



BORDERLESS LIGHT

Poem-Experiences from a Sojourner's Heart

ADRIANE ROSO

Borderless Light: Poem-Experiences from a Sojourner's Heart

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Or simply "Dri" /Dree/

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" Language used as a means to get power or make money goes wrong: it lies. Language used as an end in itself, to sing a poem or tell a story, goes right, goes towards the truth. (...). A writer is a person who cares what words mean, what they say, how they say it. Writers know words are their way towards truth and freedom, and so they use them with care, with thought, with fear, with delight. By using words well they strengthen their souls. Story-tellers and poets spend their lives learning that skill and art of using words well. And their words make the souls of their readers stronger, brighter, deeper."

Ursula K. Le Guin (1929-2018)

To my father, Guerino Roso

As I finish writing this book, I am flooded with memories of being your little princess—or, as you fondly called me, your “little gypsy.” I cherish those childhood days, especially our Wednesday dinners at Tirolesa¹. You always let me choose my favorite dish, even when it was one of the most expensive: ground beef roulade with applesauce, that delicious German classic.

I miss our trips to the top of the Feitoria neighborhood, where we’d sit on the hood of your blue Maverick—or later, my favorite, the Dodge Dart with its beautiful burgundy leather seats. We’d spend hours watching the sun set and the city lights flicker on. You would point out the pieces of land you had acquired, shared family stories and taught me history. In my young mind, everything seemed magical.

Even though I was spirited and stubborn from an early age, you never raised your voice or scolded me in front of others. Instead, you always spoke calmly and guided me with kindness, teaching me the importance of respect and the ethics of alterity.

As I grew into adulthood, our long conversations continued, and I always remained captivated by your ability to recall even the smallest details. With you, I learned so much: the value of healthy eating, the benefits of long walks for both mind and body, a deep appreciation for history, and a constant desire to learn about the world and its cultures. You taught me to stand up for minorities and to ponder the existence of God.

Now, I find myself longing to be with you—even if just for a minute. I wish I could sit on your lap, hear you call me “gypsy” once more, and

¹ Tirolesa was a German-style restaurant located in São Leopoldo, Brazil. Owned by Ulrich Georg Bercht, it first opened its doors in 1966 and operated for several decades before permanently closing in the early 1990s.

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feel you reassure me that everything will be all right. You were, and
always will be, the man I have loved most in my life.

I love you dearly, Dad.

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Introduction²

When we move to another country—even for a brief while—we are transformed so swiftly. The new context compels us to adapt, yet asks us not to let go of our identity, our roots.

We must plunge into a culture that only ever welcomes us halfway—acceptance is seldom whole. Some find the door more ajar than others, but almost none are embraced completely, for we remain “the stranger,” the one from another land. What does she seek here, anyway? Will she ever truly become one of us?

So many of these answers dwell in language. When we discover just the right tone, adopt the lilt and accent, choose the delicate word, and sense the perfect moment to say what we mean, or what the Other wishes to hear—then, we begin to belong.

On this path of “trying to belong,” we invent strategies of resistance and survival, among them, some people write poetry. Poetry saves us all, in ways both seen and unseen. If nothing else, it was poetry that saved my sojourner's heart.

When I write a poem, it's as if I'm extracting a part of myself—one that aches or overflows with joy. I pour my deepest feelings onto the page—usually by hand—those emotions that are often out of reach.

² A portion of this introduction was previously published in Roso, A. R. (2025). *Poevivências... devaneios poéticos de uma psicóloga errante em busca de luz*. Da Autora. <https://doi.org/10.5281/zenodo.15849310> (ISBN 978-65-01-56307-7).

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Poetry emerges from within me unexpectedly, without warning. Something inside me bubbles up, and I place it into the art— a part that can no longer be contained or left lonely in my chest. I find relief from all the tension and pressure my emotions create in my mind and body— a force that insists on overflowing.

What overflows becomes a stained glass window, full of nuances and shapes that may mean nothing individually, but in their entirety and from a distance, speak of my unconscious, of the unknown that dwells within me.

Poetry is never truly true or false, nor beautiful or ugly, and certainly neither real nor unreal. It is like the vapor from a locomotive: it spreads through the air, blending with context, history, and stories, transforming into a fiction embodied in the soul.

For me, poems defy rigid stylistic patterns. Some have rhymes; others are so wild they can't be restrained by a straitjacket or electroshock. I haven't studied literature formally, but perhaps my poetic style blends realism and neosymbolism.

