

Good living

Every dawn, nets emerged from your needle
a precise white pen
weaving living wisdom into a web of concern.
Even well-made, fish always escaped
transforming our boats into flowing feasts!

And suddenly, the sun forgot to rise, I swear!
In the darkness, we breathed so much ash
Marabá got sick, became blind, lost its voice
and our canoes returned hungry.
The dust settled, but nothing was ever the same.

Today, in the mall, I saw my dad's extinct canoe
beautifying the billboard 'Marabá, the Future'.
Our River Tocantins, traded for mandates
has become a favor in an aluminium dream.
I feel betrayed, shaken by the cheering crowd!

I search for any memory that can illuminate
this blackout that threatens the world's future.
I've already lost years scrolling post after post
to relieve me of the hunger that addicts me
to the consuming of my own imagination!

I walk tense, impatient, ashamed, confused!
Take my portrait, kid, right here in front of my river
an old woman requests, cidreira leaves in her hand.
My granddaughter wants to link me to the Maori
who heal their rivers on the other side of the world!

The kindness of this sage frees me from my solitude
and suddenly, drums re-skinned with love
by youth already creating a network of good life
begin a beat so synchronized
my pulse quickens and my humanity flows!

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(inspired by many conversations)
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