



Amazonia-Abya Yala: Utopias of Transgressive Sustainability

Marcílio de Freitas*

Department of Physics at the Federal University of Amazonas, Amazonas State, Brazil

*Corresponding author: Marcílio de Freitas, Department of Physics at the Federal University of Amazonas, Amazonas State, Brazil

"Education is the main achievement of humanity. It liberates and gives meaning to life." (Marcílio de Freitas, 2021)

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Abstract

'Amazonia-Abya Yala: utopias of transgressive sustainability' proposes to be a rupture with the technical and formal languages that trap Amazonia in bureaucratized realities. In a sensitive and fictional way, it reveals a fruitful encounter of the sciences with fragments of literature in the vivification of the Amazonia. It was designed for young people and children to better understand and love Amazonia and its resilient and generous peoples. With creativity and surprises, the author uses an original and colloquial approach, through which he proposes new meanings to human insertion in the Amazonian world and on the planet, from its cultures and ecologies. This essay presents the problems and challenges that Amazonia raises to the world, and vice versa. It clarifies why we are also children of nature and the purpose and meaning of this entity in our symbolic representations. It also shows the importance of legends, mythologies, stories, and Amazonian incantations for our "being, living, and relating" and for the conformation of a kind of transgressive sustainability. The narratives include anthropomorphic elements and moral principles not usually addressed in technical studies, which do not spiritualize environments, people, and societies. This study allows an adventure in the wisdom and environments of this multicultural and biodiverse region. It warns that capitalism will stop only when it eliminates its native peoples, fells all its forests, and rots its sacred waters in the name of infinite progress. The Amazonia-Abya Yala is dying! Come to see hundreds of billions of trees and thousands of large rivers! There is still time, says the author.

Key words: Amazonia-Abya Yala; Transgressive Sustainability; Climate Change; Environmental Justice; Science Education; Culture; Nature

Introduction

Once upon a time there was the Amazonia... I always remind my relatives that my name is Abya Yala, kidnapped by Western civilization and christened by it as the Amazonia¹. But I remain committed to designing our identity and civilizing insertion, according to my perspectives and material and symbolic

representations. I will never surrender! I always remind my people that before their ancestors arrived in my domains, they only housed trees, rivers, flora, and fauna without transcendence and civilizing attributes. Their later interventions and experiences shaped me, giving historical, diverse, and multicultural meaning to my untouched nature.

¹"Bibliographical note": Marcílio de Freitas has been Professor of the Department of Physics at the Federal University of Amazonas, Amazonas State, Brazil, since 1978. Former State Secretary of Science and Technology at the State of Amazonas, he has coordinated and implemented important scientific programs in this State of Brazilian Amazonia. Recent publications: "Socioanthropology of the techniques and environments – coauthor", "Amazonia: life, utopias and hopes", "Amazonia in poems"; Amazonia: Redemption or destruction"; "Once upon a time, the Amazonia", all published by Dialectica Publishing - Portuguese language editions, SP, 2025; "Metamorphoses of sustainability: fantastic visions of the Amazonia", Trevo Publishing, - Portuguese language edition, SP, 2025; "Amazonia and the Children of Sustainability"; "Miguel's Dreams", both published by Ipê das Letras Publishing – Portuguese language editions, SP, 2025, 2024; "Who Will Save Amazonia? World Heritage or Full Destruction", Nova Science Publishers, NY, 2021; and "The Future of Amazonia in Brazil; A Worldwide Tragedy", Peter Lang Publishing, NY, 2020.

There are many stories, legends, and incantations about my children and their experiences. They represent the plurality of my conceptions of the world, the aesthetics, and the designs of my processes of resignification of life and the universe. They also express different forms of my transgressions and resilience to external interventions that have kept me hostage to oppressive and colonialist political systems. Children love to hear my stories, which I always claim to be true. They also make up part of the transgressive sustainability that I radiate to the world. I reaffirm that there is still widespread ignorance, local and global, about authentically human life. Human longevity on the planet is very dependent on the physical stability of polar glaciers, the life cycles of seaweed, and also the ecologies of tropical regions. On the other hand, to a certain extent, I say that these stabilities are social and cultural constructions that have crossed successive generations throughout the history of humanity. Internally, these places and regions have been moved by ruptures in my material and symbolic representations, all in different contexts and modulations.

I have many stories to tell. People do not know, but before there was only daytime. Nighttime was trapped in the depths of my rivers, under the guard of the Black Snake, the great snake lady of my natures. The beautiful daughter of the Black Snake married a young resident of a traditional community based on the banks of the Amazonas river. Her husband did not understand why she refused to sleep with him, despite her insistent appeals. She always justified herself by saying that her conduct was justified due to the non-existent nighttime. He replied, stating that there was only daytime. One day, she asked him to search for the night in his mother's house, a request he accepted, ordering three friends to seek her in the depths of the river. The Black Snake gave them nighttime trapped inside a Tucumã seed as a gift to their dear daughter. The three friends, listening to the songs of frogs and crickets that usually sang at night, opened the Tucuman seed, freeing them and the total darkness from the environments [1]. Realizing what happened, the young wife decided to separate nighttime from daytime so that they would not be mixed. She wove two threads, separated one of them, painted it white, rolled it up, and said, "You shall be the *cujubin*, and you shall sing at sunrise." Then he dropped the thread, and it turned into a bird that flew out into the forest. Then she took the other thread, rolled it up, and threw the ashes of the fire onto it, and said, "You shall be the owl and sing whenever the night comes." She let it go, and it flew joyfully because it felt free. Since then, the day has had two periods: nighttime and daytime, and the birds began to cheer me and my children 24 hours a day.

