



SEMESTER 1 PRESENTS

MY PEN IS A RIVER

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1. RIVER. 2. POEMS. 3. POEMAS. 4. COLETÂNEA. I. TÍTULO.

CDD 420

As canetas são rios...

Iniciamos um semestre com muita vontade de aprender, com muitos planos. Com apenas um mês de aulas, o país foi atingido pela pandemia do novo Coronavírus que já tomava muitos outros países. Foi preciso que suspendêssemos as aulas presenciais até que a Universidade Federal do Ceará se reorganizasse e apresentasse um plano pedagógico para a retomada. Durante esse período, não perdemos o contato, muito pelo contrário: unimo-nos mais, através de aplicativos de troca de mensagem, *instagram*, e-mails e pelo ambiente virtual SIGAA, no qual atividades livres foram disponibilizadas periodicamente, na tentativa de manter os alunos mais próximos da língua inglesa.

Como um rio, que segue seu fluxo, vimo-nos na obrigação de seguir, mesmo sem sairmos do lugar, já que estávamos dentro de nossas casas, confinados, respeitando as medidas de distanciamento social. E tudo começou com uma atividade de compreensão auditiva com uma canção por semana. Os chamados *Listening* foram atividades que buscavam não só ofertar a expansão de vocabulário aos alunos e apresentar novas estruturas, como também oferecer, através da arte, uma forma de escapar da solidão e da tristeza do confinamento. E foi então que trabalhamos o gênero poesia e os alunos começaram a produzir seus próprios poemas, cada um no seu tempo.

A temática foi *river* (rio) e o que esse rio poderia ser para cada um veio de dentro de cada um dos autores. O resultado foi o melhor e o mais surpreendente possível: Escritores, poetas bilíngues, que se expressaram durante um dos períodos mais difíceis de nossa História. Aprendizes de inglês de nível A1 que usaram, com maestria, as suas próprias palavras com doses homeopáticas de criatividade e de livre-expressão como forma de enfrentamento a um mal invisível.

Carolina Morais Ribeiro da Silva

Professora da disciplina- HHB0008 - INGLÊS A1 - S1(Turmas G,H,I)

CHAPTER ONE

PAGE 3

CHAPTER TWO

PAGE 5

CHAPTER THREE

PAGE 7

CHAPTER FOUR

PAGE 9

CHAPTER FIVE

PAGE 11

CHAPTER SIX

PAGE 13

CHAPTER SEVEN

PAGE 15

CHAPTER EIGHT

PAGE 17

CHAPTER NINE

PAGE 19

CHAPTER TEN

PAGE 21

CHAPTER ELEVEN

PAGE 23

CHAPTER TWELVE

PAGE 25

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

PAGE 28

CHAPTER FOUTEEN

PAGE 30

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

PAGE 32

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

PAGE 34

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

PAGE 36

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

PAGE 38

CHAPTER NINETEEN

PAGE 40

CHAPTER TWENTY

PAGE 42

CHAPTER
TWENTY- ONE

PAGE 44

MY PEN IS A RIVER

ONE

BETWEEN ROCKS,
I'M A RIVER

TEREZA MACIEL



Between rocks, I'm a river

Every day,
a difficult chaos,
storm,
lack of freedom

Every day, a new way to resist
For life to rebuild

From the stones on the way I stray
Like flowing water made the river,
even sad, I smile,
I am a river.

TEREZA MACIEL

MY PEN IS A RIVER

TWO

ALIÉSSIO DE OLIVEIRA

There is a black river
There is a silver river
There is a white river
So, are they colorful?
No, they aren't, but colorless
However, they are beautiful colors



MY PEN IS A RIVER

THREE

EMOTION COMES
FROM A RIVER

ARIELLEN SILVA



MY PEN IS RIVER

EMOTION COMES FROM A RIVER

Sometimes, I get lost
I lose myself like water
Where it overflows over everything

But never loses its life.
Days pass where I'm strong
As the water of a waterfall
Sometimes, I'm alive as a mouth.
Sometimes, I'm fragile as a water wire

I lose myself in the water
I lose in the moonlight,
But I never get lost from the rocks
That makes me up to be strong to run
For my destiny

Sometimes, my water is light.
Sometimes, it is dark.
Sometimes, I'm cleaned.
Sometimes, they dirty me.

