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In lands of green
meadows, I've
erected ladders to
look out over the
world. I still don't
know what I've
found, but I let the
stairs stay, and
every now and then I
go down to sleep on
the ears of corn, to
make sense of things
again.







Beasts from the Motherland



my first love washed ashore on
the sand in Matosinhos









Wet skirts, cigaretteS, we were children,
on the same beach, planted like sand cacti.











We gotta keep the lunatics out of the way is an exhibition that transposes nights of strange dreams spent to the left of the one you love. Many nights he told me to move over to the right side and sleep on my stomach so I wouldn't have any more nightmares. He's been there too, many times, camouflaged in the high, pointed rocks, among long-legged green monsters; when I found him, I let myself sleep among the confusion, rested, because I was being watched over.





Please blow through the inside of my eye.
I have a speck in my lacrimal caruncle,
stuck since Monday, blow slowly, don't
sweep away the crystal dust resting on every
piece of exposed skin.











The fly in the corner of the room,
projects me in a chopped plane folded
on the bed,
a sheet of air
between my body and your body.
The fly sees me crying,
because its eyes are open,
they are alien animals
witnessing the universe of dreams.
We're in a spaceship
floating in the blue,
enclosed under a vacuum,
blue tearing through the walls of the
ship through the barred windows,
it's a special ship
in the shape of our little home abroad.
Down there on Earth i
t's the vagabonds who are listening,
listening to the breathing so irregular
and over their bare, awake heads,
a salty rain steals over infertile
minds.
They don't have love,
they don't have a spaceship,
they don't float
because the water in the puddles has
frozen and their feet are trapped in an
equally abandoned street.
The fly warned me about the temperature
of the color,
but I didn't want to listen,
and when you closed your eyes
and hovered before the sun fell,
I left them open
and now I can't close them.
Everything is so blue,
it's so cold,
I think my eyelids have frozen
like rocks guiding the slender river,
my hot cry,
which thinks while it frames you.

The earth,
the streets,
the vagabonds call me,
because there belong
those who don't sleep and lament.
And as they pull my legs,
without bones,
my body dissolves into a soft liquid
It makes it seem as if the ship is
crying too,
when I slip through the crack.

Goodbye love,
I'm going to make it rain downstairs
and then evaporate when the sun rises and you
finally wake up, back to me
so I can make your morning wetter,
less dry.







I left the stairs behind, to go
down and sleep on the ears of
corn, too much time has passed.
Now all that remains are the
black marks on my back and the
edges of the parallels.
I'm not from here anymore.











Dear Mrs. Mustard,
Mars needs mothers.



