



João Goes By
Prada:
Collections

Gabriel Martins

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For everyone.

Gabriel Martins



I would like to thank this man, Anthony Petro, for further radicalizing my ideologies and forming me into a menace of queer theory. Petro has single handedly forged my weak cis-male mind into a fortress of queerness. I aspire to be the nightmare of all middle aged white men who are scared of boys who kiss boys.

I've gotten into the habit of dancing with my eyes closed.

It's better that way.

Lights can be too jarring, people look too good.

You see beauty in that crowd and you think you've dirtied it.

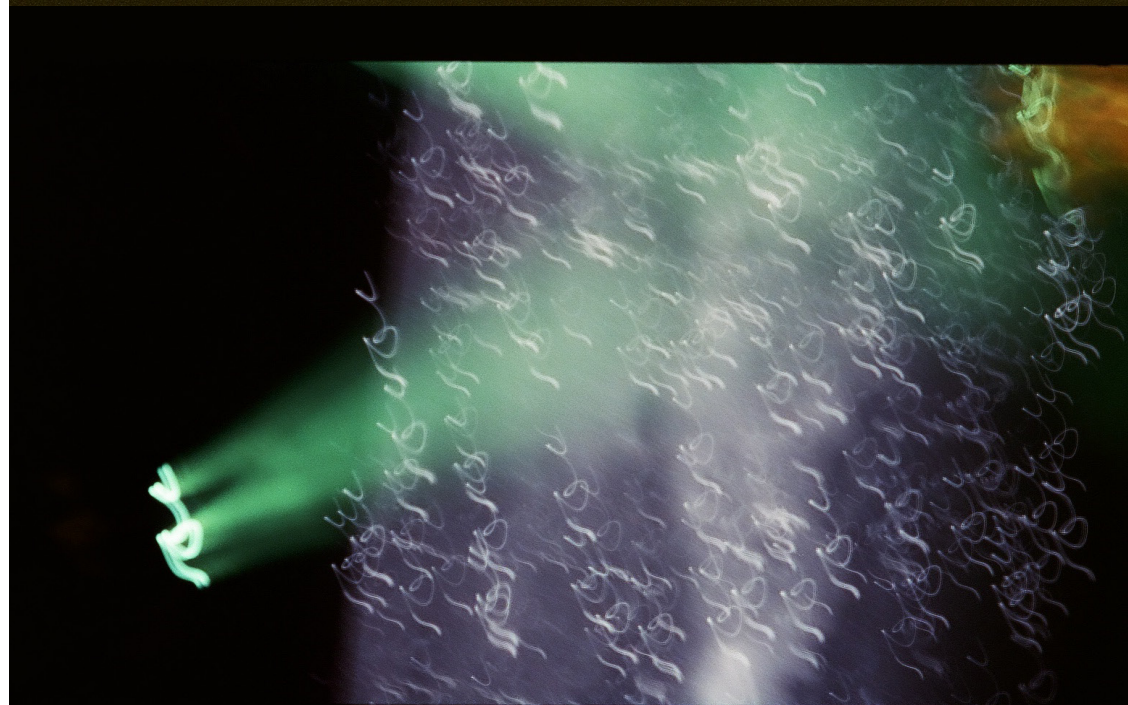
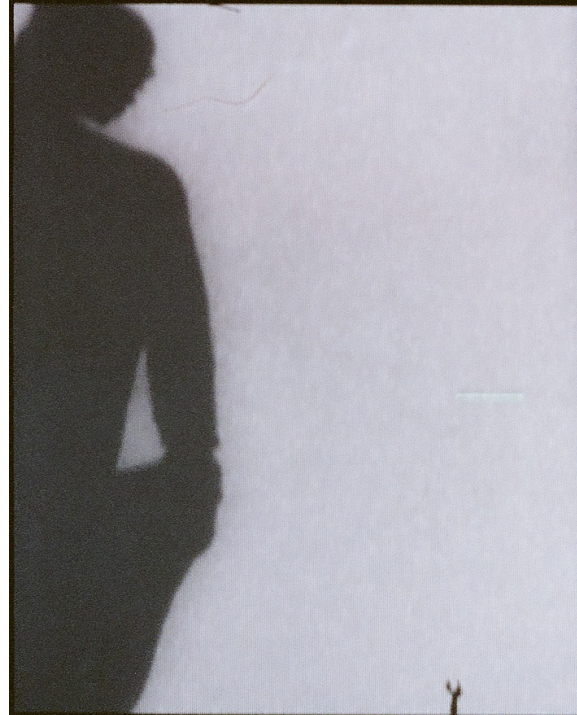
You feel like you don't belong.