But, I never cease to be a river,
Because my day pass,
Just like water and never return.
Because the water of a river is like the time
Never stops and
Never comes back

ARIELLEN SILVA

MY PEN IS A RIVER

FOUR

WITH PASSION
RIVER

MILENNA OLIVEIRA

WITH PASSION RIVER

Under the moonlight
the melancholy song of the children's tears
Makes arrive of its sad flow
Inside the heart of abandoned beings
The orphaned babies cry
In the cradles for the absence
of their unknown parents,
but the greater their ages,
the deeper and revolting their water is
The river of sorrow will
only dry up when
The sweet embrace of his new protective
emerges,
committed and passionate
to the future of the word.

MILENNA OLIVEIRA



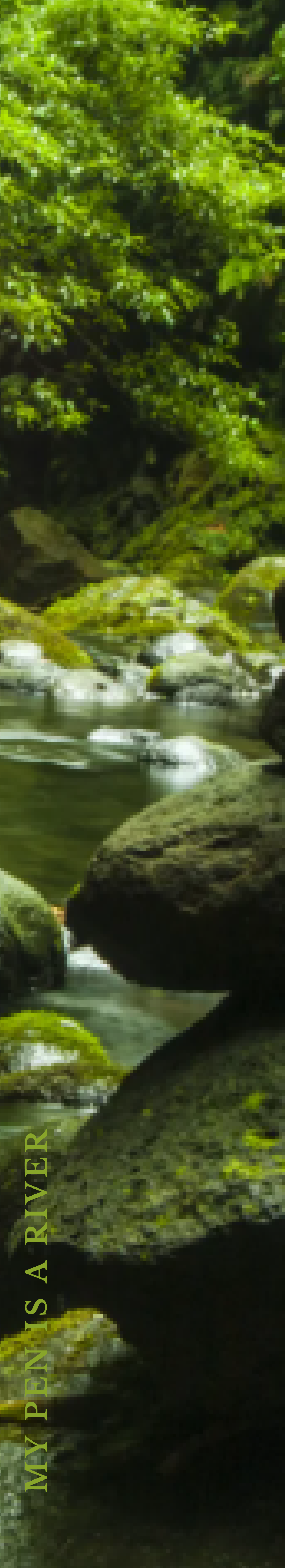
A vertical photograph of a river flowing through a dense, lush green forest. The river is surrounded by large, smooth, moss-covered rocks. The water is clear and reflects the surrounding greenery. The overall scene is peaceful and natural.

MY PEN IS A RIVER

FIVE

THE RIVER
SURVIVES

JULIETE ROCHA



THE RIVER SURVIVES

The river that now flows
It's not the river that flowed before
The water that was just born
It is not the water thar was born before

The time has changed
The world has changed
The river has changed

However the river is always here
In the past, in the present...
Visible or Invisible.

MY PEN IS A RIVER

SIX

YOU

RICARDO DINIZ

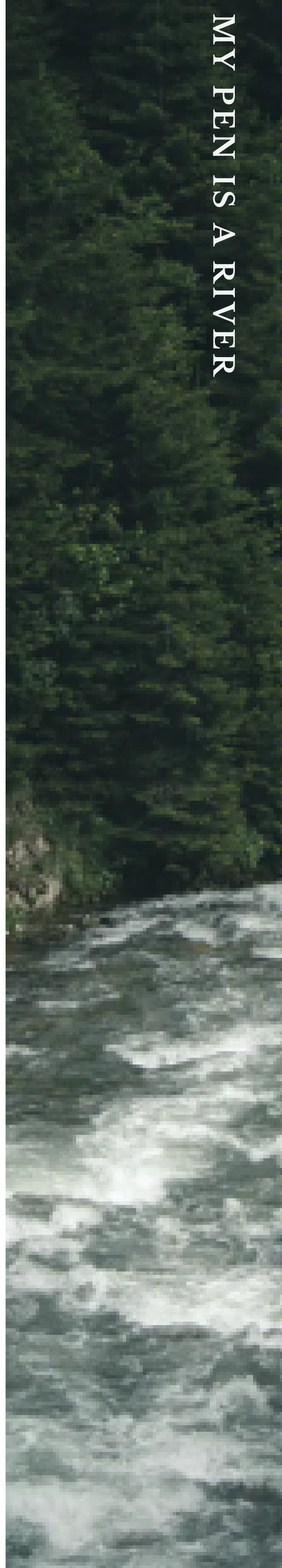
YOU

I see you passing and bypassing,
Yesterday is no longer the real thing,
Today is like a chill
With emotions of good and evil.

