

soil a fine

Sociedade Unis.

edição original numerada - 200 exemplares  
exemplar № 00115



**Estória de menina que saiu de casa enquanto outros dormiam e ela sonhava. Não sabia por que mas sabia que a casa queria defecá-la e menina saiu escorregando pelos degraus do alpendre.**

**Pegou estrada e pernas puseram-se em movimento. Verde leste oeste. Sul sob pés terra vermelha. Estrada se contorcia em cólicas e antes que curva chegasse menina torcia pescoço vendo casa desaparecer pensando como voltar sem mesmo saber onde queria chegar. Estrada deixou uma das curvas engolir casa e desaparecida passou casa a ser apenas lugar onde devia acordar.**

**Estrada coalhada de curvas era um grande sacarolha deitado onde pés pisavam vermelho. Casa desaparecida era ímã dentro de cabeça de menina enquanto estrada esticando e encolhendo sanchava música sem som.**

**Uma praça se estendeu como lençol branco debaixo de pés que não mais obedeciam ordem de marchar até entrar em casa e banco convidou menina a nele se sentar.**

**Pássaros folhas penas de árvore voavam. Menina percorria com olhos casas que se aproximavam para verem sua chegada e uma voz dentro do ouvido lhe disse que ela sabia onde morava e só não sabia que sabia.**

**Menina se levantou e foi olhar de frente uma das casas. Os mesmos degraus da escada do alpendre onde escorregara estavam lá mas a casa mantinha a boca fechada. Não tinha mais porta para ela entrar.**

**Menina pegou peso de escada nos ombros tentando passar por janela aberta debaixo do telhado. Um armário tinha sido colocado de costas contra a janela não deixando que ela passasse pela abertura que a casa lhe dava e tomava.**

**Menina empurrou armário pedindo passagem e pulou janela de fora para dentro e viu que o dentro da casa era o fora. Móveis tinham ido embora levando com eles os que dormiam enquanto menina sonhava.**

The story of a girl who left home while others slept and she dreamt. Didn't know but knew the house wanted to expel her like excrement so the girl ran over the barn's slippery steps.

She hit the road, her legs speeding. Green East West. South under her feet over the red clay. The road in colic contortions. Before hitting the curve, the girl twisted her neck to still see the house fading away, thinking about how to ever go back, not knowing even where she was heading. One of the road's curves swallowed the house - a vanished house that was no longer the place where she would wake.

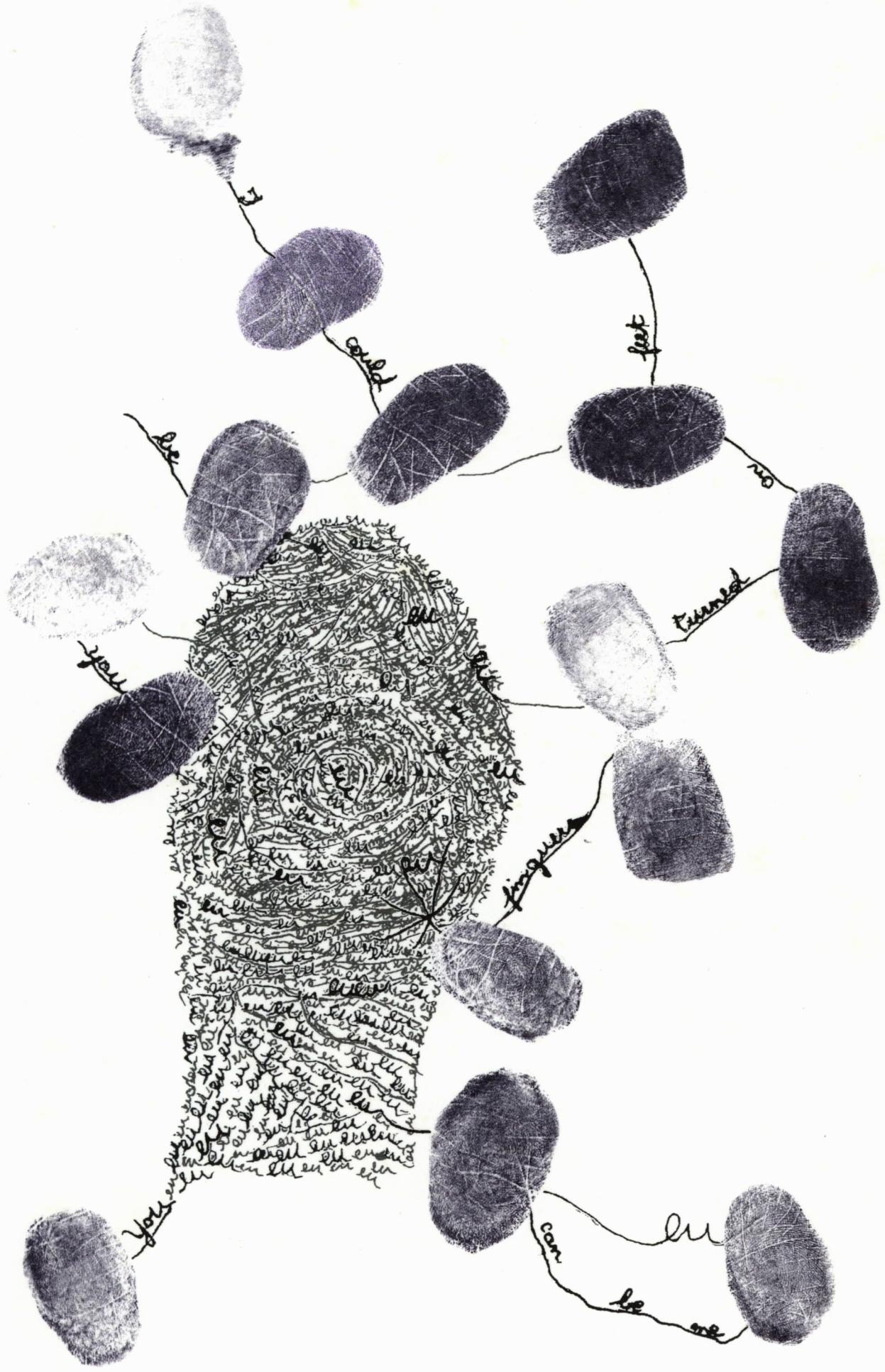
Road bending in countless curves, like a giant screwdriver lying under her feet on the red clay. The house that ceased to be was a magnet inside the girl's head while the stretching-shrinking road was an accordion bellowing out soundless music.

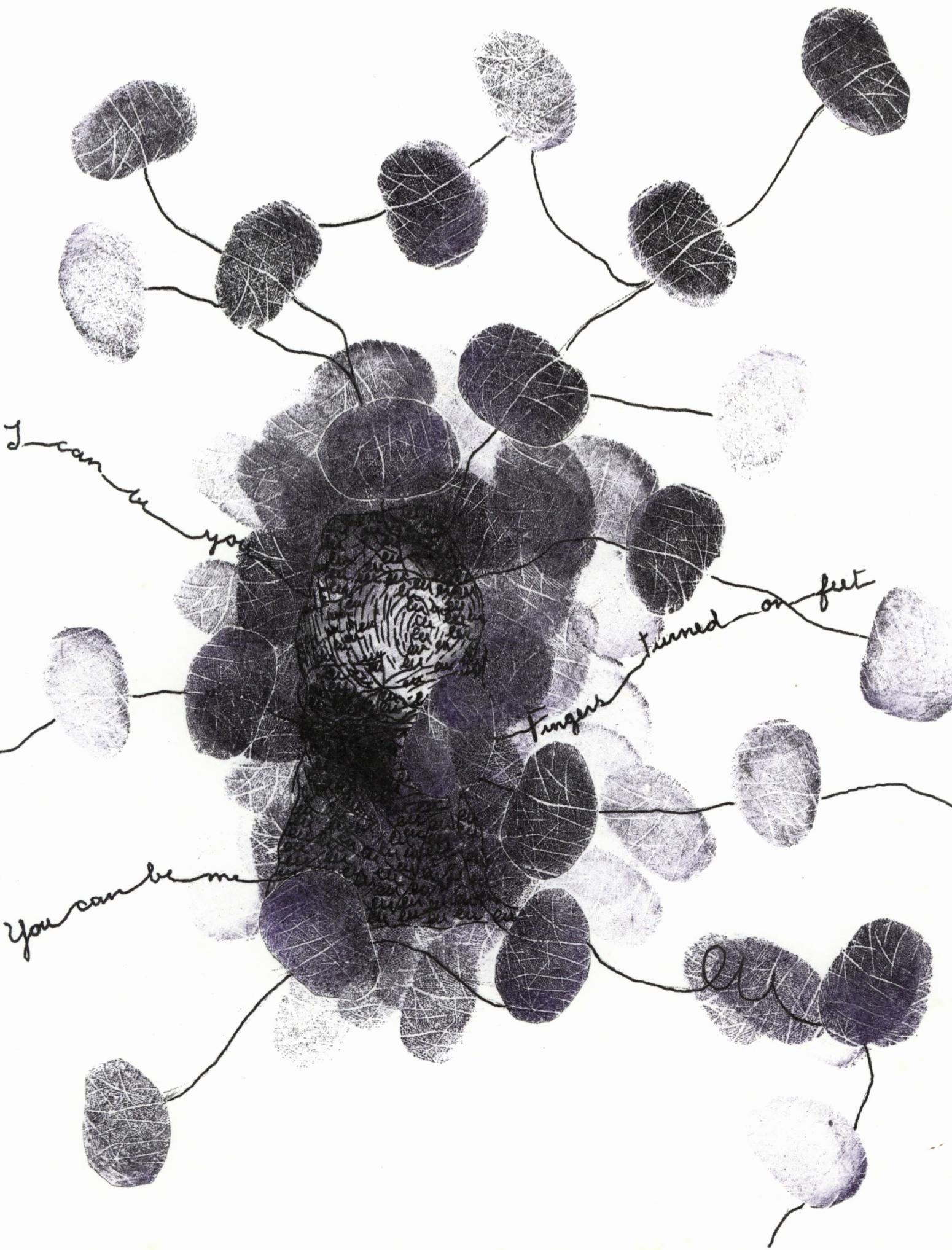
The open square spreading like a white blanket under the girl's feet which no longer obeyed the commandment to march all the way back home while a bench invited the girl to sit down.

Birds, leaves, tree plumage flying. The girl's eyes wandered about houses coming to meet her and a voice inside her ear told her she knew where she lived though she didn't know she knew.

The girl rose to look into one of the houses. The very same slippery steps of the barn were there but the house kept its mouth shut. No longer a door for her to step through.

The girl took the ladder on her shoulders trying to reach an open window under the ceiling. The back of the cupboard blocked the window not allowing her to get through the opening that the house was offering only to take it back. The girl pushed the cupboard asking for passage and jumped through the window to find that the inside of the house was the outside. The furniture was gone and with it those who slept while the girl dreamt.