I really like the story of the hummingbird couple who made the evil hunters pass out after injecting a potion of sleeping herb into their food to rescue two calves of their tapir friend, who were being smuggled [2]. I always tell my daughters that life in the tropical domains challenges the Origin of Species Theory formulated by Charles Darwin. Likewise, I quote as an example the case of the anaconda that wrapped itself around a jaguar when it was drinking water in a stream. I saw the snake suffocating the female jaguar slowly, and upon realizing that she was dying, she pleaded to be released by the snake because she needed to take care of her newborn cubs [3]. The anaconda friend immediately released the

jaguar, who called her family to meet her and celebrate that moment of joy and friendship between two new friends.

During my life, I realized that children's favorite stories are about monkeys. The literature records that more than 90 species populate the sheltered forests in my domains [4]. I would like to advise that this numerical projection is mistaken because there are several species of monkeys protected by the native peoples, not yet identified by Western science. One beautiful morning, Pedro, the hunter, decided to kill the leader of a troop of monkeys who was eating bananas in a forest on the banks of the Amazonas river [5]. When he was going to shoot him with his shotgun, the monkey begged him to save his life, for he had many wives, sons, and daughters. He explained to Pedro that they were very cheerful, liked humans, especially children, and played a relevant role in tropical sustainability. Due to his intransigence, the leader said to him, "Pedro, we are brothers; our origin is common, our ancestors lived in peace and together built our beautiful *Abya Yala*." Pedro argued that they hamper technical progress, and, once again, he threatened to fire his shotgun. A swarm of bees attacked him, biting him and distributing a sharp and burning pain throughout his body. Pedro disappeared between the streams and darkness of my forests, leaving behind his belongings. But from a distance and sheltered with his family in another leafy tree, the leader commented, "The sustainability of humans remains exclusionary and violent, dissociated from nature and cultures."

The stories I have reported have multiple associations with flora and fauna. There are also several reports about the manatee and the *piraíba* fish, friendly giant fish that can be more than 3 meters long and weigh 200 kilograms and are greatly admired by my daughters and sons [6]. One day, a manatee - beautiful and majestic, king of the tropical waters, inhabitant of my lakes, streams, and large rivers - upon emerging to breathe, came across a fisherman asking for help to escape from the fire caused by the farmers, who approached, burning the forests and threatening his life. The manatee approached John, who did not know how to swim, and asked him to sit on his back so that they could move away from that inferno. John thanked him and settled on this brief and generous ride, which would transport him to the other bank of the Amazonas river. As he approached his destination, John stabbed his harpoon into the manatee and said to him, "Prepare to die!" Tired, the manatee answered him, "Why are you going to kill me? I am your friend. I am helping you. We have common qualities; we are mammals and responsible for the sustainability of *Abya Yala*, our eternal abode [7]." Despite the various clarifications, John instilled a greater penetration of his harpoon into the manatee's body, explaining that his meat would be traded in the city market. "Put your harpoon away; don't be ungrateful. I had pity on you," says the manatee, who then took a deep dip in the turbulent waters of my Amazonas river. While John disappeared in its streams, the manatee went to meet his family, who accompanied him along the river. A porpoise, who was observing this scene, pushed John against the banks of the Amazonas river; after he promised that he would never again stab manatees and would start protecting my fauna and flora, ensuring that everyone has more environmental justice [8]. I always advise teachers to show Brazilian children the

manatee, a quite different and charming herbivorous mammal.

Usually, the stories about turtles are funny... A small turtle was playing with his fish friends when a large and greedy alligator snatched him. Suddenly, she began to laugh and said to him, "Alligator, leave me alone; you will not be able to devour me, for my shell protects me from the strength of your jaw, and my spirit from your evil. Let us be friends and live in peace and harmony. Let us continue to build the sustainability of our magnificent home and the planet for the ecological stability of the faunas and floras of the world [9]. The alligator continued biting the turtle with his large, pointed teeth when she laughed again and said to him, "I can see some lizards approaching your nest; they are going to eat your eggs that are hatching in your home." The alligator immediately let go of the turtle, thanked her for her solidarity, and rushed towards his nest to expel the lizards [10]. Before the turtle left, the alligator said to her, "Turtle, from now on I will protect you from all your enemies and predators, including hunters and any destructive fire."

