

# Sem título

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• revista

PEQUENOS PRAZERES (v. 7, n. 1, 2023)

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When time doesn't yield and words don't count, you reached out to me, saying you wanted to meet. And here I am, the next morning, on the pavement, watching the gulls fly south beyond the street light wiring. I turn to gulls 'cause they're the only kind of urban bird you can hold on to when looking for hope.

We've agreed on the early hours of the morning to prevent contamination. You know, static in people's talk, white noise, dishwashing and junk files... All that passes along, but doesn't compose a day. I guess we didn't want to spoil the energy, so we didn't let those have an influence in the moment. You said so yourself and every step I now take is a leap of faith at your arrival.

It's easy for me to believe when it comes to you. Feels like a natural response. "I'm a believer". Birds draw my name high above and Venus is the sole witness of my commitment to the path I follow towards our meeting.

Along the way, I cross with all the characters awaiting to disappear into the new world. The paperboy flying a bike, the construction worker wearing sandals tied in tasuki straps as if it was the Chinese reform, the teacher carrying a weighted messenger bag. No one cared to see me, but I saved a moment to mourn them, anyway.

I take the subway to a corner bathed by the sun, where I see you make the turn, while I stand at the front doors of this yet closed café. It rained a little, while we waited.

Finally, we managed to sit by the glass window and order. Everything falls into place except for the absence of your voice and the light coming from outside, refracting through the glass, as I watch your face go gray, purple, green and red again.

Since you found yourself unable to speak, we now share cinnamon drawings on the milk foam. And, of course, we can always count on music to mind the things left unsaid and cover all sorts of silence. So, we exchange tracks, somewhat reassembling to assistive care technology and when the hour goes late I return home seizing my last years of exclusive love pain.



Ilustração de Vanessa Marques

## *Sobre a autora*

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