



1986

Do You Remember Night in Vila Sonia?

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Recommended Citation

Bell, M. Shayne (1986) "Do You Remember Night in Vila Sonia?," *Inscape*: Vol. 6: No. 1, Article 3.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol6/iss1/3>

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Do You Remember Night in Vila Sonia?

Do you remember night in Vila Sonia?
The scent of orchids blown from Morumbí?
I'd little time for beauty, then, Maria.

I faintly see the lights of deep Ferreira,
Though dimmed by time, they whisper, soft, *aqui*.
Do you remember night in Vila Sonia?

I rode squat busses to Aracatuba
And worked from there to dirty Biriguí.
I'd little time for beauty, then, Maria.

I walked till dark down cobbled streets in Tupá
And never heard the evening bird's *ai*.
Do you remember night in Vila Sonia?

I seldom felt the cool of primavera
Or watched the moon, half-full, on Jundiaí.
I'd little time for beauty, then, Maria.

I dimly see Lins' whitewashed, hushed, capela;
I've nearly lost the sound of Guaraní.
Do you remember night in Vila Sonia?
I'd little time for beauty, then, Maria.

M. Shayne Bell