



Criteria Estertor

The Source

Then I didn't waste much time, I would still keep producing for the drawer, after some publicly significant work. I would then be waiting for a while, like Newton under the Apple Tree. Success is always dictated by others, not by yourself, that this sounds arrogant, especially literary success, which has something simultaneously inclusive, incisive and maddening, an inclusive, inconclusive, permitted madness. I then lost the thread, before another goal by Rafael Leão, when I still believed in the words of Abel Xavier, a multimedia student who had escaped the algorithms and other rhythms of engineering, physics and mathematics. I broke down, then I considered, at that point and instant, that I would have to go on, in whatever way I could, for recognition would be not behind, in the gasp of the past, but further ahead. Then I realized that I was blind, and then I decided to rest for a while, at a fountain, and I remembered the one that had been placed at the entrance of the hospital, another one I don't know where, in another part of the city...

Then I realized that the tree was not of the apple, but of the dough...we were all walking towards the same thing and what counted, in the end, was a certain American formula of working hard and having as much fun as you can at the expense of it, a method that I shied away from for the sake of leaving something, a work that others could **inhabit** after I stopped Being...

In those times, everything was looking for the source, that is, the origin of something, when I just wanted to live, just took a taste of life, broke, lost, stripped of my criteria, of my estertor, or surrendered to it, in the heat of the day, among the luminosity of something that seemed to me like poetry, as if I were preparing my presence for when I was no longer here, as if Being was a moral duty?

Then, insistent in my mind a facebook comment about Einstein's radiantly horrid wife. And my effort continued. I didn't want to discover any form of bomb, atomic or otherwise, just to take the reader as my confessor, without subjugating myself to him and his conscience...

Yet I was still dependent on myself to be a champion. Or usucaption. And I reserved the right to publish more things, because in a certain sense I had already been caught in the wrong on several occasions, offended, betrayed, when that was not my intention in dealing with people, being that, in terms of *déjà-vu*, I didn't need to frequent certain environments to gauge the quality of my works...

My friend had been in the cemetery for many months and I didn't have a car to visit him, I knew that few would do so and I still believed in a certain idea of society, was I too naive for that? Why didn't I take advantage of the circumstance, like others? Because I had been a seminarian? A Franciscan? What is certain is that I tasted not so much of the poison, but of a certain form of happiness, when others, enemies, perhaps could not be the same... After all, wasn't *that* all that counted? This country is not for old people, we need the constant reaffirmation of the fundamental themes in terms of the existential algorithms of the Internet within the scope of Artificial Intelligence, which spit out symptoms like the sick body does...

For the first time, I didn't want to change the world; I simply observed and felt, with a certain medium's or shaman's sixth sense, its gasp, directed at me and some others, including my friends. It was volatile and more than fragile this way of being and perceiving, after all, I knew it couldn't last forever, it would be a lily in the wind or a piece of lithium in an organism...

Yes, money, fame, knowledge, and disinterest, a lot was expected of me, but I remained in my domestic stronghold, making some sense, without having anything to eat for lunch and dinner with, still depending on myself, but also on others, obviously speaking. After all, relativity would have to do not so much with Einstein, but with humans (among themselves), as I had already demonstrated, like others, in another place and instance. And what good would that do me? I didn't know love and the rest of me was deformed, when underneath some glasses and acne scars, I was relatively attractive, although that and the wrinkles also brought a Tough Guy look to my days, in the sun, among girls and women...

Victor Mota