Ink drips from the pen
by letters, marking the paper,
The water of a flowing river
in feelings of bitter and honey.

The ink that no longer erases,
The water that flows and does not come back,
Memories getting vague,
River that leaves the course, overflows.

RICARDO DINIZ

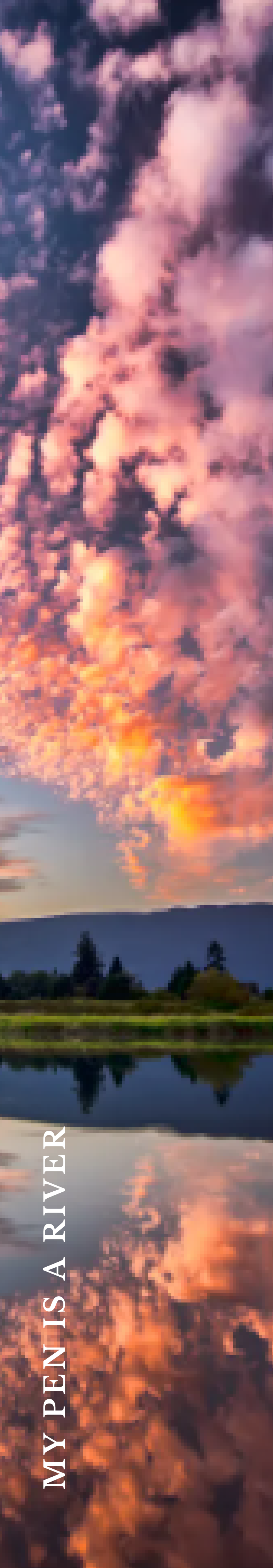


MY PEN IS A RIVER

SEVEN

RIVER

CLEIDIANE SILVA



RIVER

In you, the philosophy finds inspiration
to talk about renewal

In you, the poet flourishes the sensitivity
to talk about love

In you, the young lady memories
talk about the childhood partnership

You river,

that is treacherous in the winter

that has the flow of life

you river,

that retreats in the silence of the summer

but remains alive as the stream river of my life.

CLEIDIANE SILVA

MY PEN IS A RIVER

EIGHT

THE RIVER

PATRÍCIA MARTIM RODRIGUES

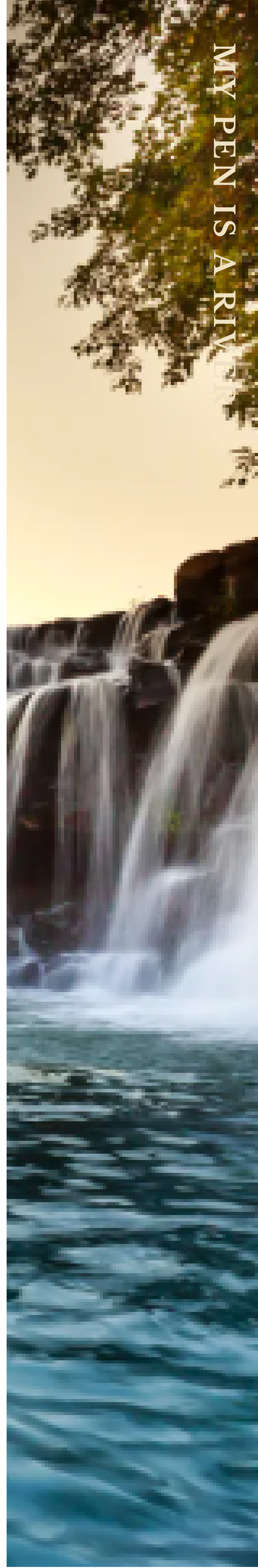
IMAGENS: PEXELS

THE RIVER

The river is calm and agitation,
clarity and darkness.

It is life for nature, cradle of love and
protection.

It is beautiful and dangerous,
river of flowing water like clouds in the sky,
of constant change and unique beauty



MY PEN IS A RIVER

NINE

FELIPE LOURENÇO GARRIDO

IMAGENS: PEXELS



Heraclitus said: "no man ever steps in the same river twice, for it's not the same river and he's not the same man"

The metaphor of Heraclitus establishes connections between the river and the life. And it is perfect.