There are also numerous stories about parrots, children's friends, and always present in my photographs shown to the world. I, Abya Yala, shelter millions of parrots, multicolored and present everywhere in my territories. Playful, cheerful, noisy, funny, fascinating, and intelligent, imitators of humans and of indomitable nature, inhabit the forests and palm trees. They eat fruits, seeds, leaves, vegetables, and small insects. They protect themselves from snakes, certain birds, mammals, and humans, predators of their species, who knock down and burn their habitats to market the harvested wood and coal to be used for human, industrial, and agribusiness purposes. Paul, a lumberjack, prepared his chainsaw to cut down another tree from the sacred tropical forests when he heard the request, loud and clear, made by a parrot sitting on the branches of the frightened tree: "Paul, why are you cutting down my home? For 50 years, my family has lived here with the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; sowing forests and distributing joy". Mr. Parrot, Paul says, "My livelihood depends on the number of trees I cut down [11]. Soon, this area will be pastureland to raise cattle and plant soybeans." The parrot replied, "Paul, forests are necessary..."

They play a strategic role in the ecological stability of the cycles of nature and the planet, generating life, beauty, and harmony for humanity and our future." Paul tells the parrot that he is a trader and that the business world does not admit emotional appeals because he needs to deliver a batch of lumber to his clients [12]. Then he starts sawing down a large and centennial rubber tree, which cried compulsively, with his thick and whitish tears springing from his copious and beautiful trunk. Terrified, the parrot insists.

"Why don't you loggers and farmers use the devastated area of 22% of the territories of our majestic mother for your large plantations and livestock?" Paul, I want to warn you once again, "My mother, Abya Yala, has a vocation for sustainable development, with small cities, clean industries, preserved environmental services, bioindustry, dedicated productive arrangements, including pharmaceutical, food, and cosmetic products, living museums, biojewelry, and naval technology. Its portfolio of sustainable production arrangements also includes the development of the arts,

ecotourism, agroecology, new materials from its forests adapted to the marine, aeronautics, and automobile industries, forest management, botanical gardens, water parks, and sustainability for its environments and inhabitants [13]. This will enable me to protect and preserve my forests and waters and enhance my cultures from a systemic and integrative perspective. Paul, Abya Yala, my great dwelling, must be preserved, and an environmental program to recover its degraded areas and those destroyed by deforestation and burning, at the service of its bosses, consumer societies, and arrogant rulers. Its cultures and forests are being destroyed, threatening life on Earth, releasing fumes and ashes from our past, and transporting diseases and sorrows to other peoples and to new generations. Continuing, the parrot says, "My chicks are in danger, and our species is in extinction. Therefore, I ask again, do not knock down our house. And let us dry your tears. Paul turned on his chainsaw, and when he began to cut down the rubber tree, a herd of wild boars attacked him, their tusks causing him bodily harm. Paul ran away, desperate and painful, leaving behind his backpack, chainsaw, and shotgun [14]. But the parrot said to its chicks, "We need to find another, more protected home, because soon Paul will return with his colleagues to avenge himself and destroy the forest in the name of progress, peace, and sustainability of the market."

The reports about the earthworms that live in my soil are funny and original. I remain a sacred source of the waters of the world and of the world of waters. I shelter three river basins. The surface is commanded by the Amazonas river and another 2 thousand rivers, in all colors and different extensions, transporting cultures and anthropologies. Flying rivers guided by atmospheric movements, bringing moisture and heat, solidarity, and integration to various regions of Brazil and the planet. Finally, there is my underground watershed controlled by large and voluminous streams of water under my soils, following the course of the Amazonas river, forming a majestic regional water table, which keeps us floating in magical universes, interconnected with each other and with the planet [15]. Therefore, I consider myself a sacred place where the waters rise and descend in rhythmic movements that integrate my culture and nature. In the flow of rivers, more than 20% of my territories become floodplains conducive to agriculture, small livestock, and their sustainable forest and aquatic management. I am a complex, multicultural, and biodiverse world, periodically flooded and airy, and dependent on bacteria and microorganisms that decompose and fix nitrogen present in leaves and branches and in the decomposition in soils. Essential process for life generation and ecological and cultural recycling in tropical natural environments.

Earthworms live in this majestic ecological universe. They have graceful, electrifying movements, always moving towards the depths of my soils. They play a relevant role in the stability of ecological processes. Present in tropical areas, they decompose matter and digest vegetables and parts of animals, feeding the cycles of nature and culture once again, continuously and persistently. One beautiful morning, a worm approached the farmer, who was driving a tractor, and said to him, "Sebastian, do not destroy this floodplain area." It is important for us all and for the maintenance of the forest, helping it breathe and grow. This environment is the natural habitat of my family and allows us to coexist with nature

