

Salette Tavares, 1982

TOUCH

FOR ANA'S ESTENDAL

In the age of the CLEAN myth
To describe Olympus in this land
Is to sing the feats of museums

Rite of egos
In the gathering of remains commended forgotten
That live there in the intimacy of the cupboards
In the conflict of the drawers
Struggle of gods wielding humans
Through walls through rooms through platforms
Always to their advantage
For kindness unfolds them, clean
restored
Caressing dazzled pupils

The doors of the museums
Houses where the muses shelter
Open like eyelids
And show the mirror where we plunge
Into the silent fascination of the instant
another instant time.
Space translucent to the steps
to the eyes fingers
Temple where the body glorifies
Tactile and present
The return from the forest to the source in order to
know oneself.

Tactile.
Tactile in the summary of the senses
In which is perceived,
Beyond the shoe the sand
the stone
the plank
the dry
the wet.

Beyond the stocking or the sock
The breeze the sun the wind the rain
The comfort or discomfort of the skirt
the trousers
the blouse
the shirt.

Beyond the sleeve or the glove
The gesture that extends
And in the hand defines the whole.

Touch of my body beyond shawl.
Organised centre of feeling
Dance in rhythm and square
Body, site of the naked
 or the dressed
Beyond the hat the sky
Beyond the veil that the deflowered virgin raises
The white encounter of the seven colours
After the thunderstorm.

Oh to understand extended skin,
Touch
Beyond any seasonal adherence
Swift and invented
In the maternal care with the cloth!
For how many careful hours do you exert yourself?

I take Rudolfo Arnheim by the hand
An old friend who taught me the creative eye:
- But listen, listen well
Because in hearing you will feel what I say
You that, like the fountains of the senses
In Bom Jesus do Monte,
Understood that what I see is the water
Gushing from the eyes, from the ears
Perception made into a spurt, from the inside,
Won't you have been unjust when you "did
not say"

That all perceptive sense
Is this elastic body
Structured touch?
Tactile what skin gives me
Tactile the music in the ear
Tactile this well-defined sense of taste
Tactile the gaze, easier to explain
Tactile the heat and the cold and also the pain
Tactile the scent of a flower
Tactile the petal of the rose
Tactile the washing line and the gesture on
which I am stretched
Strength to leave it well tied
Tactile the spring the sheet that I spread out
 and fasten
The embroidery the button of the pillowcase
The wet towel wrung out.
Tactile the clothes away from the soap
 of the lye
The smell of washing
 Halo that distils the air.
Tactile the prolonged gesture in which I am

flooded

By the washing line of drops tears gestures
Swelling up.
Tactile the pleasure of which I do not speak
Since on the rosy fingers, the rising dawn
Unplaits my hair
And lifts my hand to my brow.
From the soft and full caress in which she draws,
Spreading, a limpid stroke on my body
Which in bathing is revealed, tactile.

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