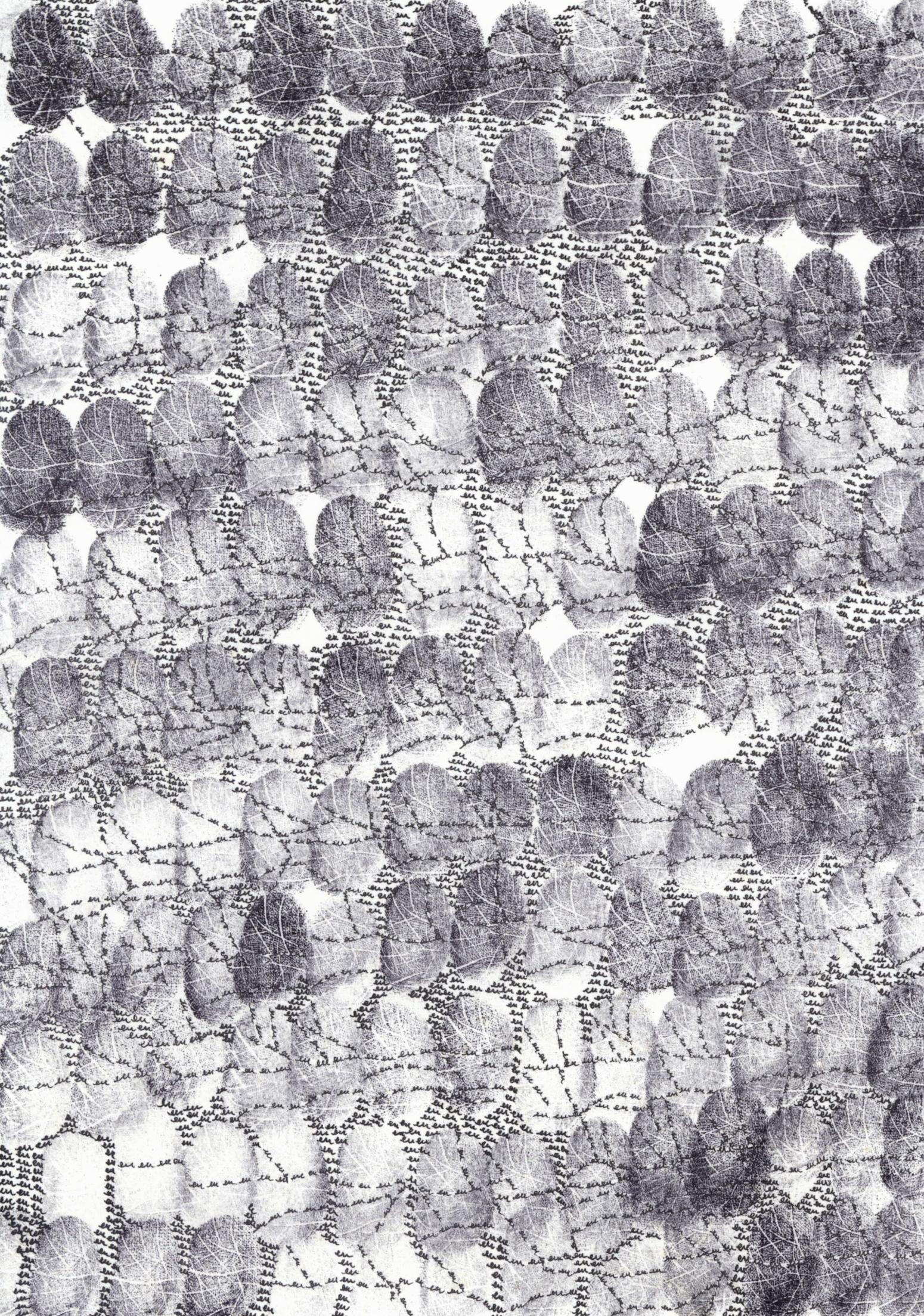


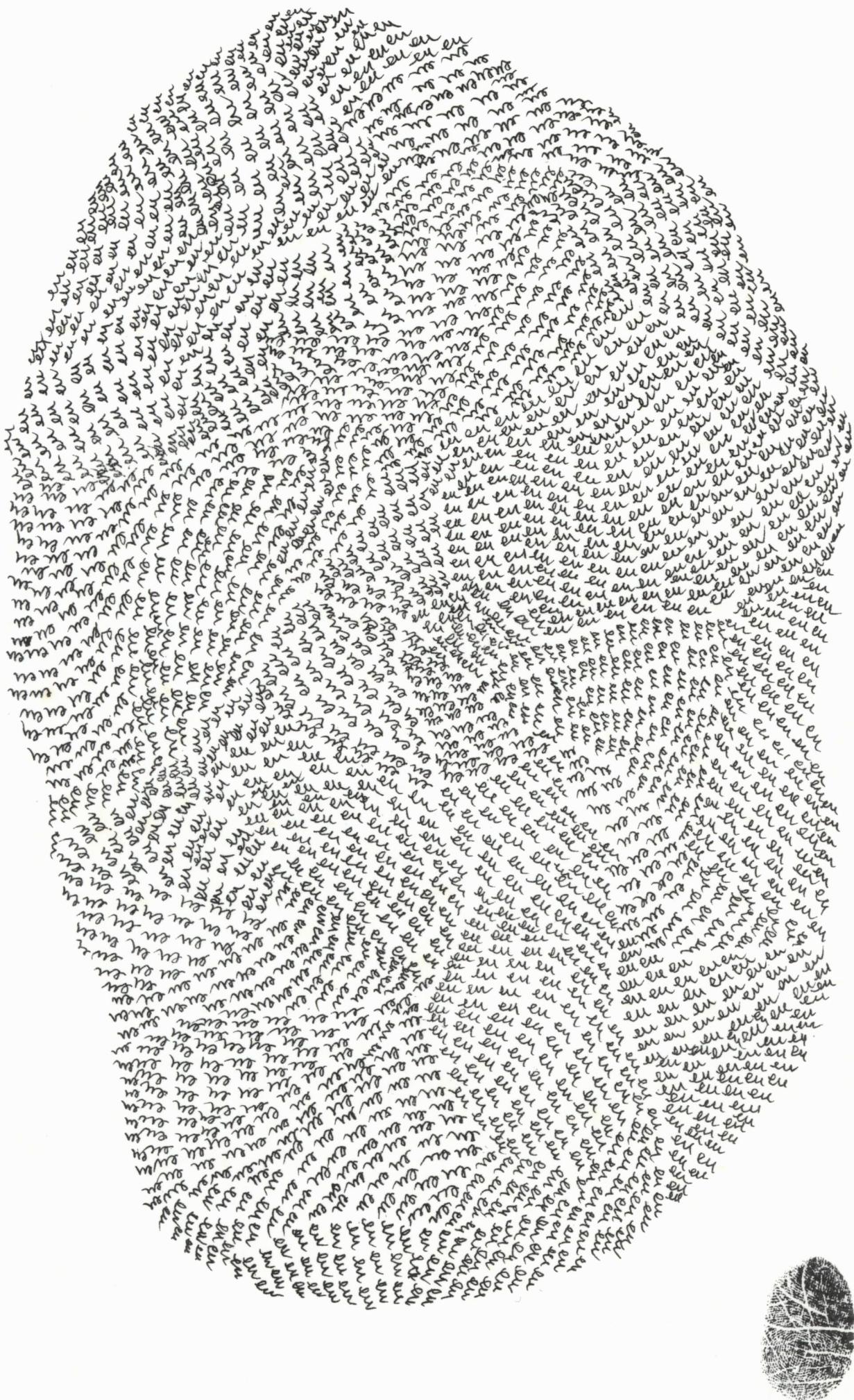


I can be you

Fingers turned on feet

You can be me



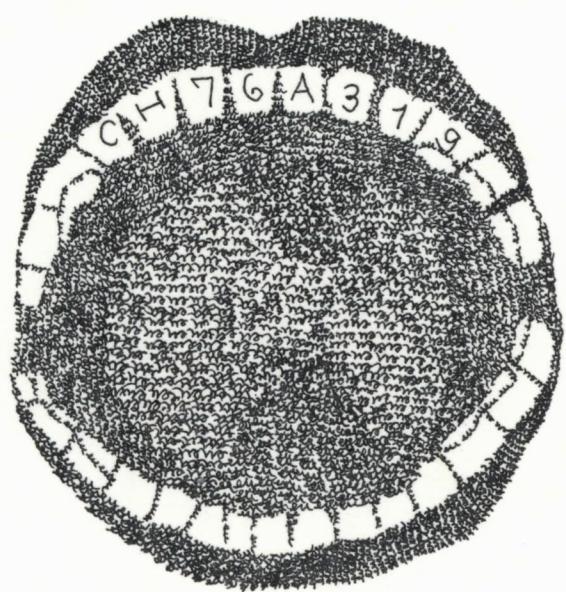


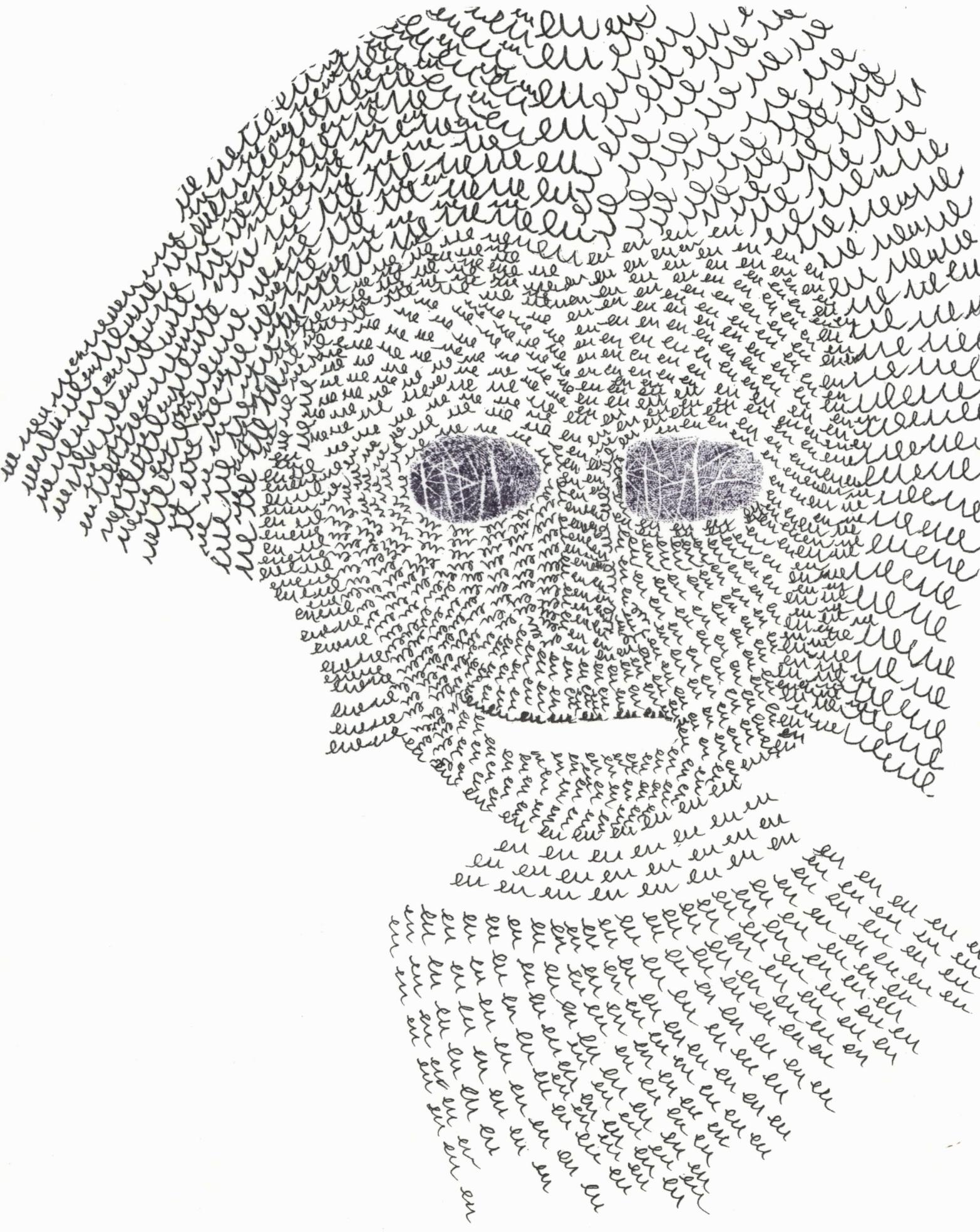
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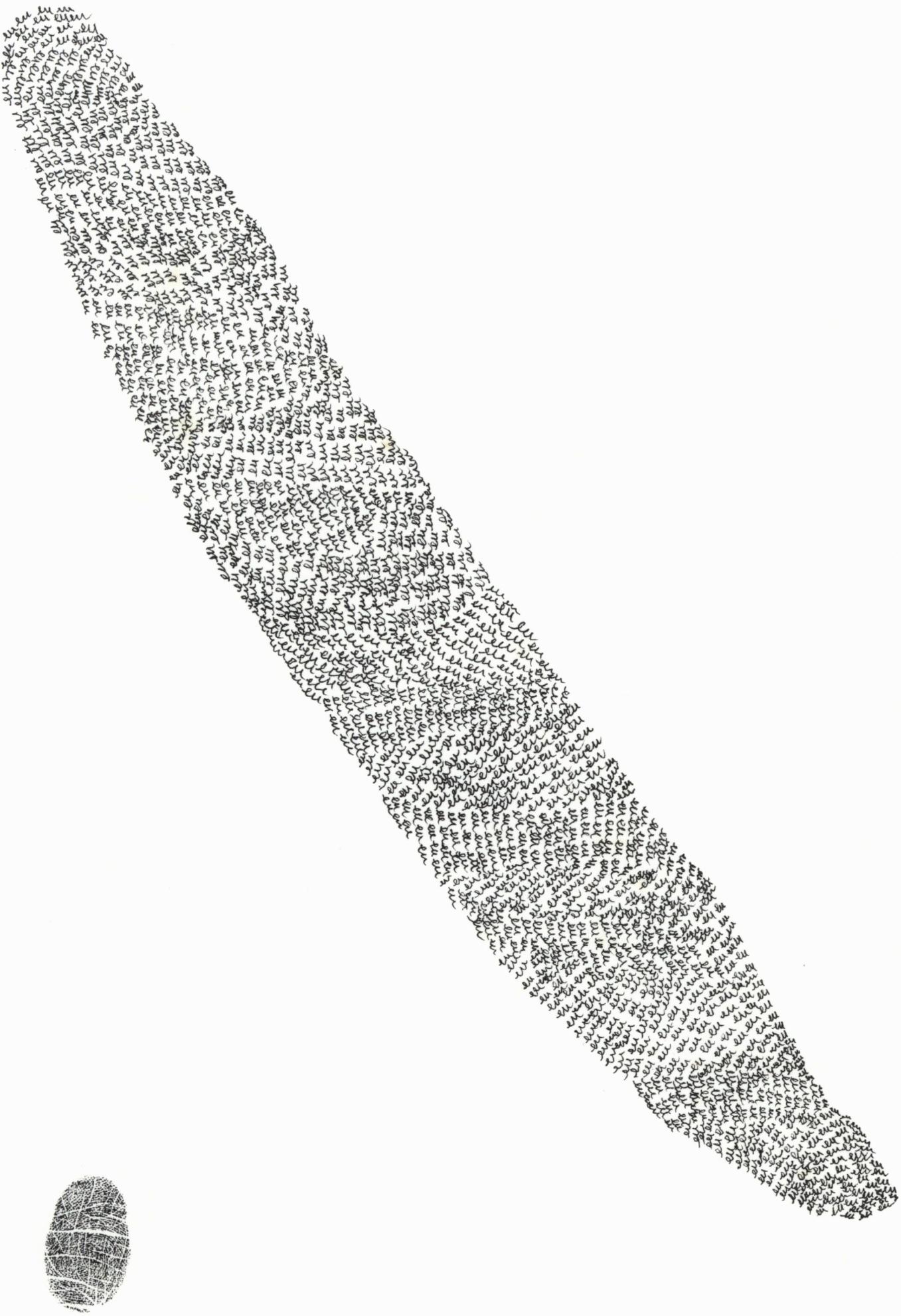


