



**DIZ/TOPIAS: BUILDING PLACES OF (R)EXISTENCE IN BRAZILIAN POETRY
OF TRANSGENDER AUTHORSHIP**

***DIZ/TOPIAS: CONSTRUINDO LUGARES DE (R)EXISTÊNCIA NA POESIA
BRASILEIRA DE AUTORIA TRANSVESTIGÊNERE***

***DIZ/TOPIAS: CONSTRUYENDO LUGARES DE (R)EXISTENCIA EN LA POESÍA
BRASILEÑA DE AUTORIA TRANS***



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ABSTRACT: The imaginary and our experiences are transformed, through literary creation, into a body-text, capable of building other possible places in the face of the impossible of coloniality. In this way, we think the poetry of transgender authorship as diz/topias, that is, poetry as words to occupy worlds, a writing that integrates the process of self-recovery and invents places [topias/tropes] to discuss our existence and a resistance conceived as future: possible worlds of dreams, affection, creativity, collectivity. Thus, we will discuss from the works *Mem(orais): poéticas de byxa-travesty preta de cortes* (2019), by Luna Souto Ferreira; *Escuirecendo: ontografias poéticas* (2020), by Abigail Campos Leal, *Sal a Gosto* (2018), by Esteban Rodrigues and *Profecia* (2022), by Diana Salu, how their poetics invent new places, diz/topias, capable of integrating a process of self-recovery and the invention of other places that make possible not only dreams, struggles and affections; but also to go beyond the pain, consolidating our efforts to exist and resist this world that wants us silenced and dead.

KEYWORDS: Contemporary poetics. Literature of transgender authorship. Queer utopias.

RESUMO: *O imaginário e nossas vivências são transformados, pela via da criação literária, em corpo-texto, capaz de construir outros lugares possíveis frente ao impossível da colonialidade. Desse modo, pensamos a poesia de autoria transvestigênera como diz/topias, isto é, a poesia como palavras de ocupar mundos, uma escrita que integra o processo de autorrecuperação e inventa lugares [topias/tropes] para discutir nossa existência e uma resistência concebida como futuro: mundos possíveis de sonho, de afeto, de criatividade, de coletividade. Assim, discutiremos a partir das obras Mem(orais): poéticas de uma byxa-travesty preta de cortes, de Luna Souto Ferreira (2019); Escuirecendo: ontografias poéticas, de Abigail Campos Leal (2020), Sal a gosto, de Esteban Rodrigues (2018) e Profecia, de Diana Salu (2022), como suas poéticas inventam novos lugares, diz/topias, capazes de integrar um processo de autorrecuperação e de invenção de espaços outros que possibilitam não só sonhos, lutas e afetos; mas também ir além da dor, consolidando nossos esforços para existir e resistir a esse mundo que nos quer silenciadas e mortas.*

PALAVRAS-CHAVE: *Poéticas contemporâneas. Literatura de autoria transvestigênera. Utopias queer.*

RESUMEN: *El imaginario y nuestras vivencias se transforman, a través de la creación literaria, en un cuerpo-texto, capaz de construir otros lugares posibles frente a los imposibles de la colonialidad. De esta manera, pensamos la poesía de autoría trans como diz/topias, es decir, poesía como palabras para ocupar mundos, una escritura que integra el proceso de autorrecuperación e inventa lugares [topias/tropes] para discutir nuestra existencia y una resistencia concebida como futuro: mundos posibles de sueños, afecto, creatividad, colectividad. Así, discutiremos a partir de las obras Mem(orais): poéticas de una byxa-travesty preta de cortes (2019), de Luna Souto Ferreira; Escuirecendo: ontografias poéticas (2020), de Abigail Campos Leal, Sal a Gosto (2018), de Esteban Rodrigues y Profecia (2022), de Diana Salu, cómo sus poéticas inventan nuevos lugares, diz/topias, capaces de integrar un proceso de la autorecuperación y la invención de otros lugares que posibiliten no sólo sueños, luchas y afectos; pero también para ir más allá del dolor, consolidando nuestros esfuerzos por existir y resistir a este mundo que nos quiere silenciados y muertos.*

PALABRAS CLAVE: *Poética contemporánea. Literatura de autoría trans. Utopías queer.*

Introduction

Literature and writing emerge as a way of creating power and, therefore, an act of the body and thought, since we are linked to existence, more specifically, to ways of existing that fill us with intensity. A sensitive archive of gestures committed to a definition of writing as an act of struggle and a strategy of escape that allows us to establish other regimes of intelligibility, fallibility and political listening.