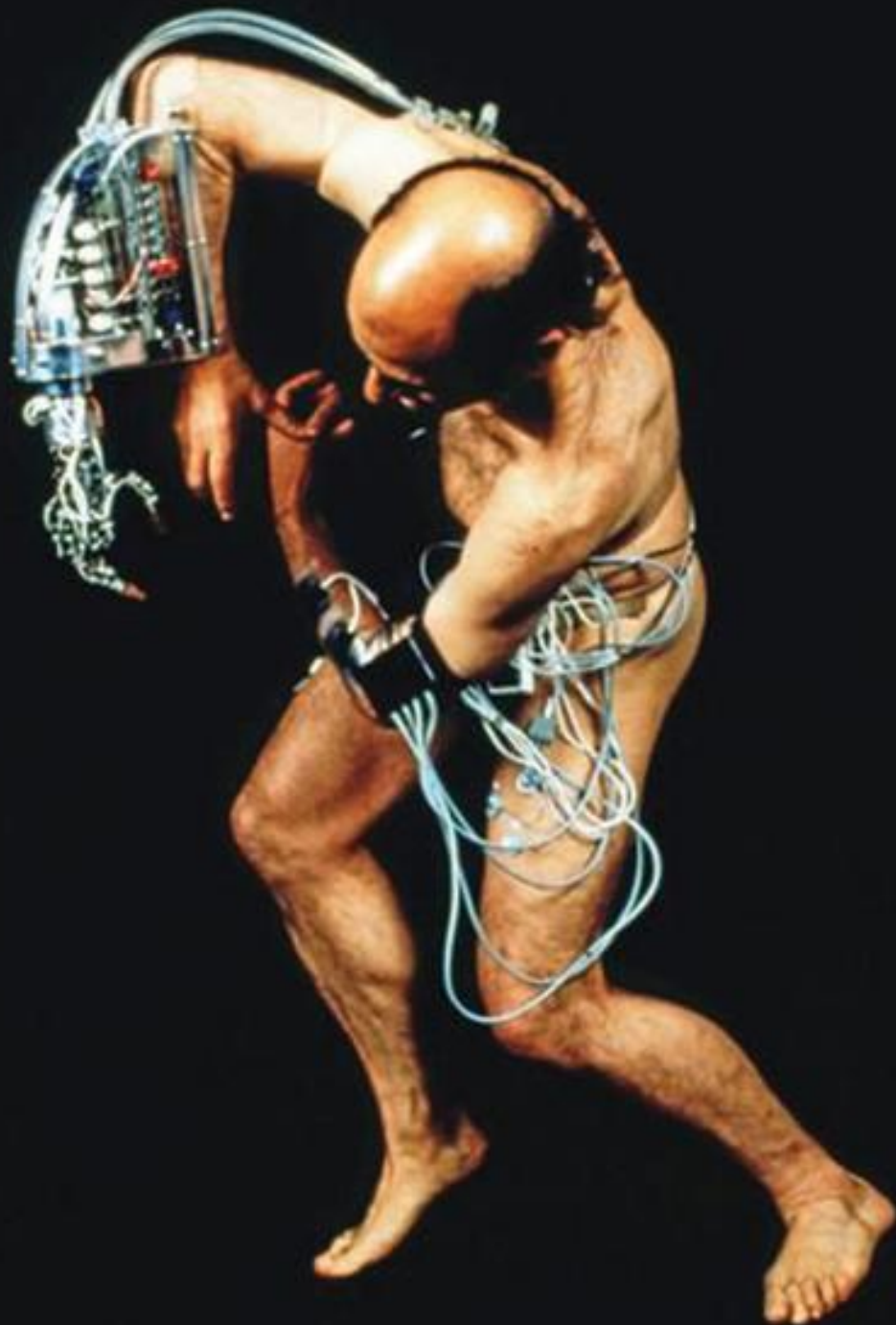






A complex, high-contrast collage featuring faces, numbers, and abstract patterns. The text "BETWEEN VENUS AND MARS" is overlaid in large, bold, black letters. The background is a dense, layered composition of various elements: a woman's face in the upper left, a man's face in the upper right, a woman's face in the lower right, and a man's face in the lower left. The collage is filled with numbers, some of which are highlighted in red, and abstract, swirling patterns. The overall effect is one of intense, chaotic energy.









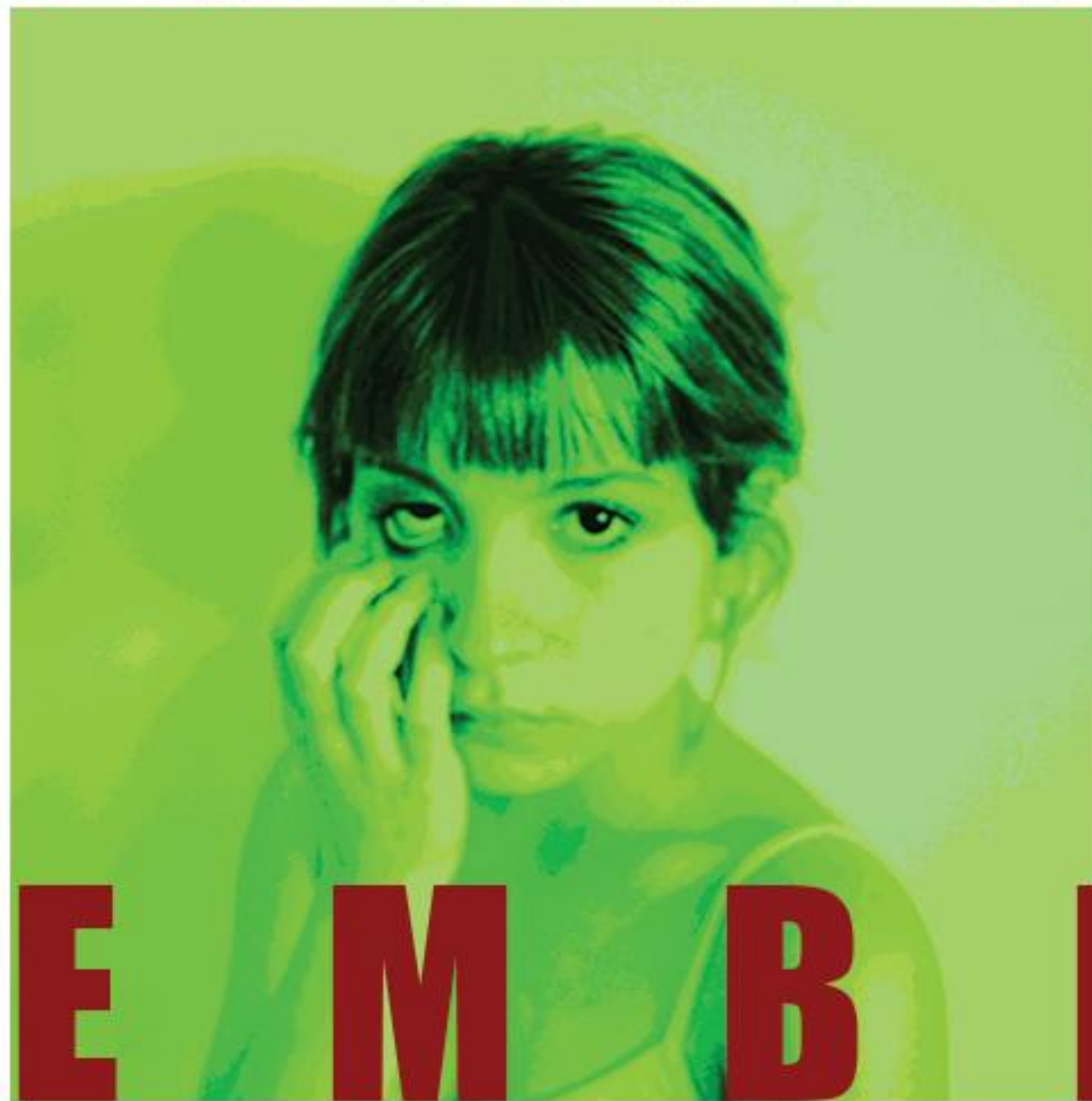
Wednesday night programs,
the TV or the bedroom mirror?