American Realist writers—like James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Gertrude Stein—alongside our own Machado de Assis, have accompanied me since adolescence. Maybe that's why my writing seems a bit offbeat, monotonous, repetitive, seemingly nonsensical, and even, at times, immature. Like much of literary realism, I use many nouns and place great emphasis on verbs. I repeat ideas and phrases, often using a simple, colloquial vocabulary. I frequently ignore grammar and omit periods—punctuation that seems designed to mute poetry.

On the other hand, I love exclamations, irony, and direct conversations with readers. Brazilian Modernist authors—such as Manuel Bandeira (1886-1968), Carlos Drummond de Andrade (1902-

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1987), Cecília Meireles (1901–1964), Mario Quintana (1906–1994), and Clarice Lispector (1920–1977)—have inspired me to use irony, to discuss everyday life, loneliness, and love, and to reflect on social and political issues with a light, critical touch.

If my poems were judged by a panel of psychologists, they would surely be left confused—or go mad—alongside my wandering words! Forgive me, for I am a wandering psychologist myself; I err much more than I get things right, but I always do my best.

I seriously suspect I wasn't born with a poet's gift; my fingers have simply been playfully composing poetry since childhood. I wrote my first poem as a kind of game—a childhood fantasy, a defibrillation of my heart. I was about eight years old. One day, a man named Moises who worked with my mother read one of my poems and suggested I enter the APLUB poetry contest. My mother sent in one of my writings, but we never heard back. Many years later, as an adult, I submitted a poem to the poetry contest of the Municipal Government of Porto Alegre, Rio Grande do Sul. Again, I never learned its fate, and I regret not having kept a copy of any of these early poems. Those were different times—without computers or the internet as we have today—but what matters is that I never gave up writing poetry. Nor could I.

I couldn't, because writing poetry for me is like undergoing psychoanalysis, only without the analyst and without moralizing. Speech is subsumed by writing. Or is it the other way around? I don't know. I just know that therapy through art makes writing poems even more powerful, almost magical. As Franco-Romanian social psychologist Serge Moscovici noted in his autobiography, writing allows us to reclaim ourselves, a catharsis for the anguished heart that longs to live.

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So for me, and perhaps for other amateur poets like me, creating poetry is about mapping out paths of survival, allowing us the small steps we need toward mental well-being.

In this book, I have also chosen to include some photographs from my daily life. Photographs, too, can be small poetic works. Like writing, an image conveys something unspeakable, invisible, or silenced. We look at a photograph just as it looks back at us—it's a game in which both players watch and try to decipher one another.

So, when you read my poems—hopefully with gentle and open eyes—read the images too. Through both, I hope to offer a journey into your unconscious as well as my cultures, so that these humble poems might resonate with you.

I see photography through the lens of Roland Barthes. It is never motionless or lifeless; it is a moment anesthetized and captured, poised to take flight at any instant. In this sense, photography is uncanny, a new, timeless form of hallucination, a modest, shared hallucination, a mad image sometimes confused with reality (Barthes, 1981). Photography is poetry for those who can allow themselves to engage with it, and in doing so, one is transformed, ready to soar.

The poems in this collection were composed while living in Cambridge, United States. They emerged in English, influenced directly by my experience as a foreigner in a place that feels both strange and like home. I am a sojourner, moving back and forth to the U.S. and other nations. As a proud migrant, I have crossed borders and oceans, facing fear with courage. I live in a hybrid space—part sojourner, part settler—dividing my life between my homeland and abroad. "Sojourner" is an enchanting word, filled with meaning, affection, and resistance.

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Since English is not my native language, I used online tools—such as OpenAI's GPT-4, RhymeZone, Merriam-Webster, Google Translate, and other text editors—to refine my grammar and explore synonyms and antonyms. Yet the creation of these poems springs directly from my soul. I can confidently say they are part of my DNA. I am the subject of this psychic activity that is poetry. So, I offer you these small remnants of myself—blurred traces, quasi-connected fragments—that together comprise this poetic experience.

The poems I write here, even those that seem to arise directly from my own experience, from the intimate currents of my personal life, are also born from the stories I have gathered. They draw from suffering, from laments, from sorrow and joy alike. In truth, these poems are, in some quiet way, not entirely mine. They become elevated voices, speaking of others, carrying echoes of lives beyond my own. Yet if every other is, in some mysterious way, a reflection of myself, then even these poems, though shaped by distant stories, still contain something of who I am.