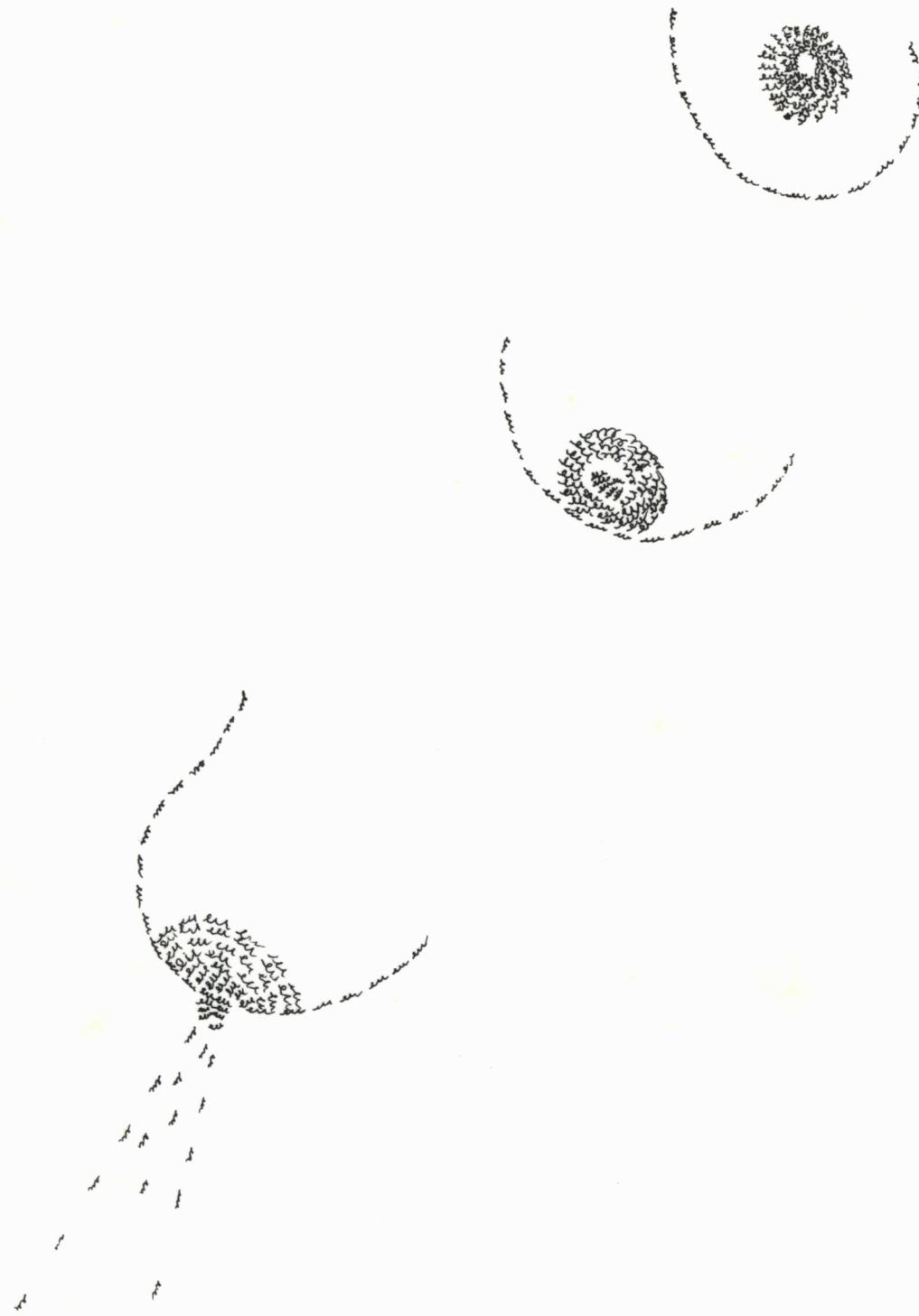


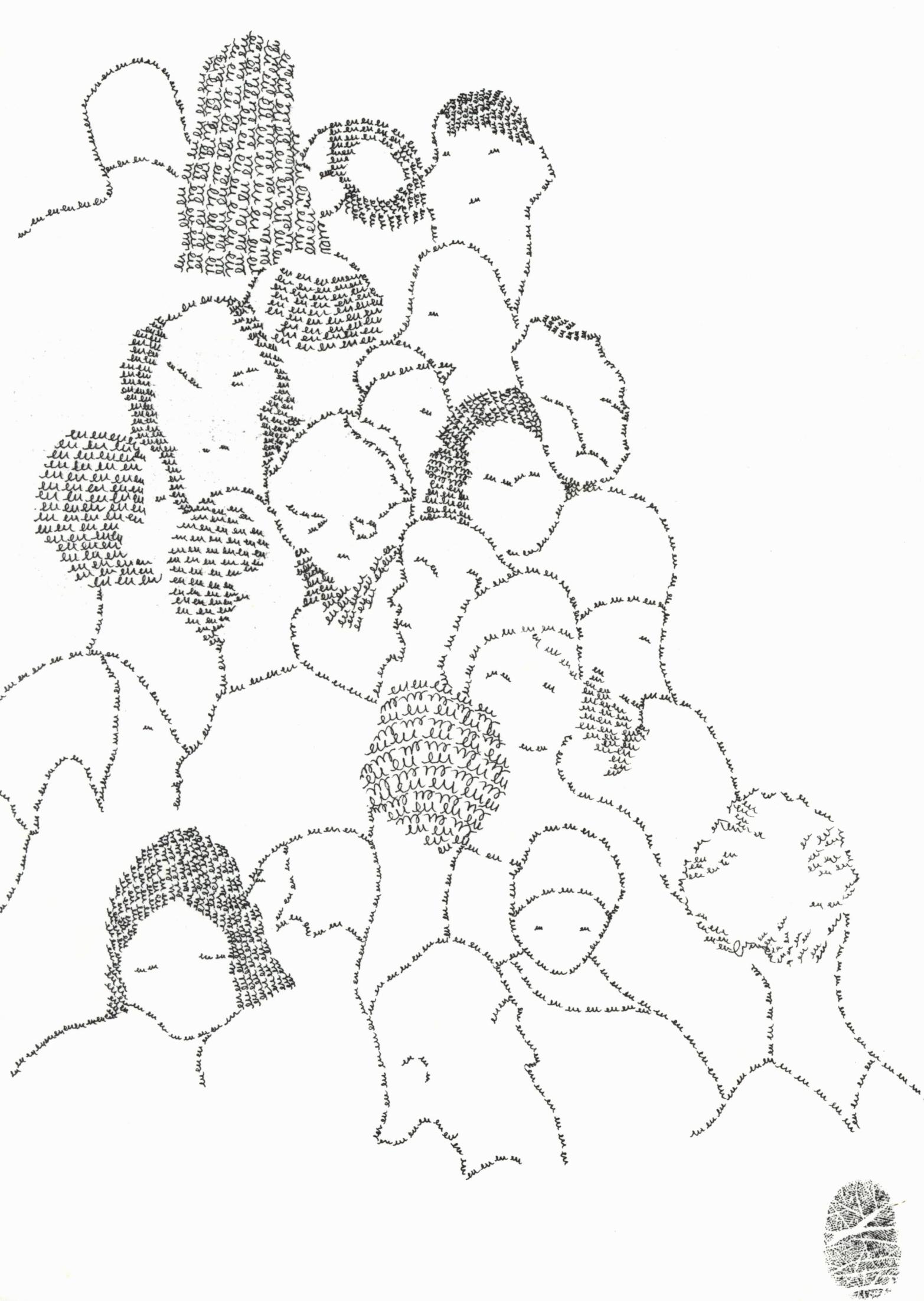


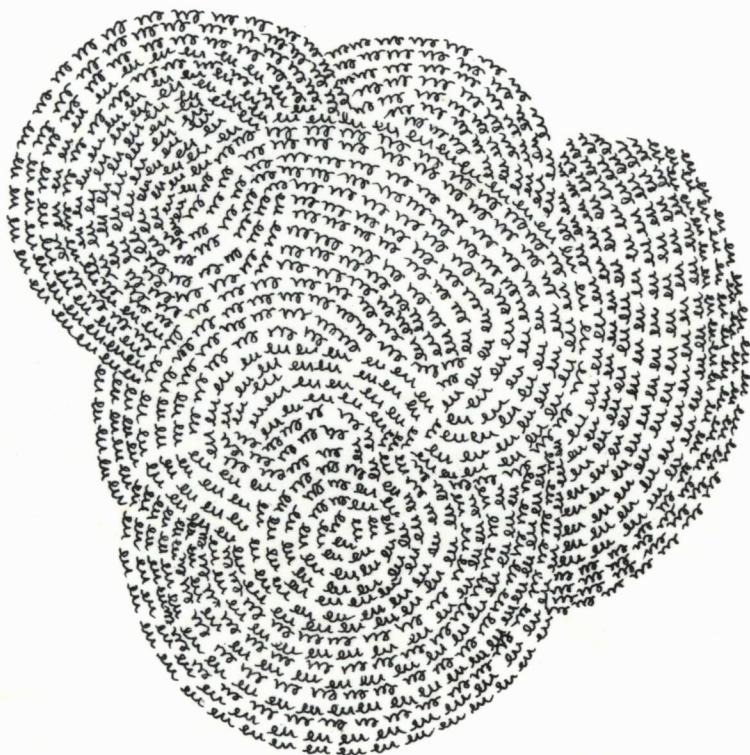


The image shows a dense, abstract drawing on a white background. The drawing consists of numerous small, repetitive characters and symbols, primarily 'ee' and 'll', arranged in a spiral or winding path across the page. The characters are written in a cursive or hand-drawn style. The overall effect is a complex, organic pattern that resembles a brain scan or a microscopic view of a cellular structure. The drawing is oriented vertically, with the spiral path starting at the top left and winding its way down towards the bottom right.