and the world of our great mother, Abya Yala. We have dug extensive tunnels, creating a network of connections between the deeper layers of the soil and its surface, facilitating its breathing and better diffusion of atmospheric gases, water, nutrients, and roots within it. We are essential to the conservation and sustainability of the forest and to the cycles of nature in the region. Sebastian replies, "Mrs. Earthworm, cutting down trees is necessary to humanize the forest and generate jobs in the market." My daughter, the worm, says that one cannot humanize the forest by destroying it, because humans and nature are inseparable. Continuing, the worm explains to the farmer that he can develop new forms of production by maintaining the forest as it is, generating more jobs sustainably. "You can also use your farm for integrated and sustainable practices, ecotourism and environmental management, agroecology, and environmental education programs for our young people." After hearing the reflections of the worm, the farmer thanked her and promised her that he would plan new forms of intervention in Abya Yala's nature, respecting its preservation, protection, and sustainable use, for the benefit of all. Dear young people, I can say that we have a lot to learn from animals. To a certain extent, life on Earth depends on a complex chain of systemic and integrated actions with each other and with their respective environments. The worm is also part of this reference framework, says Abya Yala.

I know several stories that reaffirm my anthropological and literary importance and the fantastic dimensions of our experiences and transcendences. I like the story about the meeting of the jaraqui with the gold digger, the executioner of our life and history, the exterminator of my future. Since the earliest times, I, Abya Yala, have been the cradle of freedom, matrix of culture and nature, washed by more than 2,000 rivers and fertilized by more than 2,000 species of fish of all kinds, sizes, beauties, and flavors. Characters present in the myths and rites that move my life and the natural environments and also my fictional imagination. Fish that created the world, fish that originated trees, fish that became human beings and birds, and fish that surprise and delight inhabitants of deep waters and also of shallow waters. Carnivorous and aggressive fish, herbivorous fish, fast and slow fish, and flying fish. Fish that hide in my generating environments and guardians of life, in contrast to human creation in perfection and in heavenly paradise. Unlike the tree with roots in the soil, the fish navigates freely through the water world, transporting harmony, dreams, beauty, and sustainability to my populations and environments.

On a cloudy afternoon, when Joseph, the gold digger, put his sieve into the water to remove gravel from the bottom of the river, he caught a startled jaraqui, which was swimming in search of food. Joseph began to crush him in his big and strong hands; desperate, the fish said to him, "Joseph, why are you killing me?" We contribute to the food chain of various species of animals, fauna, and forest beings. We are important to disseminate and reproduce native seeds and to the ecological stability of natural environments. Likewise, we help conserve forests and rivers, and our spirits populate the creation mythologies of the world of the native peoples and the riverside population of our guardian, Abya Yala. Joseph, there are no rivers without fish and no fish without rivers. Your mining activity

uses mercury, germicides, fungicides, and other chemicals; it contaminates and poisons our environments and their populations. It causes destruction and disease in my relatives and friends; I am the most popular fish in the state of Amazonas, heart of my mother Abya Yala, and sign of sustainability. I am appreciated and admired, although I am under permanent surveillance by environmental protection agencies and fishing associations. I am in the process of extinction due to intensive and predatory fishing. In Manaus, capital of Amazonas, it is said: Anyone who knows the jaraqui never leaves here. Therefore, I have a good reputation, adaptation, regional importance, and ecological integration.

Joseph, I tell you that the water quality of our watershed depends on its use and predatory mining in the region. Joseph, Abya Yala is being harassed now by more than 50 thousand illegal miners and has thousands of deforested areas. You contribute to their ecological destruction and the disappearance of various species of fish, producing sorrow, sickness, suffering and hopelessness to my relatives and to future human generations." Joseph retorts, "Mr. Jaraqui, no one will miss you, because you have come into the world to serve and meet human needs and the economic market, generating wealth for traders and stock exchanges. Your ecological functions and importance can be dispensed, because my work garnering gold nuggets, precious stones, diamonds and other treasures of nature plays an important social role in the making of beautiful and expensive jewelry, to beautify people and build innovative equipment." The jaraqui answers, "We came into the world before humans, so we are more integrated into nature, the heavens and human history itself. Your work is important to consumerist society. However, humans are not owners of nature. They just use it, with the commitment to deliver it preserved and perfected to the next generations, generating new sustainability to people and the world." Slowly, Joseph stopped crushing him with his hands and the jaraqui jumped into the river, swimming freely in its waters, but worried about his predators... Dear reader, I can tell you that my son, jaraqui, is greatly admired by indigenous peoples and traditional populations. All Brazilian children should know this lovely and majestic being, of which I am enormously proud.

My indigenous children report another thought-provoking and worrying story. Since ancient times, I have been home to butterflies, multicolored and beautiful, messengers of joy and renewed commitments to the perpetuity of life, everywhere and in every moment. There are more than 2 thousand species, coloring my forests and tropical environments, pollinating the flowers, and generating biological conditions for the production of fruits, seeds, and plants. They defend themselves from their predators - spiders, lizards, birds, monkeys, frogs, ants, rats, etc., and especially humans - camouflage themselves in the vegetation, changing their colors, flying at different speeds, modifying the physical shape of their bodies and wings, and hiding in the environments. Of daytime habit, during nights and heavy rains, they rest and protect themselves under the leaves of trees and vegetation; they contribute to the balance and diversity in my natural environments. Generous and multi-functional, they illuminate the world with tinted lights and color and generate sustainability for nature and people. They

promote amazement and joy to children and better understanding of our cosmic connections and integration with nature. They are messengers of love and peace. Likewise, they can live for more than three months, pollinating and contributing to pest control in my forests.

