Poetry

Poesia

Thiago Grisolia Fernandes[1]

LETTER TO BEATRIZ

1. what hurts

less than rat
than cat
than dog
less than man

less
much less than every man
than everything of a man
or what there is in a man
or under a man
or in heaven
where god imitates men
but there is government and resignation

less than the beast
less than under the clothes of the beast
than under the skin of the beast
less
than where one claimed to see in the beast
a man

in the used condom
under which the skin of man
under which the blood of man
which crumbles into crumbs
in the sexual industrial
deposit of toxins

(skin skin more than skin
but what does his name mean?
and no matter how much cares
a man for his name
for the color of his skin
the mouth for its hunger
no matter how much keeps vigil
a man for another man
who rots under the earth and within

if the skin is destined to rats
less than rats to beasts
less than beasts to facts

gray at this dark hour
when it's all booze and deceit

it doesn't matter the name
that the earth
shall chew)

less than the punch of man
against the wall of cloud
and less than his spit
than his disease of the tongue
that makes men speak
being born of others
less than the arm
of the armless man
his farewell gesture at the port
less than the arm of the sea
than the glass of the sea
where man sails

and still much less than everything
if it was a man who said
after having made the bomb
that everything that's not a man
(like her, passing by beautifully)
is nothing but a disgrace

2. what heals

but more
than what allows one to see his fatigue
through the eyes or manes
still soft
if the caress comes from a boy
or from an object that dances

does a name matter
in the most deserted hour
when one dances and compensates
for the lack of love?

they are all boys
more than that
beetles
buzzing stolen colors
however unlike they may seem
they're all greater than
what they make appear

[1]Universidade Federal do Rio de Janeiro – Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil.

upon their dry skin
upon the work of the hands
upon the lines of the hands
upon the caress of helping
hands

and even more
than what I can see
of the roofless hope
more
than what is fabled in a dream
than what is done in secret
for the next century or space

will it still be possible
more than a man
and his voice without resignation

to perforate the present
and grasp it whole
in a different way
in the palm of the woman's hand

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Address for correspondence
THIAGO GRISOLIA FERNANDES
Universidade Federal do Rio de Janeiro
Rua Guilherme Marconi, 80, ap. 304. Centro, Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil.
CEP: 20240-180
E-mail: goathigrisolia@yahoo.com.br

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