# Collage

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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