

WHO KNOWS WHERE THE FASCINATION FOR THE SEA COMES FROM. PEARLS, SHELLS, MIDDENS.  
FROM TIMES GONE BY, WHEN GUANABARA WAS SAVANNAH, AND THE SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN AN ISLAND.  
THE SILENCE OF THE CANHANHAS. I ALWAYS HEAR THE LOUD  
VOICE OF A WOMAN COMING FROM THE BAY. IT IS THE BREAST FROM WHICH THE SEA SPRINGS.  
RAINHA DOS ANJOS. THE TIDE THAT RECEDES AND THE STINK THAT RISES.  
ALMOST WITHOUT OXYGEN. EACH SPAN OF THE BRIDGE IS A FRAME. OIL RIGS  
COMPETE WITH THE MOUNTAINS, ADD TO THE STARS.  
FREEZING SUBMARINE PIPES SCARE AWAY THE FISH.  
WHAT WOULD THAT SAILOR THINK WHO, FOR YEARS, WAS FAITHFUL TO THAT  
ANCHORED SHIP WHICH NOW, FORGOTTEN IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, WANTS TO ROLL IN THE SEA?  
THE BAY UNDER SIEGE. WE ARE ALL FISHERMEN.  
MANY ISLANDS SEPARATED FROM THE MOUNTAINS IN SEARCH OF SALINE SOLITUDE.  
THE FACE CARVED INTO THE ROCK. THE MASSIF WITH THE FACE OF NOEL.  
THE SENSES RESPOND TO THE SMELLS, THE SOUNDS, THE HORSE-TAIL  
FORMS OF THE CLOUDS. SAILING FOR HOURS ON END THROUGH THE SAME LANDSCAPE  
IN CHOPPY WATERS. THE OCEANIC RETREAT AND THE TONGUES OF SEWAGE.  
STRIATED, GEOGRAPHIC TONGUES. SCATTERED STAINS, AMBUSHED NETS, PHANTASMAGORICAL FISHING.  
THE WATER CLOSE TO ONE'S EARS, THE EYE ON THE WATER. THE METHANE  
BUBBLES THAT PEPPER THE SKIN. HYDROGEN SULPHIDE, ACOUSTIC CURTAINS.  
THE WRITING REELING WITH THE MOVEMENT OF THE BOAT. THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN  
WHAT REMAINS OUTSIDE AND WHAT REMAINS INSIDE THE BOAT. THE METHANE BUBBLE THAT PEPPERS THE SKIN.  
ONE OPENS UP TO THE SILENCE. MACACU IS ALMOST LIKE THE BRAZILWOOD TREE.

LUIZA BALDAN  
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