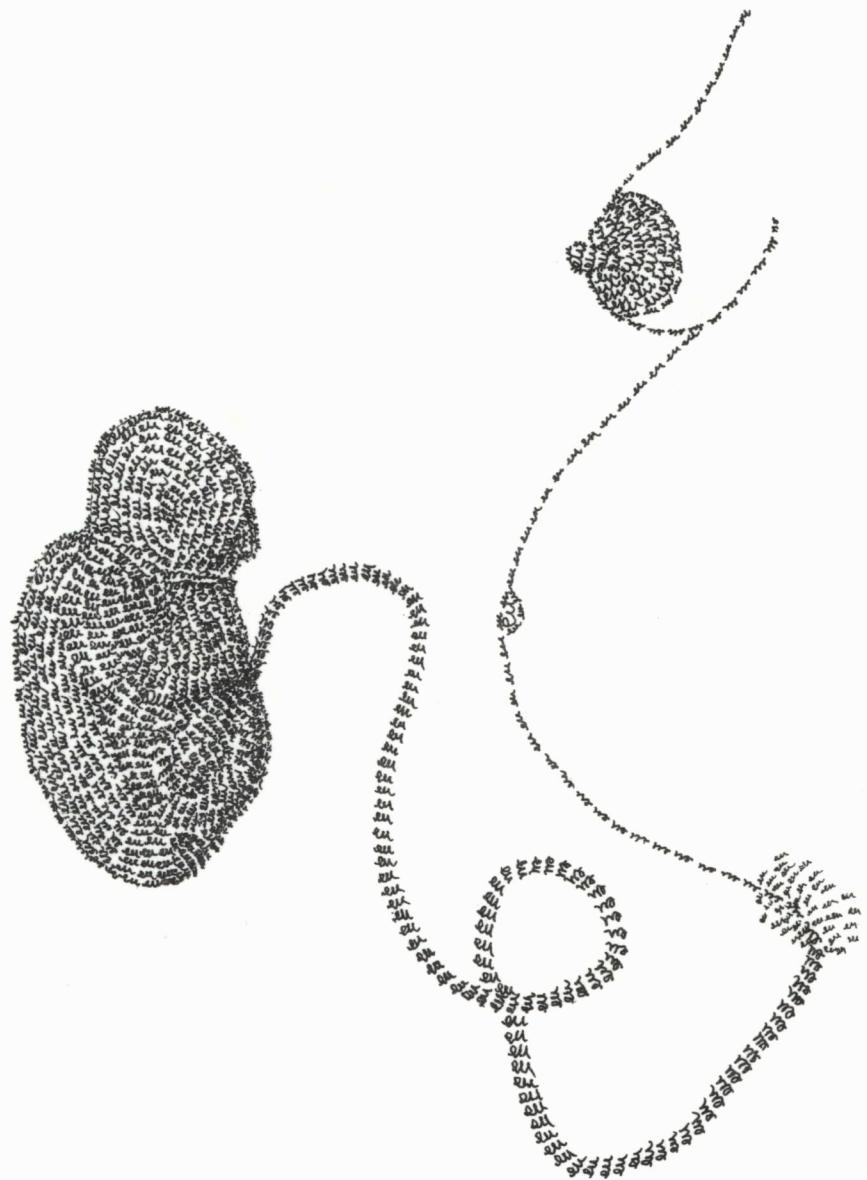


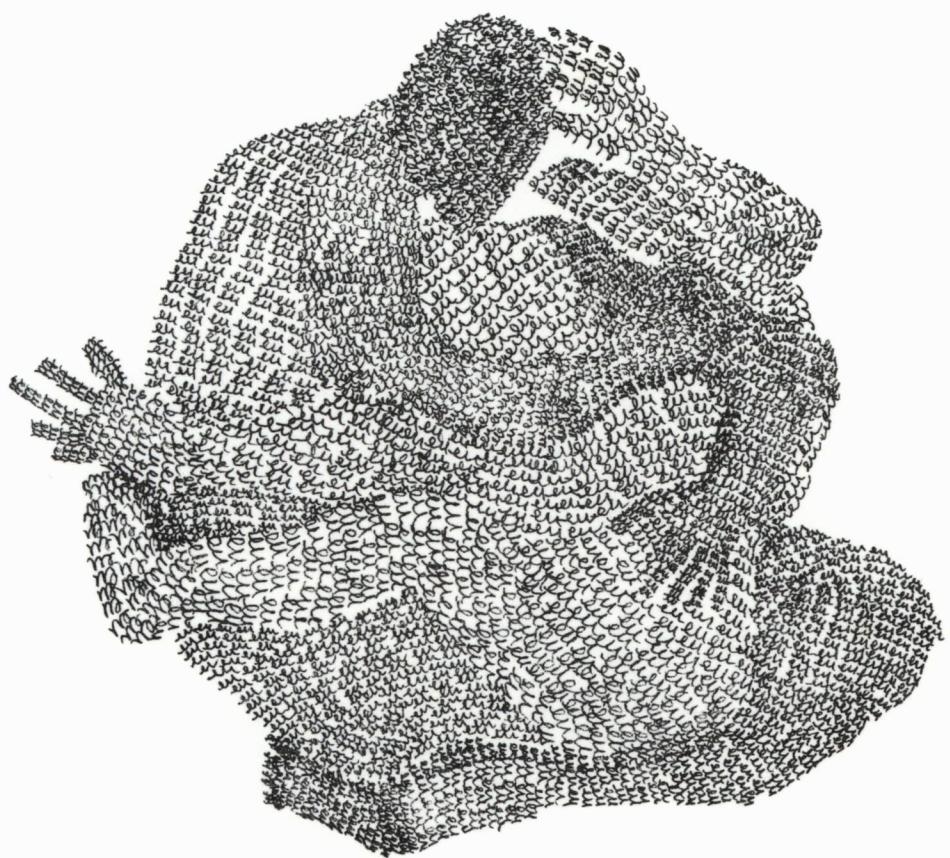


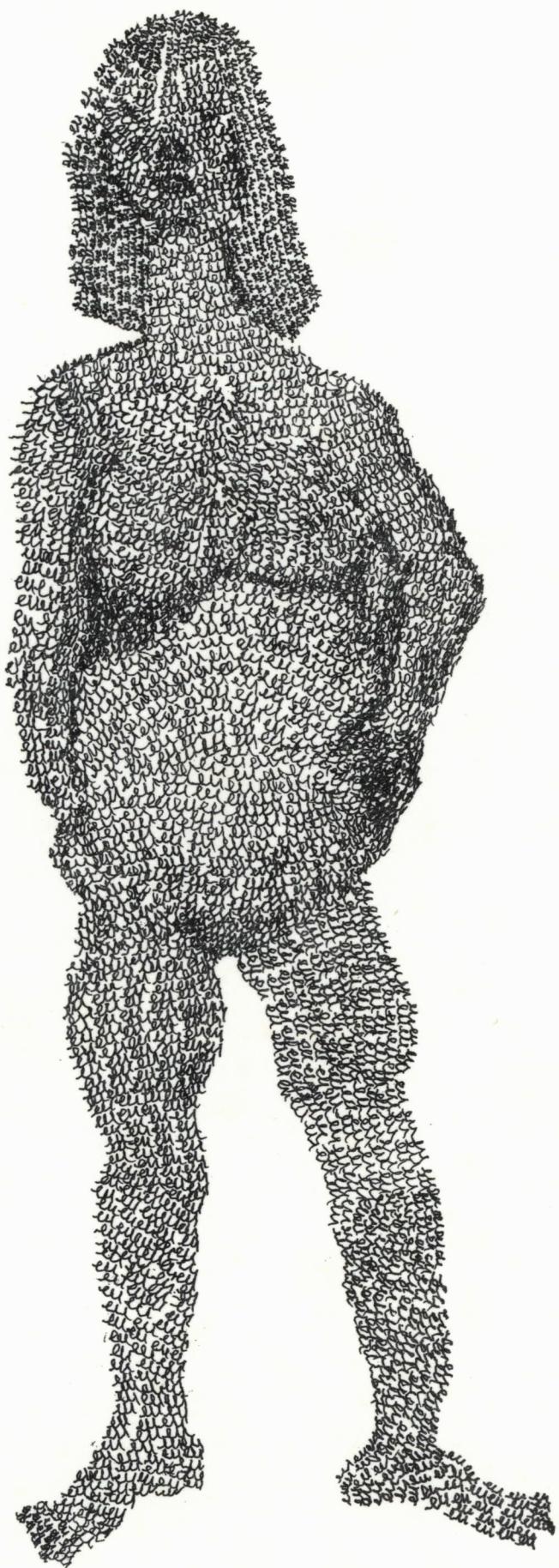


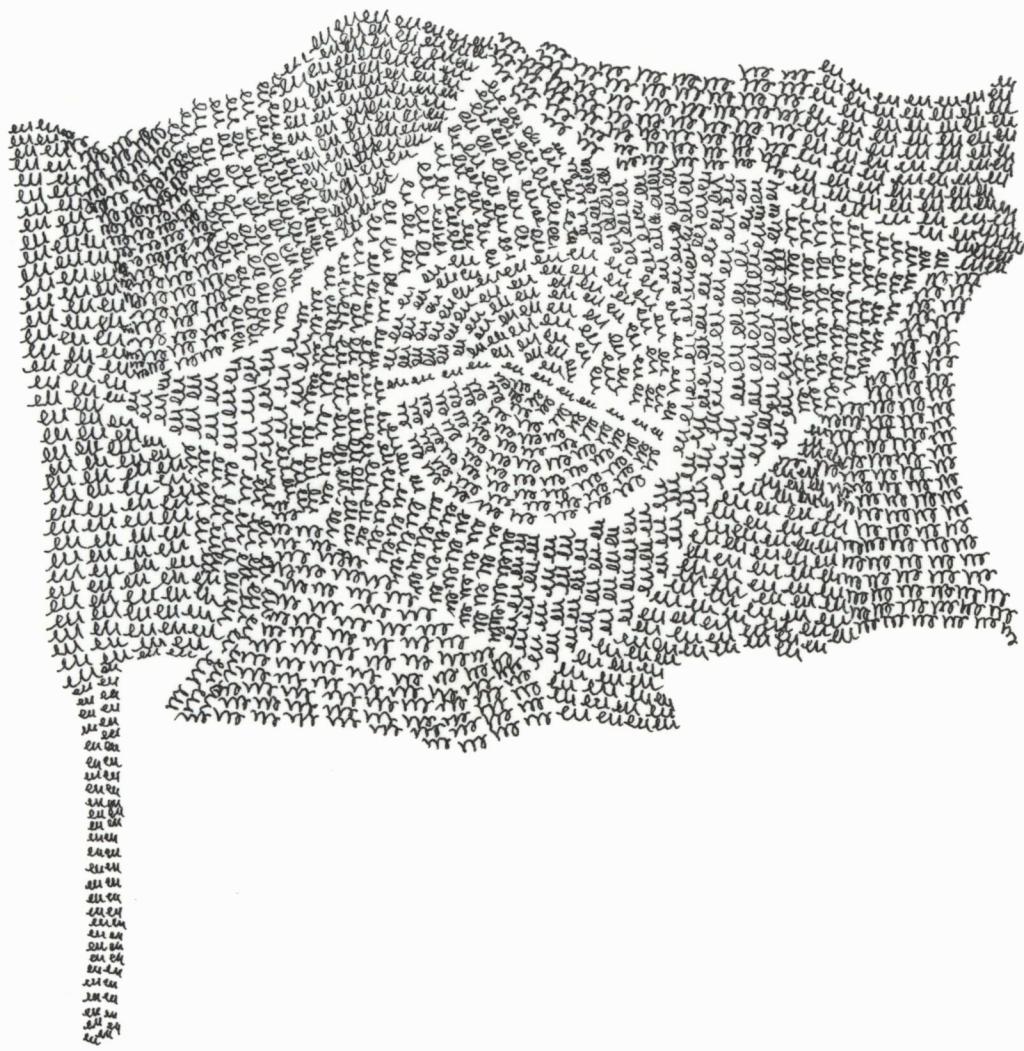
A large, dense, circular pattern of handwritten cursive 'e' and 'ee' characters, arranged in concentric circles. The letters are written in black ink on a light-colored background. The pattern is roughly circular and covers most of the page.