Because like river, life is an eternal movement. Both, life and river are beauty, sustenance, and food.

But they are also chaos, torment and destruction.

But above all they are the unexpected, they are the news, they are our ways.

It is the mixture, this inconstancy, this inability to be just good bad that gives the masterful beauty.

The life and the river, they are the road chosen and what we are led to follow

FELIPE LOURENÇO GARRIDO

MY PEN IS A RIVER

TEN

PATRÍCIA GABRIELA OLIVEIRA

IMAGENS: PEXELS

By the river I wanted to flow
to follow, despite the obstacles on the way
and to shine the moon's shine
to wet my hair in cold water to clear the
smoke of the day and to have to cool head
To see me among its placid water,
the reflections of my true being
a part of nature, in constant movement,
with periods of drought, violent flood,
unrestrained course, fresh water, by gravity
following directions, I don't know which
would the river be desire, a part of me?
or am I the whole river?

MY PEN IS A RIVER

ELEVEN

V.C.C



MY PEN IS A RIVER

Unquiet heart
Searches tranquillity
On the river bank
Of bright, quiet and cold water
Just to another river
That becomes special
For letting
The unquiet heart
Rest

V.C.C

MY PEN IS A RIVER

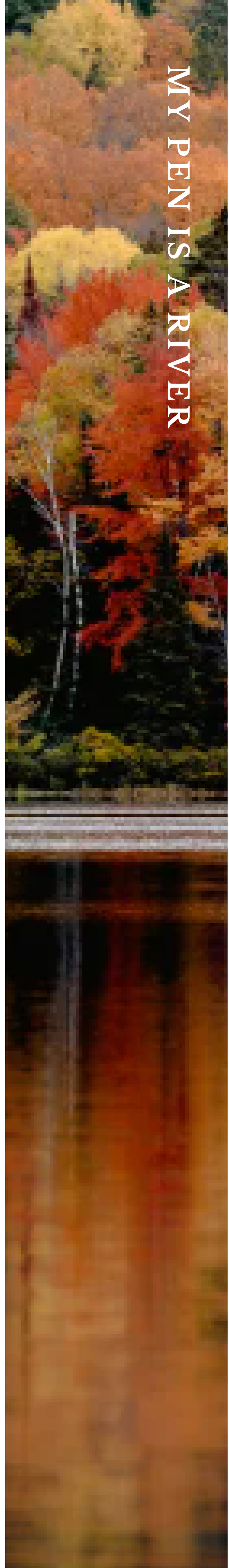
TWELVE

LIDIANE GOMES

IMAGENS: PEXELS

The river water flows
Flows from its source
Flows towards the sea
Flows intelligently

The river makes nature beautiful
Beautiful as daylight
Light that enchants and illuminates
Illuminates the river of lives



MY PEN IS A RIVER

As águas do rio correm
Correm desde sua nascente
Correm ao encontro do mar
Correm de forma inteligente

O rio torna bela a natureza
bela como a luz do dia
luz que encanta e ilumina
ilumina os rios da vida

The river waters flow
flows from its source
flows towards the sea
flows intelligently

The river makes nature beautiful
beautiful as daylight
light that enchants and illuminates
illuminates the river of life

Manuscrito

LIDIANE GOMES



MY PEN IS A RIVER

THIRTEEN

LIKE A RIVER

LAISE MOTA

LIKE A RIVER

I wanna be like a river
Never permanent, always fluid
In the philosophy, the eternal change
Not to be the same, because the water changes
And I do, too
I wanna be transformation
Like a river
To experience the beauty of never being the same

LAISE MOTA

MY PEN IS A RIVER

FOURTEEN

ANA KETYLA LIMA

Some rivers flow in my city

Maranguapinho River

Coaçu River

Maceió River

Mundaú River.

