

Circulating around circulation

Vascular circulation dilacerates the body in its innermost intimacy. Circulation is a route of passion. The circulation system, in the capillary confrontation it carries out with cells, takes blood to the limits of the biological scale. If we could reproduce the unfolding of the arteries up to this point we would see a body with a morphology that is very identical to that which is its definitive morphology. This means that the vascular system has managed to reach all the places in the body, which is visible even when we delve into it through the microscope, and we narrow down our relationship with reality. Circulation is a route of passion. And that is the problem of blood: it only works; it can only exchange that which it has for exchange, by means of cellular contact. And to do all this it needs a heart that regularly pushes it, even obsessively regularly, towards that cellular limit. Deep down, everything only functions for this contact. That is, hearts, vessels and blood (red blood: of the hemoglobin, of the red corpuscles; not white blood: of the leucocytes), were built to provide this intimacy. Capillary contact. Circulation is a route of passion. Much more than the heart, which is said to be the organ of love. A beat for all destinies, a blind beating, as if what was important was to get somewhere quickly and, having arrived, to stop and think, that is, to exchange. That is why the arterial tree reminds us precisely of this, a tree, a leafy treetop. The desire to transform the time (of transportation) into space (of iterative ramification). Circulation is a route of passion. Circulation is organized from the principle of sustained bifurcation. That is, if bifurcation has to do with an idea of option, of alternative (I go that way or I go the other!), in the case of blood what matters is to go in all directions but in only one way. Because thus there is a guarantee that the same elements are carried to all the places. Circulation is a route of passion. Circulation provides us with an inner bathing, a bloodbath. There is a sheet, a wave of blood that runs through us every minute (in a curious complicity with the unit of time), and which in a certain manner, we may say, washes us while it feeds us. It washes us and feeds us with the dedicated detail of a great passion, as if nothing else remained to be washed or to be fed. Circulation is a route of passion. As if desire and obligation became close concepts those were enlightened and explained in the idea of a pilgrimage. Circulation is thus that compulsion of going and returning with the regularity that is only possible because there is an idea of life behind all of this. But in circulation there is a Manichean goodness: it takes away virtue and brings sin, it takes away goodness and brings evil, in order to recycle it within a dwelling place that has the atmosphere of biological paradises: the lungs, the pulmonary alveoli. Circulation is a route of passion. But let us get even closer to this tree of life that we all carry and which is here revealed, set out on a marble floor that receives it with the nobility it demands. Having reached the end of this spiral of affections, of this relating of intimacies that the body establishes with itself, we can only state that Circulation is a route of passion.

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