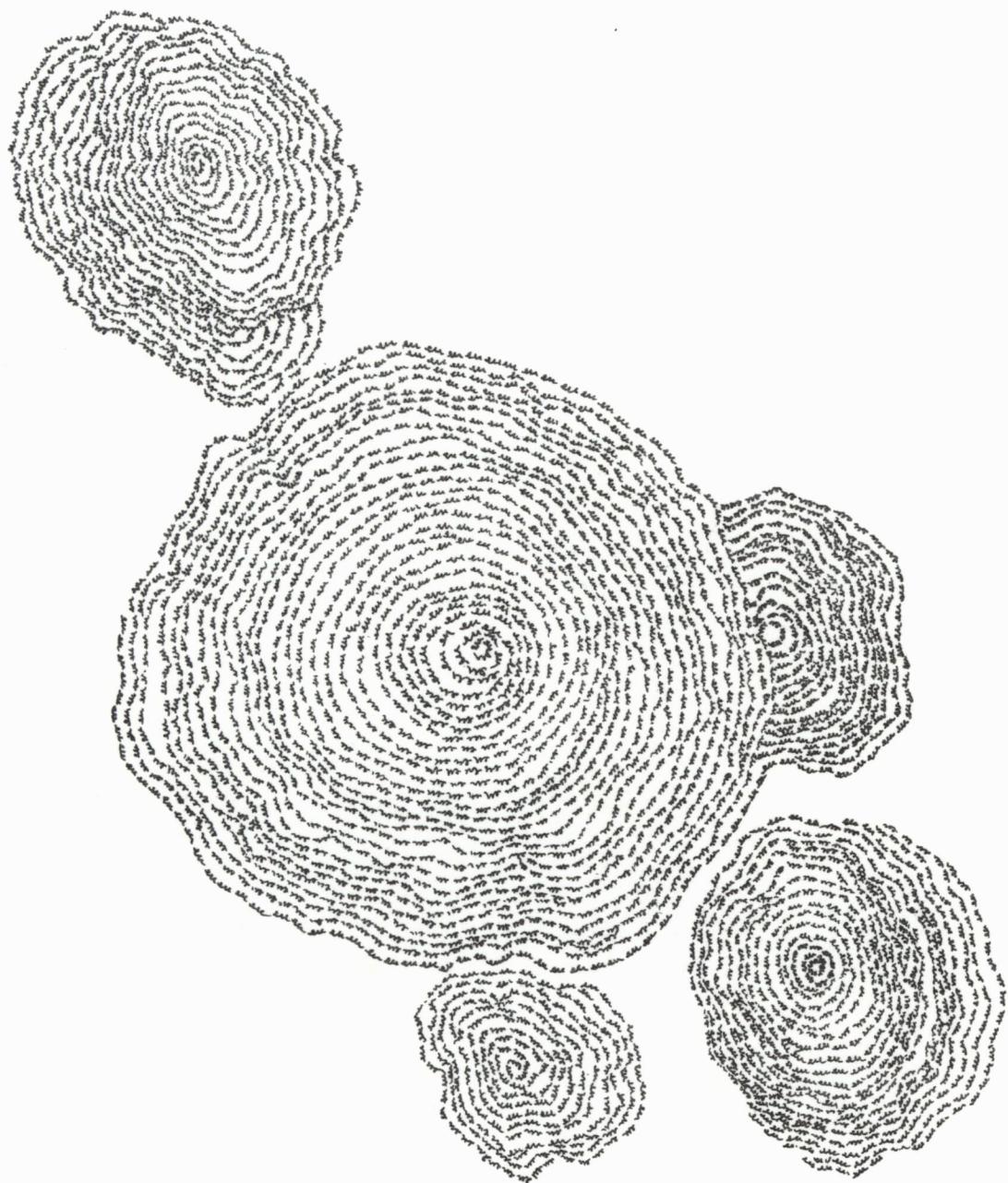


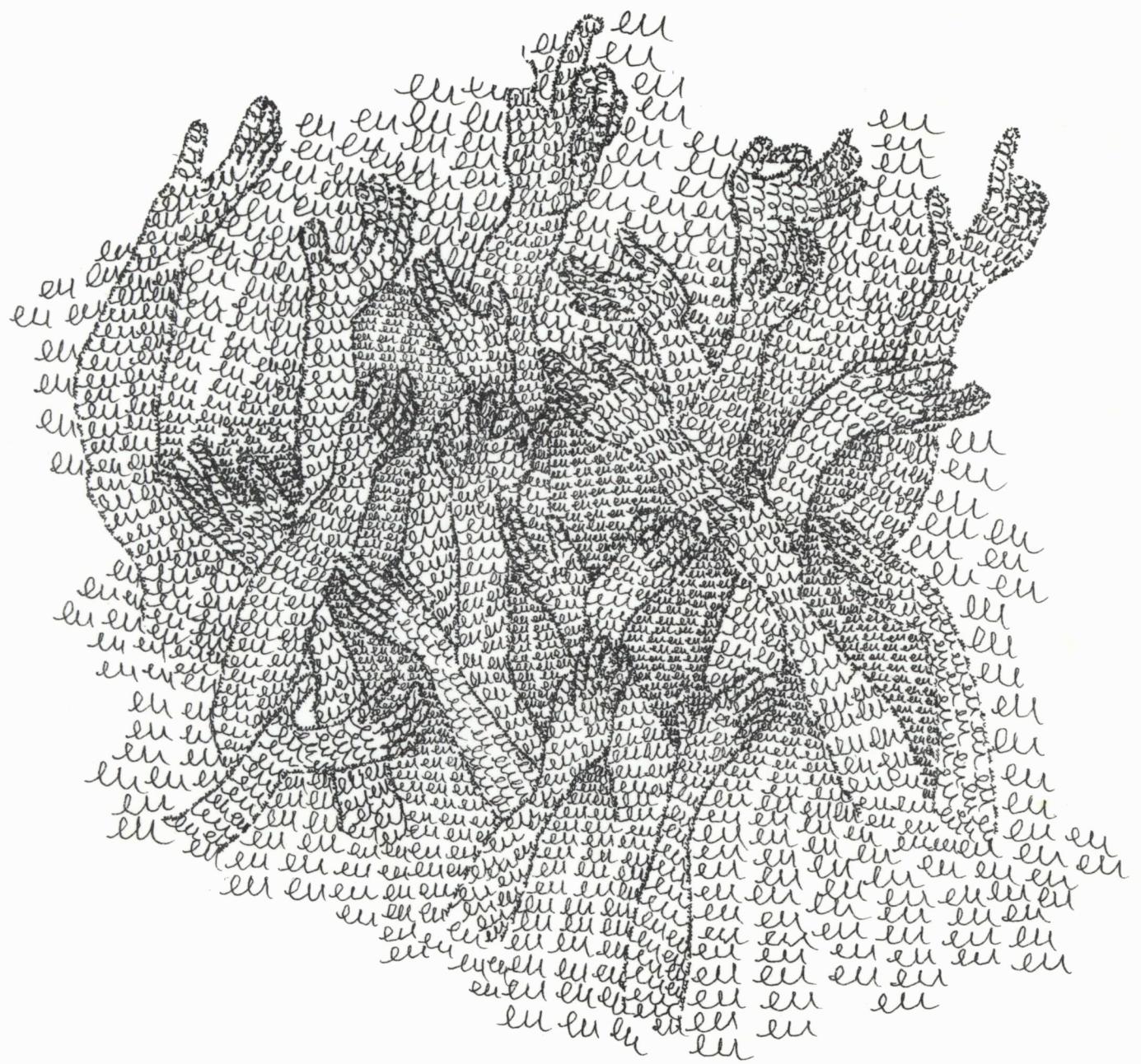


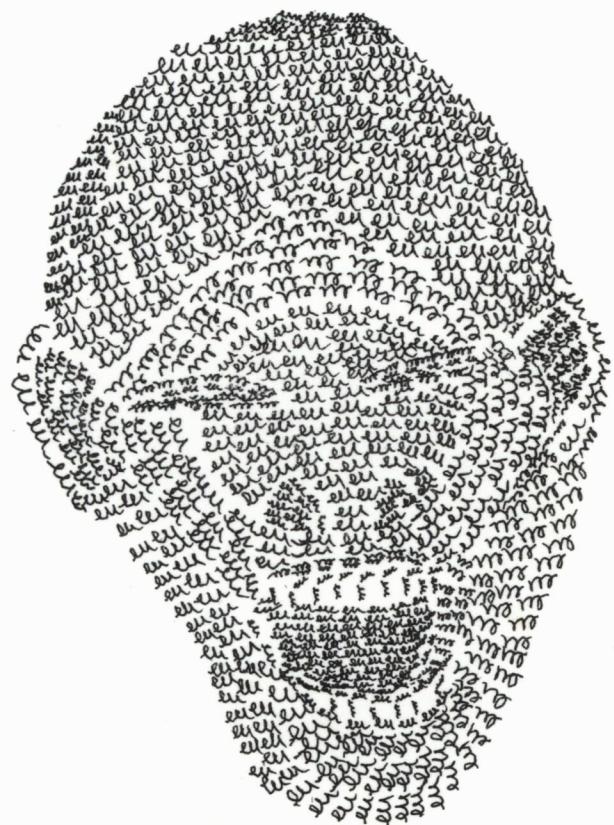




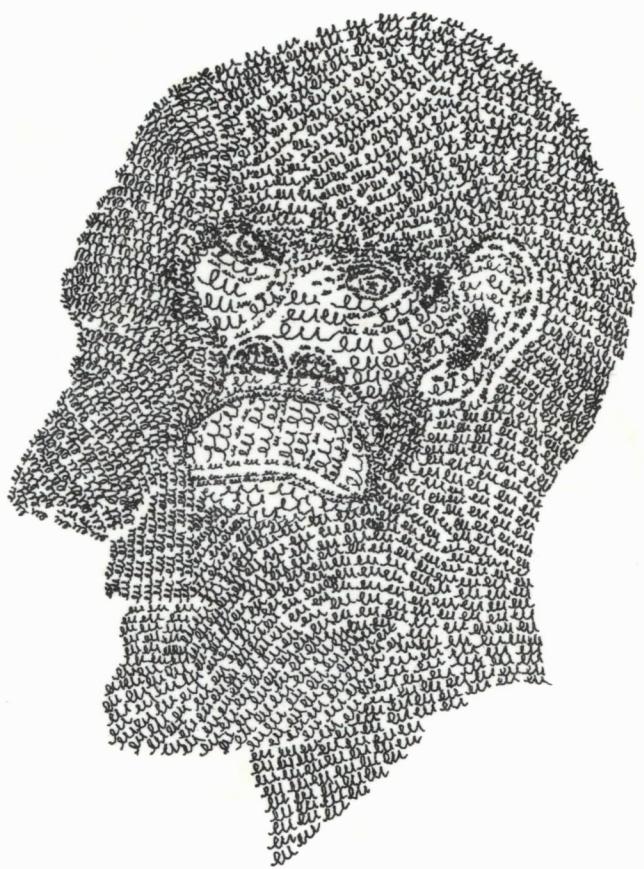


