

Amissao Lima



Born in Guinea Bissau, he has been living in Italy since 1984. He is a worker and has a strong passion for art: he is a painter as well and a very gifted one.

The colours of my life

- How many stories can be written on the different skin colours? So many! I just want to tell you one today, a very funny and nice story to listen to, above all because the main characters are children!. What an innocent age! Human beings are sincere, almost transparent...It was 1987, anyway, and I was invited to dinner by some relatives of the family I was staying with in Gravina di Puglia, southern Italy. Two wonderful twins, aged 3, welcomed me together with their parents. I shook hands with all of them and...the two girls started watching their own hands.²

n Not a word from them, anyway. And then it was time for delicious dishes to appear on the table. The twins showed me to the toilet and, as everybody should do, we washed our hands. Water, soap, water, towel...under the close attention of both girls. Surprised, a bit taken aback, they shook their heads pensively. “What’s wrong?” I asked, curious. “Your hands are as black as they were before!!!” Impossible!!!” was the answer.

n So young, so innocent...I had to tell them something, I had to explain and that’s what I did.

I AM ALWAYS BLACK

As black as before
As black as always

FEELING BLUE

2010

Feeling homesick, missing my past life in Guinea-Bissau: I can still very vividly remember, my tiny village, its flavours, sounds, emotions; and the heart beating as music, as a concert, as a dance, the life dance!

And the death dance as well. A very high death rate...it means a lot of children, so many children dying!

It is like music fading down, the end of the concert. You must strive hard for your survival. Everything around you is terribly difficult, so difficult that the mere survival makes you feel hit by a stroke of luck.

I long for being there, for the goodies nature can offer you, a powerful feeling which submerges me, the bonds which tie you up to your native unspoilt hamlet. You wake up in the morning to a distant 'cock-a-doodle-doo' while hosts of birds celebrate dawn altogether.

Cock-a-doodle-doooo

- n They signal that dark is giving place to light and suddenly everything is on the move as if the clock hands were little chicks following their hen who strolls around, looking for food with the shrill cries of the storks' brood, still in their nests, in the background.

What colour is **IDENTITY?**

This is another story....