

Water Tower

Largo do Jardim

When the town is still silent — the sound of birds, the sliding of the wheels of a car, the other side of a closed window. A cold, lonely flat. Warm sheets, a heavy and aged body. The taste of nicotine in your mouth. The scent of mothballs and lilacs. A dream about a horse with wet eyes, ripping the breeze. The steed crossing the desert, the plain. Tears running from her taffeta skin. Imagine the horse entering the sleeping town, the gallop turning into a trot. The sound of the hooves on the cobbles. Then you get up slowly and go to the window. Waking up in the Alentejo is different from waking up anywhere else in the world. That horse can jump out of your dream and break off from the main street to the raised garden, climbing the steps at a rapid pace. The horse is thirsty; it can smell water in the white tower with a blue border. In the silence of Sousel, the steed approaches the promontory and with hooves trampling the grass, waits patiently until the rain falls on the town and the tower overflows. Animals know how to wait.

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