To write is to believe in yourself, it is to believe in your ability to communicate through words, images and representations, it is to be able to create yourself as a work of art, it is to be constantly being reborn, giving birth to yourself through of the body. Thus, we are led to write why

writing saves me from this complacency, I fear. Because I have no choice. Because I need to keep alive the spirit of my revolt and myself. Because the world I create in writing makes up for what the real world doesn't give me. By writing I organize the world, I put a handle on it that I can hold on to. I write because life does not satisfy my appetites and my hunger. I write to record what others erase when I speak, to rewrite the poorly written stories they tell about me, about you. To get more intimate with myself and with you. To discover myself, to preserve myself, to make myself, to have autonomy. To dispel the myths that I'm a mad prophet or a poor suffering soul. To convince myself that I'm worthy and that what I have to say isn't a load of shit. To show that I can and that I will write, even if they threaten me not to. And I will write about the unmentionables without caring about the outraged sighs of the censors and the public. And finally, I write because I'm afraid to write, but I'm even more afraid of not writing (ANZALDÚA, 2021, p. 51-52, our translation).

Writing, then, emerges both as an act of reconstruction, of self-recovery; as an act of collective resistance. A process of reframing pain and building knowledge, built on a text that politicizes the Self, making itself close to the body, a body in performance that restores, expresses and, simultaneously, circulates knowledge, “trans knowledge. The trans art of healing and defending. A knowledge... evaluated... based on the uses it presents for life, to enliven it” (LEAL, 2021, p. 306, our translation). Therefore, Jota Mombaça (2021, p. 26, our translation) argues that for

groping for the possibility of a collectivity forged in the unlikely movement of shattering, it will always be necessary to make room for flows of blood, for waves of heat and for the pulsation of the wound. Politicizing the wound, after all, is a way of being together in the breaking and of finding, among the shards of a shattered windowpane, an impossible bond, the indication of a rough and improbable collectivity. It has to do with inhabiting unbreathable spaces, moving along unstable paths and being alone with the discomfort of existing in a group, the discomfort of being together, touching each other's break.

Thus, what we manage to say creates other places for us to exist, to occupy. New places are built that make possible dreams, fights, affections and, mainly, reorganize our own narrative, the other subjectivity itself passes through alterity. For this reason, I like to think about transvestite - gender poetry based on what Tatiana Nascimento (2020) calls Diz/topias, in order to understand how poetry and its words of occupying worlds are part of the process of self-recovery and invent places [topias /tropes] to discuss its existence and a resistance to fable other futures: possible worlds of dreams, of affection, of creativity, of utopias.

As Audre Lorde (2019, p. 106, our translation) says, “poetry is not just dream and imagination, it is the skeleton that structures our life. It lays the foundation for a future of change. Poetry creates the language to express and register this revolutionary demand, the implementation of freedom”. In addition to creating other modes of collectivity that allow us to go beyond pain, constitute ourselves through the word, constantly invent and reinvent ourselves at the same time that it emerges as a tool for us to know other ways of being in the world; more than that, ways of recognizing the being of other people in the world.

So, what are these places that the poetry of Abigail Campos Leal, Esteban Rodrigues, Luna Souto Ferreira and Diana Salu creates? What territories do our words make exist and resist? Let's see...

Corpografia

e/u tenho rios vermelhos
correndo dentro de mim
que me rasgam a boca
num sorriso sem fim
quando e/u vejo o
reflexo do meu
território no
espelho.

meu abdômen é um
mar-de-morros
maravilhoso y
acidentado,
erodido,
revinado
de estrias.

meu solo é fértil
cheio de horizonte
de a a z,
faz até crescer
floresta de pelos

por todos os lados.
lindos matagais
encrespados,
muitas vezes
des
matados,
mal-amados.

amo meus morretes
de trás,
sua beleza mostra
y seus prazeres anais.
amo meu pico da frente,
ereto y ativo,
ou invertido y atrás
amo também meu picu
(a) mã
que torna meu orí
único e especial.
carrego aqui
uma vasta,
farta,
floresta tropical!
belezas lindas,
paisagens
corporais, fenomenais,
não lógicas,
que nem sempre
e/u sei contemplar
y por vezes me geram
senti
sedi
mentos
fatais.

