

"You are as handsome a gentleman
As my son's face
Time out time out time
I'll make you a request
Time time time time time time
Composer of destinies
Drum of all rhythms
Time time time time time time"
Caetano Veloso in *Oração ao Tempo*

Afflicted Time

By Ana Luisa Lima

Any route pre-drawn towards the Unknown, has in it the presupposition of risk. Decide-go infinitives of verbs that launch the subject in an insidious trajectory. The desire for the sea. Which way? PERABÉ. A contemporary narrative by Luiza Baldan.

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For those who have accustomed their bodies to the idea of infinity, they would never know how to survive in São Paulo - a city that is too concrete, dense, finite, despite its grandiosity - without finding in it an escape. To go in search of the sea would be then, some kind of redemption, of retaking, of reinvention. Rediscoveries of all kinds, including the very idea of "rediscovering".

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What would become of the path without the wanderer? It would be a trace of disappearance. What would the walker be without a path? To follow without direction. An ode to indifference?

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From São Paulo to the city of Santos. The trajectories have become too dangerous. At each step, the collision between past and present. Collisions and desires to build in the shadow of what was almost erased. Milestones of personal life merge with the stories of the small town. As if Time had stopped for these existences to meet.

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This same Time that stagnates, also afflicts itself without knowing to whom to dedicate itself: to that solitary soul, to the longings of a small town, to the silence of natural life of a small village, to the silence of natural life, to the hustle and bustle of colossal Cities.