For me, a poetic experience is the writing that emerges from the soul, outside the control of reason, and springs from the drives that insist on making themselves known—relieving our suffering through expression. A poetic experience is solitary creation—a search for light, for life. But when we live in another country, the borders shimmer with countless shades of light. In such moments, living becomes its own beautiful poem-experience.

Dri

Cambridge, Massachusetts, April 2025

Moving On

I packed a few belongings,
And in dismay, I left.
I moved away from the fighter.
I am bereft.

But I don't regret.
Quite the contrary,
I'm lighter than ever,
And my soul is so airy.

In the long bounding,
I was living an illusion.
Unaware of my surroundings,
I was a prisoner of an elf—
So desperate to be loved
That I forgot to love myself.

Now, free, I am the woman I once was - free.

Smiley, bold, true.
The old "Dri,"
Ready to pack a few belongings
And leave without a clue.

Social Media

Life Directors

Sunset or dawn—

Scroll up, scroll down.

Jump from one to another,

No meaning, no agency;

Craving, compulsion,

Or just social media habit?

Wise architects.

Emptiness Collectors

A Babylon of performance,

With no real reward.

A potpourri of idioms,

A myriad of things to buy.

What the algorithm shows me:

Is it what I search for,

Or what they want me to be?

Gamifier connectors.

Loneliness Precautions

Can't stop searching for

The perfect pairings.

Who does the algorithm show me?

Is it what I want,

Or merely what I desire?

Readers of the unconscious.

Burial

Yesterday, I laid you down to rest,
No coffin, no flowers to attest,
Only the weight of sorrow,
Locked deep within my chest.

Please do not mistake my intentions;
I needed this to grant release,
To endure, to find some peace,
To live beyond a mother's expectations.

Perhaps in realms beyond our sight,
Where Eileithyia tends her gentle light,
She might reveal where we went astray,
And grant us pardon for the words we say.

Within the goddess's enlightened grace,
May she heal our sleep and scars,
Forgive our sins, both near and far,
Unburdening the hearts we've maligned,
Unburying our souls through the threads of time.

Becoming a Woman

Yes, I Am a Woman
No one doubts that—
My body, culturally flecked.
At times frail, passive, dark, silent—
Yet sturdy as a dam,
Bright as cyan,
Proof of cognitive polyphasia.
Resisting like the superhuman,
I can march through hell
And return renewed, like Anne Waldman,
Fighting through imposed astasia.
Indeed, I became a woman—
Many doubt that.
My mind, too, is culturally flecked,
Rendering me imperfectly perfect.

Harvard Yard

Without asking the Conants,
Quietly, in the foreground
Of Loeb House,
A beautiful spider chants
As she spins her silken web.
When footsteps stir and shadows creep,
She hums a gentle lullaby,
Soft and sly,
Enchanting every student passing by.

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HARVARD YARD - Harvard University, Cambridge, USA, 2024.
Photographer: Adriane Roso

Love bombing

I met this man in blue—
Incredibly sweet and chivalrous,
About to become a Perseus,
A perfect match, they say,
Yet too unreal to hold as true.
I met this man in blue.
He spoke with honeyed eyes,
Called me a work of art—
Intelligent, beautiful, rare—
Enchanting from the start.
A painting of alluring tones,
A perfect match, they say,
Yet too unreal to hold as true.
I met this man in blue;
In me, he might have found a trust,
A home both intense and Ishtar,
Within his warm embrace, we danced,
Where tender secrets wisely whisper.
A passion deep and loyal,
To share life's grandest love—
A perfect match, they say,
Yet too unreal to hold as true.
I met this man in blue.
His words—a Pandora's cage—
Glittered in the snow blocks,
A symphony of adoration that fades
As fast as the sound of a boombox.
Love's veneer unmasked
Revealed a bitter cue:
What seemed a perfect match
Was too unreal—a sad adieu.

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LOVE BOMBING - Harvard University, Cambridge, USA, 2025.

Photographer: Adriane Roso

Trees in Boston

So breathtaking,
Autumn trees in their glow,
An impressive thrill.
Tapestries of vibrant red,
Sugar leaves ablaze,
Brimming with anthocyanin.

A Monet painting,
Magic in the air,
Simply enchanting.
The perfect scene,
Colors woven
Into my chromatin.

A breathtaking sight:
Boston's trees in autumn flame,
Postcard memories,
A season I'll always hold.

