

Storm of Beauty

When my gaze turns restless, and I still don't look away, I know I'm before an event of presence. My mother was the first encounter of this quality, unexpected as being hit by a storm of beauty.

From her, I learned how to love women indefensibly, breathing desire in each one of them.

I will never stop encountering my mother's gaze in the woman I became.

If before I waited for her arrival, today I bring her between my words, in the solitary journey of someone who knows how to letter its own lack: deep, prolonged anguish.

For that reason, perhaps, I live in a constant trembling.

From early on, I deciphered in my mother's eyes the comfort for my heart's desire: a woman of overwhelming quivers.