But then you close your eyes, and let the bass reverberate your soul and spine.

You're alone in the dark and the music carries you

The bass is black water and you're floating on its surface

It's better that way.



Cazuza, Cazuza

O tempo não para.

Time doesn't stop

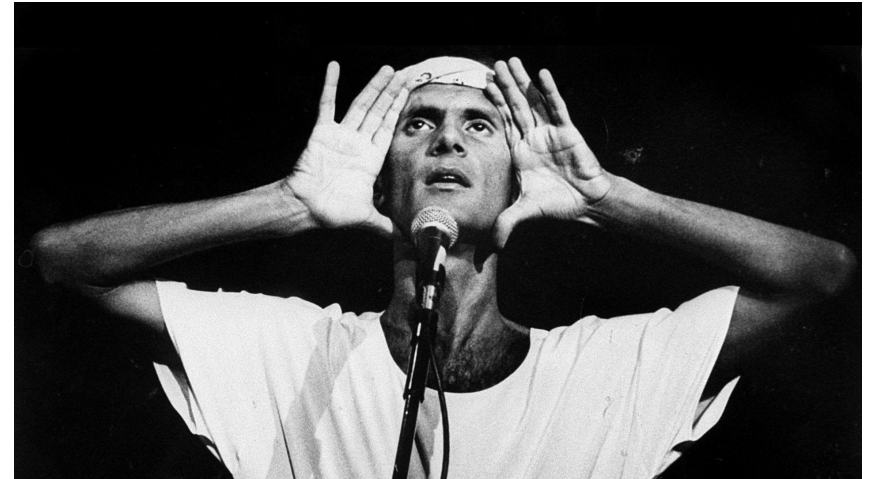
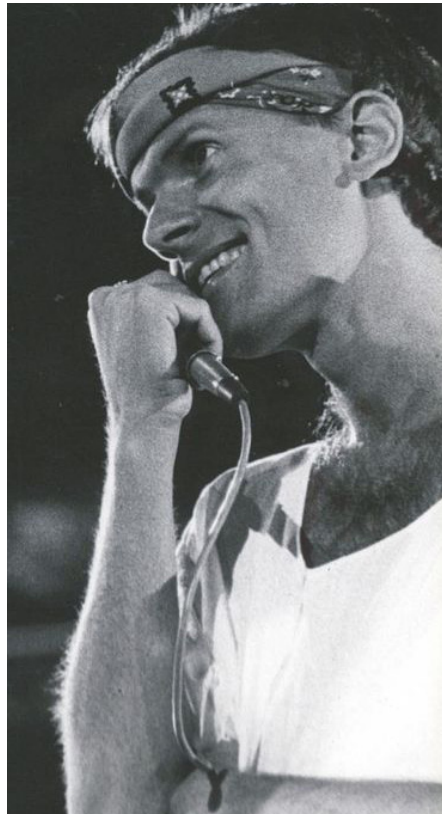
I was 6 when my mom played that song
for me

He didn't need to say he had **AIDS** to
know.

Even as his body weakened
And **AIDS** tore him apart,

Tore my **people** apart
There was the incessant
passion behind those
eyes

O tempo não para.