gosto das minhas
tecni
cidades
suplementadas
minhas próteses com lentes
acopladas.
minhas tintas espalhadas,
pra sempre
na minha pele
assentada.
indo y voltando,
na pendulância
pisciânica,
o estrogênio
me recompondo,
minhas moléculas alterando,
mudando minhas partículas,
invertendo minhas
micropolíticas

afetivas.

amo a geografia invisível
das minhas ondas cerebrais,
que desterritorializam minha mente,
me levam além
de mim.
com elas aprendi a me amar
y desde muito tempo,
da minha solidão não sou
mais refém.

y essa escrita
marca esse momento
do espaço
a regionalização de outros tempos,
em que e/u venho aprendendo
a me amar
por fora y por dentro.

venho reconstruindo
meu território-vida
remodelando
minhas morfologias
corpo-afetivas.
nem geográfica
nem geoide,
minha corpa
é única
sua forma é
bibióide.
(LEAL, 2020, p. 103-107).²

As can be seen, the poem, from the title onwards, brings up the relationship between body and writing in the processes of making and unmaking oneself, revealing a bodygraphy that emerges as a kind of cartography performed by and in the body through the experience of

² Corpography (our translation):

I/I have red rivers/running inside me/that tear my mouth/in an endless smile/when i see the/reflection of my/territory in the/mirror/my abdomen is one/sea of hills/wonderful y/bumpy,/eroded,/refinished/from stretch /arks./my soil is fertile/full of horizon/from a to z,/make it grow/fur forest/on all sides./beautiful thickets/frizzy,/often/killed,/unloved./I love my mortars/from behind,/your monster beauty/y your anal pleasures./love my front peak,/erect and active,/or inverted y back/*picu* too/(a) bad/that makes my *ori*/unique and special./carry here/a vast,/fed up,/tropical forest!/beautiful beauties./Landscapes/bodily, phenomenal,/not logical,/that not always/I know how to contemplate/and sometimes generate me/felt/headquarters/fatal.

I like mine/Technician/Cities/Supplemented/my prosthetics with lenses/coupled/my scattered paints,/forever/ in my skin/seated./going and coming back,/on pendulum/Pisces,/the estrogen/pulling myself together,/my molecules altering,/changing my particles,/reversing my/micropolitics/affective./I love invisible geography/of my brain waves,/that deterritorialize my mind,/take me further/of me./with them I learned to love myself/and since a long time,/I'm not from my solitude/more hostage./and this writing/mark this moment/from space/the regionalization of other times,/where I 've been learning/to love me/outside and inside./I've been rebuilding/my life-territory/remodeling/my morphologies/body-affective./nor geographic/nor geoid,/my body/is unique/its shape is/bibioid./

a I who was born split. It is important to highlight that the word “I” in the poem is divided by an oblique slash that marks not only the separation of related terms, but also draws attention to the absence of ontological integrity, since, according to Butler (2017), the subject is formed in the fold of power over himself, that is, on the border between what they say I am and what I think I am. It is precisely at that moment, when the look at oneself is born, that the subject is consolidated as me. In other words, “I am already affected before I can say 'I' and that, in some way, I have to be affected in order to be able to say 'I'” (BUTLER, 2021, p. 18, our translation).

It is, therefore, this self-split from birth that gains materiality in the performative, prosthetic and molecular body of the pharmaco-pornographic era. A lived, narrated and represented body. Not by chance, it already appears in the first three stanzas as a territory, as a living perceptive unit that starts to mediate the relationship of the lyric with itself and with the world. Such a perception is always the realization of a body radically located in the world and when one looks to see something, the experience that is born from that look is always from the place where the body is: “I see the reflection of my territory in the mirror”. Thus, assures Ahmed (2019, p. 22, our translation),

bodies can orient themselves through these responses to the world around them, thanks to their ability to be affected by it. In turn, based on the history of these responses, which accumulate like impressions on the skin, bodies do not live in spaces that are external to them, on the contrary, they shape them by living in them and take on their form by inhabiting them.³

It should be noted that although the lyrical self is aware of the potential of its body: “my soil is fertile”, it also knows how much its corporality bothers for being beyond the normative ideas of gender, subject and collectivity, synthesized in the word “mal-amados” which ends the third stanza. However, it is at this moment that the poem opens up for her to develop a process of recovering herself, of a love of herself that allows her to build the feeling of being at home by inhabiting that body in its multiplicity.

