

Criteria Estertor

Virus

One of these days, I caught a virus. I started to conspire from a distance about my friends rather than my enemies. I was relatively calm, but the heat could not disguise in my spirit this feeling of betrayal towards others, like Judas Iscariot. The problem was that the others also had the same virus, so they thought I was the Judas.

The dishwasher stopped on the program more than due. I had to clean the countertop, not that it was much good for cutting meat, like the butcher's opposite. The doorbell rang, I hurried out of the house thinking about a book order I had coming. But no, it was something else, a doctor, who told me he had come from Campolide because he had a similar virus there, which was grabbing our legs and preventing us from walking normally, among other symptoms.

After leaving the dishes unwashed, the machine stopped working, had I finished the program? But the TV was off, it turned off automatically after overheating, saving me the effort of going to the remote control. I then went down Almirante Reis and in Largo de Arroios I relived certain moods from when I lived up there, further up Afonso III. I remember crying at the cemetery, I don't know why, and wishing that the pretty girl hadn't died and that I was the one buried...

I thought about the *thinking-doing* binomial, while the cat was shaking the rattle that the neighbor offered him, actually, it was me who offered it to him, the problem was that it didn't fit my human neck...

I even thought of going to Mass that day. Only the old ladies went. But I felt comfortable inside a church, I wasn't a big believer, but I still had the Missal from my seminary days. Even the Liturgy of the Hours. But I wasn't going that day, maybe I felt like watching the Fátima ceremonies and the live broadcast from the Chapel of Apparitions on TV. Everything was silent and I walked a little down the street, as it was a holiday, not very frequented, of Afonso III, I went to the parade where my paternal uncle spent his last days before deciding to return to the village. He too had been a seminarian and had decided not to go ahead with that project. He too, like me and others, had a project, the project that many young people today decide to throw out the window?

The world, for me, was full of "rash" types, not to mention other pathologies, other viruses. It might even have been HIV, but in the end the social stigma still persisted, as well as the stigma and the virus of racism. Lisbon was prodigal in those poor people, that we all are, in some way. Only that some show, others hide, and not all can show and hide always, for a long time...

I invented, in that time, several types of mechanisms useful not only for domestic life, as shown in several oriental facebook videos... I invented several theories in the social sciences, I dynamized dozens of blogs, I did a Philosophical Anthropology, after the thesis, more than a dozen fiction books, in reality. It didn't seem to be enough, I kept trying to fall in love with the neighbor from the Patio, while the kitten was in its carita post leaning over the sofa fabric...

Yes, maybe that was the problem, I expected too much, or dreamed too much, sitting in the Constantine Garden thinking about toilet stuff...LOL...

The city that I had walked through for years and years, had become almost invisible to me, inaccessible, even though I had the raisin, it was like a ghost town, a sleepwalking city, in the gasp of something that was sickening and at the same time fruitful, productive, a growing disease...

Simultaneously, the puff of light I was receiving there in the Marquês de Pombal, where animal rights defenders were demonstrating, made me think of bullfighting, Lent, Ramadan, all those things that we do or stop doing animalistically, until we kill each other in fratricidal wars, "fratricities," whether in soccer or in Ukraine or Taiwan. I was once a vegetarian in my student days (which I still was), eating mostly the macrobiotic food that was served mainly in the Old Canteen in University City, which we called "the big one", having missed the bar in the coffee shop after lunch or dinner, whatever it was.

Later, even recently, he had frequented the Espiral, in Estefânia, where they ate good vegetarian "steaks". Life in those days was like that, sometimes tense, sometimes carefree, all good things for a guy who had spent his childhood in Paris and had an innate, initial and progressive curiosity for things Portuguese, not without a critical sense, but always with some bravery and constructive spirit...

Victor Mota