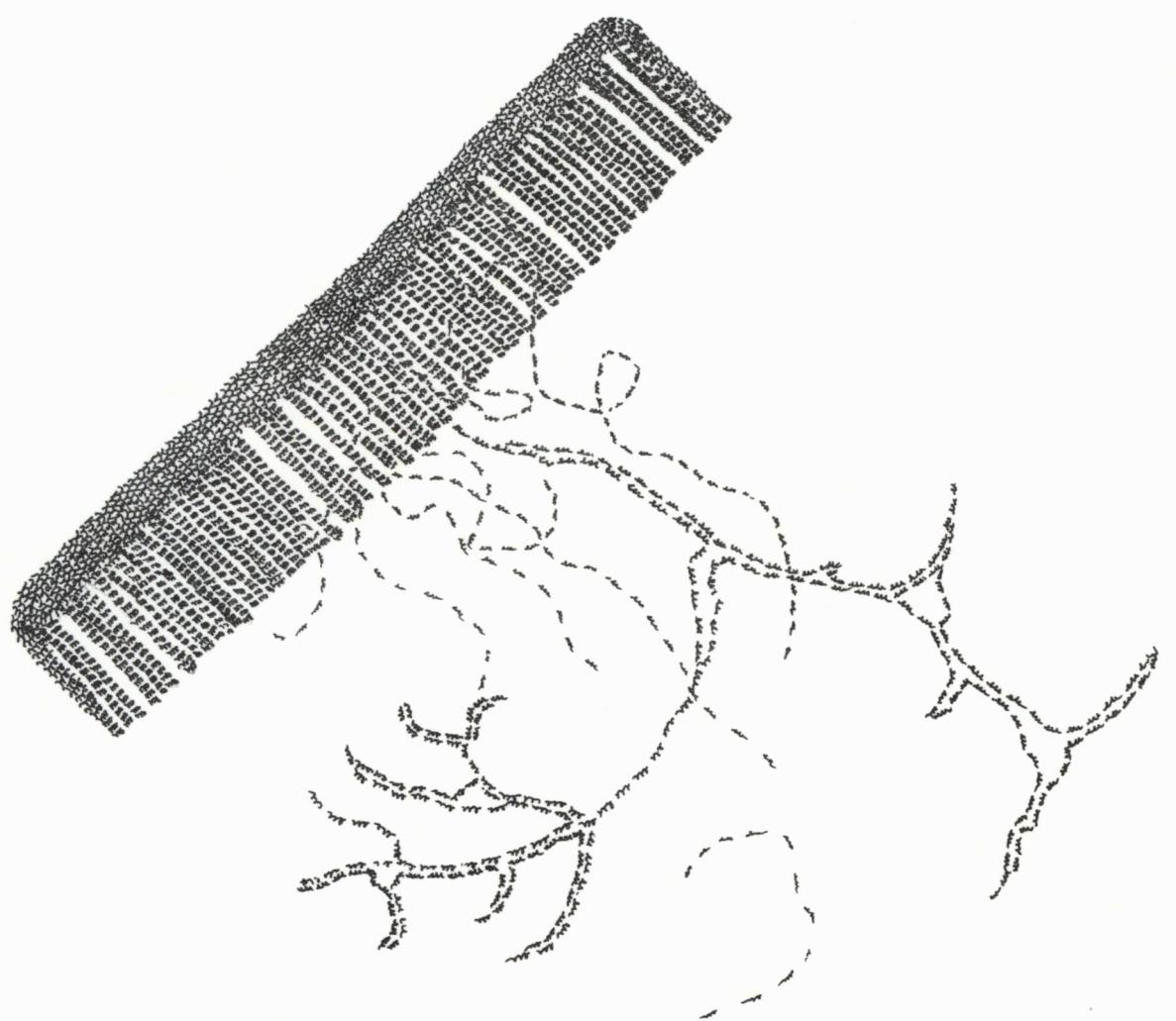


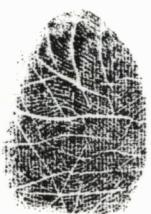




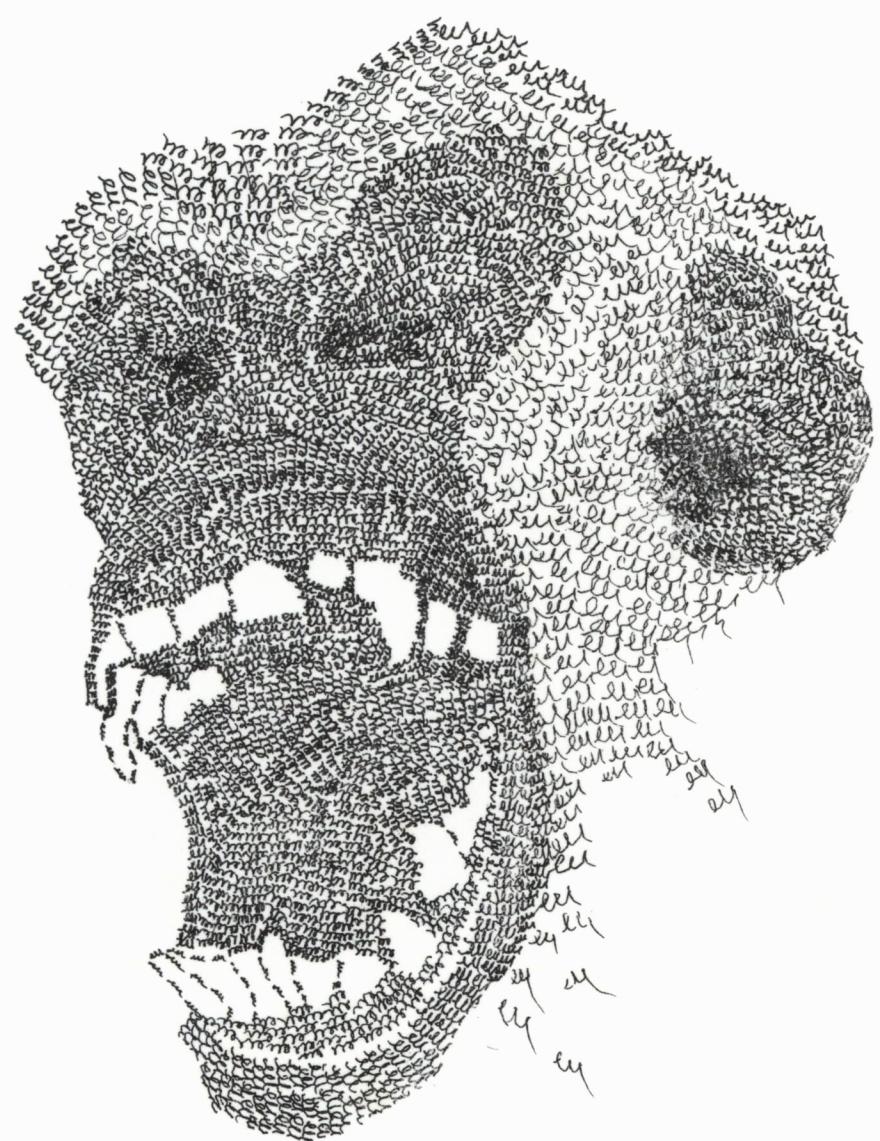


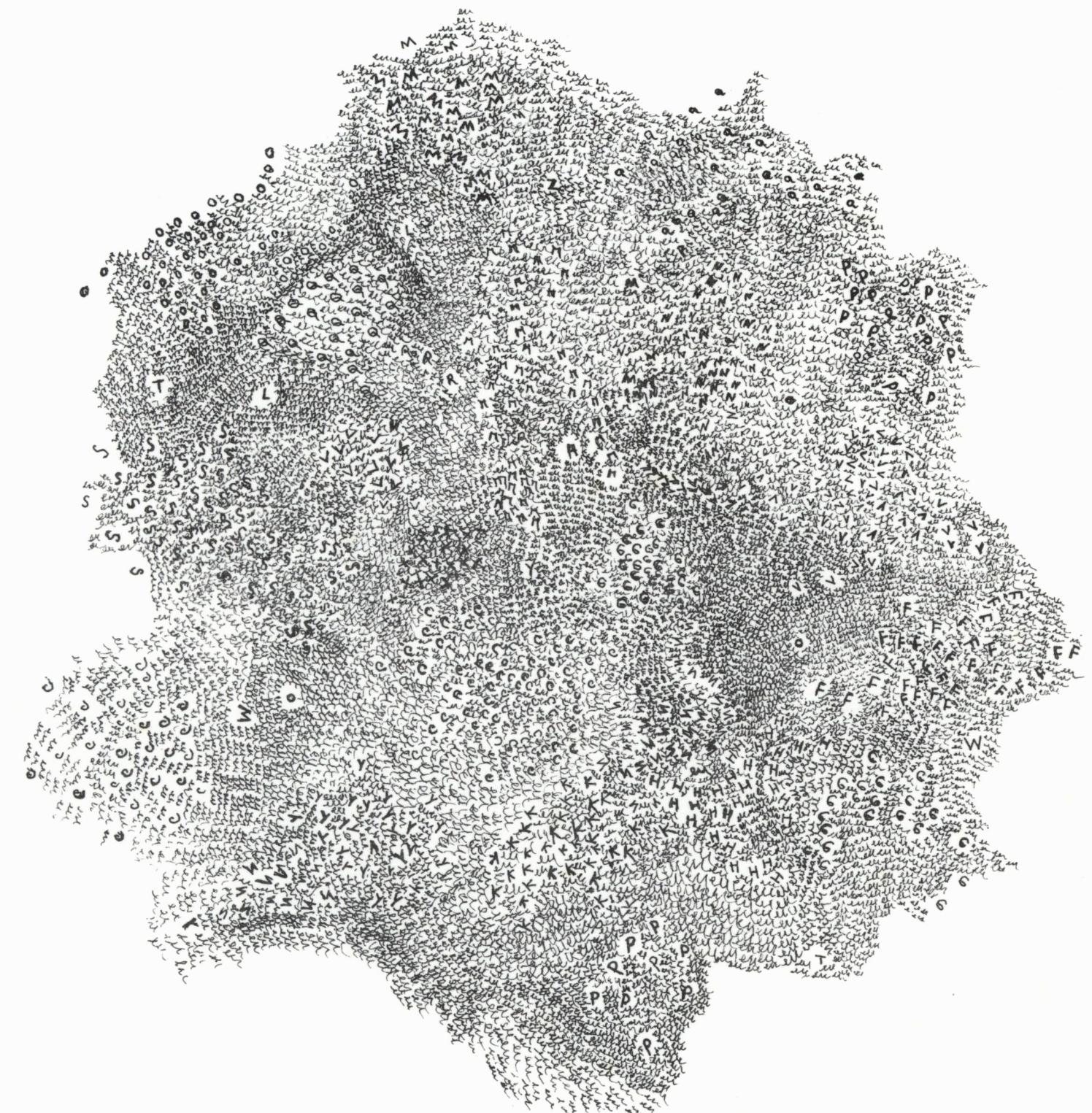


