

## Criteria Estertor

### Sea

Then I began to analyze the dangers of enclosure and started noticing strange objects in my apartment, and I noticed that I had a living vegetable being and an animal, aka a cat and a cat. The thing would go the same way, if it hadn't been a father by then, I wouldn't force it, I didn't want to stop having paternalistic instincts towards the people in my neighborhood. Or even beyond that, as a secular priest, i.e. of the century, I was living, then, what is called "the day of the century"... And, believing simultaneously in myself and in others, mediated by a risky program, even if on SIC, I kept going, persisting, as myself, now confined more in myself... And then they appeared, the fleas, I went for a walk with my animal, to take him back to his childhood, in the garden next to the house and he caught a swarm of fleas that I brought into my house, his legs were all bitten and itched a lot...

And the new tobacco law, buddy, is it for everyone or just for some? Who has never been tempted to smoke? Then let them not discriminate, even if smoking is a small death, euthanasia is already legalized, so it's up to each one's conscience, but no, what happened in North America or in Brazil will happen, which is also America, only in the South, because it is rare to see, around here, a Brazilian smoking?

We live in a more or less legal society, so to speak, I always need to defend myself and offend in order to achieve something, unless I'm a bourgeois from Cascais, then I don't give a shit to anyone, I turn my back on society and live my little life, that is, I'm not concerned about the welfare of my brother... And everyone thinks it's legal, even dishonesty, legal, says the Brazilian,

then it means that one "can do it", see Marçal Grilo's chronicle published yesterday in this newspaper, May 24, that disturbs us and makes us indignant, it touches the heart, because in truth, they are always the same and even create a sore throat because radios and TV's feed all this, the monster that created them, not to mention the social networks. Then a certain sense of "popular" justice is lost, if I may say so, people become insensitive, even in certain neighborhoods it is hard to get a good morning or a good afternoon out of someone, other than indifference upon indifference. If people are depressed? I am too, and generally, even in the pain and the lack, I try to be nice, but otherwise there are many like me, I don't want to be the only example because I have had more weight on my shoulders and it has, I confess, its negative aspects, such as the pain of loneliness, from which we have to leave for days and days, over and over again.

But all is well. I go on, I'm not the only one looking at the sky, the song goes, the economy starts to recover, Centeno does his job and Durão Barroso "leaves, in a hurry"...

I remembered, thinking of a talented actress I had met at the IPJ, there in Parque das Nações, playing handball in Leiria and Figueiró dos Vinhos, where she threw up on her legs from the nausea I felt on the curves of a mountainous road, then, in the second season we were district vice-champions, losing only to the big boys of União de Leiria, who, by the way, were already in the Second League.

People reveal themselves in times of success, of I success. And I was, in those near-summer days, more than prepared for all that. Except for governing.

I felt like running, I was not thinking well, I know that life in cities is harder than it seems, especially when you have values, it is not a question of the binomial Good/Bad, but a question of values, of respect for the Other, including

that which is above us, that is, to respect my time and the time of others, because, after all, as Christ says, we are all here for the same thing, but we are still inventing a way of being, of appearing, of filling this Swiss cheese that our society has become, while some bet on deprivation, others on Error, thinking that they will no longer be mortal, so let me enjoy it while I'm here, not knowing, el@ that the solution is right under your beards and myopia didn't allow you to see the solution to your problems, because you thought everyone was selling themselves for money or women or something, when you were entertained thinking you were happy to be fashionable, chained to the noise of the lights on the highway the misinformation...

**Victor Mota**