Marina Nazareth

by Moacyr Laterza

You may not remember, but your old professor, sometimes, quoted Augustine: ‘Love and do what you like’. The saint meant mystical love, the love that knows the taste of things divine.Today, you teach me with your roses – not mystic but no less mysterious – may the artist also enforce the law of love, the law of all loving, which allows the song to be free. For certain, there is preference and silent modesty in the colours you favour, as you choose them. Just as there is modesty and contention to the adventures in the lines of the drawing. But the loving and friendly love of your art does not forbid or prevent itself from making everything lovable. As a poet, Marina pours her heart over the islands of happiness and the banishment of solitude. Everything entices you in this earthly earth. Rosa, rosae, rosae, rosarum: is the paradigm of what is ordinary – mundane, perishable, prone to wilt. The rose-flower in your work, on the other hand, becomes one rose, unique. The drawing makes it eternal. Its name guards the innocence of the pristine rose that seeks to preserve itself to become the emblem of true love.

“The roses, if roses grow
They are in the silence ruined
By the bitterness of the wind
Oh who can
oh who could
through the hardships of life
soothe them with flowers
other flowers
their loves
their torments.”