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On a beautiful afternoon, Vita, a beautiful butterfly, asked Mors, her new butterfly friend, "Mors, why do you have these sad and ugly colors? Colors identify our origins, transcendences, and commitments." "My friend Vita," replied Mors, "the natural environments where I live are totally destroyed; the forests have been cleared and burned. My family and friends live on the ground, feeding on burned plants and degraded products. Our bodies and biological structures took on the gray and brown colors, covering us with sadness and ugliness. Our families have decreased, and the sustainability of these environments is collapsing. Vita, for this reason, we moved to your region, covered with large forests and rivers," adds Mors. "We have new dreams and hopes." "Dear Mors," says Vita, "deforestation and fires have caused many environmental changes in Abya Yala, with impacts on all their life cycles and their nature. Their floras and faunas, their insects, and their food chains have been greatly impacted and are contributing to global climate change and also to environmental injustice." Apprehensive, Mors says, "Vita, we are besieged by the increasing deforestation that continuously destroys, impoverishes, and diminishes our natural environments. A tragedy that has no end." Vita replies, "Mors, arrogant and selfish humans do not realize that the perpetuity of their own species is at risk of collapse. Together with our families, we need to move away from civilization, because I can hear the sounds of tractors and chainsaws. Mors, do not worry, you will regain your bright and cheerful colors, and you will pollinate the flowers again and produce new lives and contributions to the sustainability of Abya Yala and the planet." Together, Vita and Mors set out on new sustainable journeys in the most remote places in

the region. Land of indigenous friends and welcoming nature.

My daughters of the Upper Negro River tell a story that really excites me. One day, when Iaçã, the daughter of a shaman, went to the village's swidden area, she saw a large snake extending from one bank to the other of the Negro River. Iaçã photographed the moment of her take-off toward the cosmos, after she swallowed me and everything I shelter in my territorial domains. She took my memories and stories, my native peoples and my populations, and also my nature and sustainability in search of divine protection. When people look at the heavens, they identify the large serpent that transports me, in its disorderly movements, among the celestial stars. Large serpent, my daughter, Abya Yala, daughter of the large serpent that carries my subjects, space, time, people, and spiritualized symbolic representations. Abya Yala, a prisoner of the contents, forms and existential powers directed to her physical and cultural destruction in a world guided by amorality and contempt for nature. Large serpent, responsible for my sacred safeguard for the time necessary for my full and sustainable protection. Large serpent that feeds on cosmic energies and the love of the spirits of the Blessed, generating the existential conditions for my heavenly survival on a sustainable basis. The definitive incorporation of sustainability into the praxis, hearts, and minds of citizens will enable the large serpent to return me to humanity so that I can meet again with my earthly and divine missions, distributing generosity and love to the people and the planet.

There is a well-known story, usually popularized and narrated by my riverside friends, who call it Abya Yala and the child of sustainability. Every day, Abya Yala visits her creations. She begins with rivers and forests, then the flora and fauna, birds, reptiles, fish, and butterflies, and everyone and everything that she houses. She talks, disagrees, guides, and sows new joys and enchantments to her children of nature and in her intense dialogues with her peoples. Furthermore, she does not rest; she moves quickly into the vastness of her territories to meet other relatives. She has lunch, snacks, and dinner with them in relaxed and familiar surroundings. They relive stories and pleasant trips, always guided by the peoples of the waters and forests. She sings the songs of the stars and paints the colors of the seasons in each of her creations. There is no confrontation between their ecologies and cultures; they strengthen themselves in their reciprocal and integrated interaction. On her journeys, Abya Yala is transported by animals, birds, fish, boats, cars, airplanes, and also by the rays of light that illuminate her environments and creations. On one of her travels, Abya Yala chose a child's house to visit the parents and family and teach them the importance of nature in their lives and society... After the child's mother entered the bedroom to prepare her for kindergarten, she said to her, "Mom, I just woke up. I had a lovely dream in which I lived with you and your natural and human beauties when they called her Abya Yala." I am happy to have traveled in this wonderful and magical world that enchants us all...

Abya-Yala's Empathies and Symbolologies

I really like to dance. I am a cheerful ballet dancer, although imprisoned by the movements of my waters, full and flowing, flowing and full. The upstream and downstream movements of

the rivers govern my rhythms, synchronized and harmonized to the popular festivities and the splendor of my natural cycles. My territorial domains are permanently framed by the spawning system of my schools of fish and the spectacle of the migration of millions of birds in their breeding periods. Moistened by the tears and the evapotranspiration processes of my forests, messengers of the cycles of regeneration and vitality that overflow from my complex and multicolored world. A universe that challenges the sciences and the arts for its incomparable and unique beauties and grandeur, sung and perfected by my native children. And that is always enchanted by the diversity and quality of my flavors, aromas, and beliefs, which ennoble our tastes, senses, and spirits. Lives and environments immersed in the fantastic universes of the large serpent that swallowed the sun and generated the forms and contents, the genesis of my symbolic and material representations that gave rise to the world. In my natural environments, wet by the copious cry of the moon, which, because I cannot approach the sun, its passion, shed abundant tears that formed the Amazonas, my most voluminous and extensive river.