A body that is made in what Jota Mombaça calls a break, “in the abrupt, erratic and disorderly movement of shattering” (MOMBAÇA, 2021, p. 24, our translation). A body that is always under construction, that deterritorializes itself at the same time that it creates strategies for valuing itself, of self-esteem capable of making it its home, making it part of who it is. To inhabit it is to be in a territory of affections and desires where learning to love oneself is an

³In the original: “Bodies can orient themselves by means of this answer to the world around them, given their ability to be influenced by it. In turn, based on the history of these responses, which accumulate as impressions on the skin, the bodies do not live in spaces that are outside them: more well the bodies they give form to living in them, and charge their shape *al habitarlos*” (AHMED, 2019, p. 22)

exercise in self-recovery, it is an act that expresses ethics as practice, as ways of being and existing in the world.

Writing, therefore, is born from this body-in-process which, according to the lyrical subject, is an accomplice of its crossings towards this self-love whose dynamics of construction, deconstruction and reconstruction make a unique form emerge in the multitude of shards it produces. the possibility of other modes of existence. Therefore, “the act of writing is an act of making a soul, an alchemy. It is a journey in search of the self, the core of the self” (ANZALDÚA, 2021a, p. 52, our translation). The body emerges as another way of making life habitable, while “writing is a tool to penetrate these mysteries, but it also protects us, gives us a margin of distance, helps us to survive” (ANZALDÚA, 2021a, p. 53, our translation).

In Esteban Rodrigues (2018), poetry emerges as a place of construction of a narrative of the “I” through a lyrical self that materializes his experience of being in the world. In his poem he says:

é aqui que eu encontro os três infernos que há em mim
eu lembro de me olhar no espelho e não reconhecer
a carcaça já magoada de todos os embates travados
com a vida. limpei o sangue seco misturado com suor,
acaricieei as olheiras e toquei os ombros exaustos. eu
lembro desse dia. quando o boxe do banheiro se tornou
apenas um quadrado de vidro onde não deixava a água
vazar e se misturava às lágrimas não mais sofridas e sim
exaustas.

o primeiro dos infernos é a exaustão

era feito arte o simples ato de aceitar o que viesse. de
bom, de ruim, se viesse. o estado exaustivo faz isso, te
deixa a mercê do que aparecer, quando aparecer, se
aparecer. eu ainda estava nesse plano mórbido de não
ter mais carreira e sobreviver, como se isso fosse tão
mais fácil ou prático que viver. houve lutas. um inferno.
à noite quando eu deitava no chão do quarto e sentia o
piso branco frio encostar na minha pele, saía por dois
instantes de mim. um pouco de alívio em um corpo
pesado.

o segundo inferno, mas não menos pesado é o próprio
peso das coisas

nos primeiros dias de um dos últimos meses do ano
que passou eu tomei nota de tudo que sobrecarregava
não só os ombros, mas os olhos e o peito. eu passei a
odiar listas, fiz uma bola amassada com todas as metáforas
que criei para cada uma das coisas que me faziam
chorar a noite no claro. ter medo de escuro era o pior,

não tinha como evitar a vergonha de me ver naquele estado. de todo mal, eu ainda dava ouvidos. aos outros, às paranoias, aos outros. era absurdo como as palavras ou até a falta delas em determinadas circunstâncias me tiravam um tanto de carne morta e alma. virei acúmulo.

foi aí que eu vi esperança. e a coloquei no posto do terceiro e pior inferno.

numa das tardes de novembro aquela criança olhou nos meus olhos e falou comigo. e eu senti que poderia ser o que sou, que poderia sair à rua, ir aos bares e aos cafés e à NASA se quisesse. explodiu em mim cores que nem sei o nome formando aquarelas inteiras nas paredes do metrô. esperança. ao sair a realidade me deu boas vindas com pedras e tapas. ainda é dor. o mundo ainda é preto e branco. o cinza dos meus olhos é lágrima envelhecida. escondo o rosto e corro.
(RODRIGUES, 2018, p. 42).⁴

The marks left on the body in the face of everyday struggles in the face of a society that constantly denies its existence is the motto that leads the lyrical self to think that the lived present is a daily materialized hell. He feels exhausted in the face of fights fought and always lost. It is important to point out that suffering and pain, which are already impregnated in his life, no longer lead him to shed tears. The only feeling that seems to still manage to make him cry is exhaustion.