I still have the monsters under my bed,
I take them everywhere,
they wear my mother's and father's clothes
they remind me here and there,
when my friends smile at me,
they're smiling at the ghost that flanks me
a girl full of grace,
with knife words on her lips,
black, sparkling eyes,
she's something I've never been,
they smile at her,
the monsters tell me
that I've missed the time to grow up,
and that's why they'll stay forever,
with the child I've become,
without the benefits of this kind,
only uncontrolled fear,
let the ceiling and the walls fall down,
let their mouths open and bite me,
or let them close them and say nothing,
leave me in this vacuum-locked room,
I moan, as the clock counts backwards,
and I almost become a fetus,
that the waves on this beach in Matosinhos
must be a placenta storm,
Mother,
for dinner tonight,
have my favorite meal,
I'm about to be born.

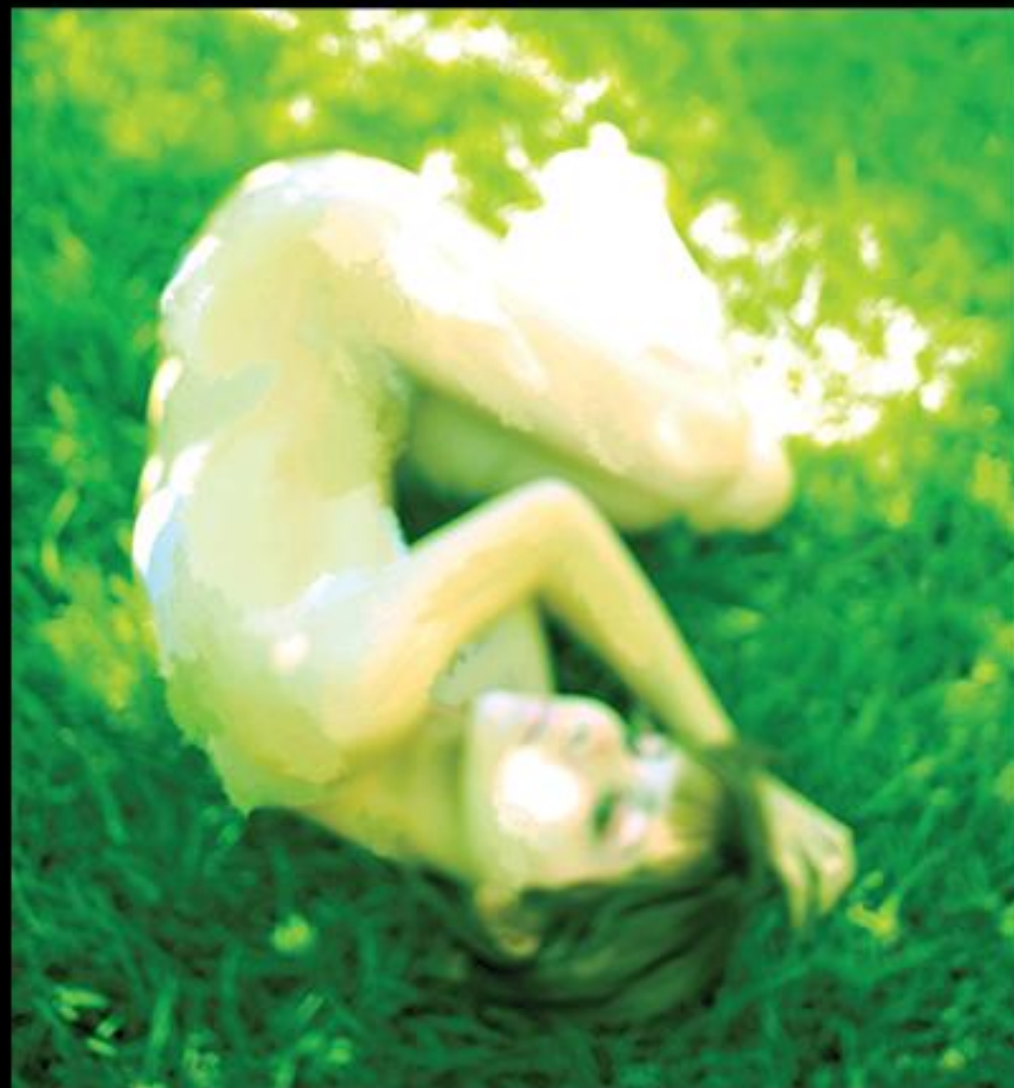




I'M JUST A ROTING



EMBRYO









Adeus, que vou descansar nas
margens de Matosinhos

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