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photograph

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O Invasor

Ele entrou devagar, devagarinho Como quem não quer nada

Os elogios, o vislumbre, a magnificência

O aproximaram

Quem?

O vizinho, num sabe.

Ah, é. Até que gosto do bicho.

Tá meio verde, tá, mas logo fica igualzinho à gente.

Aí é que tá meu medo.

Pra quê? Como dizer se você não já foi um deles?

The Invader

He intruded little by little As if he didn't want anything

The compliments, the awe, the magnificence

Made him closer

-Who?

The neighbor, you know.

-Oh, right. I really kind of like him.

-Sure, he's a little *green*, but he'll soon be just like us.

That's what scares me.

-What for? How can I tell you weren't once one of them?

Written and translated by Bernardo Feitosa



Photo by Brenda Falkenstein