

Colonial lands

As a shimmering Heade background, my heart is a wildland.

Sowing distrust as a permanent—and persistent—harvest. The exotic marvelous beauty of its condition manages to fiercely dare the consistent—and omniscient—lonely status.

The sensible fauna consumes a great part of it. The great hills and fathomless valleys of its peninsula built a rock-barrier to all the possible signs, or interpretations, of misconduct. Although, by the exaggerated empire height, the shadow casted belongs majorly to the possibilities, than to the considerable dangers.

A vast, shortly explored, land that mourns for a history of delightful magnifying romance. Even though it always wanted to be taken, conquered, educated in the disputing forces of real love, it never *really* did. It persisted on the provocative creative bliss of its wonders. On the amazing *possible* triumphant stories. Never quite enduring the roughness of a genuine relationship.

Until you came.

Your ship boarded on my shore on a stormy day. After a land shaking fight with two of my closest friends. I felt misunderstood. And your warming insistent talks felt as an old welcoming path to self-solution.

You came quietly, softly, in a light blue manner that I first judged as tacky. Your drunk messages. Your dreadful comments. Your vulnerable willingness to connect to my foreign culture through the most obvious souvenirs.

You would never be able to tackle all those hand-carved secret anxieties in the welcoming coast if I had found you to be a possible suitor. Even if you always clearly were, you took your time showing me this new, enlightening, technology.

An alluring currency that only demanded what I already wanted to give. Curiosity. Attention. Devotion. And you were a major believer of fair trade. You were happy to steal yourself from parties, trips and hotels to get to know me. And I was absolutely captivated by the freshness of this new discovery.

The exploration of this wild land is yours by conquest. You fought all the native insecurities, all the mined ground purposefully implanted by other explorers. You were patient.

And you listened closely to the wandering winds of my conclusions.

All the other ones offered me, considerably, better seduction gifts. Deeper poems. Newborn animals. Racing experiences. Sparkling erotism. Mainly, they could all offer it personally, closely; immediate reactions to my underlying charms. You, however, had much more humble endowments. Your only reasonable offering was distance, and unlike all of them, you truthfully persisted with it. So the grateful contribution you gave, was the only one you left me with.

Your most precious weapon worked perfectly on me, specially by the lack of knowledge my land had of it. You used this comforting, caring, entertaining persona as a trading bargain to my most protected and guarded self. And I surprisingly felt at ease. I was excited to share about the repairs I had to make to keep this a living place. It had no other precedent. How effortless it felt to just find tiny seconds on my hour to see you. To talk to you.

You were a dedicated conqueror. You frequently complemented the land, and, most of all, you did it as a simple conclusion of all your observing manners. You were watching me. And we bought into this screen guided expedition. Even if it made no sense. Even if it was hard to explain. We were prioritizing our feelings. Always.

And always, just as lust, is an enduring promise to a lie. A possibility living by the holiness of its own ending.

I am now enduring the power of sustaining this seismic civil war. A part of me wants to express what I feel, and the other reluctantly fights the necessity to write about you. Because writing is remembering. And I suffocate the urge to give you this. A memory.

But it comes as a rough, and childish, attempt to forget. As if I could.

I also won't dwell myself in the deepest discontent that is losing you. I won't allow myself to live the grief of something so marvelous and spontaneous, precisely because it is the art of acknowledging that you, indeed, hold this place once.

I won't write about the good times in the manner of reminiscing the absolute joy I felt. Because I don't feel it anymore. I resent the place you took in my life.

I also won't talk about how you decided to lose it.

I will, precisely, challenge myself to refill that same unexplored location with newer civilizations, ethnicities and reborn history.

Not to bury you.
Just to collectively staunch the bleeding of this land.

And as an angry colonizer, I won't allow you to keep artifacts inside me. Any happiness chapels you build, to cultivate the gods of love that allow the whole-heartedly simple dedication of a routine.

You wouldn't call this love. Probably because you had it before. You already tasted the bitter tongue of resentfully losing a sacrificed structure of long dedicated years. So you won't see how desproporcional is the place you put me in your life. The long dedicated calls. The late night messages thinking of me. The easy willingness to put me above your trips, your job, your so-called priorities. I never asked for this. But you did it so intentionally and instantly that I felt it was dishonest to deny it.

And, fairly, I loved it. To hear about your frequent perceptions of me. Of your movie choices. Of your strange children's names. I mainly adored that they were always held by this handcrafted net of our forthcoming meeting. We sewed all the different cultural, geographical and financial cloths we had to make sure, neither of us, would ever feel unsafe by the absence of the other. By the upcoming storm of reality. By the ponging, stinking, cloying fact that we were pursuing against all the odds. All the raging gods of presence and distance.

And then, they took advantage of their power and claimed for their appeal to realness.

And just as Van Gogh's Tree Roots, you placed yourself palely quiet in your disappearances. You were busy. Working. But that had never stopped you before. The firm position you once had in me started to give place to much more uncertain moves, and the bright blue of your branches moved in such a hurry that I felt the shifting stages as a sign of disinterest. And, just as he did, I let this be my final—and suicidal—approach.

I sense how much you actually meant to me because of how quietly I let you leave. I didn't barge for your attention, or for your understanding of how we could make it work.

I stood up, silently, blowing the remaining sand lying peacefully on your sticky footsteps tightly pressed on my savage land. Essentially, because it wasn't so savage any longer. You, with your patience, conquered more than all the other instantly brave competitors, and it felt disrespectful to beg you to come back. To boringly tell me about your day. About the moving pianos. About your concerns for abortion rights. About your permanent wish to have a boat. Your repeating college stories (that I pretended to never have heard before, so you could feel ecstatic every time you told me about them).

As writing does foreshadow a wound, it feels pioneer describing such an enriching story, to its marvelous and wonderful adventures.

I feel ashamed to want to write about someone who collectively decided to go. To forget. To indulge in newer—and possibly—less painful paths.

But because I care so much for you, I don't feel cheated in any sense. I allow you to showcase all the medals of my conquest. To share with your homeland friends all the pinpointed declarations you made. All the powerpoint-date-invitations you used as a bargain brick.

I feel happy you are enjoying your new unearthing journeys. It is pathetic, though. But I don't mind. I persist in the respect instituted by your discoveries in me.

The submission to love.

The active routine.

The incessant distance.

The astonishment for your capacity to understand.

The crippling fear of losing you.

Which I did, in the end.

I will come back, and create a history of how you came, conquered and changed me.

A story of how deep my lands shook when you left, but mainly, about how this natural disaster broke the mountains, filled the valleys, and allowed the shore to see the beauty of the land from far away.

So more explorers and expeditions could exponentially grow the expressionism of this place.

So more cultures could find its harvest in the lands.

So more reality could reinvent the reminiscent romance.

So more could fill me in,
to go out and
find more of you.