Immigrant

I am a pioneer
Exploring a new land,
Under a spell
That causes me to expand.
Different tongues,
Cultures so strange,
Full of dingoes—
Wild and untamed.
Some are so kind,
Many run free,
None seem to mind
The wildness in me.
Once I was white,
Now I've turned brown—
Labeled Latina,
Queer sensation,
Somehow I've lost my crown.

Trying to tweak,
To belong,
To survive,
To thrive,
Learning new techniques.
No one to console,
No one to bemoan
The intensity of the fight.
But eventually,
Yes, eventually,
Everything will be all right.

Chemistry

I felt for you,
Not with passion,
Not in love,
Just a pure magnetic pull.
I waited for you,
But you never came back.
You promised me:
No gaslighting,
No ghosting,
Just pure opposing forces.
I felt for you,
Not with passion,
Not in love,
More a kinetic lull.
I can't suffer
For someone unreal.
It was just a dream,
A loose click,
Acid and alkali,
All the chemistry gone,
Because I fell for a buffer—
A pathetic gull.

Rape

Flirting

Cuddling

She says, "Yes."

Kissing

Caressing

She says, "No..."

Touching

Groping

She says, "No."

Grabbing

Pushing

Intimidating

Threatening

Coercing

She says, "NO!"

No...

No,

No!

You must understand:

No means NO.

Passion

Struck like a thunderbolt
For weeks on end,
I loved you,
You loved me.
Intensity, insanity,
An illusion trailing like a veil.
Predestined to meet?
No,
Destined to fail.
Witness:
I was there,
Yes, I was there!
The subway conductor quacks:
"An airplane just hit the tower!"
Everyone laughed,
It's a wisecrack, after all.



Liquid Happiness

Be happy, love yourself—
They cajole this in endless tons.
They try to sell happiness
In pretty flacons:
Perfumes,
Smartphones,
High-tech cars,
Creatine,
Wheat protein.

Let's be clever—
There is no such thing
As "happiness forever."
On every life path
There are daily struggles,
Lingering discontents,
Partnered by tender snuggles.

Let's do the math—
Happiness is not liquid.
Once life lurches to the wrong side
It leaves us unbearably withered.
Happiness is a constant search—
Longing for the ones we love,
Belonging to someone's perch.

Witness

Yes, I was there!
The subway conductor cries:
"A second plane crashed."
Everyone was surprised.
This is reality.
I was there.
Yes, I was there!

Horried, petrified.
Thousands of lives flamed out,
Trapped in debris,
Mixed with bloody iron,
The brutality of terrorism.

From the Bronx, we could see
The dust and forlorn cries;
From the Bronx, we could smell
The burning of skin and ties.
Impotence, disbelief,
Sirens shredding the city's glare,
Overwhelming grief.
I wish I wasn't there,
A witness of despair.

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WITNESS - Canvas in Oil - Bleeding Pot, by Adriane Roso, ~2015.

Photographer: Adriane Roso

Subway Station

Waiting for the next train,
Headphones in tune,
Gazing aloof
Down the long tracks,
Stepping back from the yellow line's swoon.

The rats—
Cute mice.
The torn paint,
A piece of art.
The wind,
Lost ghosts
Playing with the saints.

Here comes the train,
Its noise,
A choo-choo whistle.
The conductor,
Invisible to all eyes.
Passengers rush in,
Hoping life goes clockwise.

The cars dance a samba,
Clickety-clack sound,
A baby drifts to sleep.
The screech of the brakes
Sends chills down my spine.
Horns and ringing bells
Quickly remind me,
The next stop will be mine.

SUBWAY STATION

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SUBWAY STATION - park Station, Boston, USA, 2025.

Photographer: Adriane Roso

(Anti)Protest

They preach freedom of speed,
They praise universal knowledge,
They claim to be democratic—
Clap, clap, clap:
A free country!

When nations collide,
One is branded disruptive—
"They deserve punishment!"
The other, they say, is productive.
Tap, tap, tap:
Cheers for the debonaire.

They choose
Who can talk,
Who can lead,
Who can protest.
Hmph, hmph, hmph,
In their world of "free" diversity!

Freedom, knowledge, democracy,
They should not take sides,
For war is always wrong;
It only divides.

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(ANTI)PROTEST - Harvard University Yard, Cambridge, USA, 2024.

Photographer: Adriane Roso

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"How much do you really want me?" asked the little ladybug, caught in the spider's web.