My people say that for a long time, the moon has lived in my territories. She was so white that she illuminated her surroundings. She was called Capei, and during the night she lit the lights of the fireflies. Furthermore, she was wise and knew the cycles of my nature and shared her mysteries with the animals and inhabitants of the forest. Likewise, she mastered the secrets of hunting and knew how to prepare and use medicinal plant remedies, which she used to help and heal needy people and children. She was loved and admired in my existential world. One day, a shaman, envious and jealous of Capei, offended and humiliated her. Sad and desolate, Capei decided to move to heaven. She platted several vines, and every two palms she affixed a wooden step between two of them. She made a long ladder through which she reached the heavens, her final destination, whose upper end was sustained by her owl friend. Living in the sky, Capei taught his star daughters how they should shine at night, illuminating and guiding people on Earth...

My territories are the birthplace of a beautiful and admired indigenous child, envied by Jurupari, the Lord of Darkness, who killed her after he became a serpent while she was collecting fruit in the forest. The planting of his eyes gave rise to the Guarana tree, a fruit that has black seeds with an aryl on its edges, imitating human eyes, and that produces a much-appreciated soda in the region. I also shelter the legendary Mappingari, a hairy giant, protector of my forests, active during the day, with an eye on his forehead and mouth on his navel, who harms hunters and frightens the riverside people. A supernatural animal feared and present in the imagination of my people.

I admire Curupira, an animal with indigenous traits, with hair of the color of fire and feet facing backwards. Protector of my forests, animals, and rivers, he has the ability to camouflage himself in the forest, becoming invisible to the destroyers of my nature. He attracts hunters and lumberjacks to traps through screams that mimic human voices. Curupira is a relative of Chullachaqui, a deity that protects my Peruvian territories and loves to attract humans, either to make them sick or share their belongings. For children, he often takes the form of another child or playmate. Through his disguise,

the evil Chullachaqui attracts children and, like other victims, will take them into the deep forest and abandon them. He can be quickly recognized due to the misaligned positions of his feet...

My native people tell the legend of the beautiful indigenous Naia, who was fascinated by the beauty of the moon. She believed that she would become this natural satellite if she touched her. After several unsuccessful attempts, Naia, by optical illusion, confused the false physical presence of the moon with her image reflected on the mirror surface of the river and dived into its deep waters, no longer returning to her people. Penalized by this tragedy, the moon transformed Naia into the Water Lily, a giant flower, holder of exotic perfume and large and beautiful yellow petals, which opens to receive, absorb, and reflect the light, enchanting lovers of natural beauty. Of aquatic nature, it lives in all my domains, floats in my water worlds and in their spirits, and contributes towards my sustainability.

My children identify with the uirapuru, a rare tropical bird, holder of sophisticated and rhythmic singing. They say that whoever hears him in the forest and immediately makes a love request will be fully met. Therefore, it is known as the bird of love and happiness, which enchants people, the forest, and other birds. This same legend reports that, in the remote past, this bird was a young indigenous lover of music and his culture and enthusiastic about a beautiful indigenous woman, the wife of his tribe's chief. Discontented with the impossible love, and with the help of the Tupan God, he became the uirapuru, who sang with sonority and beauty every time he met his beloved. To this day, the uirapuru wishes to be recognized by her, to become, once again, a sensitive human being, and to be able to physically approach her, declaring his fantasies and love, which he maintains in his hidden identity and in his community isolation.

My people also report that when the great kiskadee sings in the vicinity of a house, one of the women in that house will get pregnant. For this reason, his singing is very celebrated by couples and families sheltered in my domains, all enchanted by him and his music. But there is also the sad song of Agaymaman. This bird silences my Peruvian forests with his singing that causes apprehensions and chills in those who hear it. My people say that it is a child abandoned in the forest by his mother and that has turned into a bird.

There are many stories about the enchantments of my daughters and sons. I appreciate them all, despite the cruelty existing in some of them. I highlight the life passages of an indigenous woman who became pregnant by the Black Snake, a gigantic snake, a mutant being that turns into vessels and other entities and can change the courses of the waters in my territories. This pregnancy spawned two twin child-snakes: the boy named Honorato and the girl named Mary. The mother got rid of them, throwing them into the river, where they survived, becoming large snakes. Honorato lived in peace with people and nature, unlike Mary, the source of evil and sorrows to people and animals. For this reason, Honorato, who on moonlit nights acquired human form, killed his sister. Later, he became disenchanting, becoming a handsome and elegant boy, with a normal human life.