In fact, the problem is the need to always be strong for being a trans man in a cisgender world that doesn't understand him. This leads him to a feeling of tiredness in the face of the impossibility of being able to feel fragile at some point in his life. A weariness that reduced him

⁴ Our translation: this is where I find the three hells in me/I remember looking in the mirror and not recognizing/the carcass /already hurt from all the clashes fought/With the life. I wiped off the dried blood mixed with sweat/I stroked the dark circles and touched the exhausted shoulders. I/I remember that day. when did bathroom boxing become/just a square of glass where it didn't let the water/leak and mingled with the tears no longer suffered but/exhausted/the first of hells is exhaustion/the simple act of accepting whatever came was made art. In/good, bad, if it came. the exhausting state does that, /leave it to the mercy of what appears, when it appears, if/to appear. I was still on that morbid plane of not/have more career and survive, as if that were so/easier or more practical than living. there were fights. a hell/at night when I lay on the bedroom floor and felt the/cold white floor touch my skin, leave for two/moments from me. a little relief in a body/heavy/the second hell, but no less heavy is hell itself/weight of things/in the first days of one of the last months of the year/that passed I took note of everything that overloaded/not just the shoulders, but the eyes and chest. I passed to/hate lists; I made a crumpled ball out of all the metaphors/that I created for each of the things that made me/cry at night in the light. being afraid of the dark was the worst/there was no way to avoid the embarrassment of seeing myself in that/state. of all evil, I still listened. to others/to paranoia, to others. it was absurd like the words/or even the lack of them in certain/circumstances/they took a lot of dead flesh and soul. I turned accumulation/that's when I saw hope. and put her in the post of/third and worst hell/one of the afternoons in November that child looked us in the/my eyes and spoke to me. and I felt like I could be the/who I am, who could go out into the street, go to bars and cafes/and NASA if you wanted. colors exploded in me like/I know the name forming whole watercolors on the walls/from the subway. hope. when I left, reality gave me good/welcomes with stones and tapas. it's still pain. the world still/it's black and white. the gray of my eyes is aged tears/I hide my face and run.

to survival. Having a body that carries so many cultural marks and that subverts norms throws you into a spiral of fear, death, loneliness, defeat. The experience of living in oneself is painful, as its existence is always presumed to be impossible. Therefore, leaving that heavy body, even for a moment, seems to bring relief. One escapes, in a kind of parole, from that prison body.

In silence, the scars that mark the transvestite bodies speak, scream, feel the weight of existing as another transgressive and abject body. Body that heterosexual cisgender normative society insists on saying should not exist. But, the great revolt, the shame of the lyrical self is not in understanding this reality that is already known, but rather in the realization that the gestures, words, actions and looks of others, which place him as an abject otherness, still has the power to hurt you physically and psychologically.

But then, would there be room for hope? At first, the encounter with a child and his act of recognizing him as he really was makes him glimpse the possibilities of another existence where he can be happy, so his gaze starts to see the world more colorful, different from black and white to which it is constantly inserted. However, once again, the violence suffered reminds him of the precariousness of his life. As in Pandora's box, the hope of yesteryear becomes an evil, as it carries the idea of a given future as something impossible, unrealizable. What remains, then, is to run, hide and perhaps narrate itself in a poetic fiction, through a word-action that makes the fears that dominate him and shape his silence begin to lose control over him. The lyrical self runs in search of self-recovery, a process in which it needs to gather the fragments of being to build its history.

