

Biologia na Poesia, Poesia na Biologia

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A homenageada neste número da Revista Alexandria é Jan Conn. Bióloga geneticista, reconhecida por seu trabalho em evolução e ecologia de mosquitos transmissores de patógenos, e considerada uma das melhores poetas canadenses de língua inglesa, ela navega com a mesma graça e competência pelos mundos da ciência e da literatura.

Jan esteve na UFSC nos dias 31 de agosto e 01 de setembro de 2010, onde ministrou a conferência *Botero's Beautiful Horses and Jaguar Rain: the Margaret Mee Poems*, no Departamento de Língua e Literatura Estrangeiras. Seu livro *Botero's Beautiful Horses*, da Brick Books, inclui muitos poemas líricos escritos na América Latina, enquanto *Jaguar Rain*, da mesma editora, focaliza a naturalista Margaret Mee e seu trabalho de ilustração de plantas da Amazônia.

Na pequena amostra que segue abaixo, pode-se perceber que nos poemas densos, de grande complexidade emocional, Jan Conn mostra a beleza da ciência e da poesia.

Saiba mais no endereço www.janconn.com

Notes from the Hotel Paris, Manaus

Jan Conn, *Jaguar Rain*, Brick Books, 2006.

I want to run away
to the Rio Andirá,
away from the Hotel Paris in Manaus,
from the great southern cities
where a government hand is raised and the forests begin to burn.

I need to gather
a few orchids in the pau d'arco,
a few bromeliads in the igapó.

Look for me on my hand-drawn maps. I'll be paddling
hard down on one of those black-water rivers, stained
with the ink from my pen.

I'll be thinking of you from my hammock, as the light
from the crescent moon delicately erodes another building
in São Paulo.

Golden

Jan Conn, *Botero's Beautiful Horses*,
Brick Books, 2009

The bull, the sheep, two white foxes
at the gates of the golden-orange spiral city.

Sky dark as cherries.

Doors open, doors close.

Between one tree and the next, the bridge
sways with millions of leaf-cutting ants.

I bend down, catch snatches of dialogue.

On nearby islands, trees float, ablaze with red buds.

Emboldened, in my yellow scarf, I climb into a gondola. We circle
and circle the textured, sun-struck walls. Without enlightenment.

Or rhapsody.

In the windows appear: a lizard, two quarreling spiders,
a luna moth preening in front of its mirror.

Spiral canals like nebulae, bursting with stars.

For this I have journeyed across mountains and plains,
broken-hearted, across green surging seas.

My gondola tilts. When I regain my footing

I'm inside a glass globe filled with white paper flakes.

The galaxy is shaking.