

***Mirror, mirror, here I stand. Who is the fairest in the land?***  
**by Iury Trojaborg and Ming Poon**

A meeting point somewhere between South and East.  
Not at the centre, not in the west, not in the north.  
A standpoint  
Where all kinds of experiences are taken into consideration  
Where I can hear the voices of my ancestors  
Voices so often silenced  
But now I hear them, we hear them  
They sing lullabies, hymns, healing songs  
Like those my maternal grandmother used to sing to me  
A woman who could also be a man  
At this standpoint  
Masculine and feminine are not indivisible categories  
They can be one and many  
At the same time  
And this standpoint  
is more like an oasis  
During the day  
There is plenty of sunlight to illuminate us  
and fresh water to cool us down  
In the evening  
a big fire warms our genderless bodies  
and a super moon guides our paths into knowledge  
*Catiti Catiti*  
*Imara Notiá*  
*Notiá Imara*  
*Ipeju*<sup>1</sup>  
So we sing  
Let us speak for ourselves  
Sit down and listen  
Time for silence  
Still  
You can always ask questions  
*Tupi or not tupi, that is the question*<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Excerpt of *Manifesto Antropófago* written and published by Brazilian poet Oswald de Andrade, 1928.

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