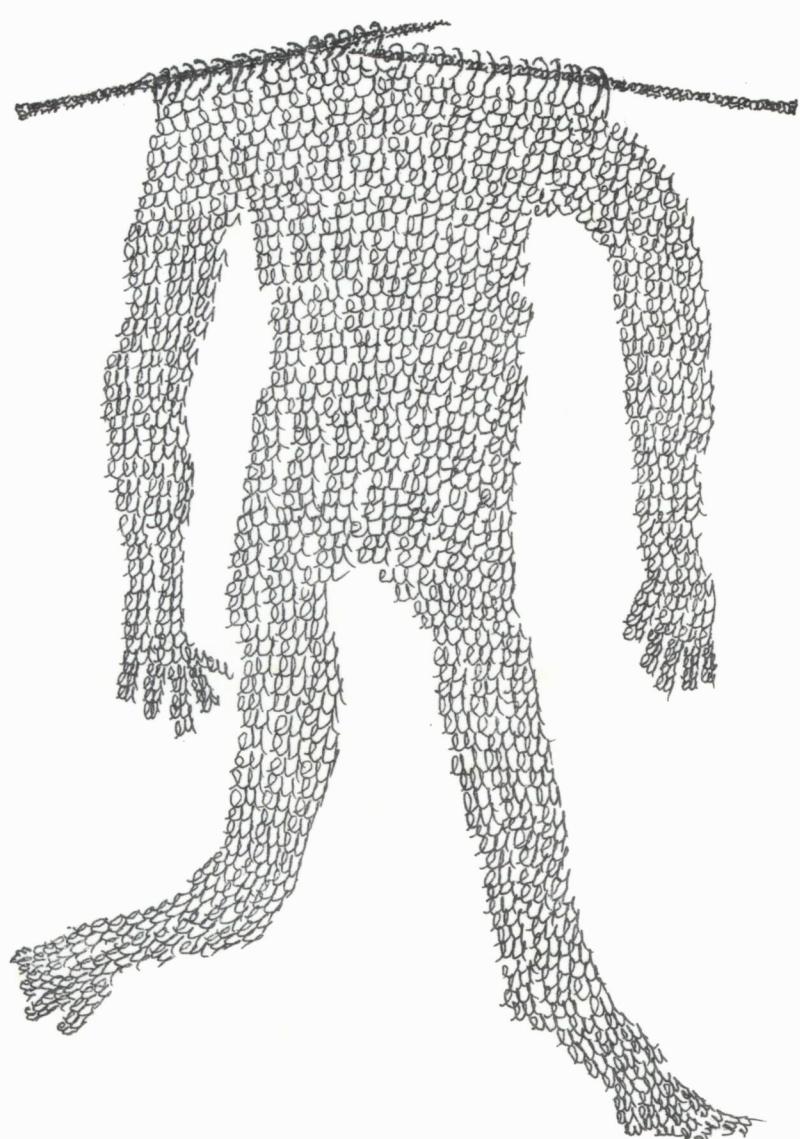




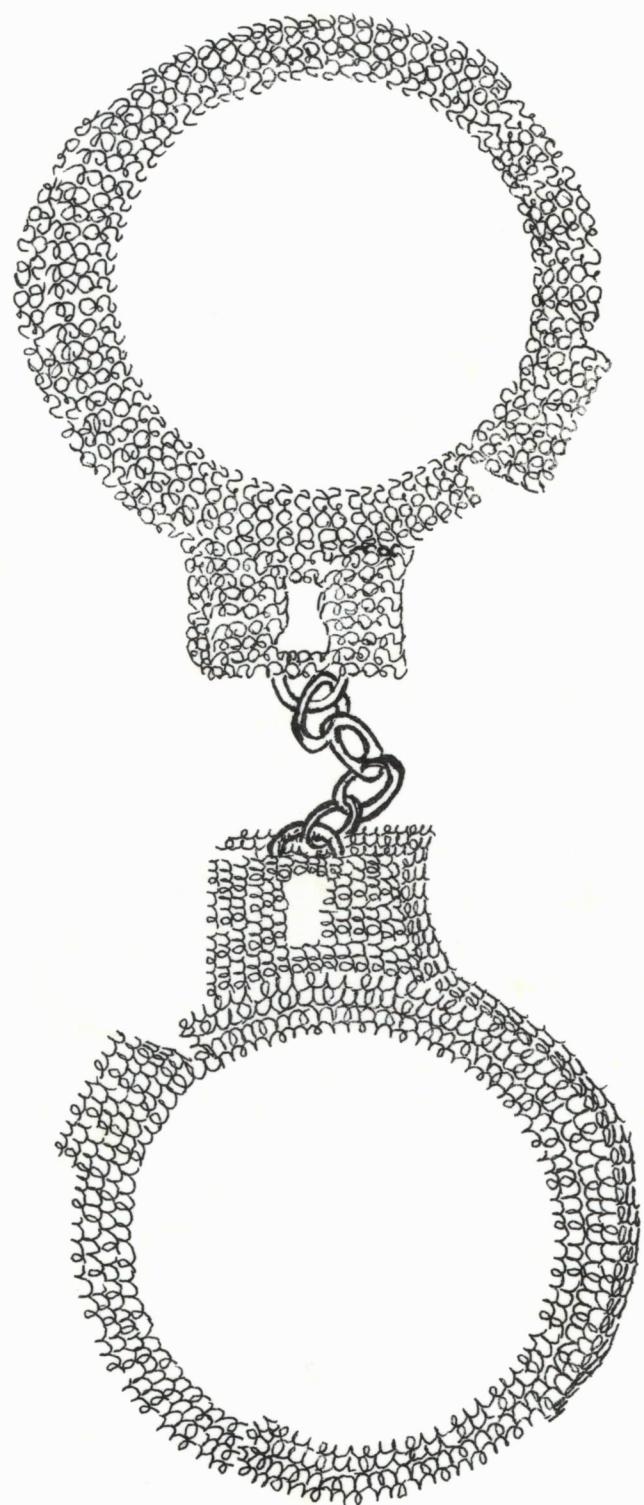




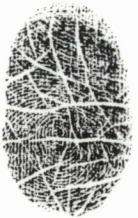
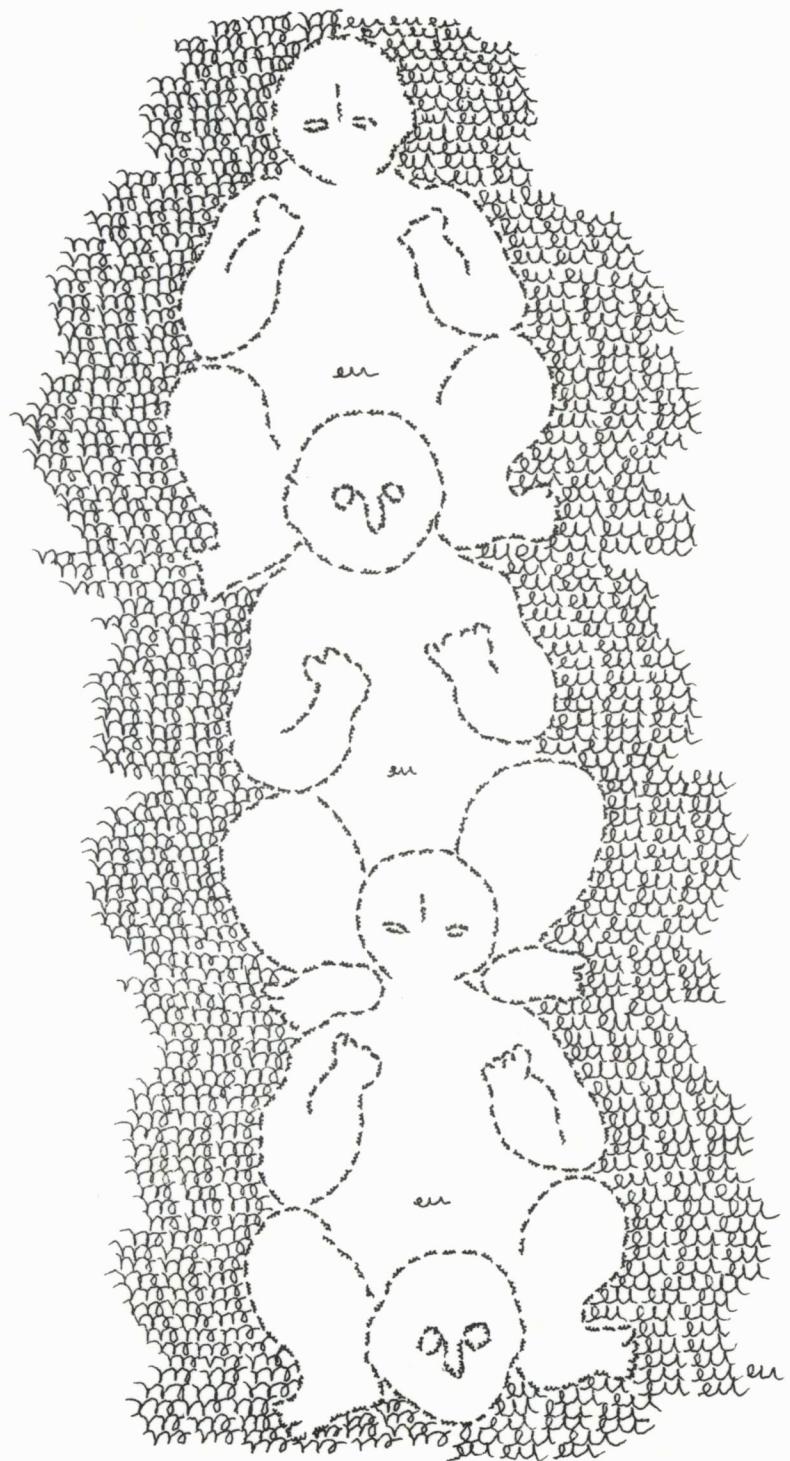