With a smile, half romantic, half sarcastic,
the male spider replied:

"As much as you can escape—seven miles away from me."

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A CAD - Loeb House, Harvard University, Cambridge, USA, 2024.

Photographer: Adriane Roso

Skyscrapers

There's something about LA...
There's something about NYC...
There's something about Chicago...
There's something about Boston...
I just can't explain.
Blocks of concrete touch the sky,
Imposing, arrogant giants—
As if, through them, we could reach God.
But there is something...
Magical,
Mysterious,
Softly cutting
Through our hearts and minds.
I just can't explain.

Dating Apps

Bubble, Hinge, whatever.
It feels like a sin,
Because it breaks the rule of love:
We search for it.
Love isn't searchable;
Love simply happens.
When it arrives,
It feels like a grin.

Wars

It is always their war,
Not ours.
It is always their desire,
Not ours.
In the end,
Victory over the enemy
Is nothing more than
The collapse of humanity.

Ain't love

Treachery, Deception, Disloyalty, Treason, Perfidy, Backstabbing,
Duplicity, Infidelity, Unfaithfulness, Adultery, Unfaithfulness,
Faithlessness, Disloyalty, Perfidiousness, Betrayal.

Whoever it may be.

Wherever it may be.

Whenever it maybe.

No matter where it is.

No matter who.

Two-timing, Playing around, Stepping out, Cheating, Having an affair,
Straying, Sneaking around, Fooling around, Catting around, Yarding on,
Creeping, Dipping out.

There's no excuse.

There's no love.

Flowers

You know those tiny little flowers
That seem to grow from nowhere?
Clover, dandelion, or aster
Bursting from cracks everywhere,
Dancing over curbs like Fred Astaire.
Some call them a plague,
Stepping on them in mirth;
Others just pass by,
Pretending they're a stillbirth.
Not me.
They simply make my day.
I stop.
I stare.
I smell.
I smile.
Simplicity:
Love flowers on my way.

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FLOWERS - Fayette Street, Cambridge, USA, 2025.

Photographer: Adriane Roso

Trust

I won't try to shift your mind,
Now it's too late to rewind.
Words once spoken caused dismay
We cannot erase our fantasies
We are who we are today.
I loved you truly, not him.

I won't try to shift your mind,
Now it's too late to rewind.
With who I was in the past
Cannot be changed
If my love did not suffice,
Or I treated you less than nice,
Or demanded from you the same light,
It was because
I loved you faithfully, not him.

I won't try to shift your mind,
Now it's too late to rewind.
Apologies won't mend our fears,
Yet my love was sincere through the tears.
From my spirit, I gave my all,
But disappointment was your call.
Sorries won't repair our broken hearts
You didn't believe me
I was the believer.
I trusted my soul to you, not to him.

Silence

The song of the gentle rain.
The melodic trills of the Bluebird.
The wind whispering.
The snow softly melting down.
Listening!

The fireplace flame crackling
The gentle bubble of the Yasmin rice
The soothing murmur of the shower
The sleeping beauty delight.
Listening!

The tears coming down
The blood art
The smile waving
The baby's tender heart
Listening!

Simply heed
The eloquent silence
That says it all.

Salem

Avoiding bumping into weirdos,
I got lost in Salem's Halloween.
At the gray Lindall's House,
I gaze through the window.
There's a witch with one eye
Waving through the sunset scene.

My heart raced
I peed in my panties
I could read her lips
At funeral pace:
"G-e-e-e-e-e-t
m-e-e-e-e
a
g-i-i-i-n-g-e-e-e-e-r
c-o-o-o-o-k-i-i-i-i-e-e"
a-a-a-t
L-u-u-u-ul-u-u-u'-s
B-a-a-a-a-k-e-e-e-r-y
a-a-a-n-d
P-a-a-a-n-t-r-y."

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SALEM - The Mary Lindall House, c. 1755, Salem, USA, 2024.

Photographer: Adriane Roso

The real & The art

Art is never true or false.
A wound that may not heal,
Or a secret the heart may soon disclose.
Art is fecundity,
Or Geisel that sprays
Devilish ambiguity.
Art is the only REAL,
Or the impossible to say.

Love

The wrong man in your life will show you how to row alone.

The right man will be there beside you, oar in hand, rowing together.

That's what a relationship is: two people on the same ocean, in the same boat, each pulling their oar side by side.

