

Flying pain

To the memory of Dr Américo Negrette

Serendipitously, unsolicited, unwelcomed,
with an imperceptible bite,
an odious tropical needle brings tiny pieces of you,
soulless machine.
You bring heat to our flesh,
you make us feel the deepest pain,
you rust and force to cry our joints,
you crush our fingers and hands,
neck and knees,
feet and toes.

You malignantly make our skin shout,
red islands come to signal the fight;
–the struggle between the white army that lives inside us–
and you –miniscule mass of amino acidic hordes–
protecting an elemental particle of live.

We do not want to move,
we want to be lying,
you want to bend us,
you want us immobile, frozen, lifeless.
We, poor and needed,
you tiny and guiltless,
we both, victims.
Hands, knees, toes.

Many moons last your visit.
Many more last your act.
The painful reminder that you came one day,
to rebelliously stay,
to make us voice your exotic name:
Chikungunya.

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