The Analysis

What analysis can you make of a discourse that doesn't fit? Portuguese corrupted by English and English carrying residues of Portuguese: the uncanny intermingling of languages. How do you talk about the horse which does not like being named mare? Butch? A female horse would be even worse.

Not worthy of a new name, dear. The bad taste remains in the word. Creating a new name isn't a solution either. It doesn't erase what came before. Dig, work through the discomfort. I caress the horse's skin and come upon a hollow space – what doesn't stop the mane from being soft when touched outside its mirror image.

My feet are planted on the ground, the hot asphalt releasing heat. I don't climb the animal. Far away the amazons, heroes of my history, are crazy to break into a gallop. What happened? They seem disoriented. Or rather, in awe: the prince has gone. All left is me with his horse. I don't explain. I remain quiet. It wouldn't change anything, less alone their thinking. The horse, on the other hand, understands me well. How I was raised in the silence of the house, obeying a demand to not exist.

Avoid being deciphered or discovered. *This child doesn't cry* is a confrontation: the oneness of closing the eyes. A stance which made me an expert of silence. The stillness that characterizes me: my specialty and constitutive condition.

In truth, I have no desire for the prince, much less his horse. Let them think whatever they want. Many people have held my pen before, what could I do? Write anything worthy it of attention. Why? What for? If perception is unconscious, like the neuroscientists affirm, and not conscious, as Freud believed, there is no need for me to do anything else. Except: not losing sight of the mare.