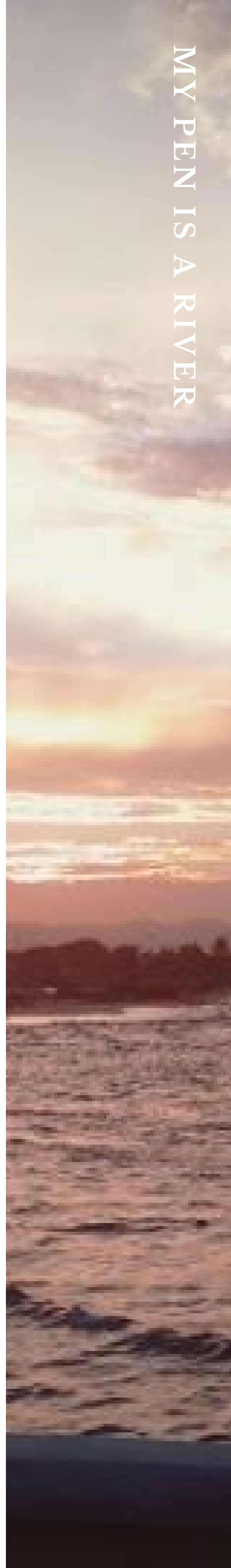
Among these and others, there is

the Ceará river,

one the most beautiful ones.

From it we see a beautiful sunset and

you can still sail.



MY PEN IS A RIVER

FIFTEEN

THE RIVER

ISMAEL OLIVEIRA



THE RIVER

In my childhood I saw, from my window, the
river

With its gentle waters

Today I see the same river,
However with the most turbulent waters
Times of concern

The waters of the river run their course
We also have to get on with our life

Sometimes the moments will be calm,
Sometimes the moments will be turbulent
But always moving on

ISMAEL OLIVEIRA

MY PEN IS A RIVER

SIXTEEN

THE GOD'S RIVER

MATHEUS PAIVA

THE GOD'S RIVER

Your river floods my being, Lord
Dive into the depth of your Love
And I feel your waters well up
Living waters that flow inside me

Before, I was thirsty
I felt the emptiness in me
I lived in the desert dryness
Until your oasis be found

And now your waters overflow
Invade my floodgates
Your rich fountain runs endlessly
And I'm full of peace, like a river

Guide me in your still waters, God
Make me rest in your presence
Take me beyond the river
I'm going there to see my Father.

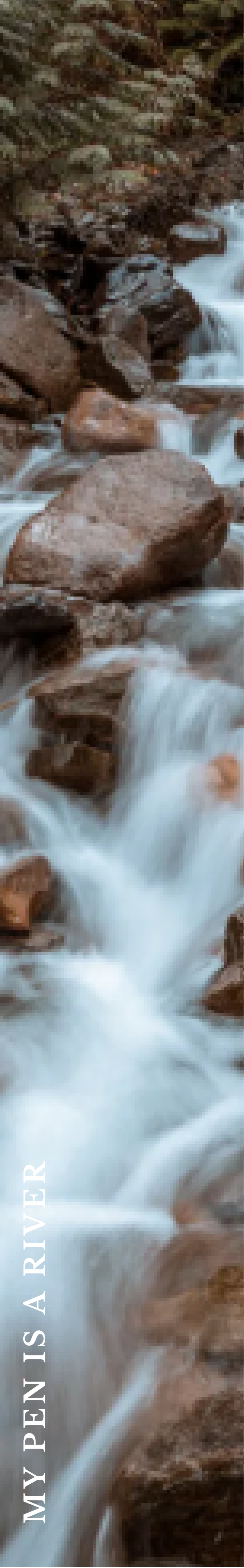
MATHEUS PAIVA

MY PEN IS A RIVER

SEVENTEEN

TRANSFIGURATION
RIVER

KELVIN MARTINS



TRANSFIGURATION RIVER

The river...sometimes, fast, brute and hard to deal with.

Buth, it takes along the life to the places.

Fill them with the rich soil

It is composed by water, the responsible by earth biosphere.

It is funny how simple molecules, together, can start,

practically to spread life.

So, at this moment, all people should be like a river and spread life around the world.

Spread happiness.

Spread love.

Spread good feelings.

Spread...and just like rivers,

Create life

...

KELVIN MARTINS

MY PEN IS A RIVER

EIGHTEEN

CHANGE

ANA GREYCE FREITAS

CHANGES

We cannot enter the same river twice,
said Heraclitus.

We are not the same,
the river is not the same
Lives always changes,

It doesn't matter if we want to or not.

The river continues its course towards the sea,
Renewings its waters, its landscapes, its hopes,
just like us.

