

São Paulo, August 18th, 2025

On the eve of taking a night bus towards the sea, I think of you both.

I gather your presence in the sea with waves and fragments of shells because I know that in every grain of sand there is a flake of soul, a smoke of body, a love story or a shipwreck's trace.

I pick up a large shell as soon as I arrive at the shoreline that covers the ancient cobblestones, and I speak into its hollow the unison of your names: *felicianoleonilson*. Immediately, a gap opens in the echo that unravels into the memory of a fabric, a thread, a pin, and a voile. And then a vertigo comes.

When I was a child, we had a little house where my grandmother's Singer sewing machine stayed, along with a complete wardrobe of my mother's old clothes from the eighties, taffeta, fancy things, yet modest, handmade by the women in my little town: her mother, her aunt, her sister-in-law, clothes for the dances, for the country fairs, for the kisses with the young boys. And all the emotions were stitched to fabric, repeated in the mantra of sewing, like a lament, like prayer.

And all the emotions contained in the waters as well: this lament, *this river that covers us*.

Back at this sea, I think of the centuries old shipwrecks that these waves have adorned; I also wonder if you were ever in these same waters. Leonilson, have you ever been to Paraty? Feliciano hasn't, but he knows Mar del Plata.

The fabrics are the waters. The waters are the fabrics.

One of life's greatest emotions is walking above the Iguaçu Falls and its veil (one third Argentine, one third Brazilian, and one third Paraguayan). This is the knot of our lives, the water-spirit, the saltwaters, the memory-waters, the recent-waters. If I had known I would be speaking to you through them, I would have lived on a boat or on a bridge that crossed our Tietê river. I would wake up and sleep with you. I would reach you in 1991 as a ferryman, and ask your story.

Today, I live far away from my waters. Today, I am by the Thames, far from our Iguaçu, but all I have in my body is the memory of sand and a soaked T-shirt.

Matheus Chiaratti