

## **We Were All Fascists, and We Didn't Know it**

**Desirée**

I'm the residue of the lack of connection in the household hierarchy.

The lapsus left over from the mutual deficiency in familiar boundaries. Absence of images.

Undiscovering Brazil.

Discovering a blister of blood outside my arm: purism of race, excess of DNA.

I can't hear the dead nature because it's already dead, only alive in fascination for the natural.

Mauricio de Nassau arrived in South America imagining great fruits, collards marrying beets, the exotic disease of the exotic. Symptom, better say symptom.

*Blue disease?*

Irreal is the fragment of sun that rests in the yellow. Invert, invert everything.

Yellow is the rest of sun that rests from the real, from the language that killed Brazil, when evaporated what has named.

Blessed be the God who says anything about that dark continent.

Please, don't let go of my hand, we are crossing turbulent oceans.

Hi. This is not my hand. But what did you say?

No, you said I was holding your hand. I didn't say I hold your hand.

And to think how what causes in me is this other I don't know.

A residue of ties in love.

Reflect about Brazil's mirage and discover the blow of the DNA over my arm, blood blister, excess wetting the ground covered by the shatters of images.

***We were all fascists, and we didn't know it.***

The sounds of words extrapolating, overtaking my hearing ability. The mosaics loose in the unconscious, the myth of the indifference of genders, the purity of umbilical blood.

The radical desire is that which dies and still loves.

My body is in peace, depieced in each piece, and still essential.

Field of lavender lavishing the harvest on the earth.

