

Rousseau's Dream

One day I wake up in the company of an unknown word – *torosa* – entangled by love. I watch the bull and its fighter interlaced – female dressed in red, fully seductive in its male maneuvering, strong footing and sturdy calves.

What attracts me in the scene is the bonding that doesn't cease to corrupt old paradigms, even doubting the father's domination plans: Pedro Alvarez Cabral, the inventor of Brazil.

The ending of the patriarchal conquest to lands outside me happens in a Rousseau's dream: a naked woman, with full breasts, laying on the couch in the middle of the forest.

At first sight, everything appears absolutely evident in the picture: my desire to re-encounter another (*outra*) Alvarez, capable of reinscribing an old social contract, repairing what still remains of my territory.

Or, in another words: reunite the traumatic, unpleasant repetitive residue – anterior to the insignificant misery of our keeping two meters apart – intimately re-establishing the future to be.