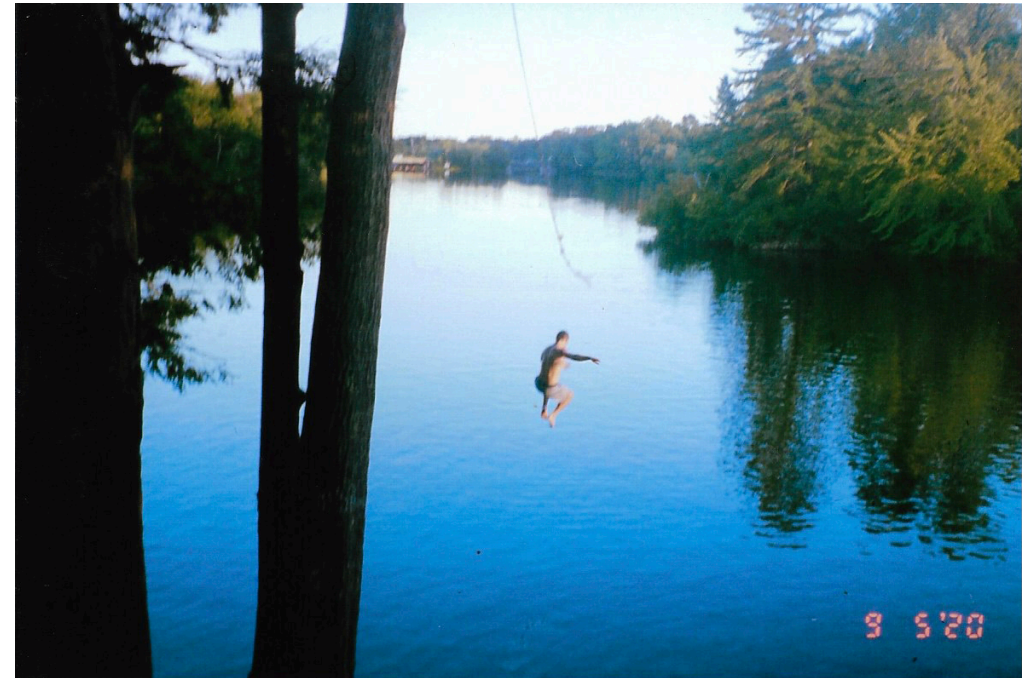




God is not an entity but an
Experience.

God is not an entity, religion is not a belief or an organization. As I move through life, I have realized there is no afterlife. Life itself is sufficient enough.

I see **God** in Vodka Redbulls, in joints, in tears. God in friends, sunsets, pain, kisses, sex, funerals. When common sense becomes uncommon, you learn that





Obrigado Caio Fernandes Abreu.

Pastor Morães said that god told us to hate gays.
Pastor Morães told me that if I had died that day, I
would've gone to hell.
Pastor Morães called me a prophet, and made me
pray for everyone.

But god told me to look at someone's ass
Stare at lips.
God taught me desire

I long for a home that was never there.
In a country that signifies a beginning rather than
myself.
The people who have loved me there are bookmarks
in my story,
And someday I'll flip back to read the good parts
again.
How do I love in a country that has forgotten me?
How do I taste to someone I'll never know?

Is there anything more self-destructive than
persisting without faith?

Meu povo morreu para minha vida
E meu sangue é um espelho
Eu senti ferro na minha terra
E sal dos pais que nunca pode abraçar os
filhos.

Tem armas nos árvores
Tem viados nos matos
Em Recife, meu coração ainda bate
Maravilhas marginais



*My people died for my life
And my blood is a mirror
I smell iron in my earth
And salt from parents that can never hug
their children
There are guns in those trees
Deer still stare at the leaves
In Recife, my heart still beats
Marginal Miracles.*

My mom mentioned that Marcelo was making wigs for some Brazilian singer.

Her favorite story of Rogerio and Marcelo is when they tried smuggling those fake tits through the TSA. They were stopped after flying from Miami to São Paulo. A “large mass” caught the xray’s attention and they pulled my uncles aside.

They were terrified as a crowd of armed TSA agents surrounded them and their bag and Marcelo in his limited english could not explain adequately why he was carrying a set of double D tits in his carry-on without making things weird.

“My mada. My mada sick, no boobies.”

Somehow they hauled those double D’s across international borders. Rogerio was so embarrassed saying “Gata, voce ta serio? Que vergonha!

“Bitch, are you serious? How embarrassing!”

Rogerio would tell me
“Put your shoulders back”
“Chin up”

Rogerio emphasized my strength, and told me to work out more.

Rogerio told me to be a man.

They would comfort me while I cried in my room after my first heartbreak.

They kept things fun and let me laugh as a kid. After I was hospitalized, I was so in my own head that I would never allow myself that joy.

It didn’t matter what happened to me
Or what I did to myself

I lived,

And that was enough for them.

I just had to smile, and have fun.

They helped me stop staring at my ceiling

For stars that were never there.

The stars were in front of me, and that beauty was always there.

They treated me better than any father I ever had.

I see reflections in every man that cries.

Mas homem não chora

I see men leaping for joy, shedding tears for Brazil's team.

Mas homem não chora

I cried when I fed my great grandmother through a straw,

Her skull had poked through the bridge of her nose.

Mas homem não chora

I cried when my mom asked why I took those pills

Mas homem não chora

I cried when I lost her, and even more when I stayed.

Mas homem não chora

When we sent Jordan away

Mas homem não chora

When my sister slammed the door

Mas homem não chora

When I failed
When I won
When I drove home last
week
On the train
On the common
In my class
Mas homem não chora

Who am I to shed these tears?
I've never encountered AIDS in my life
I am just a bystander to the death of my people
I cry when I think of losing my friends, of being
alone
They've lost family, friends, lovers
I've only lost a culture.

However,
As a man, I have to protect the things that I love.
I sacrifice so much by trying to save everyone.
But sacrifice is not protection,
Love is.

we sacrifice a lot in ourselves
Because no matter how much we love ourselves,
The little things are what makes us
And what are we if we do not love?

To be a man is to be beautiful.
That's all I care about, all that matters.





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