ANA GREYCE FREITAS

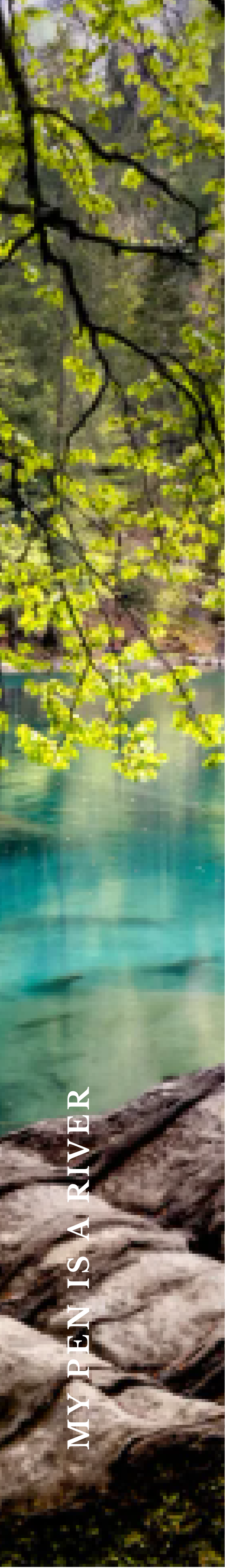


MY PEN IS A RIVER

NINETEEN

THE RIVER

■ KLENCY DE ARAÚJO OTAVIANO



MY PEN IS A RIVER

THE RIVER

The river is majestic like a king
but it can also be as humble as a servant.

The river is majestic,
because it has the ability to show all its greatness,
but it is also humble,
because it meets the needs of living beings

The river is majestic,
because it shows that it is stronger than the
human being,
but it is also humble,
because it is in harmony with almost everyone,
except humans.

KLENCY DE ARAÚJO OTAVIANO

MY PEN IS A RIVER

TWENTY

THE RIVER POEM

JUAN PABLO DE OLIVEIRA DANTAS

THE RIVER POEM

The river is like life,
The river has unreasonable beauty,
The river is immensely important,
The river is a place where reality is fun.

The river would pass,
The river would strike back,
The river would breastfeed,
The river would provide, but men cannot
understand it.

The river, when you see it, has already passed,
The river is fast, it doesn't wait,
The river is finite, the river is infinite,
The river is ambiguous.

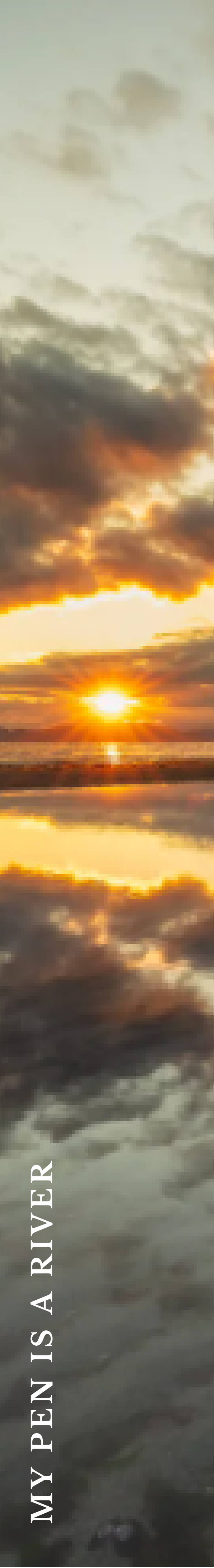
The river holds creatures,
The river has cracks,
The river has already experienced periods of
bitterness,
The river, but the river...It has its moments of
tenderness.

MY PEN IS A RIVER

TWENTY-ONE

DETAILS

GABRIELE ESPINOZA DA SILVA



DETAILS

I like to think that when God created nature,
He wanted to give us gifts.

After all, every detail is unique and charming.

We can feel embraced by the creator whenever we
contemplate a beautiful sunset.

Every time we hear the sound of rain on our roofs.

Every time we hear birds singing.

Every time we see a river running.

All of these things are reminders of God that tells us:
you are loved!

POEMAS: APRENDIZES DE LÍNGUA INGLESA DO 1º
SEMESTRE DA CASA DE CULTURA BRITÂNICA -UFC

IMAGENS: PEXELS
IMAGEM DO RIO CEARÁ: PATRICIA VIANA