Yacuruna is a popular mythological being in my Peruvian territorial domains. He lives in the depths of my rivers and lakes, and in the Quechua language his name means Lord of the Waters. Considered a protector of rivers and lakes, he is described as a human being with aquatic features, scales, and fins, and with the power to take different forms, being feared for his responsibility in the disappearance of people. He can take on multiple features and functions: turning into a beautiful human being to seduce anglers and take them to the bottom of the rivers and lagoons, being summoned by the shamans to help in the healing process, and transmitting therapeutic knowledge to sick people. He kidnaps people from my communities, knows the mysteries of my forests, and rides through them on a large black crocodile, displaying a giant snake around his neck. Alternately, he sleeps with an open eye, always alert regarding adversity. I confess that, sometimes, I am more concerned about his attitudes and behaviors.

With sadness, I recall the legend that reports that one of my chief's children ordered the killing of all the babies who were born so that his people would not go hungry. One day, after Iaça, his daughter, sacrificed her baby, she entered into a long, sad, and deep mourning. One afternoon, she heard the cry of her son, who was near a palm tree. She went to embrace him, but as he had disappeared without leaving traces, Iaça desperately hugged the palm tree and cried, compulsively, until she died. The chief noticed that the palm tree began to generate tasty purple fruits that saved the tribe from hunger. In honor of the Iaça, this delicacy was given the name "acai," a fruit very appreciated in my cuisine and in international gastronomy. Acai, son of Iaça and of my native peoples, immortalized in my mythological and spiritualized construction.

There is a legend about the enchantment of another extremely popular food that I appreciate very much. In a village of my native people, the daughter of their chief became pregnant by an unknown man. He was sad because he hoped she would marry a strong and illustrious warrior. One night, he dreamed that a white man advised him not to be sad, because his daughter was still a young woman. From that day on, the chief resumed the joy and affection for his daughter. Several moons passed, and the indigenous mother had a beautiful girl with white and delicate skin, who was named Mani. Mani was an intelligent, cheerful, and very dear child by all the tribe. But on a sunny morning, when her mother went to wake her, she found her dead. The mother, desperate, decided to bury her at the entrance of her longhouse, and every day the grave was watered by her nostalgic tears. Once, when Mani's mother went to the grave to water her again with tears, she realized that a plant had sprouted there. It was different from all the other plants and unknown by all the Indians of my forests. Mani's mother began to take care of this plant with all affection until she realized that the surrounding soil had cracks. She then imagined that her daughter was returning to life and, full of hope, began digging up the earth. Instead of her beloved daughter, she found the thick roots of a plant, white like milk, and that became the main food of all the indigenous tribes of my territorial domains. Mani from cassava, manioc from mani, a sacred food that has gone into the world, carrying part of my anthropology and wisdom.

Fish, too, are the basic diet of my people. I distinguish the arapaima, the largest scaled fish of my rivers and also of Brazil. My people say that the arapaima was a young and brave warrior of the nation of the Uaias. A proud, unjust, vain boy who only practiced evil. Tupan decided to punish him and then asked the goddess Luruauaçu to bring down a strong storm. A heavy rain fell on the forest, and Xandoré, the demon who hates humans, began to send lightning and thunder, making my natural environments electrified by the currents released from the lightning. Arapaima, who was hunting in the deep forest, tried to protect himself, but a strong wind knocked down a leafy tree that fell on him, hitting and flattening his head. His deceased body was thrown to the ground and then transported by the flood to the depths of a large Amazonian River. Xandoré, not yet satisfied with the punishment, turned him into a fish, reddish and with large scales and a flat head, which inhabits several lakes and rivers of my territories. Inexplicably, Xandoré's curse has transformed him into a mammal and herbivorous being that transports generosity and sustainability to my natural environments and to my people.

My people have built many symbols that have represented their civilizing conceptions since ancient times. The Muiraquitã legend reports that my daughters, the Amazonian Women, a people of women warriors and protectors of my territories, handed this amulet to their partners after the mating period. On full moon nights, they dipped into the lakes and removed from their deep beds the stones that were shaped like frogs or turtles. The men hung the Muiraquitãs around their necks to protect themselves from dangers and acquire powers over their fellow men. My children consider Muiraquitãs - small, green, and bright - powerful amulets, symbols of fertility, protection, and power. They believe that they can relieve pain, cure disease, and protect people from evil spirits.

My children from the Upper Negro River report that, on the moonlit nights, a beautiful and haughty lady crosses the skies of that region in every direction. She travels enthroned on the back of the large snake on fast and low flights. Vigilant, she observes and records everything; she has the gift of managing temporal and spatial metrics and decoding and deconstructing deleterious actions against my natural environments. She mesmerizes and enchants the riverside dwellers and the inhabitants of my distant territories, and, enigmatic and mysterious, she talks to all the spirits of forests and rivers. She leads the defense strategies of the region, the protections of my cultures and wisdom, spreading them beyond my territorial domains. At dawn, she gathers herself in the depths of my rivers and forests, in essences and designs of nature, and in the anthropological and regional cultures. My people from the Upper Negro River identify this mysterious and magical entity as being the spirit of 'The Amazonian Women,' women warriors and mothers defending my dreams. My children and young people say that it is the spirit of sustainability, illuminating our ancestors, our lives, and our futures.