Cor, Pó

Meu corpo.
Meu copo de soco.
Um soco que no saco dói.
Não pelo soco.
Nem pelo soco.
Mas pelo caco de certeza.
A certeza que meu corpo,
se declarado por uma palavra,
poderá ir para o saco.
Fala! Fala sem fala,
com fala, com falo!
Deixe que essa palavra nasça.
E assim, mesmo sem certeza,
sua identidade teça: Byxa, Travesty, Mulher, Preta (?!).
(FERREIRA, 2019, p. 47).⁵

⁵ Our translation: My body/My punch cup/A punch that hurts in the bag/Not for the punch/Not for the bag/But for sure/The certainty that my body/if declared by a word/can go in the bag/He speaks! Speak without speech/with

In “Cor, Pó”, it is noted that the lyric plays with several words through which she draws attention to her body and the violence that crosses it if it is declared non-compliant. If, on the one hand, it brings a subject/ subject-in process whose only certainty it has is the awareness that its body, if declared abject, can be eliminated; on the other hand, she weaves who she is, even if this initial identity is fluid due to the absence of certainties. However, it is reiterated that it is necessary to let people speak, it is necessary to let oneself be dominated by affections, by the courage to exist-in-the-world.

Physical bodies are, therefore, social bodies crossed by the gaze of differentiation that defines which bodies are intelligible and, therefore, capable of inhabiting livable lives and those which are not and whose destiny, many times, is annihilation: “certainty that my body, if declared by a word, could go away”. In this case, “the existence is invaded, cut by a dam of suffocating, pale, ghostly lava, which takes everything, every measly piece of fabric, of life itself. it is from the colonial ordering of existence that we suffer” (LEAL, 2021, p. 304, our translation).

eu trago em meu peito esta profecia
de ser inteireza
que sou em calma, profundidade e desapego
trava sapa brinca com as palavras e busca mover corpo
em caminhar de peso e leveza
em caminhos da vida

trago em meu peito esta profecia de que sou sim inteira
sabendo que inteira sou também o muito que não sei
que inteira sou não sendo uma, tampouco fixa,
assim como tudo que me rodeia

trago em meu peito esta profecia
de que há sim um mundo que nos massacra
que não nos quer vives, inteiros, potentes
que nos quer mortes, isolades, solitaries e à disposição de servir
mas que este não é o único mundo
muito menos o mais verdadeiro

eu trago em meu peito esta profecia
de que tudo que precisamos já está aqui conosco
aqui em nós
que não nos falta
não somos falta
somos o encontro do céu com a terra
o sopro do céu

speech, with speech! /Let that word be born/And so, even without certainty/her identity weaves: Byxa, Travesty, Woman, Black (?!).

a roupa que a terra vestiu pra passear
- diz Ailton Krenak
que somos uma galáxia de seres e células em abundância
ajuntando-se pela força da vida
que somos ligados por redes muitas e invisíveis
que o indecifrável, o indizível, e o imprevisível
são o Presente
que no menor dos espaços há sempre espaço entre
e que o poder criativo do vazio
está sempre ao nosso lado

eu trago em meu peito esta profecia
que por mais que o mundo nos violente
por mais que a gente nos machuque
que quem amamos nos descuide
que por mais que tenham me ferido
– usado minha abertura para me violar –
sei que sou mais muito mais
do que a soma de minhas dores
– somos mais que a soma de nossas dores –
pois eu sou a vida
– somos a vida –
e me transformo
– nos transformamos –
eu sou mutação
– somos mutação –

e em mim correm muitos rios
de encantamento e paixão
se entrelaçando
também com as águas do medo
e do desencanto
sendo todos em movimento
mesmo quando lento
e profundo

eu trago em meu peito esta profecia
de que a vida é sim presente
de que somos vida
nós somos vida
repita que nós somos vida
que somos vida
que somos vida
mesmo quando morremos

eu trago em meu peito esta profecia
(SALU, 2022).⁶

⁶ I carry this prophecy in my chest/to be wholeness/that I am in calm, depth and detachment/lock *sapa* plays with words and seeks to move the body/in walking heavy and light/in ways of life/I carry in my chest this prophecy that I am whole/knowing that I am whole also the much that I don't know/that I am whole not being one, nor fixed,/just like everything around me/I carry this prophecy in my chest/that there is indeed a world that massacres us/that doesn't want us alive, whole, potent/who wants us dead, isolated, solitary and ready to serve/but that this is not the only world/much less the truest/I carry this prophecy in my chest/that everything we need is already here with us/here in us/that we don't lack/we are not missing/we are heaven meeting earth/the breath of heaven/the clothes

In its prophetic song, the lyric created by Diana Salu reiterates how much we are subject-in-process, a transformational body project that opens up to the path, to the crossing, understood from the idea of always being crossing, in motion, a place where one is not; but it continues to be, whose body is the platform that makes possible the materiality of fabulation and political imagination; as well as the dimension of presentation of who exists, aware of the responsibility that their emerging being claims its own existence and a meaning for life. “a struggle to rebuild and heal the scares produced by the wounds, traumas, racism and other acts of violation that tear our souls apart, divide us, dissolve our energies and haunt us” (ANZALDÚA, 2021b, p. 1, our translation) ⁷.

