

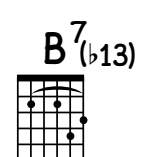
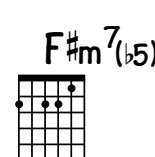
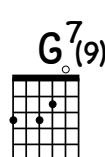
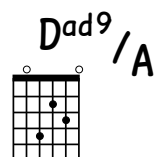
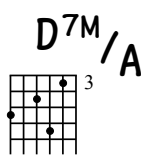
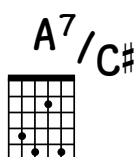
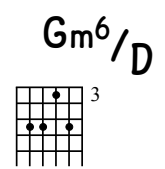
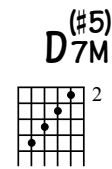
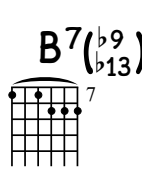
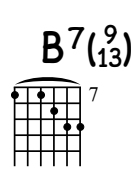
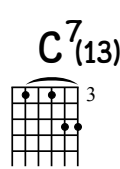
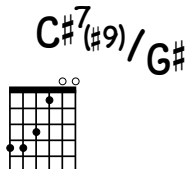
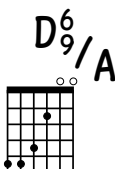
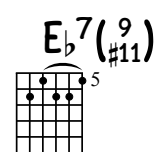
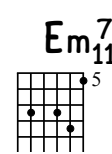
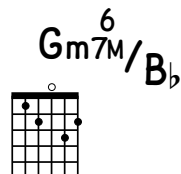
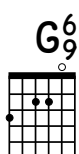
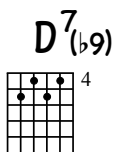
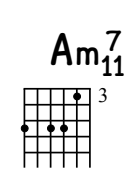
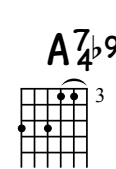
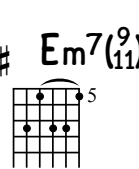
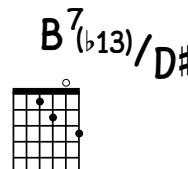
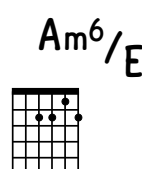
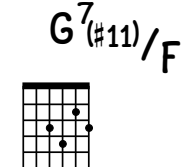
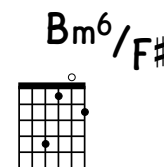
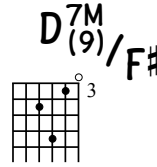
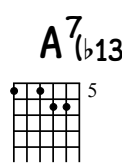
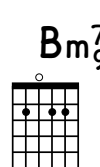
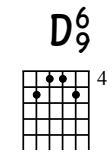
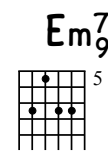
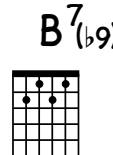
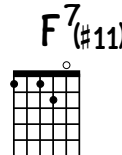
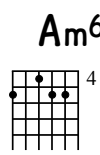
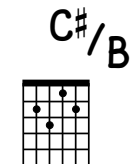
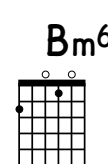
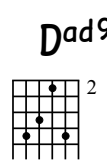
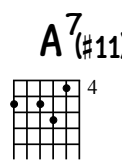
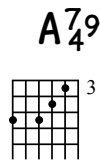
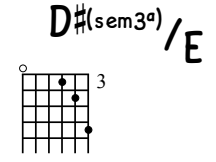
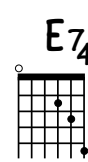
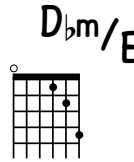
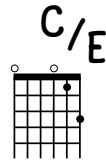
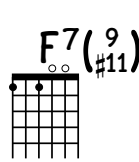
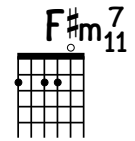
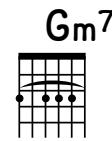
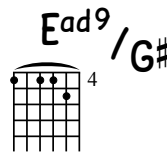
Noites desnúpcias

Fernando Pellon

Talvez por obra do ventilador
Ou da noite, num golpe furtivo de ar
O fato patente
Que me desnor-teia
Tão claro e evidente
É ver baixa a temperatura
Do nosso ambiente
Sentir o calor se esvaindo
Gradativamente

Conheço o carisma dos corpos
No discurso do amor
E das faces a expressão
Na alegria ou na dor
Mas se a força do gelo
Vem de repente
Tolher todos os movimentos
Eu sei
Está morto
O que havia por dentro

E, então, no pudico marasmo
De nossas noites desnúpcias
Me violenta a tua frieza
Com insana volúpia



B⁷

A⁷(9)

A^m7

B^b7(9#11)

A^b7(9#11)

G^m6

B⁷(#9)

E^m7(b5)

A⁷(b9)

E^b/A

G⁷(9#11)

D⁶(9#11)