Abya-Yala: Integrated and Systemic Universe

My stories, legends, and enchantments are constitutive of my spiritualized life and stimulate the imagination and beliefs of my people. It is an imagination of sensitive qualities, therefore

material. But that is not immersed in merchandise and money. On the other hand, the beliefs of my native peoples manifest themselves after being filtered and shaped by their millennial traditions. Therefore, my explanatory and comprehensive world conceptions and languages show that predatory capitalism, science, and technology still do not have heuristic reach to transform me into an environmental commodity, according to their economic and political pretensions. I will continue to resist the numerous attempts to become a 'carbon well' and an 'H₂O world.'

My culture and existential representations cannot be perceived by analytical, Cartesian, and pragmatic models. They are embedded in an inseparable nature. There is a universe of enchantment in my localities. I distinguish the regions of Oriximiná, Óbidos, and Santarém. After dying, the person goes through a ritual of enchantment and can take another form, usually of aquatic or terrestrial animals, as well as anthropo-zoomorphic entities – qualities attributed to figures or representations that simultaneously possess characteristics of humans and other animals, such as the Amazonas river dolphin. The enchanted being can take the form of an animal, such as a jaguar, alligator, monkey, snake, turtle, Amazonian dolphin, fish, paca, or parrot, among other possibilities. Some beings would have the ability to travel through the world of enchantment without suffering the experience of death. Thus, the enchanted term encompasses several spirits that inhabit my different homes, such as the enchantment of the river, the forest, or the air, each one having its particularities. Therefore, my experiences encompass a universe with various spiritual dimensions intertwined with my culture and nature.

Another fantastic legend present in my Peruvian territories refers to the Isula, a giant ant, about 3 cm long, whose poison can kill a child bitten by it. As it grows older, this ant finds shelter at the top of a leafy tree, where it remains until it dies. The legend reports that over time its antennas become leaves, and its hind legs stretch to reach the ground, and the insect is transformed into a plant, materialized in the form of a vine, known as tamshi. It is a resistant vine, commonly used as a rope to tie the beams of wood used in the construction of houses or fences.

Therefore, I reaffirm the complexity of my existential universe, consisting of differentiated and integrated material and symbolic representations. Although the laws of botany, entomology, zoology, physical sciences, and chemistry are intertwined, they cannot explain the beauties and diversity that populate life in the tropics. Life, which is illuminated and sustained by a complex cultural and physical system, is continuously renewed, overflowing to other regions of the planet.

But my future remains at plausible risk. I need to accelerate the materialization of transgressive sustainability toward spiritualized sustainable development. In my next participation, I will listen carefully to a poem in my socio-ecological promotion.

Amazonia-Abya Yala: Representations and Symbolic Relations

As the poet Aldisio Filgueiras says,

Amazonia is a parallel universe,

With culture and nature of its own,

'385 peoples, 500 billion trees,

And more than 2 thousand large rivers.

Source of a thriving literature,

And of lives imbued with nature.

The Amazonia, a parallel universe,

Port of entry for Brazil to enter

The ranking of developed countries,

And passport to its sustainable future.

New ways of 'being,' temporarily and permanently, and 'relating,'

In a world in civilizing transition.

The Amazonia, a sustainable universe,

Hostage to the reductionist policy

Of Climate change and environmental injustice,

Victim of bloody colonial possession,

Of government arrogance,

And of inconsequential capitalism.

The Amazonia, a parallel universe,

Daughter of the children of sustainability,

Imprisoned by a racist Brazil,

Exterminator of its people,

Pyromaniac worshiper of ashes,

And of nature and poisoned waters.

The Amazonia, a parallel universe,

A world of shared joys,

And more than 22 thousand isolated communities,

Exposed to political blackmail,

To business greed and nihilistic militarism,

Instruments of its predatory occupation.

The Amazonia, a parallel universe,

Protagonist of the new economic
 And global political order,
 Important agent for processes
 Of resignifying senses and meanings
 Of economic development and citizenship.

Marcílio de Freitas

'Amazonia-Abya Yala: utopias of transgressive sustainability' shows that transgressive sustainability is an anthropological and philosophical trend that needs to be transformed into a great world movement. Brazilian and European societies must lead this great crusade of humanity.

The Amazonia, a parallel universe,
 To the Brazilian national project,
 To the current Brazilian public policies,
 To the national, imperialist and colonial history,
 Subsuming its cultures,
 And its specificities.

The Amazonia, a parallel universe,
 Hostage to vampire capitalism,
 Of the oppressor market,
 Producer of its social misery,
 Of an alienated elite,
 And a mutilated sustainability.

The Amazonia, a parallel universe,
 Resilience and enchantments to the world,
 Presence in all national projects,
 Essential entity
 To the future of people and humanity.
 The Amazonia, a parallel universe...

Manaus city, August 2025

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