Prophecy, in a way, announces that one does not emerge from nothing, in an *ex-creation. nihilo*, but a process of choices through a series of encounters, propositions of being, what we assimilate and what we reject or, according to Ahmed (2019), the lines that are imposed on us or the disorienting policies that allow us to connections and other contacts. A contact that is “bodily and destabilizes this line that divides spaces in the world, thus creating other types of connections where unexpected things can occur” (AHMED, 2019, p. 231, our translation) ⁸.

And, as our lyrical self demonstrates, this vital crossing is made of explorations, discoveries, fears, encounters, splits, pains and affections. Draft of provisional routes, whispers of possibilities, the manifestation of our power to be, exist and resist in the world at the same time that we build a collectivity that feeds on being together in the break, a force that is neither the subject nor the world, but crosses everything. “There, here, where we were murdered, and we became older than death, more dead than dead, and in that depth [...], in that core where we were placed, we fertilized the more-than-living life, the tangled life of things” (MOMBAÇA, 2021, p. 19, our translation). The prophecy of the lyric is realized under the aegis of lucidity:

that the earth wore for a walk/- says Ailton Krenak/hat we are a galaxy of beings and cells in abundance/gathering by the force of life/that we are linked by many and invisible networks/that the indecipherable, the unspeakable, and the unpredictable/are the present/that in the smallest of spaces there is always space between/and that the creative power of emptiness/is always by our side/I carry this prophecy in my chest that no matter how much the world violates us/no matter how much we hurt each other/that those we love neglect us/that no matter how much they hurt me/- used my opening to violate me -/I know I'm more so much more/than the sum of my pains/- we are more than the sum of our pains -/because I am life/- we are life -/and I transform/- we transform -/I am mutation/- we are mutation -/and in me flow many rivers/of enchantment and passion/intertwining/also with the waters of fear/and the disenchantment/being all in motion/even when slow/and deep/I carry this prophecy in my chest/that life is present/that we are life/we are life/repeat that we are life/that we are life/that we are life/even when we die/I carry this prophecy in my chest.

⁷In the original: “a struggle to rebuild the same thing and remedy the frightful products of heredities, traumas, racism and other acts of violation that *hechan* pieces of our souls, divide us, dissolve our energies and bring us together” (ANZALDÚA, 2021b, p. 1).

⁸In the original: “corporal, and destabilizes this line that divides spaces into worlds, creating other types of connections where unexpected things can occur” (AHMED, 2019, p. 231).

what it is, it knows and decides to be, aware that it is a project, a becoming, mutations that are the prelude to the deepest transformation: life.

As we can observe, the DIZ/topias of trans authorship emerge as a form of *acuir lombamento*, in the terms proposed by Tatiana Nascimento (2019). For whom, *cuírlombo* (queer community), in its dual function: resisting and organizing, allows us to reorganize our own narratives, reinvent dreams, struggles and futures, “create our own words and/or resume ancestral words; and thereby allowing a community based on the self-determined word to be created” (NASCIMENTO, 2019, p. 4, our translation).

Like the black LGBTI poetry discussed by Tatiana Nascimento, transgender poetry “is one of the most important bridges we have to retell and reinvent so much of our erased stories, it is also an important tool we have to remember this: from future” (NASCIMENTO, 2019, p. 8, our translation). With her we learn to react to pain; to become resistance in collectivity to tell our narratives; talking about pain as a healing strategy, for treating wounds; to invent words that manage to say about other spaces, about existences and other possible worlds, about other ways of creating collectivity. A collectivity that organizes itself in what Jota Mombaça calls shattering, a contingent collectivity engendered in the encounter of bodies, in the politicization of wounds, in affections, in being together.

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