

We may try

Walking along the windy avenues of life,
Watch the cities, the fields, the young and old people,
We may try or think we may, 'cause - who knows, -?
If we really may try or maybe everything is already written somewhere
And we'll never know why we were born here, when and so on.
Assuming we are just beasts is good, mean beasts who make love, listen to music,
make children, wars, living in a planet measuring the same as a bit of sand in
an infinite beach.
We may try to get some comfort, but we know how little we are and that is
difficult.
What's left are some loving eyes, the tender look of a dog, a night with someone
unknown, the flavour of a good ice-cream that any kid would like as any adult,
Boa Viagem's beach, Melbourne's seaside, the charming Sun from any place,
because in the end, above all, we are too much like even those we hate

Carlos Mota