Unfolding Life

Walking down Ewe Park,
Floating like a tugboat—paper and stark—
On the street gutter's flow.
Shivers on my skin—a caper I know—
My inverted nipples sparked, came out of the dark.
How is it possible,
A hundred micrometers so small,
Could cause a body's transformation after all?
I knew you were inside my body's frame,
A woman's witch power, calling your name.
I could feel you, electric, above;
Even the squirrels sensed this new love.
Gee, I was so happy, I nearly soared.

Lightning

I am filled with love and desire.

Creating space for light within myself.

Nothing can stop me of shining.

Inevitable parting

It takes courage to recognize
We're latching onto utterances,
Postponing farewell.
You're chapter,
I'm book.
You're speech,
I'm narrative.
You're semi-colon,
I'm reticence.
You're laugh,
I'm smile.
It takes pain to discover
We're latching onto sentiments,
Postponing living well.

Shinning

I packed my things and chose to move,
No regrets—my spirit lighter.
With reason clear, I had to prove
To myself my inner fighter.

I was a prisoner of him,
Devoting my life to himself,
Chasing wedding vows grown dim,
Forgetting to love myself.

I locked the door and didn't look back.
I don't regret; I feel much exciter.
My heart stepped off its beaten track,
My purpose now shines brighter.

I was a prisoner of my own need,
So desperate just to be adored,
For love, I'd let myself concede,
But no more will I be ignored.

Now I am free.
Happy, bold, adventurous me.
I write my own story each day.
No promise of "happily ever after,"
In every path, struggle and dismay
Mix with moments of laughter.

Art as Solace

I look with Isabella's eyes
Through the Arabist lancet window.
I see this garden—
An iconic masterpiece of art.
Dark shadows enter my mind;
Light shines into my heart.

I look with Isabella's eyes
Through the Arabist lancet window.
I see this greenhouse—
A unique gem of the garden.
Pain drains onto my tissue;
Joy turns into a warden.

I look with Isabella's eyes
Through the Arabist lancet window.
I see this courtyard,
A masterwork of design.
The lost child placed underground,
Memories enshrined.

I look with Isabella's eyes
Through the Arabist lancet window.
I see someone like Willard Sears,
A brave cavalier knight,
Ready to swipe my tears
And swathe me in serene white.

Borderless Light: Poem-Experiences from a Sojourner's Heart

By Adriane Roso



ART AS SOLACE - Isabella Stewart Garden Museum, Boston, MA, USA, 2025.

Photographer: Adriane Roso

The Cure

Someday, all the sorrow will go away.
Time is the only true remedy.
It cures the pain,
It teaches you to pray,
To find serenity.
And the serenity is IN YOU.

Someday, your soul will bloom anew.
Time is the only true remedy.
It helps your heart stay true,
It gives you courage
To fight the enemy.
And the enemy is IN YOU.

Poems are Butterflies

Yesterday
I wrote a poem in my head—
Rehearsed it,
Memorized it,
Deleted it,
Wrote it again,
Rehearsed it,
Memorized it..
Trying to keep it just to myself.
Today
They betray me—
Silking away like caterpillars
From my mind.
Why do poems insist on escape?
Why can't they belong only to me?
Well, poems can't be captured;
They captivate us,
But we can't captivate them.
Tomorrow,
They are butterflies.

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About the Author

Intensity, restlessness, and a sense of incompleteness bubble within me. I need to write poetry, which is why I became an amateur poet. I need to write because that's how I survive. I love listening beyond the souls, which is why I became a psychologist. I strongly believe in the necessity of maturing through otherness, which is why I became a teacher. I believe in the multiplication of love for a more just and loving humanity, which is why I became a mother. Now, all that's left is to contemplate the sun, the clouds, and the wind to become more free-spirited, as a Swallow bird.



Adriane Roso, Brazilian and Italian citizen, selfie taken with Iphone in 2025.

ADRIANE ROSO

Borderless Light: Poem-Experiences from a Sojourner's Heart is a lyrical journey through the landscapes of migration, belonging, and transformation. Blending evocative poetry and personal reflection, Adriane Roso explores the emotional complexities of building a life between borders—geographical, cultural, and internal. With a voice shaped by displacement and renewal, she uncovers the moments of pain, joy, adaptation, and resilience that define the sojourner's path. Each poem illuminates fragments of longing and discovery, revealing how the search for light—both literal and metaphorical—transforms experience into art, and survival into poetry.

