poems you have asked.

20. What I want



A KISS:
your bliss
that I miss
May this
reminisce...

Taste,
no haste,
embraced
your waist,
our face..

It is night
full of light,
a tight
insight...
Gloves white,
Dove's flight.
Hearts ignite,
the ocean bright...

Only you in my sight
Until morning's twilight.
Stars and you, my knight.

21. The One Man



TO LOVE a man – who knows?
To find the one who grows
in the shadow of the night,
in the morning soft and bright;
He who delights in my words,
He who makes me see mountains and sea birds...

To love a man would not be impossible
If a man is what a man truly is, plausible:
someone searching beyond one's own muscle,
delighting in being the center of my attention,
coming to me with the hand of protection
to hear the song of love: affection.

Devotion makes one terrible, the man
who turns into himself, at the end.
The power a woman gives him
is used against her own will, then
to get the world's fickle prizes...
The vanity or pleasure to be wanted rises,

used to flirt with superficial desires: wrong sizes.

But let us think about devotion
to the man who opens up to the world in motion,
to harvest its fresh dew on flowers...
He who grabs what a woman gives him: power
to hold her fondly in his arms...
A man with a heart thankful, suddenly warm.

That man I could love, perfectly,
sowing thousands of thoughts,
caulking thousands of floors,
franking thousands of curtains,
crushing thousands of grapes,
harvesting thousands of stars...

Writing a thousand lines to him hereof
whose eyes get black having found love...
He who will embrace my wrinkles
and savor my old soft skin, with a simple
look into the same eyes, wet
When we first saw and ever met.

He, whose departure, winner
I will moan forever.

Departure that I must suffer and cry

before I even meet him in person – why?
Paying pain in advance, so as not to die.
So that I can remain and
find his trails and traces, vanquish my pain...
Taking care of all his people,
and of all the things he loved through.

The 'Red Book of Love' is a lyrical collection of love poems where personal longing, devotion, and philosophical reflection intertwine with vivid landscapes and cultures. It's a book about loving intensely — across distance, doubt, time, and place — blending intimacy with questions about existence, beauty, and belonging. An intimate journey between the quiet inner chambers of the heart where love is not idealized — it aches, questions itself, prays, persists, and transforms the one who dares to feel it fully. At once a love letter, a philosophical meditation, and a travel of the soul, this book invites the reader to recognize their own longing in its verses — and to remember why loving, despite everything, is worth it.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ana Paula Arendt is a Brazilian political scientist, poet and diplomat, whose writing blends lyric intensity with philosophical inquiry. Her work moves between love, longing, and metaphysical reflection, grounded in lived experience. Deeply rooted in nature, her poems often arise from the soul quest to find its home, shaped by political events, travel, cultural immersion, and exile. She is a member of the Lisbon Academy of Sciences, Class of Letters, and the New York Academy of Sciences.



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