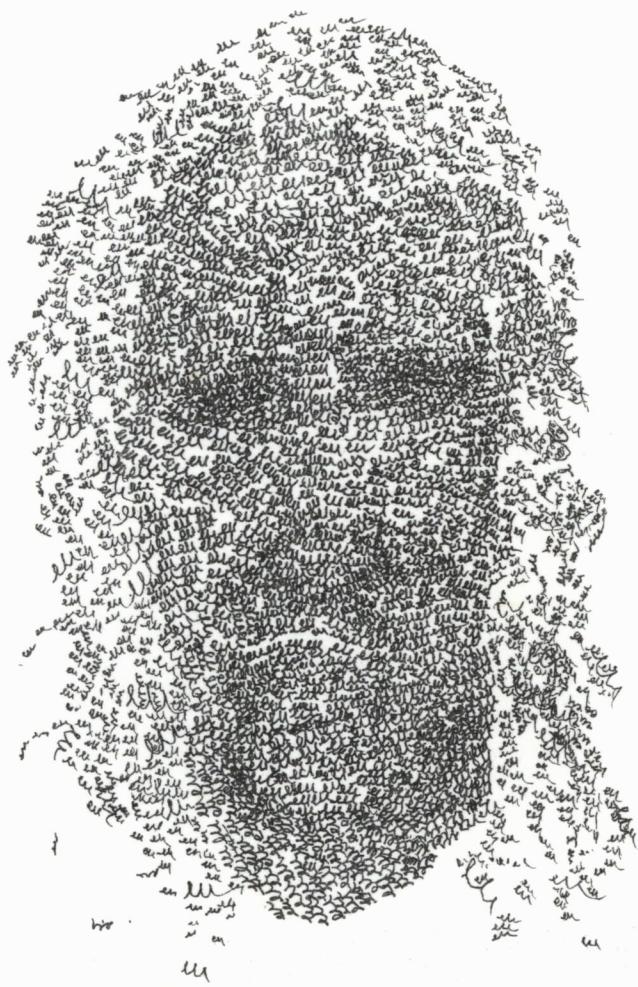


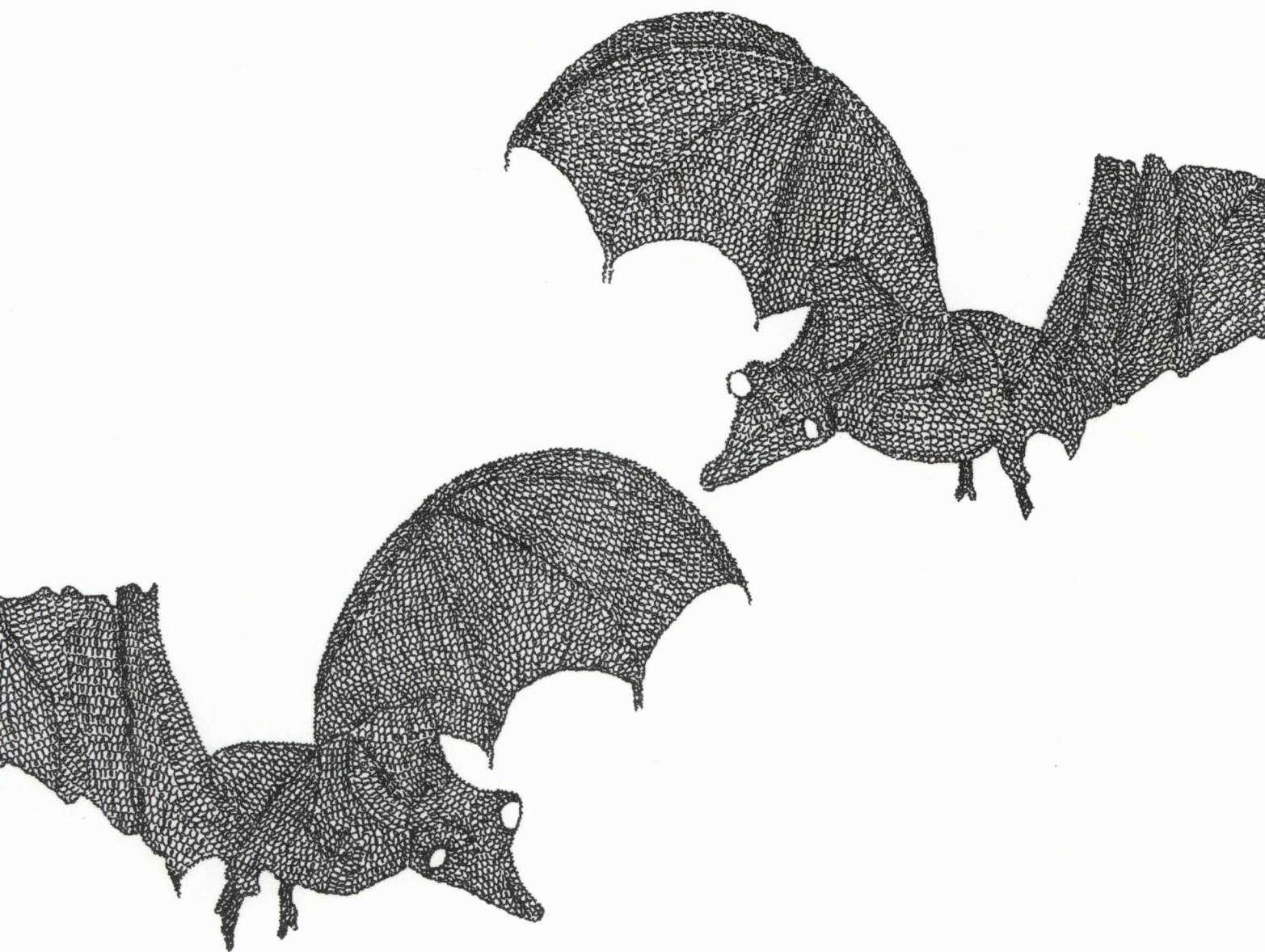


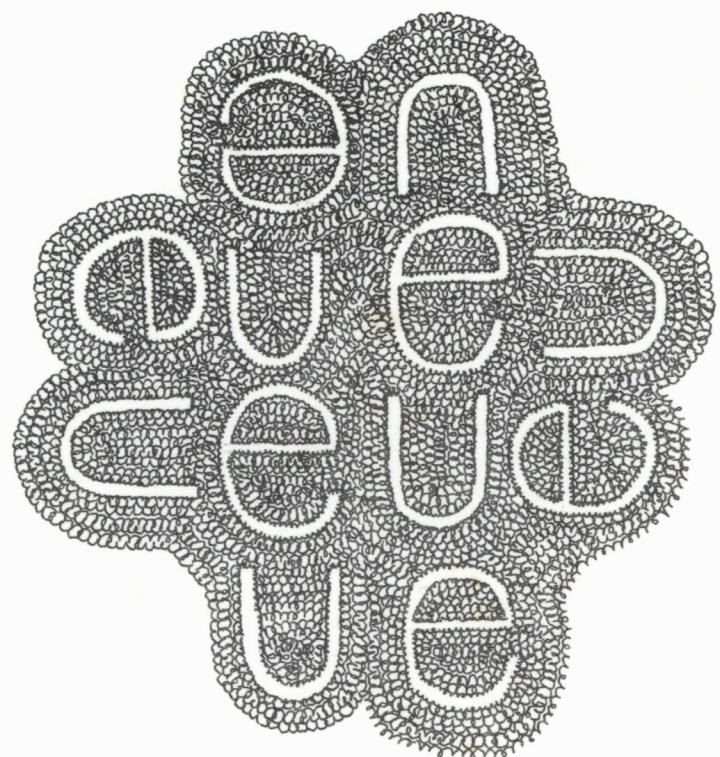














**Eu**  
partícula de mim  
tecido de pensamento atado a partículas de outros eus  
tecido feito de neurônios de todos nós  
nó de nós onde cada um é apenas um  
onde eus de outros se convergem formando rede  
colméia de eus cosmológico  
cosmilográfico

**Eu transmitindo sinais a eus em galáxia móvel**

**Eu**  
pronome pessoal de primeira singular pessoa  
personalidade de quem fala  
individualidade metafísica

**Eu sou mais**  
sou a primeira segunda terceira pessoa  
estou em todas elas  
quando calo sou eu  
sem ser metafísico

**Eu palpável e abstrato**  
indivisível e multiplicável eu carestia  
crescido como planta bravio  
sem que ninguém percebesse

**Eu**  
gota de mim dentro de eus de outros

**Eu plantado dentro de outro eu**

**Eu descoberto**

**Eu desembainhado**  
avesso e direito meu  
sujeito oculto crescido de cima para baixo  
O eu que já fui quando não sabia de mim

**A casa é o grande eu cósmico e volto para lá**

**Eu**  
unidade atraído pelo coletividade e disperso por ela  
esse é o seu dínamo  
seu ritmo  
sua respiração

I  
particle of myself  
tissue of thought bound to particles of other Is  
tissue made of neurons of us all  
knot made up of us all  
knot of us where each one is but one  
where Is of others converge to weave a web  
a bee colony of Is  
an I cosmic,  
cosmologic  
cosmilogic

I issuing signals to Is in moving galaxies

I  
personal pronoun of a single person  
personality of who talks  
metaphysical individuality

I am more  
I am the first, second, third person  
I am in all of them  
when I shut up it's I not a metaphysical being

I  
I palpable and abstract  
indivisible and multipliable  
I scarcity  
grown as a wild plant unnoticed by all

I  
drop of myself inside the Is of others  
I reset inside another I

I  
I uncovered to light  
I drawn as a sword  
my within and without  
occult subject  
grown downward from upward  
the I that I once was when I overlooked myself

The house is the grand cosmic I and I am on my way back

I  
unity attracted by collectivity and scattered by it  
this is its dynamo  
its rhythm  
its breathing.

sonia lins

