

## *Paul Durcan Dances Down to Brazil*

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The distance between any point and another one in Dublin, Ireland – take the River Liffey as a possible running track – is not measured from West to East or in miles or metres. That would be too easy!

We have to do it as difficultly as Paul Durcan does it (has been doing it his whole life), *pirouetting* over streets, river, bridges, all the city.

If life does not include all possible margins, what kind of river the Liffey would be?

The long practice has made of Paul Durcan a great *ballet* dancer: his *pirouettes* over waters and bridges and clouds and lakes have taken him to Armenia (and no, he is not from there), to Greece and Italy (neither from these places), to Argentine and Australia, not staying long in any of these countries. (He is indeed just an Irishman, and that's too much!) But he stayed longer in France, to study the technique of flying on a trapeze with Jules Léotard.

If a poet does not fly around his real and imaginary worlds, what kind of poetry would he write?

One day, after *un grand jeté*, Paul Durcan left Dublin Airport and landed in Guarulhos, São Paulo, Brazil, a moment for a *rond de jambe* done with precision and extreme grace.

Then, not as fast as he came, he returned to Ireland without ever being or becoming a Brazilian. But it's a fact that he has many friends down here!

If a man can not adapt facts or create little lies about his own and other people's lives, what kind of poet Paul Durcan would be?